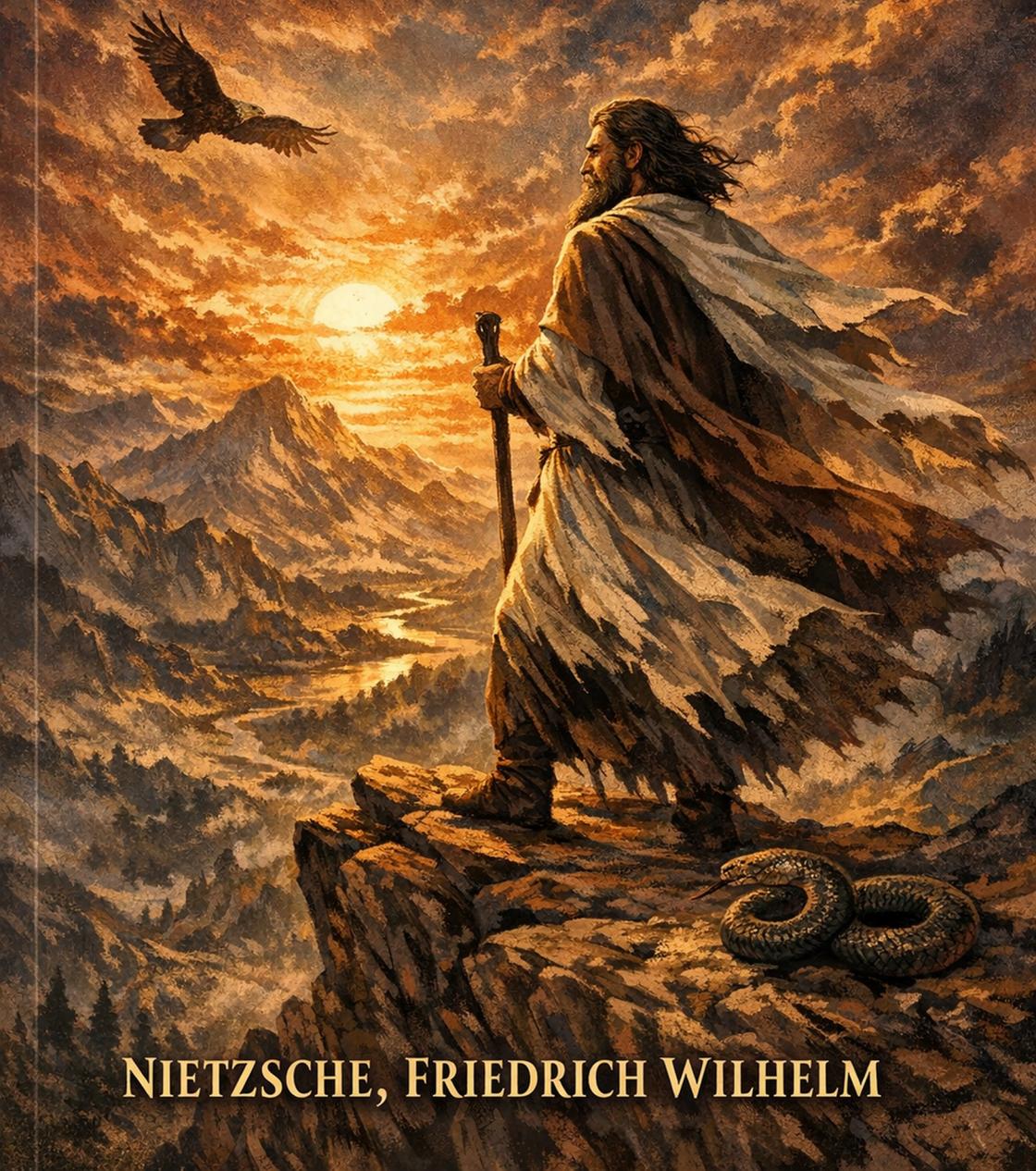


# THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

— A BOOK FOR ALL AND NONE —



NIETZSCHE, FRIEDRICH WILHELM

# Contents

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Introduction by Mrs. Forster-Nietzsche. . . . .	7
ZARATHUSTRA'S PROLOGUE. . . . .	24
I. THE THREE METAMORPHOSES. . . . .	44
II. THE ACADEMIC CHAIRS OF VIRTUE. . . . .	47
III. BACKWORLDSMEN. . . . .	51
IV. THE DESPISERS OF THE BODY. . . . .	56
V. JOYS AND PASSIONS. . . . .	60
VI. THE PALE CRIMINAL. . . . .	63
VII. READING AND WRITING. . . . .	67
VIII. THE TREE ON THE HILL. . . . .	70
IX. THE PREACHERS OF DEATH. . . . .	74
X. WAR AND WARRIORS. . . . .	78
XI. THE NEW IDOL. . . . .	81
XII. THE FLIES IN THE MARKET-PLACE. . . . .	85
XIII. CHASTITY. . . . .	90
XIV. THE FRIEND. . . . .	92
XV. THE THOUSAND AND ONE GOALS. . . . .	96
XVI. NEIGHBOUR-LOVE. . . . .	100
XVII. THE WAY OF THE CREATING ONE. . . . .	103
XVIII. OLD AND YOUNG WOMEN. . . . .	107
XIX. THE BITE OF THE ADDER. . . . .	111
Have you ever known this: . . . . .	113
XX. CHILD AND MARRIAGE. . . . .	116
XXI. VOLUNTARY DEATH. . . . .	119
XXII. THE BESTOWING VIRTUE. . . . .	123

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA. SECOND PART. . . . .	130
XXIII. THE CHILD WITH THE MIRROR. . . . .	131
XXIV. IN THE HAPPY ISLES. . . . .	136
XXV. THE PITIFUL. . . . .	140
XXVI. THE PRIESTS. . . . .	145
XXVII. THE VIRTUOUS. . . . .	149
XXVIII. THE RABBLE. . . . .	154
Did my loathing itself give me wings and the power to f... . . . .	158
XXIX. THE TARANTULAS. . . . .	160
XXX. THE FAMOUS WISE ONES. . . . .	165
XXXI. THE NIGHT-SONG. . . . .	170
XXXII. THE DANCE-SONG. . . . .	173
XXXIII. THE GRAVE-SONG. . . . .	178
Did you not kill the visions and dearest wonders of my y... . . . .	180
XXXIV. SELF-SURPASSING. . . . .	183
XXXV. THE SUBLIME ONES. . . . .	188
XXXVI. THE LAND OF CULTURE. . . . .	192
XXXVII. IMMACULATE PERCEPTION. . . . .	197
XXXVIII. SCHOLARS. . . . .	201
XXXIX. POETS. . . . .	204
XL. GREAT EVENTS. . . . .	209
XLI. THE SOOTHSAYER. . . . .	214
XLII. REDEMPTION. . . . .	220
XLIII. MANLY PRUDENCE. . . . .	227
XLIV. THE STILLEST HOUR. . . . .	231
THIRD PART. . . . .	236
XLV. THE WANDERER. . . . .	237

XLVI. THE VISION AND THE ENIGMA. . . . .	243
XLVII. INVOLUNTARY BLISS. . . . .	250
XLVIII. BEFORE SUNRISE. . . . .	255
XLIX. THE DWARFING VIRTUE. . . . .	260
Did some foolish child perhaps take them out of its toy... . . . .	261
L. ON THE OLIVE-MOUNT. . . . .	270
Did I perhaps learn the long, clear silence from it . . . . .	272
LI. ON PASSING-BY. . . . .	275
LII. THE APOSTATES. . . . .	280
Did their hearts perhaps lose courage because loneliness... . . . .	281
Did it perhaps crouch there beside another night-moth . . . . .	284
LIII. THE RETURN HOME. . . . .	288
LIV. THE THREE EVIL THINGS. . . . .	293
LV. THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY. . . . .	300
LVI. OLD AND NEW TABLES. . . . .	306
LVII. THE CONVALESCENT. . . . .	332
Did some new knowledge perhaps come to you, a bitter... . . . .	336
LVIII. THE GREAT LONGING. . . . .	343
LIX. THE SECOND DANCE-SONG. . . . .	347
LX. THE SEVEN SEALS. . . . .	352
FOURTH AND LAST PART. . . . .	357
LXI. THE HONEY SACRIFICE. . . . .	360
Has anyone ever caught fish on high mountains . . . . .	364
LXII. THE CRY OF DISTRESS. . . . .	366
LXIII. TALK WITH THE KINGS. . . . .	371
LXIV. THE LEECH. . . . .	377
LXV. THE MAGICIAN. . . . .	382

LXVI. OUT OF SERVICE. . . . .	387
LXVII. THE UGLIEST MAN. . . . .	394
LXVIII. THE VOLUNTARY BEGGAR. . . . .	401
LXIX. THE SHADOW. . . . .	407
LXX. NOONTIDE. . . . .	413
LXXI. THE GREETING. . . . .	417
LXXII. THE SUPPER. . . . .	425
LXXIII. THE HIGHER MAN. . . . .	428
Did he himself find no reason to laugh on the earth . . . . .	438
LXXIV. THE SONG OF MELANCHOLY. . . . .	443
LXXV. SCIENCE. . . . .	445
LXXVI. AMONG DAUGHTERS OF THE DESERT. . . . .	449
LXXVII. THE AWAKENING. . . . .	452
LXXVIII. THE ASS-FESTIVAL. . . . .	457
LXXIX. THE DRUNKEN SONG. . . . .	463
LXXX. THE SIGN. . . . .	472
NOTES ON "THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA" BY ANTH... . . . .	476
PART I. THE PROLOGUE. . . . .	483
Chapter I. The Three Metamorphoses. . . . .	484
Chapter II. The Academic Chairs of Virtue. . . . .	485
Chapter IV. The Despisers of the Body. . . . .	488
Chapter IX. The Preachers of Death. . . . .	489
Chapter XV. The Thousand and One Goals. . . . .	490
Chapter XVIII. Old and Young Women. . . . .	491
Chapter XXI. Voluntary Death. . . . .	493
Chapter XXII. The Bestowing Virtue. . . . .	496
Chapter XXIII. The Child with the Mirror. . . . .	497

Chapter XXIV. In the Happy Isles. . . . .	498
Chapter XXIX. The Tarantulas. . . . .	499
Chapter XXX. The Famous Wise Ones. . . . .	500
Chapter XXXIII. The Grave-Song. . . . .	503
Chapter XXXIV. Self-Surpassing. . . . .	504
Chapter XXXV. The Sublime Ones. . . . .	505
Chapter XXXVI. The Land of Culture. . . . .	506
Chapter XXXVII. Immaculate Perception. . . . .	507
Chapter XXXVIII. Scholars. . . . .	510
Chapter XXXIX. Poets. . . . .	511
Chapter XL. Great Events. . . . .	512
Chapter XLI. The Soothsayer. . . . .	513
Chapter XLII. Redemption. . . . .	514
Chapter XLIII. Manly Prudence. . . . .	517
Chapter XLIV. The stillest Hour. . . . .	518
PART III. . . . .	519
Chapter XLVI. The Vision and the Enigma. . . . .	520
Chapter XLVII. Involuntary Bliss. . . . .	522
Chapter XLVIII. Before Sunrise. . . . .	525
Chapter XLIX. The Bedwarfing Virtue. . . . .	526
Chapter LI. On Passing-by. . . . .	528
Chapter LII. The Apostates. . . . .	529
Chapter LIII. The Return Home. . . . .	530
Chapter LIV. The Three Evil Things. . . . .	533
Chapter LV. The Spirit of Gravity. . . . .	535
Chapter LVI. Old and New Tables. Par. 2. . . . .	537
Chapter LVII. The Convalescent. . . . .	543

Chapter LX. The Seven Seals. . . . .	547
PART IV. . . . .	550
Chapter LXI. The Honey Sacrifice. . . . .	551
Chapter LXII. The Cry of Distress. . . . .	553
Chapter LXIII. Talk with the Kings. . . . .	554
Chapter LXIV. The Leech. . . . .	555
Chapter LXV. The Magician. . . . .	556
Chapter LXVI. Out of Service. . . . .	560
Chapter LXVII. The Ugliest Man. . . . .	561
Chapter LXVIII. The Voluntary Beggar. . . . .	563
Chapter LXIX. The Shadow. . . . .	565
Chapter LXX. Noontide. . . . .	566
Chapter LXXI. The Greeting. . . . .	569
Chapter LXXII. The Supper. . . . .	570
Chapter LXXIII. The Higher Man. Par. 1. . . . .	571
Chapter LXXIV. The Song of Melancholy. . . . .	574
Chapter LXXV. Science. . . . .	575
Chapter LXXVII. The Awakening. . . . .	578
Chapter LXXVIII. The Ass-Festival. . . . .	580
Chapter LXXIX. The Drunken Song. . . . .	581
Chapter LXXX. The Sign. . . . .	582

# Introduction by Mrs. Forster-Nietzsche.

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"Zarathustra" is my brother's most personal work. It tells the story of his deepest individual experiences—his friendships, ideals, moments of ecstasy, and his bitterest disappointments and sorrows. Yet above all this, and transforming it, rises the image of his highest hopes and most distant aims. My brother had the figure of Zarathustra in mind from his earliest youth. He once told me that he had dreamed of him even as a child. At different times in his life, he gave this figure from his dreams different names. "But in the end," he says in a note on the subject, "I had to do a Persian the honour of identifying him with this creature of my imagination. The Persians were the first to take a broad and comprehensive view of history. According to them, every series of developments was guided by a prophet; and every prophet had his 'Hazar'—his dynasty of a thousand years."

All of Zarathustra's views, as well as his personality, had long existed in my brother's mind. Anyone who reads his posthumously published writings from 1869 to 1882 carefully will keep coming across passages that suggest Zarathustra's ideas and teachings. For example, the ideal of the Superman is stated quite clearly throughout his writings from 1873 to 1875; and in "We Philologists" the following striking remarks appear: "How can anyone praise and glorify a nation as a whole? Even among the Greeks, it was the individuals who mattered."

"The Greeks are interesting and immensely important because they produced such a great number of outstanding individuals. How was this possible? That is a question that ought to be studied."

"I am interested only in the relation between a people and the cultivation of the individual man; and among the Greeks the conditions were unusually favourable for the development of the individual—not at all because the people were good, but because their evil instincts were in conflict."

"WITH THE HELP OF FAVOURABLE CONDITIONS, GREAT INDIVIDUALS MIGHT BE CULTIVATED WHO WOULD BE BOTH DIFFERENT FROM AND HIGHER THAN THOSE WHO HAVE SO FAR OWED THEIR EXISTENCE TO MERE CHANCE. Here we may still have hope: in the cultivation of exceptional men."

The idea of raising the Superman is really just a new version of an ideal Nietzsche had already embraced in his youth: "THE OBJECT OF MANKIND SHOULD LIE IN ITS HIGHEST INDIVIDUALS" (or, as he puts it in "Schopenhauer as Educator": "Mankind ought constantly to be striving to produce great men—this and nothing else is its duty."). But the ideals he admired most in those earlier years were no longer, in his view, the highest forms of humanity. Instead, around this future ideal of a humanity yet to come—the Superman—the poet cast the veil of becoming. Who can say to what splendid heights humanity may still rise? That is why, after testing the value of our noblest ideal—the Saviour—against these new values, the poet cries out with passionate force in "Zarathustra":

"A Superman has never yet existed. I have seen them both stripped bare, the greatest man and the smallest:—

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

The phrase "the rearing of the Superman" has often been misunderstood. Here, "rearing" means shaping humanity through new and higher values—values that are meant to govern human conduct and opinion as laws and guides. In general, the doctrine of the Superman can be understood properly only alongside the author's other ideas, such as the Order of Rank, the Will to Power, and the Transvaluation of all Values. He argues that Christianity, as a product of the resentment of the failed and the weak, has outlawed everything beautiful, strong, proud, and powerful—in short, all the qualities that come from strength. As a result, all the forces that help life grow and rise have been seriously weakened. Now, however, a new table of values must be set before humanity: that of the strong, mighty, and magnificent man, overflowing with life and raised to his highest point—the Superman, presented to us with overwhelming passion as the goal of our life, hope, and will. And just as the old system of values, which praised only the qualities useful to the weak, the suffering, and the oppressed, has succeeded in producing a weak, suffering, and "modern" race, so this new and reversed system of values should produce a healthy, strong, lively, and courageous type that would bring glory to life itself. Put briefly, the central principle of this new system of values would be: "All that proceeds from power is good, all that springs from weakness is bad."

This type should not be seen as an imaginary figure. It is not a vague hope to be fulfilled at some distant time thousands of years from now. Nor is it a new species, in the Darwinian sense, about which we can know nothing and which it would therefore be rather absurd to pursue. It is meant, instead, to be a possibility that people of the present could realize with all their spiritual and physical energies, if they were to adopt the new values.

The author of "Zarathustra" never lost sight of that striking example of a complete revaluation of values brought about by Christianity. In a relatively short time, it almost destroyed or transformed the entire deified way of life and thought of the Greeks, along with the strength of Rome. Could a renewed Graeco-Roman system of values—once refined and deepened by the discipline of two thousand years of Christianity—bring about another revolution of that kind within a foreseeable span of time? And could it do so until that glorious type of manhood finally appears—the figure that is to become our new faith and hope, and in whose creation Zarathustra urges us to take part?

In his private notes on this subject, the author uses the term "Superman" (always in the singular, incidentally) to mean "the most thoroughly well-constituted type," in contrast to "modern man." Above all, however, he presents Zarathustra himself as an example of the Superman. In "Ecco Homo," he takes care to explain the forerunners and necessary conditions for the coming of this highest type by referring to a certain passage in the "Gay Science":—

"To understand this type, we must first be completely clear about the main physiological condition on which it depends: this condition is what I call GREAT HEALTHINESS. I do not know how to state my meaning more plainly or more personally than I already have in one of the final chapters (Aphorism 382) of the fifth book of the 'Gaya Scienza'."

"We, the new people, the nameless, the hard to understand," it says there, "we early arrivals of a future that has not yet been tested—we need, for a new goal, a new means as well: a new kind of health, stronger, keener, tougher, bolder, and more joyful than any health known up to now. Anyone whose soul longs to experience the full range of values and ideals recognized so far, and to sail around every coast of this ideal 'Mediterranean Sea'; anyone who, through the adventures of deeply personal experience, wants to know what it feels like to be a conqueror and discoverer of the ideal—and likewise what it is like to be the artist, the saint, the lawgiver, the sage, the scholar, the devotee, the prophet, and the pious nonconformist of the old kind—needs one thing above all for that purpose: GREAT HEALTHINESS. It must be a healthiness that one not only has, but constantly gains and must keep gaining, because one gives it up again and again, and must give it up!—And now, after traveling this road for so long, we Argonauts of the ideal, perhaps more courageous than wise, often enough shipwrecked and driven into ruin, yet dangerously healthy, always recovering our health again—it seems as though, in return for all this, a still undiscovered country lies before us, a land whose borders no one has yet seen, beyond all the countries and corners of the ideal known until now, a world so

overflowing with beauty, strangeness, uncertainty, terror, and divinity that both our curiosity and our hunger to possess it have grown beyond control—alas, nothing satisfies us anymore!”

How could we still be satisfied with the man of the present day after glimpses like these, and with such a longing in our conscience and awareness? It is sad, but unavoidable, that we should look at the highest aims and hopes of modern man with barely hidden amusement, and perhaps no longer look at them at all. Another ideal moves ahead of us: a strange, seductive, dangerous ideal. We would not want to recommend it to anyone, because we are not quick to admit that anyone has a right to it. It is the ideal of a spirit that plays innocently—that is, involuntarily, out of overflowing abundance and strength—with everything that has so far been called holy, good, untouchable, or divine. To such a spirit, the highest idea by which people have reasonably measured value would already suggest danger, ruin, humiliation, or at least slackening, blindness, or temporary self-forgetfulness. It is the ideal of a humanly superhuman well-being and benevolence, which will often seem inhuman enough—for example, when set beside all the seriousness that has existed on earth until now, and beside all past solemnity of manner, word, tone, expression, morality, and striving, as their truest unintentional parody. And yet perhaps it is with this ideal that the great seriousness truly begins: when the real question mark is raised, when the fate of the soul changes, when the clock hand moves, and when tragedy begins...

Although the figure of Zarathustra and many of the main ideas in this work had appeared much earlier in the author's dreams

and writings, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" did not actually take shape until August 1881 in Sils Maria. It was the idea of the Eternal Recurrence of all things that finally led my brother to present his new views in poetic form. About his first conception of this idea, his autobiographical sketch, "Ecce Homo," written in the autumn of 1888, includes the following passage:

"The central idea of my work—the Eternal Recurrence of all things, the highest possible expression of a life-affirming philosophy—first came to me in August 1881. I wrote the thought down on a sheet of paper and added the note: 6,000 feet beyond men and time! That day I was walking through the woods by Lake Silvaplana, and I stopped beside a huge, towering, pyramid-shaped rock not far from Surlei. That was when the idea came to me. Looking back now, I see that exactly two months before this inspiration, I had already received a sign of its approach in a sudden and decisive change in my tastes, especially in music. It would even be possible to think of all 'Zarathustra' as a musical composition. In any case, one essential condition for its creation was a rebirth in me of the art of listening. In a small mountain resort near Vicenza (Recoaro), where I spent the spring of 1881, my friend and maestro, Peter Gast—who had also been reborn—and I discovered that the phoenix-like music hovering above us had put on lighter and brighter feathers than before."

During August 1881, my brother decided to present the teaching of the Eternal Recurrence in a dithyrambic and psalm-like form, spoken through the mouth of Zarathustra. Among the notes from this period, we found a page containing the first clear plan for "Thus Spake Zarathustra":—

"MIDDAY AND ETERNITY." "SIGNPOSTS TO A NEW WAY OF LIVING."

Written beneath this is:—

"Zarathustra was born on Lake Urmí; he left his home in his thirtieth year, went into the province of Aria, and during ten years of solitude in the mountains composed the Zend-Avesta."

"The sun of knowledge stands once again at midday; and the serpent of eternity lies coiled in its light—: It is YOUR time, you brethren of midday."

In the summer of 1881, after many years of steadily worsening health, my brother finally began to recover. We owe not only "The Gay Science" to this first surge of renewed physical strength—a work whose mood can be seen as a prelude to "Zarathustra"—but "Zarathustra" itself as well. Yet just as his health was starting to return, cruel fate brought him a series of deeply painful personal experiences. His friends disappointed him again and again, and this hurt him all the more because he regarded friendship as something sacred. For the first time in his life, he came to understand the full horror of the loneliness to which, perhaps, all greatness is condemned. But being abandoned is very different from deliberately choosing a blessed solitude. In those days he longed for the ideal friend who would truly understand him, someone to whom he could say everything, and whom he had believed at different times in his life, from his earliest youth onward, that he had found. Now, however, as the path he had chosen grew ever steeper and more dangerous, he found no one able to follow him. So he created a perfect friend for himself in the ideal figure of a

majestic philosopher, and made this creation the one who would preach his gospel to the world.

Whether my brother would ever have written "Thus Spake Zarathustra" according to the first plan he sketched in the summer of 1881, if he had not suffered the disappointments already mentioned, is now an empty question. But perhaps, when it comes to "Zarathustra," we may also say with Master Eckhardt: "The fleetest beast to bear you to perfection is suffering."

My brother describes the origin of the first part of "Zarathustra" this way: "In the winter of 1882–83, I was living on the lovely little Gulf of Rapallo, not far from Genoa, between Chiavari and Cape Porto Fino. My health was poor, the winter was cold and unusually rainy, and the small inn where I stayed stood so close to the water that when the sea was rough, it disturbed my sleep at night. These conditions were certainly anything but favorable. And yet, despite all that—as if to prove my belief that everything decisive comes into being in spite of every obstacle—it was exactly during this winter, and in the middle of these unfavorable circumstances, that my 'Zarathustra' was born. In the mornings, I would set out southward along the magnificent road to Zoagli, which climbs through a pine forest and opens onto wide views of the sea. In the afternoons, whenever my health allowed, I walked around the whole bay from Santa Margherita to beyond Porto Fino. The place interested me all the more because Emperor Frederick III loved it so deeply. In the autumn of 1886, I happened to be there again when he returned to this small, forgotten world of happiness for the last time. It was on these two roads that all of 'Zarathustra' came to

me—above all Zarathustra himself as a type; or rather, I should say that on these walks, these ideas came upon me.”

The first part of “Zarathustra” was written in about ten days, from the beginning to roughly the middle of February 1883. “The last lines were written at the very hour when Richard Wagner breathed his last in Venice.”

Except for the ten days he spent writing the first part of this book, my brother often described that winter as the hardest and most unhealthy he had ever gone through. He did not mean that his old illnesses had returned. Rather, he was suffering from a severe bout of influenza, which he had caught in Santa Margherita and which continued to trouble him for several weeks after he arrived in Genoa. In truth, though, what he complained of most was his spiritual state—that indescribable sense of abandonment—to which he gives such heartbreaking expression in “Zarathustra”. Even the way friends and acquaintances received the first part was deeply discouraging. Almost everyone to whom he gave a copy misunderstood it. “I found no one ready for many of my thoughts; the case of ‘Zarathustra’ proves that one can speak with the utmost clearness, and yet not be heard by any one.” My brother was greatly disheartened by how weak the response was. At the same time, he was trying to stop taking hydrate of chloral, a drug he had begun using during his influenza. As a result, the following spring, which he spent in Rome, was a rather gloomy one for him. He writes of it as follows:—“I spent a melancholy spring in Rome, where I only just managed to live—and that was no easy matter. This city, which is completely unsuited to the poet-author of ‘Zarathustra’, and which I was not responsible

for choosing, made me excessively miserable. I tried to leave it. I wanted to go to Aquila—the very opposite of Rome in every respect, and indeed founded in a spirit of hostility toward that city (just as I too shall found a city some day), as a memorial to an atheist and true enemy of the Church—a person very closely related to me—the great Hohenstaufen, the Emperor Frederick II. But Fate was behind it all: I had to return to Rome once again. In the end I had to content myself with the Piazza Barberini, after trying in vain to find an anti-Christian quarter. I fear that on one occasion, in order to avoid bad smells as much as possible, I actually asked at the Palazzo del Quirinale whether they could provide a quiet room for a philosopher. In a room high above the Piazza just mentioned, from which one had a broad view over Rome and could hear the fountains splashing far below, the loneliest of all songs was composed—'The Night-Song'. Around this time I was haunted by an unspeakably sad melody, whose refrain I recognized in the words, 'dead through immortality.'"

We stayed in Rome a little too long that spring, and between the growing heat and the discouraging circumstances already described, my brother decided not to write any more, or at least not to continue with "Zarathustra," even though I offered to take over everything connected with the proofs and the publisher. But when we returned to Switzerland toward the end of June, and he found himself once again in the familiar, invigorating mountain air, all his joyful creative energy came back. In a note to me, sent with some manuscript, he wrote: "I have taken a place here for three months: truly, I am the greatest fool to let the climate of Italy drain away my courage. From time to time I am troubled by the thought: WHAT NEXT? My 'future' is the

darkest thing in the world to me, but since there is still a great deal for me to do, I suppose I should think more about doing that than about my future, and leave the rest to THEE and the gods."

The second part of "Zarathustra" was written between 26 June and 6 July. "This summer, when I found myself once more in the sacred place where the first thought of 'Zarathustra' flashed into my mind, I conceived the second part. Ten days were enough. For neither the second, nor the first, nor the third part, have I needed a single day more."

He often spoke of the ecstatic state in which he wrote "Zarathustra": how, during his walks over hill and dale, ideas would crowd into his mind, and how he would quickly jot them down in a notebook, from which he would copy them out when he returned, sometimes working until midnight. In a letter to me he says, "You can have no idea of the intensity of such composition," and in "Ecce Homo" (autumn 1888) he describes, with passionate enthusiasm, the incomparable mood in which he created Zarathustra:

"Does anyone at the end of the nineteenth century still have a clear idea of what poets from a stronger age meant by the word inspiration? If not, I will describe it. If a person retained even the slightest trace of superstition, it would be almost impossible not to think of oneself as merely the embodiment, mouthpiece, or medium of an almighty power. Revelation, in the sense that something suddenly becomes visible and audible with indescribable certainty and precision, shaking and overturning one to the depths—that is simply what happens. One

hears—one does not seek; one receives—one does not ask who gives. A thought flashes up like lightning; it comes necessarily, without hesitation—I have never had any choice in it. There is an ecstasy so intense that its enormous strain is sometimes released in a flood of tears, while one's steps either race forward or involuntarily slow, by turns. There is the feeling of being completely carried away, together with the very clear awareness of countless fine tremors and shiverings down to the toes. There is a depth of happiness in which even the most painful and gloomy things are not opposites, but conditions of it, required as necessary shades of color within such an overflow of light. There is an instinct for rhythmic relations that takes in vast ranges of form (length, the need for a wide-embracing rhythm, is almost the measure of the force of an inspiration, a kind of counterpart to its pressure and tension). Everything happens completely involuntarily, as if in a stormy eruption of freedom, absoluteness, power, and divinity. The involuntary nature of the images and similes is the most remarkable thing of all; one loses any sense of what is image and what is simile. Everything seems to offer itself as the readiest, truest, and simplest means of expression. It really seems, to use one of Zarathustra's own phrases, as if all things came to one and longed to become similes: 'Here do all things come caressingly to thy talk and flatter thee, for they want to ride upon thy back. On every simile dost thou here ride to every truth. Here fly open unto thee all being's words and word-cabinets; here all being wanteth to become words, here all becoming wanteth to learn of thee how to talk.' This is MY experience of inspiration. I do not doubt that one would have to go back thousands of years to find someone who could say to me: It is mine also!—"

In the autumn of 1883, my brother left the Engadine for Germany and stayed there for a few weeks. The following winter, after traveling somewhat aimlessly through Stresa, Genoa, and Spezia, he arrived in Nice. There, the climate suited his creative powers so well that he wrote the third part of "Zarathustra." "In the winter, under the calm sky of Nice, which looked down on me for the first time in my life, I found the third 'Zarathustra' and brought my task to an end; the whole work had taken scarcely a year. Many secluded places and heights in the countryside around Nice are sacred to me because of unforgettable moments. That decisive chapter, entitled 'Old and New Tables,' was written during the very difficult climb from the station to Eza—that marvelous Moorish village in the rocks. My most creative moments were always accompanied by unusual physical energy. The body is inspired; let us set aside the question of the 'soul.' In those days, I might often have been seen dancing. Without the slightest sign of fatigue, I could walk for seven or eight hours at a stretch among the hills. I slept well and laughed well—I was completely healthy and patient."

As we have seen, each of the three parts of "Zarathustra" was written in about ten days, after a shorter or longer period of preparation. Only the writing of the fourth part was interrupted from time to time. The first notes for this part were written in September 1884, while he and I were staying together in Zurich. The following November, while he was in Mentone, he began to develop those notes. After a long pause, he finished the manuscript in Nice between the end of January and the middle of February 1885. My brother then described this as the fourth and final part. But even before it was privately printed, and

again shortly afterward, he wrote to me saying that he still meant to write a fifth and sixth part. Notes for those parts are now in my possession. This fourth part—the original manuscript of which bears the note, “Only for my friends, not for the public”—was written in a deeply personal spirit. The few people to whom he gave a copy were bound by him to the strictest secrecy about its contents. He often considered making this fourth part public as well, but he doubted whether he could ever do so without making major changes to certain sections. In any case, he decided to distribute this manuscript edition, of which only forty copies were printed, only to those who had proved themselves worthy of it. It speaks powerfully of his complete loneliness and his need for sympathy in those years that, under this resolution, he found occasion to give away only seven copies of his book.

At the beginning of this account, I already suggested why my brother chose a Persian to embody his ideal of the majestic philosopher. But he explains, in his own words, why he chose Zarathustra above all others as his spokesman:—“People have never asked me, though they should have, what the name Zarathustra exactly means in my usage, in the mouth of the first Immoralist. For what sets that philosopher apart from all others in the past is precisely that he was the exact opposite of an immoralist. Zarathustra was the first to see the struggle between good and evil as the central driving force in the way things work. Turning morality into something metaphysical—as force, cause, and an end in itself—was HIS work. But the question itself already points to the answer. Zarathustra CREATED the most fateful error, MORALITY; therefore he

should also be the first to RECOGNIZE that error. And not only because he has had longer and greater experience of the matter than any other thinker—all history is the experimental refutation of the theory of the so-called moral order of things:—the more important point is that Zarathustra was more truthful than any other thinker. In his teaching alone do we find truthfulness upheld as the highest virtue—that is to say, the opposite of the COWARDICE of the 'idealist,' who runs away from reality. Zarathustra had more courage in his body than any thinker before or after him. To tell the truth and TO AIM STRAIGHT: that is the first Persian virtue. Do you understand me?... The overcoming of morality by itself—through truthfulness, the overcoming of the moralist by his opposite—THROUGH ME—: that is what the name Zarathustra means in my mouth."

ELIZABETH FORSTER-NIETZSCHE.

Nietzsche Archives,

Weimar, December 1905.

# ZARATHUSTRA'S PROLOGUE.

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When Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and its lake and went into the mountains. There he delighted in his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years he did not grow tired of them. But at last his heart changed. One morning, rising with the red dawn, he stepped before the sun and spoke to it like this:

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

For ten years you have climbed up here to my cave. You would have grown tired of your light and of the journey if it had not been for me, my eagle, and my serpent.

But every morning we waited for you, received your overflowing abundance, and blessed you for it.

Look, I am weary of my wisdom, like a bee that has gathered too much honey; I need outstretched hands to receive it.

I want to give and share it, until the wise are once more joyful in their folly, and the poor happy in their riches.

Therefore I must descend into the depths, as you do in the evening when you go behind the sea and give light even to the underworld, you overflowing star!

Like you, I too must go down, as men say, to those to whom I shall descend.

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

Bless the cup that is about to overflow, so that the water may pour from it like gold and carry everywhere the reflection of your bliss!

Look! This cup is about to empty itself again, and Zarathustra is about to become a man again.

Thus began Zarathustra's descent.

Zarathustra went down the mountain alone, and no one met him. But when he entered the forest, an old man suddenly stood before him, a man who had left his holy hut to gather roots. And the old man spoke to Zarathustra:

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

Then you carried your ashes into the mountains; will you now carry your fire into the valleys? Are you not afraid of the fate of an arsonist?

Yes, I recognize Zarathustra. His eye is pure, and no disgust hides around his mouth. Does he not move along like a dancer?

Zarathustra has changed; Zarathustra has become a child; Zarathustra is awakened. What will you do in the land of the sleepers?

You have lived in solitude as if in the sea, and it has borne you up. Alas, will you now go ashore? Alas, will you once again have to drag your own body?"

Zarathustra answered: "I love mankind."

"Why," said the saint, "did I go into the forest and the desert? Wasn't it because I loved people far too much?"

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

Zarathustra answered, "What did I say about love? I am bringing gifts to mankind."

"Give them nothing," said the saint. "Instead, take some of their burden and carry it with them—that will please them most, if it also pleases you.

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

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

The saint laughed at Zarathustra and said, "Then make sure they accept your treasures! They distrust hermits, and they do not believe we come bearing gifts.

The sound of our footsteps echoes too hollowly through their streets. And just as at night, when they lie in bed and hear someone outside long before sunrise, they ask themselves about us: Where is the thief going?

"Do not go to men; stay in the forest instead! Better yet, go to the animals! Why not be like me—a bear among bears, a bird among birds?"

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

The saint answered, "I make hymns and sing them; and while I make hymns I laugh and weep and mumble: that is how I praise God.

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

When Zarathustra heard these words, he bowed to the saint and said, "What could I possibly give you! Let me hurry away instead, before I take anything from you!" And so the two of them parted, the old man and Zarathustra, laughing like schoolboys.

When Zarathustra was alone, however, he said to his heart: "Could it be possible! This old saint in the forest has still not heard that GOD IS DEAD!"

When Zarathustra arrived at the nearest town beside the forest, he found many people gathered in the marketplace, for it had been announced that a rope-dancer would perform. And Zarathustra spoke to the people as follows:

I teach you the Superman. Man is something meant to be overcome. What have you done to overcome man?

Up to now, every living thing has created something beyond itself. And you want to be the low point of that great tide? Would you rather go back to the beast than go beyond man?

What is the ape to man? A joke, a source of shame. And man will be exactly that to the Superman: a joke, a source of shame.

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

Even the wisest among you is only a discord and a hybrid of plant and phantom. But am I telling you to become phantoms or

plants?

Look, I teach you the Superman!

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

I beg you, my brothers, remain true to the earth, and do not believe those who speak to you of hopes beyond the earth. They are poisoners, whether they know it or not.

They are despisers of life, decaying people, poisoned themselves, and the earth is tired of them. So let them go!

Once, blasphemy against God was the greatest blasphemy. But God died, and with him those blasphemers. Now the most terrible sin is to blaspheme the earth, and to value the heart of the unknowable above the meaning of the earth.

Once, the soul looked down on the body with contempt, and that contempt was considered the highest thing. The soul wanted the body thin, ghastly, and starving. In that way, it thought it could escape the body and the earth.

Oh, that soul was itself thin, ghastly, and starving; and cruelty was its delight!

But you too, my brothers, tell me: what does your body say about your soul? Is your soul not poverty, filth, and miserable self-satisfaction?

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

Look, I teach you the Superman: he is that sea. In him, your great contempt can be drowned.

What is the greatest thing you can experience? It is the hour of great contempt—the hour when even your happiness becomes hateful to you, and so do your reason and your virtue.

The hour when you say: "What good is my happiness? It is poverty and filth and miserable self-satisfaction. But my happiness ought to justify existence itself!"

The hour when you say: "What good is my reason? Does it hunger for knowledge the way a lion hungers for food? It is poverty and filth and miserable self-satisfaction!"

The hour when you say: "What good is my virtue? It has not yet made me passionate. How tired I am of my good and my evil! It is all poverty and filth and miserable self-satisfaction!"

The hour when you say: "What good is my justice? I do not see that I am fervor and fuel. And yet the just are fervor and fuel!"

The hour when you say: "What good is my pity? Is pity not the cross on which the one who loves mankind is nailed? But my pity is no crucifixion."

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

It is not your sin that cries out to heaven—it is your self-satisfaction; even your restraint in sin cries out to heaven!

Where is the lightning that will strike you with its tongue? Where is the frenzy with which you should be infected?

Look, I teach you the Superman: he is that lightning, he is that frenzy!—

When Zarathustra had spoken these words, one of the crowd shouted: "We have heard enough about the rope-dancer; now it is time for us to see him!" And all the people laughed at Zarathustra. But the rope-dancer, thinking the words were meant for him, began his performance.

Zarathustra, however, looked at the people in astonishment. Then he said:

Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the Superman—a rope over an abyss.

A dangerous crossing, a dangerous journey, a dangerous looking back, a dangerous trembling and stopping.

What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not an end; what is lovable in man is that he is a going-beyond and a going-down.

I love those who do not know how to live except by going down, for they are the ones who go beyond.

I love the great despisers, because they are also the great adorers, and arrows of longing aimed at the farther shore.

I love those who do not first look beyond the stars for a reason to go down and become sacrifices, but who sacrifice themselves to the earth, so that the earth of the Superman may one day come to be.

I love the one who lives in order to know, and seeks knowledge so that the Superman may one day live. In this way, he seeks his own going-under.

I love the one who labors and invents so that he may build the house for the Superman, and prepare earth, animal, and plant for him: for in this way he seeks his own going-under.

I love the one who loves his virtue, for virtue is the will to go down, and an arrow of longing.

I love the one who keeps no share of spirit for himself, but wants to be wholly the spirit of his virtue. In this way, he walks as spirit across the bridge.

I love the one who makes his virtue his deepest inclination and his destiny. For the sake of his virtue, he is willing either to go on living or to live no more.

I love the one who does not desire too many virtues. One virtue is more truly a virtue than two, because it gives destiny a stronger knot to cling to.

I love the one whose soul is lavish, who wants no thanks and does not repay in kind. He is always giving, and never wants to keep anything for himself.

I love the one who is ashamed when the dice fall in his favor, and then asks, "Am I a dishonest player?"—for he is willing to be defeated.

I love the one who scatters golden words ahead of his deeds, and always does more than he promises, for he seeks his own going-under.

I love the one who justifies those yet to come, and redeems those who have gone before, for he is willing to perish through those of the present.

I love the one who chastens his God because he loves his God, for he must perish through the wrath of his God.

I love the one whose soul is deep even in being wounded, and who may perish from a small matter. In this way, he goes willingly across the bridge.

I love the one whose soul is so overflowing that he forgets himself, and all things are within him. In this way, all things become his going-under.

I love the one with a free spirit and a free heart: his mind is only the organ of his heart; and his heart is what leads him downward.

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

Look, I am a herald of the lightning, a heavy drop from the cloud; but the lightning itself is the SUPERMAN.—

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

Must one first strike their ears before they learn to hear with their eyes? Must one rattle like kettledrums and penitential preachers? Or do they believe only the stammerer?

They have something they are proud of. What do they call this thing that makes them proud? They call it culture; it is what sets them apart from the goatherds.

So they do not like hearing themselves spoken of with contempt. Therefore I will appeal to their pride.

I will speak to them of the most contemptible thing of all: that, however, is THE LAST MAN!"

And so Zarathustra spoke to the people:

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

His soil is still rich enough for that. But one day that soil will be poor and exhausted, and no tall tree will be able to grow there anymore.

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 sing!

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

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

Look! I show you THE LAST MAN.

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

The earth has grown small, and on it hops the last man, who makes everything small. His kind cannot be wiped out, like the ground-flea; the last man lives the longest.

“We have discovered happiness,” say the last men, and they blink.

They have left the places where life is hard, because they need warmth. They still love their neighbor and press close to him, because they need warmth.

They think getting sick and being distrustful are sinful, so they move carefully. Anyone who still stumbles over stones or people is a fool.

A little poison now and then makes for pleasant dreams. And a great deal of poison at the end makes for a pleasant death.

They still work, because work is a pastime. But they are careful that the pastime does not harm them.

No one becomes poor or rich anymore; both are too burdensome. Who still wants to rule? Who still wants to obey? Both are too burdensome.

No shepherd, and one herd! Everyone wants the same thing; everyone is equal. Whoever feels differently goes willingly into the madhouse.

“In the past, the whole world was insane,” say the cleverest among them, and they blink.

They are clever and know everything that has happened, so their mockery never ends. People still quarrel, but they soon make up again—otherwise it upsets their stomachs.

They have their little pleasures for the day and their little pleasures for the night, but they are careful about their health.

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

And here ended Zarathustra's first discourse, which is also called "The Prologue"; for at this point the shouting and laughter of the crowd interrupted him. "Give us this last man, O Zarathustra," they cried, "make us into these last men! Then we will give you the Superman as a gift!" And all the people rejoiced and smacked their lips. Zarathustra, however, grew sad and said to his heart:

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

Perhaps I have lived too long in the mountains; perhaps I have listened too much to the brooks and trees. Now I speak to them as if they were goatherds."

My soul is calm and clear, like the mountains in the morning. But they think I am cold, a mocker who makes cruel jokes.

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

Then something happened that silenced every mouth and fixed every eye in place. Meanwhile, the rope-dancer had begun his act. He had come out through a small door and was making his way along the rope stretched between two towers, hanging above the market square and the crowd. When he was halfway across, the little door opened again, and a brightly dressed man, like a clown, sprang out and hurried after the first. "Move on, lame-foot!" his dreadful voice cried. "Move on, lazybones, intruder, pale-face—or I'll tickle you with my heel! What are you doing here between the towers? The tower is where you

belong; you should be locked up. You are blocking the way for someone better than you!" And with every word he drew closer and closer to the first man. Then, when he was only a step behind, the terrible thing happened that silenced every mouth and fixed every eye: he gave a scream like a devil and jumped over the other man who stood in his way. But when the first man saw his rival triumph like that, he lost both his nerve and his footing on the rope. He threw away his pole and plunged downward, even faster than it fell, a whirl of arms and legs dropping into the depths. The market square and the crowd became like the sea when a storm comes on: everyone scattered in confusion, especially where the body was about to fall.

Zarathustra, however, remained where he was standing, and the body fell right beside him, badly injured and disfigured, but not yet dead. After a while, the broken man regained consciousness and saw Zarathustra kneeling next to him. "What are you doing there?" he said at last. "I knew long ago that the devil would trip me up. Now he is dragging me to hell. Will you stop him?"

"On my honor, my friend," Zarathustra answered, "none of what you speak of exists: there is no devil and no hell. Your soul will be dead even before your body is. So do not be afraid any longer."

The man looked up suspiciously. "If you are telling the truth," he said, "I lose nothing by losing my life. I am little more than an animal that has been taught to dance through beatings and meager food."

"Not at all," said Zarathustra. "You made danger your profession; there is nothing contemptible in that. Now you are dying because of your profession, and so I will bury you with my own hands."

After Zarathustra said this, the dying man gave no further reply. But he moved his hand, as if he were searching for Zarathustra's hand in gratitude.

Meanwhile, evening fell, and the marketplace sank into darkness. Then the people drifted away, for even curiosity and terror grow tired. Zarathustra, however, still sat on the ground beside the dead man, lost in thought, and so he forgot the time. But at last night came, and a cold wind blew over the solitary figure. Then Zarathustra rose and said to his heart:

Truly, what a fine catch Zarathustra has made today! He has caught not a man, but a corpse.

Human life is dark, and still without meaning; even a buffoon can decide its fate.

I want to teach people the meaning of their existence, which is the Superman, the lightning that flashes out of the dark cloud called man.

But I am still far from them, and what I mean does not speak to what they understand. To people, I am still something between a fool and a corpse.

Dark is the night, and dark are the paths of Zarathustra. Come, my cold and rigid companion. I will carry you to the place where I will bury you with my own hands.

After Zarathustra said this to his heart, he lifted the corpse onto his shoulders and started on his way. But he had not gone a hundred steps before a man slipped up beside him and whispered in his ear—and it was the buffoon from the tower. “Leave this town, Zarathustra,” he said. “Too many people here hate you. The good and the just hate you and call you their enemy and despiser. The believers in the orthodox faith hate you and call you a danger to the people. It was your good fortune that they laughed at you, and truly, you spoke like a buffoon. It was your good fortune that you kept company with the dead dog; by humbling yourself like that, you saved your life today. But leave this town—for tomorrow I shall jump over you, a living man over a dead one.” And after he said this, the buffoon disappeared. Zarathustra, however, went on through the dark streets.

At the town gate the grave-diggers met him. They held their torch up to his face, and when they recognized Zarathustra, they mocked him harshly. “Zarathustra is carrying off the dead dog: what a fine thing that Zarathustra has become a grave-digger! Our hands are far too clean for that roast. Will Zarathustra steal a bite from the devil? Well then, enjoy the meal! If only the devil is not a better thief than Zarathustra—he will steal both of them, he will eat both of them!” And they laughed among themselves and leaned their heads together.

Zarathustra said nothing and kept going. After he had walked for two hours, past forests and swamps, he had heard too much of the wolves’ hungry howling, and he himself grew hungry. So he stopped at a lonely house where a light was burning.

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

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

Then Zarathustra knocked at the door of the house. An old man appeared carrying a light and asked, "Who comes to me and my troubled sleep?"

"A living man and a dead one," said Zarathustra. "Give me something to eat and drink; I forgot about it during the day. He who feeds the hungry refreshes his own soul, says wisdom."

The old man went away, but came back at once with bread and wine for Zarathustra. "This is a hard country 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 more tired than you are." Zarathustra replied, "My companion is dead; I will hardly be able to persuade him to eat." "That is no concern of mine," said the old man sourly. "Whoever knocks at my door must take what I offer. Eat, and farewell!"—

After that, Zarathustra walked on again for two hours, trusting the path and the starlight, for he was used to traveling at night and liked to look into the faces of those who slept. But when morning came, he found himself in a dense forest, and the path had disappeared. So he placed the dead man in the hollow of a tree, with his head protected there—for he wanted to keep him safe from the wolves—and lay down on the ground and moss. He fell asleep at once, his body exhausted but his soul at peace.

Zarathustra slept for a long time; not only the rosy dawn passed over him, but the whole morning as well. At last he opened his eyes and looked in wonder at the forest and the stillness; then he looked inward with the same wonder. He rose quickly, like a sailor who suddenly catches sight of land, and cried out with joy, for he had seen a new truth. And he spoke to his heart like this:

A light has dawned on me: I need companions who are alive—not dead companions and corpses that I carry around with me wherever I go.

What I need are living companions, who will follow me because they want to follow themselves—and go where I go.

A light has dawned on me. Zarathustra is not to speak to the people, but to companions! Zarathustra must not become the herd's shepherd and watchdog!

I have come to draw many away from the herd. The people and the herd must be angry with me: the herdsmen shall call Zarathustra a robber.

Herdsmen, I say—though they call themselves the good and the just. Herdsmen, I say—though they call themselves believers in the true faith.

Look at the good and the just! Whom do they hate most? The one who smashes their tables of values, the breaker, the lawbreaker—yet he is the creator.

Look at believers of every kind: who do they hate most? The one who breaks apart their tables of values—the breaker, the lawbreaker. And yet he is the creator.

The creator seeks companions, not corpses—and not herds or believers either. The creator seeks fellow-creators, people who carve new values onto new tables.

The creator seeks companions, and fellow-reapers as well: for with him, everything is ripe for harvest. But he lacks a hundred sickles, so he plucks the ears of corn by hand and is frustrated.

The creator seeks companions, and those who know how to sharpen their sickles. They will be called destroyers, and despisers of good and evil. But they are the reapers and the rejoicers.

Zarathustra seeks fellow-creators; Zarathustra seeks fellow-reapers and fellow-rejoicers: what has he to do with herds and herdsmen and corpses?

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

But now I leave you; the time has come. Between rosy dawn and rosy dawn, a new truth came to me.

I am not meant to be a herdsman, and I am not meant to be a gravedigger. I will no longer speak to the people; for the last time, I have spoken to the dead.

I will keep company with the creators, the reapers, and the rejoicers. I will show them the rainbow, and all the stairs to the Superman.

I will sing my song to those who live alone, and to those who live in pairs; and to anyone who still has ears for what has never been heard, I will weigh down the heart with my happiness.

I am moving toward my goal; I am following my course. I will leap over the lingering and the slow. Let my going onward become their going under!

10.

Zarathustra said this to his heart when the sun stood at noon. Then he looked up questioningly, for he heard the sharp cry of a bird above him. And behold! An eagle circled through the air in wide loops, and a serpent hung from it—not like prey, but like a friend, for it was coiled around the eagle's neck.

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

"The proudest animal under the sun, and the wisest animal under the sun—they have come out to scout ahead."

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

I have found men more dangerous than animals; Zarathustra walks dangerous paths. Let my animals guide me!"

When Zarathustra had said this, he remembered the saint's words in the forest. Then he sighed and said to his heart:

"If only I were wiser! If only I were wise from the depths of my heart, like my serpent!

But I am asking for the impossible. So I ask my pride always to go with my wisdom!

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

Thus Zarathustra's descent began.

# I. THE THREE METAMORPHOSES.

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

There are many heavy burdens for the spirit, for the strong, load-bearing spirit in which reverence lives; its strength longs for what is heavy and heaviest.

What is heavy? asks the load-bearing spirit. Then it kneels down like a camel and wants to be heavily loaded.

What is the heaviest thing, you heroes? 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 display one's folly in order to mock one's wisdom?

Or is it this: to abandon our cause when it is celebrating its triumph? To climb high mountains in order to tempt the tempter?

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

Or is it this: to be sick and send away comforters, and make friends with the deaf, who never hear your requests?

Or is it this: to go into foul water when it is the water of truth, and not turn away cold frogs and hot toads?

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

The spirit takes all these heaviest burdens onto itself. And like a camel that, once loaded, hurries into the wilderness, the spirit too hurries into its own wilderness.

But in the loneliest wilderness, the second transformation takes place: here the spirit becomes a lion. It wants to seize freedom and become master in its own wilderness.

Here it seeks its final master. It will stand against him, and against its final god; it will struggle with the great dragon for victory.

What is the great dragon that the spirit no longer wishes to call Lord and God? The great dragon is called "Thou shalt." But the spirit of the lion says, "I will."

"Thou shalt" lies across its path, glittering with gold—a beast covered in scales; and on every scale shines the golden command, "Thou shalt!"

The values of a thousand years shine on those scales, and the mightiest of all dragons speaks like this: "All the values of things shine on me.

All values have already been created, and I embody every created value. Truly, there shall be no more "I will." So speaks the dragon.

My brothers, why does the spirit need the lion? Why is the beast of burden not enough—the one that renounces and obeys with reverence?

To create new values—even the lion cannot yet do that. But it can create freedom for itself, so that new creation becomes

possible: that is what the lion's strength can do.

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

To claim the right to new values—that is the most fearsome claim for a spirit that bears burdens and is full of reverence. Truly, to such a spirit it feels like robbery, like the work of a beast of prey.

Once it loved "Thou shalt" as the holiest thing of all. Now it must find illusion and arbitrariness even in what is holiest, so that it can win freedom from what it loved: for this, the lion is needed.

But tell me, my brothers, what can the child do that even the lion cannot? Why must the lion, the beast of prey, still become a child?

The child is innocence and forgetfulness: a new beginning, a game, a self-moving wheel, a first motion, a sacred Yes.

Yes, my brothers: for the creative game, the spirit needs a sacred Yes to life. Now the spirit wills by its own will; the one cast out by the world wins a world of his own.

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra. At that time he was staying in the town called The Pied Cow.

## II. THE ACADEMIC CHAIRS OF VIRTUE.

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People spoke to Zarathustra about a wise man who was said to speak well about sleep and virtue. He was greatly honored and well rewarded for it, and all the young men sat before his chair. Zarathustra went to him and sat among the youths before his chair. And this is what the wise man said:

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

Even the thief is modest in the presence of sleep: he always steals softly through the night. But the night-watchman is immodest; he carries his horn without shame.

It is no small art to sleep: for that, you must stay awake all day.

Ten times a day you must overcome yourself; that brings healthy weariness, and it is poppy for the soul.

Ten times you must make peace with yourself again; for overcoming brings bitterness, and those who are not reconciled sleep badly.

Ten truths you must discover during the day; otherwise you will go looking for truth at night, and your soul will have gone hungry.

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

Few people know it, but to sleep well one must have all the virtues. Should I bear false witness? Should I commit adultery? Should I covet my neighbor's maidservant? None of that goes well with good sleep.

And even if one has all the virtues, one thing is still needed: to put the virtues themselves to sleep at the right time.

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

Peace with God and with your neighbor: that is what good sleep asks for. And peace, too, with your neighbor's devil; otherwise it will haunt you in the night.

Honor the government, obey it, and even honor the crooked government as well: that is what good sleep asks for. What can I do if power likes to walk on crooked legs?

For me, the best shepherd is always the one who leads his sheep to the greenest pasture: that too agrees with good sleep.

I do not want many honors or great riches; they stir up the spleen. But it is hard to sleep well without a good name and a little money.

A small company pleases me more than a bad one; but they must come and go at the right time. That too agrees with good sleep.

And yes, the poor in spirit please me too: they help one sleep. Blessed are they, especially if one always gives in to them.

That is how the day passes for the virtuous. And when night comes, I am careful not to call for sleep. Sleep does not like to be called—the lord of the virtues!

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

And what were the ten reconciliations, the ten truths, and the ten laughs with which my heart delighted itself?

As I reflect like this, rocked by forty thoughts, sleep suddenly overtakes me all at once—sleep, uncalled, the lord of the virtues.

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

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

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

When Zarathustra heard the wise man speak like this, he laughed to himself, for a light had dawned on him. And he said to his heart:

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

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

There was a kind of magic even in his professor's chair. And the young men did not sit before that preacher of virtue for nothing.

His wisdom was this: stay awake so that you can sleep well. And truly, if life had no meaning, and I had to choose some form of nonsense, this too would seem to me the most desirable nonsense.

Now I understand well what people once wanted above all when they went looking for teachers of virtue. They wanted good sleep for themselves, and poppy-like virtues to help bring it on.

For all those celebrated sages in academic chairs, wisdom meant dreamless sleep: they knew no higher meaning in life.

Even now, to be sure, there are still some like this preacher of virtue, though not always so respectable; but their time has passed. They will not be standing much longer: already they are lying down.

Blessed are the sleepy ones, for they will soon nod off.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

### III. BACKWORLDSMEN.

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Once, Zarathustra too let his imagination reach beyond man, like all backworldsmen. Back then, the world seemed to me the work of a suffering, tormented God.

The world seemed to me like the dream—and the speech—of a God: colored vapors before the eyes of one who was divinely dissatisfied.

Good and evil, joy and sorrow, I and thou—all of them seemed to me like colored vapors before creative eyes. The creator wanted to look away from himself, and so he created the world.

For the sufferer, it is an intoxicating pleasure to look away from his suffering and forget himself. Once, the world too seemed to me an intoxicating pleasure and an act of self-forgetting.

This world—the eternally imperfect, the image of an eternal contradiction, and an imperfect image at that—once seemed to me an intoxicating joy for its imperfect creator.

So once I too let my imagination go beyond man, like all backworldsmen. Beyond man, indeed?

Ah, my brothers, that God I created was a human work and a human madness, like all gods!

He was a man, and only a poor fragment of a man and of ego. That phantom came to me out of my own ashes and fire. And truly, it did not come to me from beyond!

What happened, my brothers? I overcame myself, I who had suffered. I carried my own ashes up the mountain and made a

brighter flame for myself. And then—look!—the phantom withdrew from me.

For me, now that I have recovered, it would be suffering and torment to believe in such phantoms. It would be pain and humiliation for me now. That is what I say to the believers in other worlds.

It was suffering, and powerlessness, that created all other worlds; and the brief madness of happiness that only the greatest sufferer ever experiences.

It was weariness that wanted to reach the end in a single leap, in a leap into death; a poor, ignorant weariness, no longer willing even to will—that created all gods and other worlds.

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

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

And then it tried to break through the final walls with its head—and not only with its head—into “the other world.”

But that “other world” is well hidden from man: that dehumanized, inhuman world, which is a heavenly nothing. And the depths of existence do not speak to man except in human terms.

Truly, it is hard to prove all being, and hard to make it speak. Tell me, my brothers, is not the strangest thing of all the one best proved?

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

And this most honest existence, the ego, speaks of the body and still points back to the body, even when it reflects and raves and flutters on broken wings.

The ego learns to speak more honestly all the time; and the more it learns, the more names of honor it finds for the body and the earth.

My ego taught me a new pride, and this is what I teach to men: no longer to thrust one's head into the sand of heavenly things, but to carry it freely—a head of the earth, giving meaning to the earth.

I want to teach people a new lesson: to choose the path humanity has followed blindly, to affirm it, and no longer creep away from it like the sick and dying.

It was the sick and dying who despised the body and the earth, and invented the heavenly world and redeeming drops of blood. Yet even those sweet, sorrowful poisons they borrowed from the body and the earth.

In their misery, they looked for a way out, and the stars were too far away for them. So they sighed, "If only there were heavenly paths by which we could slip into another life and into happiness!" Then they invented their side roads and their bloody drinks.

These ungrateful people imagined that they had been carried beyond the realm of their body and this earth. But what gave

rise to the convulsion and ecstasy of that transport? Their body and this earth.

Zarathustra is gentle with the sickly. Truly, he is not angry at their ways of comforting themselves or at their ingratitude. May they recover and overcome themselves, and create higher bodies for themselves.

Nor is Zarathustra angry with someone recovering who still looks tenderly on his delusions and, at midnight, steals around the grave of his God. But even in his tears, sickness and a sick body still remain.

There have always been many sickly people among those who brood and long for God. They fiercely hate those who see clearly, and they hate the newest of virtues as well: honesty.

They are always looking backward to dark ages. Back then, delusion and faith were something else entirely. Madness of reason was taken for godlikeness, and doubt was a sin.

I know these godlike people all too well: they demand to be believed, and they insist that doubt is a sin. I also know all too well what they themselves believe most deeply.

Truly, they do not believe most in other worlds or in redeeming drops of blood. What they believe in most is the body, and their own body is, for them, the thing-in-itself.

But to them it is a sickly thing, and they would gladly crawl out of their own skin. That is why they listen to the preachers of death, and why they themselves preach other worlds.

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

The healthy body speaks more honestly and clearly, the body that is whole and well-formed; and it speaks of the meaning of the earth.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## **IV. THE DESPISERS OF THE BODY.**

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I will speak to those who despise the body. I do not want them to relearn or teach anything new, but simply to say farewell to their own bodies—and so fall silent.

"I am body and soul," says the child. And why should one not speak as children do?

But the awakened one, the one who knows, says: "I am entirely body, and nothing besides; and soul is only a name for something in the body."

The body is a great wisdom, a multitude with a single sense, a war and a peace, a flock and a shepherd.

Your little wisdom, my brother, which you call "spirit," is also just an instrument of your body—a small tool and plaything of your greater wisdom.

You say "ego," and you are proud of that word. But the greater thing—the thing you refuse to believe in—is your body with its great wisdom; it does not say "ego," but it acts it out.

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

Sense and spirit are instruments and playthings; behind them there is still the Self. The Self looks through the eyes of the senses, and it also listens through the ears of the spirit.

The Self is always listening and always seeking; it compares, masters, conquers, and destroys. It rules, and it is also the ruler of the ego.

Behind your thoughts and feelings, my brother, stands a mighty ruler, an unknown wise one—it is called the Self; it lives in your body, it is your body.

There is more wisdom in your body than in your finest understanding. And who, then, knows why your body needs precisely your finest wisdom?

Your Self laughs at your ego and its proud strutting. "What are these struttings and flights of thought to me?" it says to itself. "They are a side road to my purpose. I am the guiding rein of the ego and the prompter of its ideas."

The Self says to the ego, "Feel pain!" And then it suffers, and thinks about how it might end that pain—and that is exactly what it is meant to think about.

The Self says to the ego, "Feel pleasure!" Then it rejoices, and thinks about how it might rejoice again and again—and that is exactly what it is meant to think about.

I want to say a word to those who despise the body. Their contempt comes from what they value. What was it that created valuing and despising, worth and will?

The creating Self created valuing and despising for itself; it created joy and sorrow for itself. The creating body created spirit for itself, as a hand to carry out its will.

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

Your Self can no longer do what it most desires—to create beyond itself. That is what it wants most; that is where all its passion lies.

But now it is too late to do that—so your Self wishes to perish, you despisers of the body.

To perish—that is what your Self wishes. And that is why you have become despisers of the body. For you can no longer create beyond yourselves.

And so now you are angry with life and with the earth. And there is an unconscious envy in the sideways glance of your contempt.

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## V. JOYS AND PASSIONS.

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

Of course, you would want to call it by name and cherish it; you would tug at its ears and play with it.

And then—look!—once you share its name with the people, you become one of the people, one of the herd, through your virtue.

Better for you to say: "What is pain and sweetness to my soul, and also the hunger of my bowels, cannot be spoken and has no name."

Let your virtue stand too high for the familiarity of names; and if you must speak of it, do not be ashamed to stumble over your words.

So speak, even if you have to stumble over the words: "That is my good; that is what I love. It pleases me completely, and that alone is what I want as the good."

I do not want it as the law of a God, or as a human law or human necessity. It is not meant to be a signpost leading me to super-earths and paradises.

It is an earthly virtue that I love. There is little prudence in it, and even less ordinary everyday wisdom.

But that bird built its nest beside me; that is why I love and cherish it. Now it sits beside me on its golden eggs."

This is how you should speak haltingly, and praise your virtue.

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

You planted your highest aim in the heart of those passions; then they became your virtues and your joys.

And even if you came from the race of the hot-tempered, the sensual, the fanatical, or the vindictive;

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

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

From your poisons you brewed balm for yourself; you milked your cow, affliction, and now you drink the sweet milk from her udder.

And now nothing evil grows in you any longer, except the evil that grows out of the conflict among your virtues.

My brother, if you are fortunate, you will have one virtue and no more; then you will cross the bridge more easily.

It is glorious to have many virtues, but it is a hard fate; and many a person has gone into the wilderness and killed himself because he grew tired of being both the battle and the battlefield of virtues.

My brother, are war and battle evil? Even so, that evil is necessary; necessary too are envy, distrust, and backbiting among the virtues.

Look at how each of your virtues longs for the highest place; each wants your whole spirit as its herald, and all your strength in wrath, hatred, and love.

Every virtue is jealous of the others, and jealousy is a dreadful thing. Even virtues can perish from jealousy.

Whoever is consumed by the fire of jealousy eventually turns, like a scorpion, its poisoned sting against himself.

Ah, my brother, have you never seen a virtue turn on itself, biting and stabbing itself?

Man is something that must be overcome; and so you should love your virtues—for you will perish by them.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## VI. THE PALE CRIMINAL.

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You judges and sacrificers do not mean to kill until the animal has bowed its head, do you? Look—the pale criminal has bowed his head; from his eye speaks great contempt.

“My ego is something that must be overcome; my ego is, to me, the great contempt of man”: that is what speaks from that eye.

When he judged himself, that was his highest moment; do not let the exalted man fall back again into his lower state.

There is no salvation for the man who suffers from himself in this way, unless it is a swift death.

Your killing, you judges, should be an act of pity, not revenge; and when you kill, make sure that you yourselves justify life.

It is not enough for you to make peace with the man you kill. Let your sorrow become love for the Superman; that is how you will justify your own survival.

You should say “enemy,” but not “villain”; you should say “invalid,” but not “wretch”; you should say “fool,” but not “sinner.”

And you, red judge—if you were to say out loud everything you have done in thought, everyone would cry: “Away with this filth and this venomous reptile!”

But a thought is one thing, a deed is another, and the image of the deed is something else again. The wheel of causality does not roll between them.

An idea made this pale man pale. He was equal to his deed while he was doing it, but once it was done, he could not bear the idea of it.

From then on, he saw himself only as the doer of one deed. I call this madness: in him, the exception turned itself into the rule.

A streak of chalk bewilders the hen; the blow he struck bewitched his weak reason. I call this madness after the deed.

Listen, you judges! There is another kind of madness as well, and it comes before the deed. Ah, you have not gone deeply enough into this soul!

This is what the red judge says: "Why did this criminal commit murder? He wanted to rob." But I tell you this: his soul wanted blood, not loot; he longed for the joy of the knife.

But his weak reason did not understand this madness, and it talked him into something else. "What does blood matter?" it said. "Can't you at least get some loot from it? Or take revenge?"

And he listened to his weak reason: its words lay on him like lead. So when he murdered, he also robbed. He did not want to be ashamed of his madness.

And now, once again, the lead of his guilt lies on him, and once again his weak reason is numbed, paralyzed, and dull.

If only he could shake his head, his burden would roll off; but who can shake that head?

What is this man? A bundle of diseases reaching out into the world through the spirit, looking there for prey.

What is this man? A knot of wild serpents, rarely at peace with one another—so they go out separately and hunt for prey in the world.

Look at that poor body! What it suffered and what it craved, the poor soul translated for itself—it turned it into a murderous desire, into a hunger for the joy of the knife.

The man who now becomes sick is overtaken by what is now called evil: he wants to inflict pain with what causes him pain. But there were other ages, and a different sense of good and evil.

Once, doubt was evil, and so was self-will. Then the sick man became a heretic or a sorcerer; as a heretic or sorcerer, he suffered and tried to make others suffer.

But this will not reach your ears; you tell me it offends your good people. But what do I care about your good people?

Many things about your good people disgust me—and truly, it is not their evil that disgusts me. I wish they had a madness by which they perished, like this pale criminal.

Truly, I wish their madness were called truth, or fidelity, or justice. But they have their virtue only so they may live long, and in miserable self-satisfaction.

I am a railing beside the torrent; whoever is strong enough to grasp me may do so. But I am not your crutch.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## VII. READING AND WRITING.

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Of everything that is written, I love only what someone has written with his blood. Write with blood, and you will discover that blood is spirit.

It is no easy task to understand unfamiliar blood; I hate lazy readers.

Whoever knows the reader does nothing more for the reader. Give it another century of readers, and spirit itself will stink.

When everyone is allowed to learn to read, it ruins not only writing in the long run, but thinking as well.

Once spirit was God; then it became man; and now it has even become the populace.

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

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

The air is thin and pure, danger is close, and the spirit is filled with a joyful wickedness: that is how things are well matched.

I want goblins around me, for I am courageous. The courage that drives away ghosts creates goblins for itself—it wants to laugh.

I no longer feel any kinship with you; the very cloud that I see beneath me, the blackness and heaviness I laugh at—that is your thundercloud.

You look upward when you long for elevation; I look downward because I am elevated.

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

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

Courageous, unconcerned, scornful, commanding—this is how wisdom wants us; she is a woman, and she always loves only a warrior.

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

Life is hard to bear; but do not pretend to be so delicate! All of us are fine pack asses, male and female alike.

What do we have in common with the rosebud that trembles because a drop of dew has formed upon it?

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

There is always a little madness in love. But there is also always some method in that madness.

And to me as well, who value life, butterflies and soap bubbles—and whatever among us resembles them—seem to take the greatest delight in happiness.

To see these light, foolish, lovely, lively little spirits flutter about—this moves Zarathustra to tears and song.

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

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

We do not kill by wrath, but by laughter. Come, let us kill the spirit of gravity!

I learned to walk; since then I have let myself run. I learned to fly; since then I no longer need a push to move from one place.

Now I am light, now I fly; now I see myself beneath myself. Now a God dances within me.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## VIII. THE TREE ON THE HILL.

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Zarathustra had noticed that a certain young man was avoiding him. And as he was walking alone one evening over the hills around the town called "The Pied Cow," he found the youth sitting against a tree, staring wearily into the valley. Zarathustra then took hold of the tree beside which the youth sat, and spoke like this:

"If I wanted to shake this tree with my hands, I could not do it.

But the wind, which we cannot see, troubles and bends it however it pleases. It is invisible hands that bend and trouble us most painfully."

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

"Why should that frighten you?—But it is the same with man as with the tree.

The more he tries to rise into the height and the light, the more fiercely his roots struggle downward into the earth, into the dark and the deep—into evil."

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

Zarathustra smiled and said: "Many a soul is never discovered unless one first invents it."

"Yes, into evil!" the young man cried again.

"You spoke the truth, Zarathustra. I no longer trust myself since I tried to climb to the heights, and no one else trusts me

anymore either. How did that happen?

I change too quickly: today contradicts yesterday. I often skip steps when I climb, and because I do, none of the steps forgives me.

When I am up high, I always find myself alone. No one speaks to me; the cold of solitude makes me tremble. What am I seeking on the heights?

My contempt and my longing grow together; the higher I climb, the more I despise the one who climbs. What is he seeking on the heights?

How ashamed I am of my climbing and stumbling! How I mock my own harsh panting! How I hate the one who flies! How tired I am on the heights!"

Here the young man fell silent. And Zarathustra looked at the tree beside which they stood, and spoke like this:

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

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

Now it waits and waits—but what is it waiting for? It lives too close to the seat of the clouds; perhaps it is waiting for the first lightning?"

When Zarathustra had said this, the young man cried out with wild gestures: "Yes, Zarathustra, you speak the truth. I longed for my own destruction when I wanted to be on the heights, and you are the lightning I was waiting for! Look—what have I been

since you appeared among us? My envy of you has destroyed me!" Thus the young man spoke, and wept bitterly. Zarathustra, however, put his arm around him and led him away.

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

It tears at my heart. Better than your words, your eyes tell me all the danger you are in.

You are not free yet; you are still seeking freedom. Your search has left you too sleepless and too alert.

You want to be on the open heights; your soul thirsts for the stars. But your darker impulses also thirst for freedom.

Your wild dogs crave freedom; they bark with joy in their cellar when your spirit tries to open every prison door.

Yet you are still a prisoner—it seems so to me—you who try to invent freedom for yourself. Ah, the soul of such prisoners grows sharp, but also deceitful and wicked.

The one whose spirit has been freed still needs to cleanse himself. Much of the prison and its mold still clings to him; his eye has yet to become pure.

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

You still feel yourself to be noble, and others still feel your nobility too, even though they resent you and look at you with malice. Know this: a noble person stands in everyone's way.

A noble person stands in the way even of the good; and even when they call him a good man, they mean to set 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; it is that he may become a boaster, a mocker, or a destroyer.

Ah, I have known noble people who lost their highest hope. And then they began to speak scornfully of all high hopes.

After that, they lived shamelessly for passing pleasures, and scarcely aimed at anything beyond the day.

"Spirit is also sensual pleasure," they said. Then the wings of their spirit broke; now it crawls about and soils whatever it gnaws.

Once they thought of becoming heroes; now they are sensualists. The hero has become something troubling and terrifying to them.

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## **IX. THE PREACHERS OF DEATH.**

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

The earth is full of the superfluous; life is spoiled by the far too many. May they be lured out of this life by the "eternal life"!

"The yellow ones": that is what the preachers of death are called, or "the black ones." But I will show them to you in other colors as well.

There are terrible people who carry a beast of prey inside them, and they have no choice except desire or self-torment. Even their desires are a form of self-torment.

Those terrible ones have not yet become fully human. Let them preach withdrawal from life—and then disappear themselves.

There are also the spiritually wasting ones: almost as soon as they are born, they begin to die, and they hunger for teachings of weariness and renunciation.

They would gladly be dead, and we should agree with their wish. Let us be careful not to wake those dead souls, or damage those living coffins.

They come across a sick person, or an old man, or a corpse, and at once they say: "Life has been disproved!"

But it is only they who are disproved—and their eye, which sees only one side of existence.

Wrapped in heavy melancholy, and eager for the small accidents that bring death, they wait like this, grinding their

teeth.

Or else they snatch at sweets and then mock themselves for being childish. They cling to their straw of life, and then mock themselves for still clinging to it.

Their wisdom says this: "A fool is anyone who stays alive; but we too are fools! And that is the most foolish thing in life!"

"Life is nothing but suffering," others say, and they are not lying. Then make sure that you stop. Make sure that the life which is nothing but suffering comes to an end.

And let this be the teaching of your virtue: "You shall kill yourself! You shall slip away from yourself!"—

"Desire is sin," some preachers of death say. "Let us keep apart and have no children!"

"Giving birth is troublesome," others say. "Why go on giving birth? One only brings the unfortunate into the world!" They too are preachers of death.

"Pity is necessary," says a third group. "Take what I have! Take what I am! The less I possess, the less life can hold me!"

If they were consistently pitiful, they would make their neighbors sick of life. To be wicked—that would be their real goodness.

But they want to be rid of life. Why should they care if they bind others even more tightly with their chains and gifts?—

And you too, for whom life is hard labor and unrest—aren't you deeply tired of life? Aren't you ready for the sermon of death?

All of you who love hard labor, and what is swift, new, and strange—you endure yourselves badly; your diligence is a form of escape, a will to forget yourselves.

If you believed more in life, you would give yourselves less to the passing moment. But you do not have enough patience to wait—not even enough to be idle.

Everywhere the voices of those who preach death are ringing out, and the earth is full of those to whom death must be preached.

Or “eternal life”; it is all the same to me—if only they pass away quickly!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# **X. WAR AND WARRIORS.**

---

We do not want to be spared by our best enemies, nor by those we love with all our hearts. So let me tell you the truth.

My brothers in war, I love you with all my heart. I am, and always have been, your counterpart. And I am also your best enemy. So let me tell you the truth.

I know the hatred and envy in your hearts. You are not great enough to be free of hatred and envy. Then at least be great enough not to be ashamed of them.

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

I see many soldiers; if only I could see many warriors. "Uniform" is what people call what they wear; may what they hide beneath it not also be uniform.

You should be those whose eyes are always searching for an enemy—for your enemy. And in some of you, hatred comes at first sight.

You should seek your enemy; you should wage your war, and do it for the sake of your thoughts. And if your thoughts are defeated, your honesty should still cry out in triumph.

You should love peace as a means to new wars—and value a short peace more than a long one.

I advise you not to work, but to fight. I advise you not toward peace, but toward victory. Let your work be a fight, and your

peace a victory.

One can be silent and sit peacefully 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 sanctifies even war? I tell you: it is the good war that sanctifies every cause.

War and courage have accomplished more great things than charity. It has not been your sympathy, but your bravery, that has so far saved the victims.

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

They call you heartless, but your heart is true, and I love the shyness of your goodwill. You are ashamed of your abundance, and others are ashamed of their lack.

Are you ugly? Then, my brothers, take on the sublime, the mantle of ugliness!

And when your soul becomes great, it also becomes proud, and there is wickedness in your sublimity. I know you.

In wickedness, the proud man and the weakling meet. But they misunderstand each other. I know you.

You should have only enemies you can hate, not enemies you can despise. You must be proud of your enemies; then your enemies' successes will also be your successes.

Resistance—that is the mark of the slave. Let your mark be obedience. Let your commanding itself be an act of obeying!

To the good warrior, "you shall" sounds sweeter than "I will."  
And everything dear to you must first be commanded to you.

Let your love of life be love of your highest hope, and let your  
highest hope be life's highest thought!

But your highest thought must be commanded to you by  
me—and it is this: man is something to be surpassed.

So live a life of obedience and war! What does long life matter?  
What warrior wishes to be spared?

I do not spare you; I love you with all my heart, my brothers in  
war!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# XI. THE NEW IDOL.

---

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

A state? What is that? Well then, listen to me now, for I am about to speak to you of the death of peoples.

A state is called the coldest of all cold monsters. It lies coldly too, and this lie slips from its mouth: "I, the state, am the people."

It is a lie! It was creators who created peoples and placed a faith and a love over them; in that way they served life.

They are destroyers who set traps for the many and call it the state; they hang a sword and a hundred cravings over them.

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

I give you this sign: every people speaks its own language of good and evil, and its neighbor does not understand it. Each people has made that language for itself in its laws and customs.

But the state lies in every language of good and evil; and whatever it says is a lie, and whatever it has, it has stolen.

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

Confusion in the language of good and evil: I give you this 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: the state was devised for the superfluous ones!

See how it lures them in, 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 regulating finger of God”—so roars the monster. And it is not only the long-eared and short-sighted who fall to their knees!

Ah! It even whispers its dark lies into your ears, you great souls!  
Ah! It discovers the rich hearts that gladly pour themselves out!

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

Around itself, the new idol would gladly set up heroes and honorable people. 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: that is how it buys the radiance of your virtue and the gaze of your proud eyes.

It tries to lure you in through you yourselves, you far-too-many!  
Yes, a hellish trick has been invented here: a death-horse decked out with the rattling ornaments of divine honors!

Yes, a dying for the many has been invented here, and it glorifies itself as life: truly, a wholehearted service to all preachers of death!

I call it the state: the place where everyone drinks poison, the good and the bad alike; the place where everyone loses themselves, the good and the bad alike; the place where the slow suicide of all is called "life."

Just look at these superfluous ones! They steal the work of inventors and the treasures of the wise. They call their theft culture—and everything turns into sickness and misery in their hands!

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 they cannot even digest themselves.

Just look at these superfluous ones! They acquire wealth and become poorer because of it. They chase power, and above all the lever of power, much money—these impotent ones!

Look at them climbing, these nimble apes! They climb over one another, and in doing so they scramble down into the mud and the abyss.

They all strain toward the throne: that is their madness—as if happiness sat on the throne! Often filth sits on the throne—and often the throne sits on filth as well.

They all seem like madmen to me, climbing apes, far too eager. Their idol smells foul to me, that cold monster: they all smell foul to me, these idolaters.

My brothers, will you suffocate in the fumes of their jaws and appetites? Better to break the windows and leap into the open air!

Get out of the path of the bad smell! Turn away from the idolatry of the superfluous!

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

The earth still lies open for great souls. There are still many empty places for the solitary and for pairs, around them drifts the scent of tranquil seas.

A free life still lies open for great souls. Truly, the one who possesses little is possessed that much less: blessed be moderate poverty!

There, where the state ends—only there does the person who is not superfluous begin. There begins the song of the necessary ones, the one unique and irreplaceable melody.

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## **XII. THE FLIES IN THE MARKET-PLACE.**

---

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

The forest and the rock know wonderfully well how to be silent with you. Be again like the tree you love, the broad-branched one—silent and attentive, hanging over the sea.

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

In the world, even the best things are worth nothing without those who present them. Those presenters are what the people call great men.

The people understand very little of what is truly great—that is, the power to create. But they do have a taste for all who present and perform great things.

Around the creators of new values the world revolves—invisibly, it revolves. But around the actors revolve the people and glory: that is how things go.

The actor has spirit, but little conscience of the spirit. He always believes most strongly in whatever lets him make others believe most strongly—in himself!

Tomorrow he has a new belief, and the day after that an even newer one. He has sharp perceptions, like the people, and

moods that quickly change.

For him, to overturn means to prove. To drive people mad means to convince. And he counts blood as the best argument of all.

A truth that reaches only refined ears he calls falsehood and nonsense. Truly, he believes only in Gods that make a great noise in the world!

The market-place is full of noisy buffoons—and the people take pride in their great men! For them, these are the masters of the moment.

But time is pressing them, so they press you. They also want a Yes or No from you. Alas, would you really place your chair between For and Against?

Because of those absolute and impatient people, do not grow suspicious, you lover of truth. Truth has never clung to the arm of an absolutist.

Because of those abrupt people, return to your safety: only in the marketplace are you attacked with the question, Yes? or No?

The experience of all deep fountains is slow: they must wait a long time before they know what has fallen into their depths.

Everything great happens away from the marketplace and from fame: away from the marketplace and from fame, the creators of new values have always lived.

Flee, my friend, into your solitude: I see that the poisonous flies have stung you all over. Flee there, where a harsh, strong wind

blows.

Flee into your solitude! You have lived too closely among the small and pitiable. Flee from their invisible revenge! Toward you they feel nothing but revenge.

Do not raise your arm against them any longer! They are countless, and it is not your fate to serve as a fly-swatter.

Countless are the small and pitiable; and many a proud structure has been ruined by raindrops and weeds.

You are not stone; yet the many drops have already hollowed you out. In time, the many drops will crack and shatter you.

I see you exhausted by poisonous flies; I see you bleeding, torn in a hundred places; and your pride will not even complain.

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

But you, deep one, suffer too deeply even from small wounds; and before you had recovered, the same poisonous worm crawled across your hand.

You are too proud to kill these sweet-tooths. But take care that it does not become your fate to suffer all their poisonous injustice!

They also buzz around you with their praise: their praise is intrusive. They want to get close to your skin and your blood.

They flatter you the way someone flatters a god or a devil; they whine before you as if you were a god or a devil. What does it amount to? They are flatterers and whimperers, nothing more.

Often, too, they present themselves to you as kind and agreeable. But that has always been the caution of the cowardly. Yes, the cowardly are clever.

With their narrow souls, they think about you constantly—and so they always suspect you. Whatever is thought about too much eventually comes to seem suspicious.

They punish you for all your virtues. In their deepest hearts, they forgive you only for your mistakes.

Because you are gentle and upright, you say, "They are blameless for their smallness." But their narrow souls think, "Everything great is blameworthy."

Even when you are gentle with them, they still feel looked down on by you, and they repay your kindness with hidden malice.

Your quiet pride always offends their taste; they are delighted if, just once, you become humble enough to be trivial.

What we recognize in a person, we also provoke in him. So be on your guard against the small ones!

In your presence they feel small, and their baseness flashes and burns against you in unseen revenge.

Have you not seen how often they fell silent when you came near, and how their strength left them like smoke from a dying fire?

Yes, my friend, you are the bad conscience of your neighbors, because they are unworthy of you. That is why they hate you and would gladly suck your blood.

Your neighbors will always be poisonous flies; whatever is great in you will only make them more poisonous, and more fly-like.

Flee, my friend, into your solitude—to the place where a harsh, strong wind blows. It is not your fate to serve as a fly-swatter.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## XIII. CHASTITY.

---

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

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

Just look at these men: you can see it in their eyes—they know nothing better on earth than lying with a woman.

Filth lies at the bottom of their souls; and worse still, their filth still has spirit in it.

If only you were complete—at least as complete as animals are. For animals possess innocence.

Am I telling you to kill your instincts? I am telling you to let your instincts be innocent.

Am I advising you to be chaste? Chastity is a virtue for some, but for many it is almost a vice.

These people are continent, certainly; but a dog-like lust looks out enviously from everything they do.

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

And how cleverly that dog-like lust begs for a scrap of spirit when a piece of flesh is denied to it!

You love tragedies and everything that breaks the heart? But I distrust your dog-like lust.

Your eyes are too cruel, and you look at those who suffer with desire. Has your lust not simply disguised itself and taken the name of fellow-suffering?

And let me give you this parable as well: many who meant to cast out their devil ended by going into the swine themselves.

Anyone for whom chastity is difficult should be warned away from it, lest it become the road to hell—to filth and lust of the soul.

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

It is not when the truth is filthy, but when it is shallow, that the discerning person enters its waters unwillingly.

Truly, there are chaste people by nature; they are gentler at heart, and they laugh better and more often than you do.

They even laugh at chastity and ask, "What is chastity?"

Is chastity not a kind of folly? But that folly came to us; we did not go to it.

We offered that guest shelter and our hearts. Now it lives with us—let it stay as long as it wishes!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## XIV. THE FRIEND.

---

"One person is always one too many around me," thinks the hermit. "Always one and one—that makes two in the end!"

In conversation, "I" and "me" are always too intensely present. How could anyone bear that if there were no friend?

For the hermit, a friend is always a third presence: that third one is the cork that keeps the conversation between two from sinking into the depths.

Ah, there are too many depths for any hermit. That is why they long so much for a friend, and for someone who rises above them.

Our faith in others reveals where we wish we could have faith in ourselves. Our longing for a friend gives us away.

And often, in our love, we only want to leap over our envy. And often we attack and make enemies for ourselves to hide the fact that we are vulnerable.

"Be at least my enemy!"—that is how true reverence speaks, when it does not dare ask for friendship.

If you want a friend, you must also be willing to go to war for him; and to go to war, you must be capable of being an enemy.

You should still honor the enemy in your friend. Can you draw near to your friend without crossing over to his side?

In your friend, you should have your best enemy. You are closest to him in your heart when you resist him.

Would you stand before your friend without any covering? Is it really in honor of your friend that you show yourself exactly as you are? He would send you to the devil for that!

Whoever hides nothing about himself shocks others; that is reason enough to fear nakedness. Yes, if you were gods, then you could be ashamed of clothing!

You cannot make yourself splendid enough for your friend; for to him you should be an arrow and a longing for the Superman.

Have you ever seen your friend asleep, so that you might know how he looks? What is your friend's face, usually? It is your own face, reflected in a rough and imperfect mirror.

Have you ever seen your friend asleep? Were you not startled by how your friend looked then? O my friend, man is something that must be overcome.

A friend should be a master of guessing and of keeping silent: you must not want to see everything. Let your dream reveal to you what your friend does when awake.

Let your pity become a kind of insight: first find out whether your friend actually needs pity. Perhaps what he loves in you is the steady eye and the gaze of eternity.

Let your pity for your friend stay hidden beneath a hard shell; you should have to break a tooth on it. That is what gives it delicacy and sweetness.

Are you pure air, solitude, bread, and medicine to your friend? Many a person cannot free himself from his own chains, and yet can still be the liberator of his friend.

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

For far too long, both a slave and a tyrant have been hidden  
within woman. That is why woman is not yet capable of  
friendship: she knows only love.

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

So far, woman is not capable of friendship: women are still cats,  
and birds. Or at best, cows.

So far, woman is not capable of friendship. But tell me, you  
men, which of you is capable of friendship?

Oh, your poverty, you men, and your meanness of soul!  
Whatever you give to your friend, I would give even to my  
enemy, and I would not be any poorer for it.

There is comradeship: may there also be friendship!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# **XV. THE THOUSAND AND ONE GOALS.**

---

Zarathustra saw many lands and many peoples, and so he came to know the good and evil of many nations. He found no greater power on earth than good and evil.

No people could live without first creating values; but if a people wants to preserve itself, it must not value things the way its neighbor does.

Much that one people called good was treated with scorn and contempt by another: that is what I found. Much that was called bad here was honored there with purple distinction.

One neighbor never understood the other; his soul was always astonished by his neighbor's delusion and wickedness.

A table of values hangs above every people. Look: it is the table of their triumphs; look: it is the voice of their Will to Power.

What people find difficult, they praise. What is necessary and difficult, they call good. And what helps them in their deepest distress—the one thing that is hardest of all—they exalt as holy.

Whatever enables them to rule, conquer, and shine—to the alarm and envy of their neighbors—they see as the highest and most important thing, the measure and meaning of everything else.

Truly, my brother, if you only knew a people's need, its land, its sky, and its neighbor, then you would understand the law of its overcoming, and why it climbs that ladder toward its hope.

“You shall always be first and stand out above others; your jealous soul shall love no one except a friend”—that made the soul of a Greek tremble with excitement. By that, he found his way to greatness.

“To speak the truth, and to be skilled with bow and arrow”—that seemed both admirable and difficult to the people from whom my name comes, the name that is both admirable and difficult to me as well.

“Honor father and mother, and from the depths of the soul do their will”—another people set this table of overcoming above themselves, and through it became strong and enduring.

“To be faithful, and for the sake of faithfulness to risk honor and blood, even in evil and dangerous causes”—by teaching itself this, another people mastered itself; and in mastering itself, it became full and heavy with great hopes.

Truly, human beings have given themselves all their good and evil. Truly, they did not receive it, they did not find it, and it did not come to them as a voice from heaven.

Human beings alone gave values to things in order to preserve themselves—they created the meaning of things, a human meaning. That is why they call themselves “man,” that is, the valuer.

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

Only through valuation is there value; and without valuation, the core of existence would be hollow. Hear this, you creators!

A change of values—that means a change in the creators.  
Whoever must be a creator is always also a destroyer.

Creators were first of all whole peoples, and only much later individuals; truly, the individual himself is still the newest creation.

Peoples once hung their tables of the good above themselves. Love that wanted to rule, and love that wanted to obey, created those tables for themselves.

The pleasure of the herd is older than the pleasure of the self; and as long as a good conscience belongs to the herd, a bad conscience says only: ego.

Truly, the cunning ego—the loveless one that seeks its own advantage in the advantage of many—is not the source of the herd, but its ruin.

It was always the loving ones, and the creators, who made good and bad. The fire of love burns in the names of all the virtues—and the fire of wrath as well.

Zarathustra saw many lands and many peoples; and nowhere on earth did he find a greater power than the creations of the loving ones—what people call “good” and “bad.”

Truly, this power to praise and blame is a marvel. Tell me, my brothers, who will master it for me? Who will place a chain on the thousand necks of this animal?

A thousand goals have existed so far, because a thousand peoples have existed. Only the chain for the thousand necks is still missing; the one goal is still missing. Humanity still has no

goal.

But tell me, my brothers: if humanity's goal is still missing, is humanity itself not still missing as well?—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## **XVI. NEIGHBOUR-LOVE.**

---

You crowd around your neighbour, and you have fine words for doing so. But I tell you: your love of your neighbour is really your poor love of yourselves.

You flee to your neighbour to escape yourselves, and you would like to make a virtue of it; but I see through your "unselfishness."

The THOU is older than the I; the THOU has been made sacred, but the I has not yet been: that is why man presses close to his neighbour.

Do I advise you to love your neighbour? Rather, I advise you to flee from your neighbour and love what is farthest away.

Higher than love for your neighbour is love for those who are far away and still to come; higher even than love for men is love for things and phantoms.

The phantom running ahead of you, my brother, is more beautiful than you are; why do you not give it your flesh and your bones? But you are afraid, and so you run to your neighbour.

You cannot bear yourselves as you are, and you do not love yourselves enough. So you try to trick your neighbor into loving you, and would gladly cover yourselves with the shine of his mistake.

If only you could not bear this with any of those close to you, or with their neighbors either; then you would have to create your friend and his overflowing heart out of yourselves.

You call in a witness when you want to speak well of yourselves; and once you have led him to think well of you, you begin to think well of yourselves too.

A man lies not only when he speaks against what he knows, but even more when he speaks against what he does not know. And that is how you speak of yourselves in your dealings with others, and misrepresent your neighbor through yourselves.

Thus says the fool: "Keeping company with people ruins one's character, especially if one has no character to begin with."

One person goes to his neighbor because he is looking for himself, and another because he wants to lose himself. Your poor love of yourselves turns solitude into a prison.

The most distant are the ones who pay the price for your love of those nearest to you; and whenever there are only five of you together, a sixth must always die.

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

It is not the neighbor that I teach you, but the friend. Let the friend be for you the festival of the earth, and a foretaste of the Superman.

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

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

And just as the world unfolded itself for him, so it folds itself together again for him in rings: as the growth of good out of evil, as the growth of purpose out of chance.

Let the future and the farthest guide you today; in your friend you should love the Superman as your guiding purpose.

My brothers, I do not advise you to love your neighbor—I advise you to love what is farthest away!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# **XVII. THE WAY OF THE CREATING ONE.**

---

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

“Whoever seeks may easily lose himself. All isolation is wrong”: that is what the herd says. And for a long time you belonged to the herd.

The voice of the herd will still echo within you. And when you say, “I no longer share a conscience with you,” it will become a lament and a pain.

But you want to follow the path of your suffering, which is the path to yourself? Then show me your right and your strength to do it!

Are you a new strength and a new authority? A first movement? A wheel that turns by itself? Can you also compel stars to revolve around you?

Alas, there is so much craving for greatness! There are so many convulsions of ambition! Show me that you are not one of the craving and ambitious!

Alas, there are so many great thoughts that do no more than a bellows: they puff up and leave things emptier than before.

You call yourself free? I want to hear your ruling thought, not merely that you have escaped a yoke.

Are you truly one entitled to escape a yoke? Many a person has thrown away his last worth when he threw off his servitude.

Free from what? What does that matter to Zarathustra! What your eye must show me clearly, however, is this: free for what?

Can you give yourself your bad and your good, and set your will over yourself as a law? Can you be your own judge, and the avenger of your law?

Terrible is the loneliness of living with the judge and avenger of your own law. That is how a star is hurled into empty space, into the icy breath of aloneness.

Today you still suffer from the multitude, you individual; today your courage is still unbroken, and your hopes remain.

But one day solitude will weary you; one day your pride will give way, and your courage will falter. One day you will cry: "I am alone!"

One day you will no longer see your own greatness, and you will see your smallness all too clearly; even your loftiness will terrify you like a ghost. One day you will cry, "All is false!"

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

Have you ever known, my brother, the word "disdain"? And the pain of your justice when you must be just to those who despise you?

You force many people to think differently about you, and they hold that heavily against you. You came close to them, and yet you passed them by: that they never forgive.

You rise beyond them; but the higher you climb, the smaller the eye of envy sees you. Above all, though, people hate the one who flies.

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

They throw injustice and filth at the solitary person; but, my brother, if you would be a star, you must still shine for them all the same.

And be on your guard against the good and the just! They would gladly crucify those who create their own virtue—they hate solitary people.

Be on your guard as well against holy simplicity! Everything that is not simple seems unholy to it; it would gladly play with the fire—of the fagot and the stake.

And be on your guard as well against the attacks of your love! The recluse reaches out his hand too easily to anyone he meets.

To many 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 lie in wait for yourself in caves and forests.

You solitary one, you are walking the road to yourself! And your road leads past yourself and your seven devils.

You will be a heretic to yourself, and a wizard and a soothsayer, and a fool, and a doubter, and an outcast, and a villain.

You must be ready to burn in your own flame; how could you become new if you had not first become ashes?

You solitary one, you are walking the path of the creator: out of your seven devils, you will create a God for yourself.

You lonely one, you walk the path of the lover: you love yourself, and because of that you despise yourself, as only lovers know how to despise.

The lover wants to create because he despises. What does anyone know of love if he has never had to despise the very thing he loved?

Take your love into your solitude, my brother, and take your creating with it; justice will only come limping after you much later.

Take my tears into your solitude, my brother. I love the one who seeks to create beyond himself, and in doing so is destroyed.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## **XVIII. OLD AND YOUNG WOMEN.**

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

Is it a treasure that was given to you? Or a child that was born to you? Or are you out on a thief's errand yourself, friend of evil?"—

"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 mischievous, like a young child; and if I do not keep its mouth shut, it cries out too loudly."

As I was walking alone today, at the hour when the sun was going down, an old woman met me and spoke to my soul like this:

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

And I answered her: "One should speak about woman only to men."

"Speak to me too about woman," she said; "I am old enough to forget it soon enough."

And I granted the old woman's request and spoke to her like this:

Everything in woman is a riddle, and everything in 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 true man wants two things: danger and amusement. That is why he wants woman, as the most dangerous plaything.

Man should be trained for war, and woman for the warrior's recreation; everything else is folly.

The warrior does not like fruit that is too sweet. That is why he likes woman; even the sweetest woman is bitter.

Women understand children better than men do, but men are more childlike than women.

In a true man, a child is hidden—a child that wants to play. So rise, women, and discover the child in man!

Let woman be a plaything, pure and delicate like a precious stone, lit by the virtues of a world still to come.

Let a star's beam shine in your love! Let your hope say, "May I bear the Superman!"

Let there be courage in your love! With your love, attack the one who fills you with fear!

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

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

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

Whom does woman hate most? Thus spoke the iron to the magnet: "I hate you most because you attract, but are too weak to pull me to you."

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

"Look! Now the world has become perfect!"—that is what every woman thinks when she obeys with all her love.

A woman must obey, and find depth beneath her surface. Surface—that is woman's soul: a shifting, stormy film on shallow water.

Man's soul, however, is deep; its current rushes through underground caverns. Woman senses its force, but does not understand it.

Then the old woman answered me: "Zarathustra has said many fine things, especially for those young enough to hear them.

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

And now, take a little truth as thanks! I am old enough for it!

Wrap it up tight and cover its mouth; otherwise the little truth will scream too loudly."

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

“Are you going to women? Do not forget your whip!”—  
Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# **XIX. THE BITE OF THE ADDER.**

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One day, because of the heat, Zarathustra had fallen asleep beneath a fig tree, his arms covering his face. Then an adder came and bit him on the neck, and Zarathustra cried out in pain. When he lowered his arm from his face, he looked at the serpent. It recognized Zarathustra's eyes, twisted about awkwardly, and tried to slip away. "Not so fast," said Zarathustra. "You have not yet received my thanks. You woke me in time; my journey is still long." "Your journey is short," said the adder sadly. "My poison is deadly." Zarathustra smiled. "When has a dragon ever died from a serpent's poison?" he said. "But take your poison back! You are not rich enough to give it to me as a gift." Then the adder bent over his neck again and licked his wound.

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

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

But when you have an enemy, do not repay him with good for evil, for that would only shame him. Instead, show him that he has done you some good.

And it is better to be angry than to shame anyone. And when you are cursed, I do not like to see you wanting to bless in return. Better to curse a little as well!

And if a great injustice happens to you, then quickly add five small ones besides. Ugly to behold is the man who is crushed by injustice alone.

# Have you ever known this:

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Shared injustice is half justice. And whoever can bear it should take the injustice upon himself!

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

It is nobler to admit that one is in the wrong than to insist on one's right, especially when one actually is right. Only, one must be rich enough to do it.

I do not like your cold justice; in the eyes of your judges, the executioner and his cold steel are always flashing.

Tell me: where do we find justice that is love with clear-sighted eyes?

Then show me a love that can bear not only every punishment, but every guilt as well!

Then show me a justice that acquits everyone except the judge!

And would you hear this as well? For the one who truly seeks to be just from the heart, even a lie can become an act of love for humanity.

But how could I be just from the heart? How can I give each person what is theirs? Let this be enough for me: I give each person what is mine.

Finally, my brothers, be careful not to wrong any anchorite. How could an anchorite forget? How could he repay it?

An anchorite is like a deep well. It is easy to throw a stone into it.  
But if it sinks to the bottom, tell me, who will bring it back out?

Beware of injuring the anchorite! But if you have done so, then  
kill him too!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## **XX. CHILD AND MARRIAGE.**

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

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

Are you the victorious one, the conqueror of yourself, the ruler of your passions, the master of your virtues? That is what I ask you.

Or is it the animal in you that speaks through this desire, and necessity? Or loneliness? Or conflict within you?

I would have your victory and your freedom yearn for a child. You should build living monuments to your victory and your liberation.

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

You should not only carry yourself forward, but upward as well! For that, may the garden of marriage help you!

You should create a higher body, a first movement, a wheel that turns of itself—you should create a creator.

Marriage: that is what I call the will of two people to create the one who is more than those who created it. The reverence they have for one another, as people who exercise such a will, that is what I call marriage.

Let that be the meaning and the truth of your marriage. But as for what the far too many call marriage—those superfluous

people—ah, what should I call it?

Ah, the poverty of soul in the two of them! Ah, the filth of soul in the two of them! Ah, the pitiful self-satisfaction in the two of them!

They call it marriage; and they say their marriages are made in heaven.

Well, I want no part of that heaven of the superfluous! No, I do not like those animals caught in heavenly nets!

And far from me be the God who limps over to bless what he did not truly join together!

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

This man seemed worthy, and ready for the meaning of the earth. But when I saw his wife, the earth looked to me like a home for fools.

Yes, I would have the earth convulse and shake when a saint and a goose are joined together.

This one went out like a hero in search of truth, and in the end won himself a small, decorated lie: he calls it his marriage.

That one was restrained in company and made his choices carefully. But once, for all time, he ruined his own companionship: he calls it his marriage.

Another looked for a servant with the virtues of an angel. But all at once he became a woman's servant, and now he would need to become an angel too.

I have found all buyers to be cautious, and all of them sharp-eyed. But even the sharpest of them buys his wife sight unseen.

Many brief follies—that is what you call love. And your marriage ends many short follies with one long stupidity.

Your love for woman, and woman's love for man—ah, if only it were compassion between suffering and hidden gods! But usually it is just two animals falling upon each other.

But even your best love is only an ecstatic comparison and a painful burning. It is a torch meant to light your way to higher paths.

One day you shall love beyond yourselves. But first, learn how to love. And that is why you had to drink the bitter cup of your love.

Even the best love has bitterness in its cup. That is what creates longing for the Superman; that is what gives you, creator, your thirst.

Thirst in the creator, an arrow and a longing for the Superman: tell me, my brother, is this what you call the will to marriage?

I call such a will, and such a marriage, holy.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# XXI. VOLUNTARY DEATH.

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

Die at the right time: that is what Zarathustra teaches.

Certainly, if someone never lives at the right time, how could he ever die at the right time? Better if he had never been born! That is my advice to the superfluous.

But even the superfluous make a great fuss about their death, and even the emptiest nut wants to be cracked.

Everyone treats dying as something important; but death is still not a festival. People have not yet learned how to open the finest festivals.

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

The consummating one dies his death triumphantly, surrounded by those who hope and those who promise.

That is how one should learn to die; and there should be no festival at which such a dying person does not consecrate the vows of the living.

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

But to the fighter and the victor alike, your grinning death is hateful—the death that sneaks up like a thief and yet arrives as master.

It is my death that I praise to you: the voluntary death, which comes to me because I want it.

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

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

Truly, I will not be like the rope-makers: they keep stretching out their rope, and in doing so they are always moving backward.

Many people, too, grow too old for their truths and triumphs; a toothless mouth no longer has the right to speak every truth.

And whoever wants fame must say goodbye to honor early, and practice the difficult art of leaving at the right time.

One must stop being feasted on when one tastes best: those who want to be loved for a long time know that.

There are sour apples, no doubt, whose fate is to wait until the last day of autumn; and in the meantime they become ripe, yellow, and shriveled.

In some, the heart ages first, and in others, the spirit. Some are gray in youth, while those who stay young late remain young for a long time.

For many people, life is a failure; a poisonous worm gnaws at their heart. Then they should at least make sure their dying is all the more a success.

Many never become sweet; they rot even in summer. It is cowardice that keeps them clinging to their branches.

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

If only preachers of speedy death would come! They would be  
the right storms and shakers of the trees of life. But I hear only  
slow death being preached, and patience with all that is  
"earthly."

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

Truly, that Hebrew whom the preachers of slow death honor  
died too early; and for many it has proved a calamity that he  
died so soon.

Up to that point he had known only tears and the melancholy of  
the Hebrews, along with hatred of the good and the just—the  
Hebrew Jesus; then he was seized by a longing for death.

If only he had remained in the wilderness, far from the good and  
the just! Then perhaps he would have learned to live, and to  
love the earth—and laughter as well!

Believe me, my brothers! He died too early; he himself would  
have renounced his doctrine if he had lived to my age. He was  
noble enough to renounce it!

But he was still immature. The young man loves immaturely, and  
he also hates man and earth immaturely. His soul is still  
constrained and awkward, and so are the wings of his spirit.

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

Free for death, and free in death; a holy sayer of No when there is no longer time for Yes: that is how he understands death and life.

My friends, I ask this from the honey of your soul: let your dying not become a reproach to man and to the earth.

In your dying, let your spirit and your virtue still shine around the earth like the glow of evening; otherwise your dying has not been worthy.

This is how I myself would die: so that you, my friends, may love the earth more for my sake; and I will become earth again, to rest in her who bore me.

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

Nothing pleases me more than seeing you, my friends, throw the golden ball! And so I remain on the earth a little longer—forgive me for that!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## **XXII. THE BESTOWING VIRTUE.**

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When Zarathustra had said farewell to the town his heart was attached to, whose name was "The Pied Cow," many people followed him. They called themselves his disciples and went with him. In this way they came to a crossroads. There Zarathustra told them that he now wished to go on alone, for he loved going alone. But as they parted, his disciples gave him a staff whose golden handle had a serpent coiled around the sun. Zarathustra was delighted with the staff and leaned on it. Then he spoke to his disciples:

Tell me, please: how did gold come to be valued above all else? Because it is rare, and not useful, and radiant, and softly gleaming; it always gives itself away.

Gold came to be valued above all else only as an image of the highest virtue. The glance of the giver shines like gold. Gold's glow makes peace between moon and sun.

The highest virtue is rare and of no practical use; it is radiant and softly gleaming: the highest virtue is a giving virtue.

Truly, I understand you well, my disciples: like me, you strive for the giving virtue. What could you possibly have in common with cats and wolves?

You long to become sacrifices and gifts yourselves; that is why you want to gather every kind of richness into your soul.

Your soul strives endlessly for treasures and jewels, because your virtue is endless in its desire to give.

You compel all things to flow toward you and into you, so that they may flow out again from your fountain as gifts of your love.

Truly, love that gives must become a taker of all values; and I call this selfishness healthy and holy.

But there is another kind of selfishness: a far too poor and hungry kind that always wants to steal—the selfishness of the sick, sickly selfishness.

It looks at everything bright with a thief's eye. It measures anyone who has abundance with the craving of hunger, and it is always prowling around the tables of those who give.

Such craving speaks of sickness and hidden decay; the stealing hunger of this selfishness speaks of a sickly body.

Tell me, my brother, what do we call bad, and worst of all? Is it not degeneration? We always suspect degeneration when the giving soul is missing.

Our path rises upward from genera to super-genera. But what fills us with horror is the degenerating instinct that says, "Everything for me."

Our sense rises upward as well; in that way it becomes an image of our body, an image of ascent. The names of the virtues are images of such ascent.

So the body moves through history, always becoming and fighting. And the spirit—what is it to the body? It is the herald of the body's fights and victories, its companion and its echo.

All names of good and evil are images; they do not state things plainly, they only suggest. A fool is anyone who tries to get

knowledge from them.

Pay attention, my brothers, to every moment when your spirit wants to speak in images: that is where your virtue begins.

Then your body is lifted up and exalted; in its joy it carries the spirit away, so that the spirit becomes creator, valuer, lover, and benefactor of all things.

When your heart overflows, wide and full like a river, a blessing and a danger to those in the lowlands: that is where your virtue begins.

When you rise above praise and blame, and your will seeks to guide all things like the will of one who loves: that is where your virtue begins.

When you scorn easy pleasures and the soft, effeminate couch, and cannot lie far enough from such softness: that is where your virtue begins.

When you are people of a single will, and when the transformation of every need has itself become necessary to you: that is where your virtue begins.

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

This new virtue is power. It is a ruling thought, with a subtle soul around it: a golden sun, encircled by the serpent of knowledge.

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

Stay true to the earth, my brothers, through the power of your virtue! Let your giving love and your knowledge be devoted to becoming the meaning of the earth! This is how I ask and urge you.

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

Like me, bring this runaway virtue back to the earth—yes, back to body and life—so that it may give the earth its meaning, a human meaning!

A hundred times, spirit and virtue alike have flown away and gone astray. Alas, all this delusion and error still lives in our body: there it has become body and will.

A hundred times, spirit and virtue alike have tried and failed. Yes, man has been an attempt. Alas, so much ignorance and error has taken on flesh in us!

Not only the reason of millenniums but also their madness breaks out in us. It is dangerous to be an heir.

We still fight, step by step, against the giant Chance, and over all mankind nonsense—lack of sense—has ruled until now.

Let your spirit and your virtue be devoted to the meaning of the earth, my brothers. Let the value of everything be determined anew by you! That is why you shall be fighters! That is why you shall be creators!

The body wisely purifies itself. In striving with intelligence, it raises itself up. To those who can truly discern, every impulse

becomes something sacred; to those who are uplifted, the soul grows joyful.

Physician, heal yourself; then you will also heal your patient. Let his best cure be to see, with his own eyes, the one who makes himself whole.

There are a thousand paths that have never yet been walked, a thousand forms of health and hidden islands of life. Man and man's world are still far from exhausted or discovered.

Awake and listen, you solitary ones! Winds are coming from the future on stealthy wings, and good news is being spoken to those with keen ears.

You solitary ones of today, you who have broken away—you shall one day become a people. From you, who have chosen yourselves, a chosen people shall arise—and from it, the Superman.

Truly, the earth shall become a place of healing. Already a new scent is spreading around it, a scent that brings salvation—and with it, a new hope.

When Zarathustra had spoken these words, he paused, like someone who had not yet said his final word. For a long time he weighed the staff uncertainly in his hand. At last he spoke again—and his voice had changed:

Now I go alone, my disciples. You too must now go away, and go alone. That is what I want.

Truly, I advise you: leave me, and guard yourselves against Zarathustra! Better still, be ashamed of him! Perhaps he has

deceived you.

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

A man repays his teacher poorly if he remains nothing more than a pupil. And why will you not reach for my wreath?

You revere me; but what if your reverence should one day collapse? Take care that a fallen statue does not crush you!

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 when you found me. That is how it is with all believers; that is why all belief matters so little.

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

Truly, my brothers, I will then look for my lost ones with different eyes; and I will love you with a different love.

And once again you will have become my friends, and children of a single hope. Then I will be with you for the third time, to celebrate the great noontide with you.

And this is the great noontide: the moment when man stands midway in his course between animal and Superman, and celebrates his movement toward evening as his highest hope, because it is the movement toward a new morning.

At that time, the one who goes under will bless himself for being one who goes beyond; and the sun of his knowledge will stand at noon.

"ALL THE GODS ARE DEAD: NOW WE WANT THE SUPERMAN TO LIVE."—Let this be our final will at the great noontide!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# **THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA. SECOND PART.**

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"Truly, my brothers, I will then look for my lost ones with different eyes; and I will love you with a different love."—ZARATHUSTRA, I., "The Bestowing Virtue."

## XXIII. THE CHILD WITH THE MIRROR.

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After this, Zarathustra returned to the mountains, to the solitude of his cave, and withdrew from men. He waited like a sower who has scattered his seed. But his soul grew impatient and full of longing for those he loved, because he still had much to give them. For this is the hardest thing of all: to close the open hand out of love, and remain modest as a giver.

So months and years passed for the solitary one; meanwhile his wisdom increased, and its abundance caused him pain.

One morning, however, he woke before the rosy dawn, and after thinking for a long time on his couch, he finally spoke to his heart:

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

"O Zarathustra," the child said to me, "look at yourself in the mirror!"

But when I looked into the mirror, I cried out, and my heart pounded; for I did not see myself in it, but a devil's grimace and mockery.

Truly, I understand the warning and meaning of the dream all too well: my doctrine is in danger; weeds want to be called wheat!

My enemies have grown strong and have distorted the image of my teaching, so that those dearest to me must blush for the

gifts I gave them.

My friends are lost; the time has come for me to go in search of those I have lost!

With these words Zarathustra sprang up, though not like someone in pain looking for relief, but like a seer and singer inspired by the spirit. His eagle and serpent looked at him in amazement, for a coming joy spread across his face like the rosy dawn.

What has happened to me, my animals? said Zarathustra. Am I not changed? Has happiness not come upon me like a whirlwind?

My happiness is foolish, and it will speak foolish things. It is still too young—so be patient with it!

My happiness has wounded me: all who suffer shall be my physicians!

I can go down again to my friends, and also to my enemies! Zarathustra can speak again and give again, and show his deepest love to those he loves!

My impatient love pours out in streams—down toward sunrise and sunset. Out of silent mountains and storms of suffering, my soul rushes into the valleys.

For too long I have longed and gazed into the distance. For too long solitude has held me: that is why I have forgotten how to keep silent.

I have become nothing but utterance, like the clamor of a brook falling from high rocks: I will hurl my speech down into the

valleys.

And let the stream of my love sweep into seldom-traveled channels! How could a stream not finally find its way to the sea?

Truly, there is a lake within me, hidden away and self-contained; but the stream of my love carries it along with it, down to the sea!

I walk new paths, and a new speech comes to me; like all creators, I have grown tired of the old tongues. My spirit will no longer walk in worn-out shoes.

All speech moves too slowly for me—into your chariot, O storm, I leap! And I will whip even you with my spite!

Like a cry and a shout of joy I will cross the wide seas, until I find the Happy Isles where my friends dwell;—

And my enemies among them! How I now love everyone to whom I am able to speak! Even my enemies belong to my happiness.

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 I hurl at my enemies! How grateful I am to my enemies that at last I can throw it!

The tension in my cloud has grown too great: between flashes of laughing lightning, I will hurl hail-showers down into the depths.

Then my breast will heave violently; it will drive its storm over the mountains with force: that is how it finds relief.

Truly, my happiness and my freedom come like a storm! But my enemies will think that THE EVIL ONE is roaring above their heads.

Yes, you too, my friends, will be frightened 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 could learn to roar gently! And we have already learned so much together!

My wild wisdom became pregnant on the lonely mountains; on the rough stones she gave birth to the youngest of her young.

Now she runs foolishly through the arid wilderness, searching and searching for soft grass—my old, wild wisdom!

On the soft grass of your hearts, my friends—on your love—she longs to lay down her dearest one!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## **XXIV. IN THE HAPPY ISLES.**

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

In the same way, these teachings fall to you, my friends, like figs: drink in their juice and their sweetness! It is autumn all around us, with clear sky and afternoon light.

Look at the abundance around us! And from the midst of such overflowing plenty, it is a delight to gaze out over distant seas.

Once, when people looked out over distant seas, they said God; now, however, I have taught you to say Superman.

God is a conjecture; but I do not want your conjecturing to go beyond your creative will.

Could you create a God? Then, I ask you, be silent about all Gods! But you could indeed create the Superman.

Not you yourselves, perhaps, my brothers! But you could transform yourselves into the fathers and forefathers of the Superman; let that be your highest act of creation!

God is a conjecture; but I would have your conjectures stay within what can be conceived.

Could you conceive a God? But let the will to truth mean this for you: that everything be transformed into what humans can conceive, what humans can see, what humans can sense. Follow your own understanding all the way to its end!

And what you have called the world shall be created only by you: it shall become your reason, your likeness, your will, your love. Truly, this is for your joy, you who seek to understand!

And how could you endure life without that hope, you who seek to understand? You could not have been born into the inconceivable, nor into the irrational.

But so that I may reveal my heart to you completely, my friends: if there were gods, how could I bear not being a god? Therefore there are no gods.

Yes, I drew that conclusion; now, however, it draws me.

God is a conjecture; but who could drink in all the bitterness of that conjecture without dying? Should faith be taken from the creator, and from the eagle its flight into eagle-heights?

God is a thought—it makes everything straight turn crooked, and everything firm begin to reel. What? Would time vanish, and everything perishable be nothing but a lie?

To think this brings dizziness and vertigo to the human body, and even nausea to the stomach. Truly, I call it a reeling sickness to imagine such a thing.

I call it evil and hateful to humanity: all that teaching about the one, the plenum, the unmoved, the self-sufficient, and the imperishable.

All the imperishable—that is only a figure of speech, and poets lie too much.

Let the best figures of speech speak instead of time and becoming: let them be a praise and a justification of all that

perishes.

Creating—that is the great deliverance from suffering, and life's relief. But for the creator to come forth, suffering itself is needed, and much transformation.

Yes, there must be much bitter dying in your life, you creators. In this way you become the defenders and justifiers of all that perishes.

For the creator himself to become the newborn child, he must also be willing to be the one who bears the child and endure the pains of childbirth.

Truly, I have made my way through a hundred souls, and through a hundred cradles and birth-pangs. I have said farewell many times; I know those heart-breaking final hours.

But that is what my creating Will wants; that is my fate. Or, to put it more plainly: my Will wants exactly such a fate.

Every feeling in me suffers and is imprisoned; but my willing always comes to me as my liberator and comforter.

Willing sets free: that is the true teaching about will and freedom—so Zarathustra teaches you.

No longer willing, no longer valuing, no longer creating! Ah, may that great weakness always stay far from me!

And even in understanding, I feel only my will's delight in begetting and becoming; and if there is innocence in my knowledge, it is because a will to procreation lives within it.

This will drew me away from God and gods; for what would there be to create if there were gods?

Instead, it keeps driving me back to man again and again—my passionate creative will; in this way it drives the hammer toward the stone.

Ah, you men, within the stone an image sleeps for me, the image of my visions! Ah, that it should sleep inside the hardest, ugliest stone!

Now my hammer rages mercilessly against its prison.  
Fragments fly from the stone: what is that to me?

I will finish it, for a shadow came to me—the stillest and lightest of all things once came to me!

The beauty of the Superman came to me like a shadow. Ah, my brothers! What are the gods to me now?

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## XXV. THE PITIFUL.

---

My friends, a satire about your friend has appeared: "Look at Zarathustra! Does he not walk among us as if we were animals?"

But it would be better said this way: "The discerning man walks among men as among animals."

To the discerning one, man himself is the animal with red cheeks.

How did that happen to him? Was it not because he has had to feel ashamed too often?

O my friends! This is what the discerning one says: shame, shame, shame—that is the history of mankind!

And for that reason, the noble person requires himself not to humiliate others: he demands modesty of himself in the presence of all who suffer.

Truly, I do not like the merciful, whose happiness lies in their pity: they are far too lacking in shame.

If I must feel pity, I do not want to be called pitiful; and if I am, I would rather be so from a distance.

I would rather also cover my head and flee before I am recognized; and I urge you to do the same, my friends!

May my fate always bring people like you across my path—those who are untouched by affliction, and those with whom I may share hope and a meal and honey!

Truly, I have done this and that for the afflicted; but I always seemed to do something better when I had learned to enjoy myself more fully.

Since humanity began, man has enjoyed himself too little: that alone, my brothers, is our original sin!

And when we learn to enjoy ourselves better, we also best unlearn how to cause pain to others and how to invent pain.

That is why I wash the hand that has helped the sufferer; that is why I also cleanse my soul.

For when I saw the sufferer suffering, I was ashamed because of his shame; and when I helped him, I deeply wounded his pride.

Great obligations do not produce gratitude, but resentment; and when a small kindness is not forgotten, it becomes a gnawing worm.

"Be reserved in accepting! Show discernment in accepting!"—that is my advice to those who have nothing to give.

I, however, am a giver: I give willingly, as a friend to friends. But strangers and the poor may pick the fruit from my tree for themselves: that way it causes less shame.

Beggars, however, should be done away with entirely! Truly, it is irritating to give to them, and irritating not to give to them.

And the same goes for sinners and guilty consciences! Believe me, my friends: the sting of conscience teaches one to sting.

The worst things, however, are petty thoughts. Truly, it is better to have acted badly than to have thought in a petty way!

Certainly, you say: "Taking pleasure in small evils saves a person from committing many great evil deeds." But in this case, one should not want to be sparing.

An evil deed is like a boil: it itches, irritates, and then bursts open—it speaks frankly.

"Look, I am disease," says the evil deed: that is its kind of honesty.

But a petty thought is like an infection: it creeps and hides, and wants to be nowhere in sight—until the whole body is decayed and withered by that petty infection.

Yet to the man possessed by a devil, I would whisper this in his ear: "Better for you to raise up your devil! Even for you, there is still a path to greatness!"—

Ah, my brothers! We know a little too much about everyone. And many a person becomes transparent to us, yet we still cannot penetrate him.

It is hard to live among people because it is so hard to keep silent.

And we are not most unfair to the one who offends us, but to the one who does not concern us at all.

If, however, you have a suffering friend, then be a resting-place for his suffering; but be like a hard bed, a camp-bed: that is how you will serve him best.

And if a friend wrongs you, then say: "I forgive you for what you have done to me; but that you have done it to yourself—how could I forgive that!"

That is how all great love speaks: it goes beyond even forgiveness and pity.

One should hold fast to one's heart; for once one lets it go, how quickly one's head runs away!

Ah, where in the world have there been greater follies than among the pitiful? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the follies of the pitiful?

Woe to all loving people who do not have a height above their pity!

Thus the devil once said to me: "Even God has his hell: it is his love for man."

And not long ago, I heard him say these words: "God is dead: God died of his pity for man."—

So be warned against pity: from it there still comes a heavy cloud over mankind! Truly, I understand the signs of the weather!

But pay attention to this as well: every great love is, above all, beyond pity, because it wants to create what it loves.

"I offer myself to my love, and my neighbor as myself"—that is how all creators speak.

All creators, however, are hard.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## XXVI. THE PRIESTS.

---

And one day Zarathustra signaled to his disciples and said these words to them:

“Here are priests. They are my enemies, but pass them quietly, with your swords asleep!

Even among them there are heroes. Many of them have suffered too much, and so they want to make others suffer.

They are bad enemies: nothing is more vengeful than their meekness. And anyone who touches them is easily stained by them.

But my blood is akin to theirs, and I want my blood to be honored in theirs as well.”

And when they had passed, pain seized Zarathustra. But he had not struggled with the pain for long before he began to speak like this:

My heart is moved for those priests. They offend my taste as well, but that is the smallest thing to me, since I live among men.

But I suffer, and have suffered, with them. To me they are prisoners, marked men. The one they call Saviour put them in chains:

In chains of false values and foolish words! Oh, if only someone would save them from their Saviour!

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 foolish words: these are the worst monsters for mortals. The fate within them sleeps for a long time and waits.

But at last it comes. It wakes and devours and swallows up whatever has built its tabernacles upon it.

Oh, just look at the tabernacles those priests have built for themselves! They call them churches, those sweet-smelling caves!

Oh, that distorted light, that stale air! There the soul is not allowed to rise up to its full height.

But this is what their belief commands: "On your knees, sinners, and up the stairs!"

Truly, I would rather look at someone shameless than at the twisted eyes of shame and devotion.

Who made such caves for themselves, and such stairways of penance? Was it not those who wanted to hide, and who felt ashamed beneath the open sky?

And only when the open sky looks once more through broken roofs, and down on grass and red poppies along ruined walls, will I turn my heart again toward the seats of this God.

They gave the name God to whatever opposed them and made them suffer; and truly, there was much heroic spirit in their worship.

And they knew no other way to love their God than by nailing men to the cross.

They thought they could live like corpses; they clothed their corpses in black drapery. Even in their speech I can still taste the foulness of charnel houses.

And whoever lives near them lives near black pools, where the toad sings its song with solemn sweetness.

They would need to sing better songs before I could believe in their Saviour; his disciples would have to look more like people who had truly been saved.

I would rather see them naked, for beauty alone should preach repentance. But who could be persuaded by that disguised affliction?

Truly, their Saviours themselves did not come from freedom or from freedom's seventh heaven. Truly, they themselves never walked the carpets of knowledge.

The spirit of those Saviours was made of defects; but into every defect they placed their illusion, their makeshift, and called it God.

Their spirit was drowned in pity; and whenever they swelled and overflowed with pity, some great folly always rose to the surface.

Eagerly and shouting, they drove their flock across their footbridge, as if there were only one footbridge into the future. Truly, those shepherds were still part of the flock themselves.

Those shepherds had small spirits and broad souls; but, my brothers, how small even the broadest souls have been until now.

They wrote marks of blood along the path they walked, and their folly taught that blood proves truth.

But blood is the worst possible witness to truth; blood stains even the purest teaching and turns it into delusion and hatred in the heart.

And when someone passes through fire for the sake of his teaching—what does that prove? It means far more, truly, when a person's teaching rises out of his own burning.

A hot heart and a cold head: where those two come together, the blustering man appears—the "Saviour."

Truly, there have been greater men, and men of higher birth, than those the people call Saviours—those ecstatic blusterers!

And if you want to find the way to freedom, my brothers, you must be saved by men greater still than any of the Saviours.

There has never yet been a Superman. I have seen them both naked: the greatest man and the smallest man—

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# XXVII. THE VIRTUOUS.

---

One must speak with thunder and heavenly fireworks to sluggish, sleepy senses.

But the voice of beauty speaks softly: it reaches only the most wakeful souls.

Today my shield trembled gently and laughed to me; it was the sacred laughter and thrill of beauty.

Today my beauty laughed at you, you virtuous ones. And this is what its voice said to me: "They want to be paid as well!"

You want to be paid as well, you virtuous ones! You want a reward for virtue, heaven in exchange for earth, and eternity in exchange for today?

And now you reproach me for teaching that there is no giver of rewards, no paymaster? Truly, I do not even teach that virtue is its own reward.

Ah, this is my sorrow: reward and punishment have been worked into the very foundation of things—and now even into the foundation of your souls, you virtuous ones!

But my word will root through the foundation of your souls like a boar's snout; you will call me a ploughshare.

All the secrets of your heart will be brought into the light. And when you lie in the sun, dug up and broken open, then your falsehood too will be separated from your truth.

For this is your truth: you are TOO PURE for the filth of words like vengeance, punishment, recompense, and retribution.

You love your virtue the way a mother loves her child; but when has anyone ever heard of a mother wanting to be paid for her love?

Your virtue is your dearest self. The ring's longing is in you: every ring struggles to return to itself and turns back toward itself.

And every work of your virtue is like a star going out: its light is always still on the way, still traveling—and when will it ever stop being on the way?

So the light of your virtue is still traveling even after its work is finished. Even if the work is forgotten and dead, its ray of light still lives and moves on.

Your virtue is your self, not something external, not a skin or a cloak: that is the truth at the foundation of your souls, you virtuous ones!—

But there are certainly some people for whom virtue means writhing under the lash, and you have listened far too much to their crying!

And there are others who call virtue the laziness of their vices; and when their hatred and jealousy finally loosen their grip, their "justice" wakes up, grows lively, and rubs its sleepy eyes.

And there are others who are pulled downward: their devils drag them down. But the deeper they sink, the more fiercely their eyes glow, and the stronger their longing for their God becomes.

Ah! Their crying too has reached your ears, you virtuous ones:  
"What I am not—that, that is God to me, and virtue!"

And there are others who move along heavily and creaking, like carts hauling stones downhill: they talk endlessly about dignity and virtue, and they call their burden virtue!

And there are others who are like eight-day clocks when they are wound up; they tick, and they want people to call that ticking—virtue.

Truly, I find them amusing: whenever I come across such clocks, I will wind them up with my mockery, and they will whirr all the more because of it!

And others are proud of their small measure of righteousness, and for its sake they do violence to everything, so that the world is drowned in their unrighteousness.

Ah! How awkwardly the word "virtue" comes out of their mouths! And when they say, "I am just," it always sounds like, "I am just—avenged!"

With their virtues they want to claw out the eyes of their enemies; and they raise themselves up only so they can bring others down.

And then there are those who sit in their swamp and speak from among the reeds like this: "Virtue means sitting quietly in the swamp."

We bite no one, and we avoid anyone who would bite us; and in every matter, we hold whatever opinion is handed to us."

And then there are those who love poses and think virtue is just a kind of pose.

Their knees are always worshipping, and their hands are full of praise for virtue, but their hearts know nothing about it.

And then there are those who treat it as virtue to say: "Virtue is necessary"; but in the end, what they really believe is that policemen are necessary.

And many a person who cannot see what is noble in human beings calls it virtue to see their baseness all too clearly: that is how he gives the name of virtue to his evil eye.—

And some want to be inspired and lifted up, and they call that virtue; while others want to be brought low—and they call that virtue too.

And so almost everyone thinks they have a share in virtue; and at the very least, everyone claims to be an authority on "good" and "evil."

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

Rather, he came so that you, my friends, might grow tired of the old words you learned from fools and liars:

So that you might grow tired of the words "reward," "retribution," "punishment," and "righteous vengeance."—

So that you might grow tired of saying: "An action is good because it is unselfish."

Ah, my friends! Let your very Self be in your action, as a mother is in her child: let that be your formula for virtue!

Truly, I have taken a hundred formulas from you, along with virtue's favorite playthings; and now you reproach me, the way children do.

They were playing by the sea—then a wave came and swept their playthings down into the deep, and now they cry.

But that same wave will bring them new playthings and spread new speckled shells before them!

That is how they will be comforted; and you too, my friends, will have your comforts—and new speckled shells!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## **XXVIII. THE RABBLE.**

---

Life is a well of delight; but wherever the rabble drink too, every spring is poisoned.

I am drawn to everything clean and pure; but I cannot bear the grinning mouths and the thirst of the unclean.

They lower their eyes into the fountain, and now their hateful smile glints back at me from the water.

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

The flame grows angry when they bring their damp hearts to the fire; the spirit itself begins to bubble and smoke when the rabble come near it.

In their hands, fruit turns mawkish and overripe; their very gaze makes the fruit tree unsteady and withered at the top.

And many who turned away from life turned away only from the rabble: they could not bear to share fountain, flame, and fruit with them.

And many who went into the wilderness and suffered thirst among beasts of prey disliked only one thing: sitting at the cistern with filthy camel-drivers.

And many who came as destroyers, like a hailstorm over every cornfield, wanted only to thrust a foot into the jaws of the rabble and so choke their throat.

And what choked me most was not the knowledge that life itself demands enmity and death and torture-crosses—

It was that I once asked, and nearly suffocated from the question: What? Is the rabble also necessary for life?

Are poisoned fountains necessary, and stinking fires, and filthy dreams, and maggots in the bread of life?

It was not my hatred but my disgust that gnawed hungrily at my life! Ah, how often my spirit grew weary when I found that even the rabble could be spiritual!

And I turned my back on rulers when I saw what they now call ruling: trading and bargaining for power—with the rabble!

I lived among peoples with a strange language, with my ears stopped, so that the language of their trading would remain strange to me, and so would their bargaining for power.

And holding my nose, I went gloomily through all yesterdays and todays: truly, all yesterdays and todays smell foul from the scribbling rabble!

Like a cripple who has also become deaf, blind, and mute—so I lived for a long time, so that I would not have to live among the rabble of power, the rabble of scribes, and the rabble of pleasure.

My spirit climbed the stairs with effort, and carefully; small gifts of delight sustained it, and life crept forward on a staff with the blind man.

What has happened to me? How did I free myself from loathing? Who made my eyes young again? How did I rise to the height

where no rabble sits any longer at the wells?

# **Did my loathing itself give me wings and the power to find fountains?**

---

Truly, I had to fly to the highest height to find the well of delight again!

Oh, I have found it, my brothers! Here on the highest height, the well of delight bubbles up for me! And here is a life whose waters none of the rabble drink with me!

You flow almost too violently for me, fountain of delight! And often, in trying to fill the cup, you empty it again!

And yet I must learn to come to you more modestly: my heart still rushes toward you far too violently:—

My heart, over which my summer burns—my short, hot, melancholy, over-happy summer—how my summer heart longs for your coolness!

Gone is the lingering misery of my spring! Gone is the malice of my snowflakes in June! I have become summer entirely, and summer at noon!

A summer on the highest height, with cold fountains and blessed stillness: oh, come, my friends, so that the stillness may become even more blessed!

For this is OUR height and our home: we live here too high and too steep for all the unclean and for their thirst.

Just cast your pure eyes into the well of my delight, my friends!  
How could it grow cloudy from that? It will laugh back at you  
with ITS purity.

On the tree of the future we build our nest; eagles will bring  
food in their beaks to us solitary ones!

Truly, it is no food that the impure could share! They would think  
they were swallowing fire, and it would burn their mouths!

Truly, we keep no dwellings here ready for the impure! Our  
happiness would be an ice cave to their bodies and to their  
spirits!

And like strong winds, we will live above them—neighbors to  
the eagles, neighbors to the snow, neighbors to the sun. That is  
how strong winds live.

And one day I too will blow among them like a wind, and with my  
spirit I will drive the breath from their spirit: that is what my  
future wills.

Truly, Zarathustra is a strong wind to all low places; and this is  
the advice he gives to his enemies, and to everything that spits  
and spews: "Take care not to spit AGAINST the wind!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# XXIX. THE TARANTULAS.

---

Look, this is the tarantula's den! Do you want to see the tarantula itself? Here its web hangs: touch it, so that it trembles.

Now the tarantula comes willingly. Welcome, tarantula! On your back is a black triangle and symbol; and I also know what is in your soul.

Revenge is in your soul: wherever you bite, a black scab appears; with revenge, your poison makes the soul dizzy.

So I speak to you in parable, you who make the soul dizzy, you preachers of EQUALITY! To me, you are tarantulas, and secretly vengeful ones!

But I will soon drag your hiding places into the light; that is why I laugh in your face with my laughter from the heights.

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

For man to be redeemed from revenge—that is, for me, the bridge to the highest hope, and a rainbow after long storms.

But the tarantulas would have it otherwise. "Let it be justice itself that the world should be filled with the storms of our vengeance"—that is how they speak to one another.

"We will use vengeance and insult against all who are not like us"—that is the pledge these tarantula-hearts make to themselves.

“And ‘Will to Equality’—that itself shall from now on be the name of virtue; and against everything that has power we will raise an outcry!”

You preachers of equality, it is the tyrant-frenzy of impotence that cries out in you for “equality”: your most secret tyrannical longings disguise themselves in the language of virtue!

Pent-up pride and hidden envy—perhaps your fathers’ pride and envy—burst out in you as fire and a frenzy for revenge.

What the father kept hidden comes out in the son; and I have often found the father’s exposed secret in the son.

They look like inspired people; but it is not the heart that inspires them—it is revenge. And when they grow subtle and cold, it is not spirit that makes them so, but envy.

Their jealousy also drives them onto the paths of thinkers; and this is the mark of their jealousy—they always go too far, until at last their exhaustion has to fall asleep on the snow.

Vengeance sounds through all their complaints, and malice runs through all their praise; and to sit in judgment seems blissful to them.

So this is my counsel to you, my friends: distrust everyone in whom the urge to punish is strong!

They are people of corrupt stock and breeding; from their faces look out the hangman and the hunting hound.

Distrust all those who talk endlessly about their justice! Truly, their souls lack more than honey.

And when they call themselves “the good and just,” do not forget that the only thing they lack, in order to be Pharisees, is power!

My friends, I will not be mixed up or confused with such people.

There are people who preach my doctrine of life and at the same time preach equality—and they are tarantulas.

These poison-spiders speak in favor of life while they sit in their den, withdrawn from life, because by doing so they mean to cause harm.

By this they mean to harm those who currently have power; for among such people, the preaching of death still feels most at home.

If it were otherwise, the tarantulas would teach something else; and they themselves were once the fiercest slanderers of the world and burners of heretics.

I will not be mixed up or confused with these preachers of equality. For this is what justice says to me: “Men are not equal.”

And they should not become equal either! What would my love for the Superman be worth if I said otherwise?

They will crowd onto a thousand bridges and piers on their way to the future, and there will always be more war and inequality among them: that is what my great love compels me to say!

In their conflicts they will invent figures and phantoms; and with those figures and phantoms they will still fight one another in the highest struggle.

Good and evil, rich and poor, high and low, and all the names of values: these will be weapons, and ringing signs, through which life must again and again surpass itself!

Life itself will build upward with columns and stairs. It will look out into far distances and toward blissful beauties—therefore it needs height!

And because it needs height, it also needs steps, and differences among steps and climbers! Life strives to rise, and in rising, to surpass itself.

Just look, my friends! Here, where the tarantula's den is, the ruins of an ancient temple rise up—look at them with clear eyes!

Truly, whoever once raised his thoughts here into stone knew the secret of life as well as the wisest do!

He teaches us here, in the clearest parable, that there is struggle and inequality even in beauty, and war for power and supremacy.

How divinely vault and arch oppose each other here in struggle; how they contend with one another through light and shade, these divinely striving forms.—

So let us too be steadfast and beautiful enemies, my friends! Let us strive against one another in a divine way!—

Alas! The tarantula has bitten me, my old enemy! Divinely steadfast and beautiful, it has bitten me on the finger!

"There must be punishment, and justice too," it thinks. "He shall not sing songs here in honor of enmity for nothing!"

Yes, it has taken its revenge! And alas, now it will make my soul dizzy with revenge as well!

But so that I do not grow dizzy, bind me tightly to this pillar, my friends! I would rather be a pillar-saint than a whirl of vengeance!

Truly, Zarathustra is no cyclone or whirlwind; and if he is a dancer, he is certainly no tarantula-dancer!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## **XXX. THE FAMOUS WISE ONES.**

---

You served the people and the people's superstition—not the truth!—all you famous wise ones. And that is exactly why they honored you.

And for that same reason they also put up with your unbelief, because to the people it was a joke, a side path. That is how a master gives his slaves free rein, and even enjoys their insolence.

But the one the people hate, as dogs hate the wolf—that is the free spirit, the enemy of chains, the one who does not worship, the one who lives in the woods.

Driving him out of his lair—that is what the people have always called their "sense of justice": even now they set their sharpest-toothed dogs on him.

"For truth is where the people are! Woe, woe to those who seek!"—that cry has echoed through all time.

You wanted to justify the people in the reverence they gave you: that is what you called the "Will to Truth," you famous wise ones!

And your heart has always said to itself: "I came from the people, and from them I also received the voice of God."

As defenders of the people, you have always been stiff-necked and crafty, like the ass.

And many a powerful man who wanted to stay in step with the people has harnessed a donkey in front of his horses—a

famous wise man.

And now, you famous wise ones, I want you at last to throw off the lion's skin completely!

Throw off the skin of the beast of prey, the spotted hide, and the wild mane of the investigator, the seeker, and the conqueror!

Ah! before I could learn to believe in your "conscientiousness," you would first have to break your revering will.

I call someone conscientious when he goes into God-forsaken wildernesses and has broken his revering heart.

In the yellow sands, scorched by the sun, he no doubt gazes thirstily toward islands rich with springs, where life rests beneath shady trees.

But his thirst does not persuade him to become like those comfortable people: for wherever there are oases, there are also idols.

Hungry, fierce, lonely, God-forsaken: that is how the lion-will wants itself to be.

Free from the contentment of slaves, delivered from gods and acts of worship, fearless and able to inspire fear, great and solitary: that is the will of the conscientious.

The conscientious have always lived in the wilderness, the free spirits, as masters of the wild; but in the cities live the well-fed, celebrated wise men—the beasts of burden.

For they are always pulling, like asses, the people's carts.

Not that I blame them for that: but they remain servants, creatures under harness, even when their harness shines with gold.

And they have often been good servants, well worth their pay. For virtue says this: "If you must be a servant, serve the one to whom your service is most useful!"

"The spirit and virtue of your master will grow because you are his servant; and in that way, you too will grow through his spirit and virtue!"

And truly, you famous wise men, you servants of the people! You yourselves have risen with the people's spirit and virtue—and the people have risen through you! I say that to your credit.

But to me you still remain part of the people, even with your virtues—the people with dim eyes, the people who do not know what spirit is.

Spirit is life cutting into life itself; through its own suffering it deepens its own knowledge—did you know that before?

And this is the spirit's happiness: to be anointed and consecrated with tears like a sacrificial victim—did you know that before?

And the blind man's blindness, and his searching and groping, will still bear witness to the power of the sun he has stared into—did you know that before?

And the discerning person must learn to build with mountains. It is a small thing for the spirit to move mountains—did you know

that before?

You know only the spirit's sparks; you do not see that it is also an anvil, or the cruelty of its hammer.

Truly, you do not know the spirit's pride. And even less could you endure the spirit's humility, if it ever chose to speak.

And you have never yet been able to cast your spirit into a pit of snow: you are not hot enough for that. So you know nothing, either, of the joy of its coldness.

In every way, though, you have become too familiar with the spirit; and out of wisdom you have often made a poorhouse and a hospital for bad poets.

You are not eagles; that is why you have never known the joy of the spirit's terror. And whoever is not a bird should not make camp above abysses.

You seem lukewarm to me; but all deep knowledge runs cold. The innermost wells of the spirit are icy cold, refreshing to hot hands and those who handle them.

There you stand, respectable and rigid, with straight backs, you famous wise men! No strong wind or powerful will drives you.

Have you never seen a sail crossing the sea, full and swollen, trembling under the force of the wind?

Like that sail trembling under the force of the spirit, my wisdom crosses the sea—my wild wisdom!

But you servants of the people, you famous wise men—how could you possibly go with me?

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# XXXI. THE NIGHT-SONG.

---

It is night: now all gushing fountains speak more loudly. And my soul too is a gushing fountain.

It is night: only now do all the songs of lovers awaken. And my soul too is the song of a lover.

Something unsatisfied, impossible to satisfy, is within me; it longs to speak. A hunger for love is within me, and it speaks in the language of love.

I am light: ah, if only I were night! But this is my loneliness: I am surrounded by light.

Ah, if only I were dark and of the night! How I would drink at the breasts of light!

And I would bless you yourselves, you twinkling little stars and glowworms above!—and rejoice in the gifts of your light.

But I live in my own light; I draw back into myself the flames that burst out of me.

I do not know the happiness of the one who receives; and I have often dreamed that stealing must be more blessed than receiving.

This is my poverty: my hand never stops giving; this is my envy: I see waiting eyes and the brightened nights of longing.

Oh, the misery of all who give! Oh, the dimming of my sun! Oh, the craving to crave! Oh, the fierce hunger in the midst of fullness!

They take from me—but do I ever truly touch their soul? There is a gap between giving and receiving, and in the end even the smallest gap has to be crossed.

A hunger rises out of my beauty: I want to hurt those I shine on; I want to rob those I have given to—this is how I hunger for wickedness.

I pull back my hand when another hand is already reaching for it; I hesitate like a waterfall that still hesitates even as it leaps—this is how I hunger for wickedness!

This is the kind of revenge my abundance imagines; this is the kind of mischief that wells up from my loneliness.

My joy in giving died through giving; my virtue grew tired of itself from its own abundance!

Whoever is always giving is in danger of losing all sense of shame; for the one who is always handing things out, both hand and heart grow hard from constant giving.

My eyes no longer fill at the shame of those who beg; my hand has grown too hard to feel the trembling of hands that have just been filled.

Where have the tears in my eyes gone, and the softness of my heart? Oh, the loneliness of all who give! Oh, the silence of all who shine!

Many suns move through empty desert space: with their light they speak to everything dark—but to me they are silent.

Oh, this is the hostility of light toward the one who shines: it follows its path without pity.

Unjust to the one who shines in its deepest heart, cold even to the suns themselves—this is how every sun travels.

The suns move along their courses like storms: that is how they travel. They follow their relentless will: that is their coldness.

Oh, only you dark, night-bound ones draw warmth from those who shine! Only you drink milk and nourishment from the udders of light!

Ah, there is ice all around me; my hand burns with its coldness!  
Ah, there is thirst in me; it pants after your thirst!

It is night: alas, that I must be light! And thirst for what is nightly!  
And loneliness!

It is night: now my longing bursts out of me like a fountain—I  
long for speech.

It is night: now all rushing fountains speak more loudly. And my  
soul too is a rushing fountain.

It is night: now every song of lovers awakens. And my soul, too,  
is the song of a lover.—

So sang Zarathustra.

## XXXII. THE DANCE-SONG.

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One evening, Zarathustra and his disciples were walking through the forest. As he searched for a well, he came upon a green meadow, peacefully enclosed by trees and bushes, where maidens were dancing together. As soon as they recognized Zarathustra, they stopped; but he approached them with a friendly expression and spoke these words:

Do not stop dancing, you lovely maidens! No spoilsport has come to you with an evil eye, no enemy of maidens.

I am God's advocate against the devil; and the devil is the spirit of gravity. How could I, you light-footed ones, be hostile to divine dances? Or to maidens' feet with graceful ankles?

To be sure, I am a forest, and a night of dark trees; but whoever is not afraid of my darkness will find rose-covered banks beneath my cypresses.

And there he may even find the little God, who is dearest to maidens: he lies quietly beside the well, his eyes closed.

Truly, he fell asleep in broad daylight, the lazy one! Had he perhaps spent too much time chasing butterflies?

Do not reproach me, you beautiful dancers, if I punish the little God a little! He will certainly cry and weep—but he is laughable even when he weeps!

And with tears in his eyes he will ask you for a dance; and I myself will sing a song for his dance:

A dance-song and a satire on the spirit of gravity—my highest, mightiest devil, who is said to be “lord of the world.”—

And this is the song Zarathustra sang when Cupid and the maidens danced together:

Not long ago I looked into your eye, O Life! And there I seemed to sink into the unfathomable.

But you pulled me out with a golden fishing hook; and you laughed mockingly when I called you unfathomable.

“That is how all fish speak,” you said; “whatever they cannot fathom, they call unfathomable.

“But I am only changeable, and wild, and wholly a woman—and not a virtuous one:

Though you men call me “the profound one,” “the faithful one,” “the eternal one,” or “the mysterious one.”

But you men always give us your own virtues—alas, you virtuous ones!

So she laughed, that unbelievable one; but I never believe her or her laughter when she speaks badly of herself.

And when I spoke face to face with my wild Wisdom, she said to me angrily: “You will, you crave, you love; that alone is why you PRAISE Life!”

Then I almost answered indignantly and told the angry one the truth; and no one answers more indignantly than when one “tells the truth” to one’s own Wisdom.

For this is how things stand between the three of us. In my heart, I love only Life—and truly, most of all when I hate her!

But I am fond of Wisdom, and often too fond of her, because she reminds me so strongly of Life!

She has her eye, her laugh, and even her golden fishing rod: am I to blame that the two are so much alike?

And once, when Life asked me, "Who is she, then, this Wisdom?" I answered eagerly: "Ah, yes! Wisdom!

One thirsts for her and is not satisfied. One looks through veils. One reaches through nets.

Is she beautiful? How should I know! But even the oldest carp are still lured by her.

She is changeable and wayward; I have often seen her bite her lip and drag the comb the wrong way through her hair.

Perhaps she is wicked and false, and entirely a woman; but when she speaks ill of herself, that is exactly when she seduces most."

When I said this to Life, she laughed maliciously and closed her eyes. "Whom are you speaking of?" she said. "Perhaps me?"

And even if you were right—is it proper to say THAT to my face in that way! But now, please, speak also of your Wisdom!"

Ah, and now you have opened your eyes again, O beloved Life! And once more I seemed to sink into the unfathomable.—

Thus sang Zarathustra. But when the dance was over and the maidens had gone, he grew sad.

"The sun has long since set," he said at last. "The meadow is damp, and coolness is coming from the forest.

An unknown presence is around me, watching me thoughtfully. What? You are still alive, Zarathustra?

Why? For what reason? By what means? To what end? Where? How? Is it still folly to go on living?—

Ah, my friends, it is the evening speaking this way within me. Forgive my sadness!

Evening has come: forgive me that evening has come!"

Thus sang Zarathustra.

## XXXIII. THE GRAVE-SONG.

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"Over there lies the grave-island, the silent isle; over there too are the graves of my youth. I will carry there an evergreen wreath of life."

Having resolved this in my heart, I sailed across the sea.—

Oh, you sights and scenes of my youth! Oh, all you flashes of love, you divine, passing flashes! How could you vanish from me so soon! Today I think of you as my dead.

From you, my dearest dead, there comes to me a sweet fragrance that opens and softens the heart. Truly, it shakes open the heart of the lonely seafarer.

I am still the richest and most to be envied—I, the loneliest one! For I HAVE POSSESSED you, and you still possess me. Tell me: to whom have such rosy apples ever fallen from the tree as they have fallen to me?

I am still the heir and inheritance of your love, blooming in your memory with many-colored, wild-growing virtues, O my dearest ones!

Ah, we were made to remain near one another, you gracious, strange wonders; you did not come to me and my longing like timid birds—no, but like trusting beings coming to one who trusts!

Yes, made for faithfulness, like me, and for tender eternities—must I now call you by your faithlessness, you divine glances and passing flashes? I have not yet learned any other name for you.

Truly, you died for me far too soon, you fugitives. Yet you did not flee from me, nor did I flee from you: in our faithlessness, we are innocent toward one another.

To kill ME, they strangled you, you singing birds of my hopes! Yes, it was at you, my dearest ones, that malice always shot its arrows—in order to strike my heart!

And they struck it! Because you were always what I loved most, my possession and that which possessed me: FOR THAT VERY REASON you had to die young, and far too early!

They shot the arrow at my most vulnerable spot—at you, whose skin is soft as down, or rather like a smile that vanishes in an instant.

But this I say to my enemies: what is any act of killing compared with what you have done to me?

You did me a greater wrong than any killing could; you took from me what can never be restored. That is what I say to you, my enemies.

# Did you not kill the visions and dearest wonders of my youth

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You took my playmates from me, those blessed spirits. To their memory I lay down this wreath and this curse.

This curse be upon you, my enemies! Have you not cut short what was eternal in me, like a note fading away in the cold night? It came to me only briefly, like the glimmer of divine eyes—a passing flash.

Once, in a happy hour, my purity said: "Everything shall be divine to me."

Then you haunted me with foul phantoms. Ah, where has that happy hour gone now?

"All days shall be holy to me"—so the wisdom of my youth once said; truly, it was the language of a joyful wisdom.

But then you, my enemies, stole my nights and sold them over to sleepless torment. Ah, where has that joyful wisdom gone now?

Once I longed for happy signs; then you led an owl-monster across my path, a sign of ill fortune. Ah, where did my tender longing flee then?

Once I vowed to renounce all loathing; then you turned those closest and dearest to me into festering wounds. Ah, where did my noblest vow flee then?

Once I walked like a blind man along blessed paths; then you threw filth onto the blind man's road, and now he is sickened by the old path.

And when I carried out my hardest task and celebrated the triumph of my victories, you made those who loved me cry out that I had hurt them most at that very moment.

Truly, it was always your doing: you made even my best honey bitter to me, and soured the labor of my best bees.

You have always sent the most shameless beggars to my charity; around my sympathy you have always gathered those who are beyond shame. In this way you have wounded my faith in my own virtue.

And when I offered up what was holiest to me as a sacrifice, your "piety" at once set its richer gifts beside it, so that what was holiest to me was smothered in the fumes of your fat.

And once I wanted to dance as I had never danced before. I wanted to dance beyond all heavens. Then you seduced my favorite minstrel.

And now he has struck up a dreadful, melancholy tune; alas, to my ears he sounded like a mournful horn!

Murderous minstrel, instrument of evil, most innocent of instruments! I was already ready for the finest dance, and then with your music you killed my rapture!

Only in the dance do I know how to speak the parable of the highest things—and now my greatest parable has remained unspoken in my limbs!

My highest hope has remained unspoken and unrealized! And with it, all the visions and consolations of my youth have perished for me!

How did I ever endure it? How did I survive and overcome such wounds? How did my soul rise again out of those tombs?

Yes, there is something in me that cannot be wounded or buried, something that could split rocks apart: it is called MY WILL. Silently it moves on, unchanged through the years.

It follows its course on my feet, my old Will; its nature is hard-hearted and invulnerable.

I am invulnerable only in my heel. You still live there, unchanged, you most patient one! You have always broken every shackle of the tomb!

In you, too, the unrealized part of my youth still lives; and like life and youth, you sit here full of hope on the yellow ruins of graves.

Yes, you are still for me the destroyer of all graves: hail to you, my Will! And only where there are graves are there resurrections.—

Thus sang Zarathustra.

## XXXIV. SELF-SURPASSING.

---

You wisest ones call it the "Will to Truth," that which drives you and fills you with passion?

I call your will this instead: the will to make all being thinkable!

You want to MAKE all being thinkable, for with good reason you doubt that it is thinkable already.

But it will adapt to you and bend to your will. It will grow smooth and submit to the spirit, becoming its mirror and reflection.

That is your whole will, you wisest ones: a Will to Power, even when you speak of good and evil and of judgments of value.

You still want to create a world before which you can kneel. That is your deepest hope and delight.

The ignorant, of course—the people—are like a river with a boat drifting on it, and in that boat sit judgments of value, solemn and disguised.

You have set your will and your values upon the river of becoming. In what the people believe to be good and evil, I recognize an old Will to Power.

It was you, you wisest ones, who placed such guests in this boat and gave them grandeur and proud names—you and your ruling Will.

Now the river carries your boat onward, and it must carry it. It matters little if the rough wave foams and angrily pushes against its keel.

The river is not your danger, nor is it the end of your good and evil, you wisest ones. Your danger is that Will itself—the Will to Power, the tireless, life-creating will.

But so that you may understand my teaching about good and evil, I will tell you my teaching about life and the nature of all living things.

I followed the living thing. I walked the widest and the narrowest paths to learn its nature.

With a hundred-faced mirror I caught its glance when its mouth was closed, so that its eye might speak to me. And its eye did speak to me.

But wherever I found living things, I also heard the language of obedience. All living things obey.

And this was the second thing I heard: whatever cannot obey itself is commanded. That is the nature of living things.

And this was the third thing I heard: commanding is harder than obeying. Not only because the commander carries the burden of all who obey, and because that burden can easily crush him:

To me, every act of commanding seemed an experiment and a risk; and whenever a living thing commands, it risks itself in doing so.

Yes—even when it gives commands to itself, it still has to pay for that command. By its own law, it must become judge, avenger, and victim.

How does this happen? I asked myself. What moves a living thing to obey, to command, and even to remain obedient while

commanding?

Now listen to my word, you wisest ones! Test it seriously, and see whether I have entered into the very heart of life itself, into the roots of its heart.

Wherever I found a living thing, I found Will to Power; and even in the will of the servant, I found the will to become master.

The one who wants to rule over someone still weaker is driven by his will to make the weaker serve the stronger. That pleasure alone he refuses to give up.

And just as the lesser gives himself up to the greater so that he may gain pleasure and power over the least of all, so even the greatest gives himself up and stakes life itself for the sake of power.

This is the surrender of the greatest: to accept risk and danger, and to gamble with death.

And wherever there is sacrifice, service, and loving glances, there too is the will to be master. By hidden paths the weaker slips into the fortress, into the heart of the stronger one—and there steals power.

And Life herself spoke this secret to me. "Look," she said, "I am that which must always surpass itself."

Certainly, you call it the will to procreation, or an impulse toward a goal, toward what is higher, more distant, more varied; but all of that is one and the same secret.

I would rather perish than deny this one thing; and truly, wherever there is perishing and falling leaves, there Life

sacrifices itself—for power!

I must be struggle, becoming, purpose, and counter-purpose—ah, whoever understands my will also understands the crooked paths it must walk!

Whatever I create, and however deeply I love it, I must soon turn against it—and against my love for it: that is what my will demands.

And even you, discerning one, are only a path and a footprint of my will: truly, my Will to Power walks even on the feet of your Will to Truth!

He certainly did not strike the truth who aimed at it with the formula, “Will to existence”: that will does not exist!

For what does not exist cannot will; and what already exists—how could it still strive to exist?

Only where there is life is there also will: not, however, a Will to Life, but—as I teach you—a Will to Power!

To the living, much counts as higher than life itself; but in that very judgment speaks the Will to Power!

Thus Life once taught me; and with that, you wisest ones, I solve the riddle of your hearts.

Truly, I say to you: a good and evil that would last forever does not exist! By its own nature, it must keep surpassing itself again and again.

With your values and formulas of good and evil, you who assign value exercise power; and that is your secret love, the sparkling, trembling, overflowing of your souls.

But out of your values a stronger power grows, and a new  
overcoming: by it, egg and eggshell are broken.

And whoever must be a creator in good and evil must first be a  
destroyer, and shatter values into pieces.

Thus the greatest evil belongs to the greatest good; but that is  
the creating good.

Let us speak of it, you wisest ones, even if it is unpleasant.  
Silence is worse; all suppressed truths become poisonous.

And let everything break apart that can break apart through our  
truths! Many a house still remains to be built!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# XXXV. THE SUBLIME ONES.

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The bottom of my sea is calm: who would guess that it hides strange monsters?

My depth is unmoved, yet it sparkles with swimming riddles and laughter.

Today I saw a sublime man, a solemn man, a penitent of the spirit: oh, how my soul laughed at his ugliness!

With chest thrust upward, and like those who hold their breath, so stood the sublime one, silent:

Covered with ugly truths, the spoils of his hunt, and rich in torn clothing; many thorns hung on him as well—but I saw no rose.

He had not yet learned laughter or beauty. This hunter came back from the forest of knowledge dark and grim.

He returned home from fighting wild beasts, but a wild beast still looks out from his seriousness—an unconquered wild beast.

He always stands like a tiger, ready to spring. But I do not like such tense souls; my taste turns against all those absorbed in themselves.

And you tell me, friends, that there should be no arguing about taste and what is worth tasting? But all life is an argument about taste and tasting!

Taste: that means weight, scales, and the one who weighs. And pity every living thing that wants to live without arguing about weight, scales, and the weigher!

If this sublime man should grow tired of his own sublimeness, only then will his beauty begin—and only then will I taste him and find him full of flavor.

And only when he turns away from himself will he leap over his own shadow—and truly, into HIS sun.

He sat in the shade far too long; the cheeks of this penitent of the spirit grew pale; he almost starved on his own expectations.

Contempt is still in his eye, and loathing still hides in his mouth. Certainly, he is resting now, but he has not yet rested in the sunshine.

He ought to be like the ox; his happiness should smell of the earth, not of contempt for the earth.

I would like to see him as a white ox, snorting and lowing as it walks before the ploughshare; and its lowing should also praise all that is earthly.

His face is still dark; the shadow of his hand dances across it. The sight in his eye is still overshadowed.

His deed itself still lies over him like a shadow; what he has done obscures the doer. He has not yet overcome his deed.

Certainly, I love in him the shoulders of the ox; but now I also want to see the eye of the angel.

He still has to unlearn his heroic will: he should become exalted, not merely sublime—the ether itself should lift him, this man without will.

He has subdued monsters and solved riddles. But he should also redeem his monsters and riddles; he should transform them into heavenly children.

So far, his knowledge has not yet learned to smile or to live without jealousy; so far, his overflowing passion has not yet grown calm in beauty.

Truly, his longing will not end and vanish through satisfaction, but through beauty. Grace belongs to the generosity of the great-souled.

His arm over his head: that is how the hero should rest; and that is also how he should rise above his rest.

But for the hero, beauty is the hardest thing of all. Beauty is beyond the reach of every burning will.

A little more, a little less: here, that very thing matters greatly; here, it matters most of all.

To stand with relaxed muscles and an unharnessed will: that is the hardest thing for all of you, you sublime ones!

When power becomes gracious and comes down into what can be seen—I call that condescension beauty.

And from no one do I ask beauty more than from you, you powerful one: let your goodness be your final victory over yourself.

I credit you with all evil; that is why I ask good of you.

Truly, I have often laughed at the weaklings who think themselves good because their paws are crippled!

Strive for the virtue of the pillar: the higher it rises, the more beautiful and graceful it becomes—but inwardly it also grows harder and more able to bear weight.

Yes, you sublime one, one day you too shall be beautiful, and hold the mirror up to your own beauty.

Then your soul will tremble with divine desires; and there will be worship even in your vanity!

For this is the soul's secret: only when the hero has left it does the superhero draw near to it in dreams.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## **XXXVI. THE LAND OF CULTURE.**

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And when I looked around me, I saw that time alone was truly my contemporary.

Then I fled backward, toward home—and faster and faster. That is how I came to you, you people of the present day, and into the land of culture.

For the first time I brought an eye that could truly see you, and a generous desire: truly, I came with longing in my heart.

But what happened to me? Frightened as I was, I still had to laugh. Never had my eyes seen anything so wildly multicolored!

I laughed and laughed, even while my foot was still trembling, and my heart too. "So this, then, is the home of all the paint pots," I said.

There you sat, to my astonishment, you modern men, with fifty patches of paint on your faces and limbs.

And around you stood fifty mirrors, flattering your display of colors and reflecting it back to you.

Truly, you modern men could wear no better masks than your own faces! Who could recognize you?

Covered all over with the marks of the past, and then scribbled over again with new marks—you have hidden yourselves well from anyone who tries to read you.

And even if someone is a tester of the reins, who still believes you have reins at all! You seem baked out of colors and glued-together scraps.

All ages and peoples look out in many colors through your veils;  
all customs and beliefs speak in many colors through your  
gestures.

Anyone who tried to strip away your veils and wrappings, your  
paint and your gestures, would have just enough left to frighten  
the crows.

Truly, I myself am the frightened crow that once saw you naked  
and without paint; and I flew away when the skeleton leered at  
me.

I would rather be a day laborer in the underworld, among the  
shades of the dead past! Even the dwellers of the underworld  
are fatter and fuller than you!

This, yes this, is what fills me with bitterness: I can endure you  
neither naked nor clothed, you modern men!

Everything uncanny in the future, and whatever makes lost birds  
shiver, is truly more homelike and familiar than your "reality."

For this is how you speak: "We are completely real, and free of  
faith and superstition." That is how you pride yourselves—alas,  
even though you have no plumes!

Indeed, how could you even be capable of belief, you  
multicolored ones—you who are images of everything that has  
ever been believed?

You are walking refutations of belief itself, and the dislocation of  
all thought. UNTRUSTWORTHY ONES: that is what I call you,  
you so-called real ones!

Every age chatters against every other age within your minds;  
and the dreams and chatter of all ages seemed even more real  
to you than your waking life!

You are barren; that is why you lack faith. But anyone who had  
to create always had foreseeing dreams and starry  
premonitions—and believed in belief itself!

You are half-open doors, with grave-diggers waiting at them.  
And this is your reality: "Everything deserves to perish."

Alas, how you stand before me, you barren ones; how your ribs  
show! And many of you have surely known it yourselves.

Many a man has said: "Surely some god stole something from  
me in secret while I slept—enough, indeed, to make a girl for  
himself from it!

"Amazing is the poverty of my ribs!"—so many a man of today  
has said.

Yes, you people of today are laughable to me—especially when  
you are amazed at yourselves!

And woe to me if I could not laugh at your self-astonishment,  
and had to swallow everything disgusting on your platters!

But as it is, I will take you lightly, since I already have heavy  
things to carry; and what does it matter if beetles and May-bugs  
settle on my load?

Truly, that will not make it any heavier for me! And my great  
weariness will not come from you, you people of today.—

Ah, where shall I climb now with my longing? From every  
mountain I look out for fatherlands and motherlands.

But I have found a home nowhere: I am unsettled in every city,  
and always ready to depart at every gate.

The people of today are foreign to me, and a mockery—the very  
people toward whom my heart was lately drawn; and I am exiled  
from fatherlands and motherlands.

So I love only my children's land, still undiscovered in the  
farthest sea: for that land I command my sails to search and  
search.

To my children I will make amends for being the child of my  
fathers; and to all the future—for this present day!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# XXXVII. IMMACULATE PERCEPTION.

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When the moon rose last evening, I imagined it was about to give birth to a sun: it lay so broad and full on the horizon.

But its pregnancy was a lie; I would sooner believe in the man in the moon than in the woman.

To be sure, he too is hardly much of a man, that timid wanderer of the night. Truly, he creeps across the roofs with a guilty conscience.

For he is greedy and jealous, that monk in the moon; greedy for the earth and for all the joys of lovers.

No, I do not like him, that tomcat on the roofs! I hate all who slink around half-closed windows!

He moves devoutly and silently across the carpets of stars—but I do not like lightly stepping human feet when not even a spur can be heard jingling.

Every honest person's step speaks; the cat, however, steals along the ground. Look—the moon comes like a cat, and dishonestly.—

I speak this parable to you sentimental pretenders, to you "pure perceivers!" It is you I call covetous ones!

You too love the earth and earthly things: I have seen through you well!—but there is shame in your love, and a guilty conscience—you are like the moon!

Your spirit has been taught to despise the earthly, but not your bowels; and they are the strongest thing in you.

And now your spirit is ashamed to serve your bowels, and it takes side paths and lying paths to escape its own shame.

"That would be the highest thing for me," your lying spirit says to itself, "to look at life without desire, and not like a dog with its tongue hanging out:

To be happy just by looking; with a dead will, free from the clutch and greed of selfishness—cold and ash-gray all over, but with drunken moon-eyes!

"That would be dearest to me," says the seduced one as he seduces himself, "to love the earth as the moon loves it, and to feel its beauty only with the eye.

And this is what I call IMMACULATE perception of all things: wanting nothing from them except to be allowed to lie before them like a mirror with a hundred facets."—

Oh, you sentimental pretenders, you greedy ones! There is no innocence in your desire, and now for that very reason you slander desire itself!

Truly, you do not love the earth as creators, as procreators, or as those who rejoice in it!

Where is innocence? It is where there is a will to create life. And the one who seeks to create beyond himself has, to me, the purest will.

Where is beauty? It is where I must will with my whole being; where I am willing to love and to perish, so that an image does

not remain only an image.

Loving and perishing: these have gone together for all eternity. To will love means being ready for death as well. That is what I say to you cowards!

But now your weakened staring calls itself "contemplation"! And whatever can be inspected with cowardly eyes gets named "beautiful"! Oh, you who profane noble names!

But this will be your curse, you immaculate ones, you pure perceivers: you will never give birth, even if you lie vast and swollen across the horizon!

Truly, your mouths are full of noble words. And we are supposed to believe your hearts overflow as well, you deceivers?

But my words are poor, lowly, stumbling words. I gladly gather what falls from the table at your feasts.

And yet even with them I can still speak the truth—to pretenders! Yes, my fish-bones, shells, and prickly leaves will still tickle the noses of pretenders!

The air around you and your feasts is always foul. Your lustful thoughts, your lies, and your secrets are all there in the air.

Only dare to believe in yourselves—in yourselves and in your innermost being! Whoever does not believe in himself is always lying.

You have hung a God's mask in front of yourselves, you "pure ones": into that God's mask your hateful coiling snake has crawled.

Truly, you “contemplative ones” are deceivers! Even Zarathustra was once fooled by your godlike appearance; he did not detect the serpent’s coil packed inside it.

I once thought I saw a God's soul playing in your games, you pure perceivers! Once, I dreamed of no finer arts than yours.

The filth of serpents and their foul smell were hidden from me, and so was the lizard’s cunning prowling there lustfully.

But I came near you. Then day came to me—and now it comes to you—the moon’s love affair is over!

Look there! It stands startled and pale before the rosy dawn!

She is already coming, the radiant one—her love for the earth is coming! All the sun’s love is innocence and the urge to create.

Look there, how impatiently she comes over the sea! Can you not feel the thirst and the hot breath of her love?

She wants to draw from the sea and drink its depths up into her height; now the sea’s desire rises with its thousand breasts.

It wants to be kissed and drawn dry by the sun’s thirst; it wants to become vapor, and height, and a path of light, and light itself!

Truly, I love life as the sun does, and all deep seas as well.

And this is what knowledge means to me: everything deep must rise up—to my height!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## XXXVIII. SCHOLARS.

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While I was asleep, a sheep was eating the ivy wreath on my head—it ate and in doing so said, “Zarathustra is no longer a scholar.”

It said this and went away, awkward and proud. A child told me about it.

I like lying here where the children play, beside the ruined wall, among thistles and red poppies.

To the children I am still a scholar, and to the thistles and red poppies as well. They are innocent, even in their mischief.

But to the sheep I am no longer a scholar: that is what my fate has willed—blessings on it!

For this is the truth: I have left the house of the scholars, and I slammed the door behind me as well.

My soul sat hungry at their table for too long: unlike them, I never learned how to investigate as neatly as one learns to crack nuts.

I love freedom and the air above fresh soil; I would rather sleep on ox hides than on their honors and dignities.

I am too heated and scorched by my own thoughts; often they are enough to take my breath away. Then I have to go out into the open air, away from all dusty rooms.

But they sit coolly in the cool shade: in everything they want to be mere spectators, and they avoid sitting where the sun burns on the steps.

Like people who stand in the street staring at passersby, they too wait and stare at thoughts that others have already thought.

If you grab hold of them, they puff up dust like flour sacks, and they do it without meaning to. But who would guess that their dust came from grain, from the golden joy of the summer fields?

When they present themselves as wise, their little sayings and truths leave me cold. There is often a swampy smell in their wisdom; indeed, I have even heard a frog croaking in it.

They are clever—they have nimble fingers. What can my simplicity claim beside their endless complexity? Their fingers know how to thread and knit and weave; that is how they make the stockings of the spirit.

They are good clockworks; you only have to be careful to wind them properly. Then they tell the hour without error, and make a modest little noise as they do it.

They work like millstones, like pestles. Just throw seed grain to them—they know very well how to grind it fine and turn it into white dust.

They watch one another closely, and they do not trust one another very much. Skilled in small tricks, they wait for those whose knowledge walks on lame feet—like spiders, they wait.

I always saw them prepare their poison carefully, and whenever they did it, they put glass gloves on their fingers.

They also know how to play with loaded dice, and I found them playing so eagerly that they broke into a sweat over it.

We are strangers to one another, and their virtues offend my taste even more than their lies and their loaded dice.

And when I lived among them, I lived above them. That is why they came to dislike me.

They do not want to hear anything about anyone walking above their heads, so they put wood and earth and rubbish between me and their heads.

In that way they deadened the sound of my footsteps, and so far I have been heard least of all by the most learned.

They placed all mankind's faults and weaknesses between themselves and me—they call it a "false ceiling" in their houses.

And yet I walk with my thoughts above their heads; and even if I were walking on my own errors, I would still be above them and their heads.

For men are not equal: that is what justice says. And what I will, they may not will!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## XXXIX. POETS.

---

"Since I have come to understand the body better," Zarathustra said to one of his disciples, "the spirit has become only a symbol of spirit to me; and everything 'imperishable' is nothing more than a figure of speech."

"I heard you say that once before," the disciple replied, "and then you added, 'But poets lie too much.' Why did you say that poets lie too much?"

"Why?" said Zarathustra. "You ask why? I am not one of those who can be questioned about their why."

Is my experience only from yesterday? I learned the reasons for my opinions long ago.

Would I not have to be a barrel of memory if I also wanted to carry all my reasons around with me?

It is already too much for me just to hold on to my opinions; and many a bird flies away.

And sometimes I even find some fugitive creature in my dovecote, something strange to me, and it trembles when I lay my hand on it.

But what did Zarathustra once say to you? That poets lie too much?—Yet Zarathustra too is a poet.

Do you believe that he was speaking the truth then? Why do you believe it?"

The disciple answered, "I believe in Zarathustra." But Zarathustra shook his head and smiled.—

Belief does not make me holy, he said, least of all belief in myself.

But if someone were to say in complete seriousness that poets lie too much, he would be right—we do lie too much.

We also know too little, and we are poor learners; so we are forced to lie.

And which of us poets has not watered his wine? Many a poisonous mixture has been brewed in our cellars; many an indescribable thing has been done there.

And because we know so little, we are genuinely fond of the poor in spirit, especially when they are young women!

And we even desire the very things old women tell one another in the evening. We call this the eternally feminine within us.

And as though there were some secret path to knowledge that closes up for anyone who actually learns something, so we believe in the people and in their 'wisdom.'

Yet all poets believe this: whoever pricks up his ears while lying in the grass or on lonely hills learns something about the things between heaven and earth.

And when tender feelings come over them, poets always think that nature herself is in love with them:

They imagine that she slips up to their ear to whisper secrets and loving flattery into it; and they preen and pride themselves on this above all other mortals!

Ah, there are so many things between heaven and earth that only poets have ever dreamed of!

And especially above the heavens: for all gods are poetic symbols, poetic inventions!

Truly, we are always drawn upward—that is, into the realm of the clouds. There we place our gaudy puppets and then call them Gods and Supermen:—

Are they not light enough for those chairs—all these Gods and Supermen?—

Ah, how tired I am of everything inadequate that is passed off as real! Ah, how tired I am of the poets!

When Zarathustra said this, his disciple felt offended, but remained silent. Zarathustra too fell silent, and his gaze turned inward, as though he were looking into the far distance. At last he sighed and drew a breath.—

I belong to today and to the past, he said then; but there is something in me that belongs to tomorrow, the day after, and the time beyond.

I grew weary of the poets, both old and new: all of them seem superficial to me, shallow seas.

They have not thought deeply enough; that is why their feeling has never reached the bottom.

A little sensual pleasure and a little boredom: so far, that has been the best of their reflection.

All the jingling and jangling of their harps sounds to me like ghostly breathing and ghostly fluttering; what have they known until now of the passion of tones!—

They are not pure enough for me either: they all muddy their water so that it will look deep.

And they would gladly use that to prove that they are reconcilers; but to me they are middlemen and mixers, half-and-half and impure!—

Ah, I did cast my net into their sea, hoping to catch good fish; but every time I pulled it up, I found the head of some ancient god.

So the sea gave a stone to the hungry man. And they themselves may well have come from the sea.

Certainly, one finds pearls in them; that makes them all the more like hard shellfish. And instead of a soul, I have often found only salty slime in them.

They have learned vanity from the sea as well: is not the sea the peacock of all peacocks?

Even before the ugliest buffalo of all, it spreads its tail wide; it never tires of displaying its lace-fan of silver and silk.

The buffalo looks at it with contempt, its soul close to the sand, closer still to the thicket, and closest of all to the swamp.

What are beauty, the sea, and peacock splendor to it? This is the parable I speak to the poets.

Truly, their spirit itself is the peacock of all peacocks, and a sea of vanity!

The spirit of the poet seeks spectators—even if they are buffaloes!

But I grew weary of this spirit; and I see the time coming when it will grow weary of itself.

Yes, I have seen the poets changed, and their gaze turned back upon themselves.

I have seen penitents of the spirit appear; they grew out of the poets.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## **XL. GREAT EVENTS.**

---

There is an island in the sea—not far from Zarathustra’s Happy Isles—with a volcano that is always smoking. The people of the island, especially the old women, say that it stands like a rock before the gate of the underworld, and that through the volcano itself runs the narrow path leading down to that gate.

Around the time Zarathustra was staying on the Happy Isles, a ship dropped anchor at the island with the smoking mountain, and the crew went ashore to hunt rabbits. But around noon, when the captain and his men were together again, they suddenly saw a man coming toward them through the air, and a voice clearly said, “It is time! It is the highest time!” When the figure came closest to them—though it swept past quickly like a shadow, heading toward the volcano—they recognized, to their great astonishment, that it was Zarathustra. All of them except the captain had seen him before, and they loved him the way people do when love and awe are equally mixed.

“Look!” said the old helmsman. “There goes Zarathustra to hell!”

At about the same time these sailors landed on the fiery island, a rumor spread that Zarathustra had disappeared. When his friends were asked about it, they said that he had boarded a ship at night without saying where he was going.

So people grew uneasy. But three days later, the story told by the ship’s crew added even more to that uneasiness, and everyone began saying that the devil had taken Zarathustra. His disciples certainly laughed at this talk, and one of them even said, “I would sooner believe that Zarathustra has taken the

devil." But deep down they were all full of anxiety and longing, so their joy was great when Zarathustra appeared among them on the fifth day.

And this is the account of Zarathustra's meeting with the fire-dog:

The earth, he said, has a skin, and that skin has diseases. One of those diseases, for example, is called "man."

And another of these diseases is called "the fire-dog." About HIM, people have greatly deceived themselves and allowed themselves to be deceived.

I crossed the sea to get to the bottom of this mystery, and I saw the truth naked—truly, barefoot up to the neck.

Now I know the truth about the fire-dog, and about all the spewing, subversive devils that frighten not only old women.

"Come up, fire-dog, out of your depths!" I cried. "And confess how deep those depths are! Where does what you snort up come from?"

You drink deeply from the sea; your bitter eloquence gives you away. Truly, for a dog of the depths, you take far too much of your nourishment from the surface.

At most, I see you as the earth's ventriloquist. Whenever I have heard rebellious, ranting devils speak, I have found them to be like you: bitter, deceitful, and shallow.

You know how to roar and cloud everything with ashes. You are master boasters, and you have learned well enough how to make the dregs boil.

Wherever you are, there are always dregs nearby, and much that is spongy, hollow, and compressed; it wants to be free.

You all shout most eagerly about "freedom"; but I have given up believing in "great events" when they come with so much roaring and smoke around them.

And believe me, friend Hullabaloo: the greatest events are not our noisiest ones, but our quietest hours.

The world does not revolve around the inventors of new noise, but around the inventors of new values; it revolves inaudibly.

And admit it yourself: very little had really happened once your noise and smoke had passed away. So what if a city became a mummy, and a statue ended up lying in the mud?

And I say this as well to those who overthrow statues: it is surely the greatest folly to throw salt into the sea, and statues into the mud.

The statue lay in the mud of your contempt; but it is its very law that from contempt its life and living beauty grow again.

Now it rises again with more divine features, made more alluring by its suffering; and truly, it will one day thank you for overthrowing it, you subverters.

Yet this is the counsel I give to kings and churches, and to all that has grown weak with age or virtue: let yourselves be overthrown, so that you may come to life again, and so that virtue may come to you.

Thus I spoke before the fire-dog; then he interrupted me sullenly and asked, "Church? What is that?"

"Church?" I answered. "That is a kind of state, and indeed the most deceitful kind. But be quiet, you dissembling dog! Surely you know your own species best!"

Like you, the state is a deceitful dog. Like you, it loves to speak in smoke and thunder—to pretend, as you do, that it speaks from the heart of things.

By every means, the state tries to make itself seem the most important creature on earth—and people believe it is."

When I said this, the fire-dog reacted as if driven mad by envy. "What!" he cried, "the most important creature on earth? And people believe it is?" So much vapor and so many dreadful sounds came from his throat that I thought he would choke on his rage and envy.

At last he grew calmer, and his panting eased. But as soon as he was quiet, I said with a laugh:

"You are angry, fire-dog; that proves I am right about you!

And so that I may prove I am right, listen to the story of another fire-dog; he truly speaks out of the heart of the earth.

His breath gives off gold and golden rain; that is what his heart desires. What are ashes and smoke and burning dregs to him?

Laughter drifts from him like a many-colored cloud; he wants nothing to do with your gurgling, your spewing, and your griping in the bowels!

But the gold and the laughter—these he draws from the heart of the earth. For know this: THE HEART OF THE EARTH IS OF GOLD."

When the fire-dog heard this, he could no longer bear to listen to me. Ashamed, he tucked in his tail, said "bow-wow!" in a cowed voice, and crept back down into his cave.—

So spoke Zarathustra. His disciples, however, were hardly listening to him; they were too eager to tell him about the sailors, the rabbits, and the flying man.

"What am I to make of this!" said Zarathustra. "Am I really a ghost?"

But perhaps it was my shadow. You have surely heard something about the Wanderer and his Shadow?

One thing, however, is certain: I must keep a tighter hold on it, or it will ruin my reputation."

And once again Zarathustra shook his head in wonder. "What am I to make of this!" he said again.

"Why did the ghost cry, 'It is time! It is the highest time!'"

What, then, is the highest time?"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# **XLI. THE SOOTHSAYER.**

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"—And I saw a great sadness fall over humankind. The best grew tired of their work.

A doctrine appeared, and a faith sprang up beside it: 'All is empty, all is the same, all has already been!'

And from every hill the echo came back: 'All is empty, all is the same, all has already been!'

Certainly, we have brought in the harvest. But why have all our fruits turned rotten and brown? What was it that fell last night from the evil moon?

All our labor was in vain. Our wine has turned to poison. The evil eye has scorched our fields and our hearts yellow.

We have all become dry and barren. When fire falls on us, we crumble into dust like ashes—yes, we have even made the fire itself grow weary.

All our springs have dried up; even the sea has pulled back. The whole earth tries to open wide, but the depths will not swallow it!

'Alas! where is there still a sea in which one could drown?'—that is how our lament sounds across the shallow swamps.

Truly, we have grown too weary even to die. Now we stay awake and go on living—in tombs."

So Zarathustra heard a soothsayer speak, and the prophecy touched his heart and changed him. He went about sorrowful and weary, and he became like those of whom the soothsayer

had spoken.—

Truly, he said to his disciples, in a little while the long twilight will come. Alas, how shall I keep my light alive through it!

It must not be smothered by this sorrow! It must remain a light for more distant worlds, and also for the most distant nights!

So Zarathustra went about with grief in his heart, and for three days he took no food or drink. He found no rest, and he lost his speech. At last he fell into a deep sleep. His disciples, however, sat around him through the long night watches, anxiously waiting to see whether he would wake, speak again, and recover from his affliction.

And this is the speech Zarathustra gave when he awoke; yet his voice reached his disciples as though from far away:

Listen, I beg you, to the dream I dreamed, my friends, and help me discover its meaning!

This dream is still a riddle to me; its meaning is hidden inside it, trapped there, and has not yet risen above it on free wings.

In the dream, I had renounced all life. I had become a night watchman and guardian of graves, high up in Death's lonely mountain fortress.

There I guarded his coffins. The stale vaults were packed with those trophies of victory. From glass coffins, defeated life stared back at me.

I breathed the smell of dust-covered eternities. My soul lay stifled and coated in dust. And who could have aired out his soul in such a place?

The brightness of midnight was always around me. Loneliness crouched beside it. And with them was a third companion: the death-rattle stillness, the worst of my female friends.

I carried keys, the rustiest of all keys, and I knew how to use them to open the most creaking of gates.

When the gate swung open, the sound ran through the long corridors like the bitter croaking of an angry bird. It cried harshly, as if resentful at being awakened.

But even more dreadful, more suffocating to the heart, was what came after, when everything fell silent and still again, and I sat alone in that hostile silence.

So time passed for me, and slipped away—if time still existed there at all. How could I know? But at last something happened that woke me.

Three times the gate rang out like thunder, and three times the vaults echoed and howled in reply. Then I went to the gate.

Alpa! I cried. Who carries his ashes to the mountain? Alpa! Alpa! Who carries his ashes to the mountain?

I pressed the key, pulled at the gate, and strained with all my strength. But it still did not open even a finger's breadth.

Then a roaring wind tore the folds apart. Whistling, whizzing, and piercing, it hurled a black coffin at me.

And amid the roaring, whistling, and whizzing, the coffin burst open and poured out a thousand peals of laughter.

A thousand grotesque figures—children, angels, owls, fools, and child-sized butterflies—laughed, mocked, and roared at me.

I was terrified beyond measure. It threw me to the ground. And I cried out in horror as I had never cried before.

But my own crying woke me—and I came back to myself.

So Zarathustra told his dream, and then fell silent, for he still did not know what it meant. But the disciple he loved most quickly stood up, took Zarathustra's hand, and said:

"Your very life itself explains this dream to us, O Zarathustra!

Are you not yourself the shrill, whistling wind that bursts open the gates of the fortress of Death?

Are you not yourself the coffin filled with many-colored malices and angel-like caricatures of life?

Truly, Zarathustra comes into every tomb like a thousand bursts of children's laughter, laughing at those night-watchmen and guardians of graves, and at all who rattle sinister keys.

With your laughter you will terrify them and strike them down; their fainting and recovery will show your power over them.

And when the long twilight comes, and deadly weariness, even then you will not vanish from our sky, you advocate of life!

You have made us see new stars and new glories of the night; truly, you have spread laughter itself above us like a many-colored canopy.

Now children's laughter will forever flow out of coffins; now a strong wind will always come in triumph against all deadly weariness: you yourself are the pledge and the prophet of this!

Truly, it was they themselves—your enemies—that you dreamed: that was your most painful dream.

But just as you woke from them and came back to yourself, so they too will wake from themselves—and come to you!"

So the disciple spoke; and then all the others crowded around Zarathustra, took him by the hands, and tried to persuade him to leave his bed and his sadness and return to them. Zarathustra, however, sat upright on his couch with a distant look. He looked at his disciples like someone returning from a long stay in a foreign land, and studied their faces; but still he did not recognize them. But when they lifted him up and set him on his feet, suddenly his eyes changed. He understood everything that had happened, stroked his beard, and said in a strong voice:

"Well! This comes at just the right time. But see to it, my disciples, that we have a good meal—and quickly! That is how I mean to make up for bad dreams!"

The soothsayer, however, shall eat and drink beside me; and truly, I will still show him a sea in which he can drown himself!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra. Then he looked for a long time into the face of the disciple who had interpreted the dream, and shook his head.—

## **XLII. REDEMPTION.**

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One day, as Zarathustra was crossing the great bridge, cripples and beggars gathered around him, and a hunchback spoke to him like this:

"Look, Zarathustra! Even the people are learning from you and gaining faith in your teaching. But for them to believe in you completely, one thing is still needed—you must first convince us cripples! Here you have a fine assortment, and truly, more than one good opportunity! You could heal the blind and make the lame run; and from the man who has too much behind, you could also take away a little. That, I think, would be the right way to make the cripples believe in Zarathustra!"

Zarathustra, however, answered the one who had spoken: When you take the hump from the hunchback, you also take away his spirit—so the people teach. And when you give sight to the blind man, he sees too many ugly things on the earth, so that he curses the one who healed him. And the man who makes the lame run does him the greatest harm; for as soon as he can run, his vices run away with him—so the people teach about cripples. And why should Zarathustra not also learn from the people, when the people learn from Zarathustra?"

Yet since I have been among men, it has seemed the smallest thing to me to see one person missing an eye, another an ear, and a third a leg, while others have lost their tongue, or their nose, or their head.

I see, and have seen, worse things—many things so dreadful that I would rather neither speak of them all nor stay silent about

some of them: namely, men who lack everything except that they have too much of one thing—men who are nothing but one huge eye, or one huge mouth, or one huge belly, or something else huge. Such men I call reversed cripples.

And when I came out of my solitude and crossed this bridge for the first time, I could not trust my eyes. I looked again and again, and at last I said, "That is an ear! An ear as big as a man!" I looked more closely, and there really was something moving beneath the ear—something pitifully small, poor, and thin. In fact, this enormous ear was set on a little narrow stalk—and that stalk was a man! Anyone looking through glasses could even make out a small, envious face, and see that a swollen little soul hung from the stalk. But the people told me that the big ear was not just a man, but a great man, a genius. I never believed the people when they spoke of great men, and I still hold that it was a cripple turned inside out, with too little of everything and far too much of one thing.

When Zarathustra had spoken this way to the hunchback, and to those for whom the hunchback spoke and pleaded, he turned to his disciples in deep dejection and said:

Truly, my friends, I walk among men as if I were walking among fragments and severed limbs of human beings!

This is the terrible thing my eyes must see: I find man broken apart and scattered everywhere, as on a battlefield or a slaughter-ground.

And when my eye turns from the present to the past, it always finds the same thing: fragments, limbs, and dreadful accidents—but no whole men!

The present and the past on earth—ah, my friends—that is what I find most unbearable; and I would not know how to go on living if I were not also a seer of what is to come.

A seer, a man of purpose, a creator, a future in himself, and a bridge to the future—and, alas, also something like a cripple on that bridge: all this is Zarathustra.

And you too have often asked yourselves: “Who is Zarathustra to us? What should we call him?” And like me, you answered your questions with more questions.

Is he one who promises? Or one who fulfills? A conqueror? Or an heir? A harvest? Or a plowshare? A physician? Or one who has been healed?

Is he a poet? Or a true one? A liberator? Or one who brings others into subjection? A good man? Or an evil one?

I walk among men as among fragments of the future—that future which I behold.

My whole poetic striving and longing is to shape into one whole what is fragmented, puzzling, and ruled by terrifying chance.

And how could I bear to be human if man were not also a creator, an interpreter of riddles, and a redeemer of chance?

To redeem the past, and to turn every “It was” into “Thus I willed it!”—that alone is what I call redemption.

Will—that is the name of the liberator and bringer of joy: this is what I have taught you, my friends. But now learn this as well: the Will itself is still a prisoner.

Willing sets free; but what do we call the thing that still keeps the liberator in chains?

"It was": that is the name for the Will's gnashing of teeth and deepest loneliness. Powerless before what has already been done, it becomes a bitter spectator of everything past.

The Will cannot will backward. It cannot break time or time's desire—and that is the Will's deepest loneliness.

Willing sets free: but what does willing itself invent in order to free itself from this suffering and mock its prison?

Ah, every prisoner becomes a fool. And the imprisoned Will, too, frees itself foolishly.

That time does not run backward—that is what fills it with hostility. "That which was": that is the name of the stone it cannot move.

And so it rolls stones out of spite and bad temper, and takes revenge on whatever does not, like itself, feel rage and bitterness.

So the Will, the liberator, became a tormentor; and it takes revenge on all that can suffer, because it cannot go backward.

This—yes, this alone—is revenge itself: the Will's hatred of time and of "It was."

Truly, a great madness lives in our Will; and it became a curse on all humanity when this madness learned to think.

THE SPIRIT OF REVENGE: my friends, that has so far been man's highest reflection; and wherever there was suffering, people claimed there must also be punishment.

“Punishment”—that is what revenge calls itself. With a false word, it pretends to have a clear conscience.

And because there is suffering in the one who wills, because he cannot will backward—so willing itself, and all life, came to be called punishment.

Then cloud after cloud passed over the spirit, until at last madness proclaimed: “Everything perishes; therefore everything deserves to perish!”

“And this itself is justice, the law of time: that it must devour its children.” That is what madness proclaimed.

“Things are morally arranged according to justice and punishment. Oh, where is there escape from the flow of things and from the ‘existence’ of punishment?” That is what madness proclaimed.

“Can there be deliverance where eternal justice exists? Alas, the stone called ‘It was’ cannot be rolled away; therefore all punishments too must be eternal!” That is what madness proclaimed.

“No deed can be erased: how could punishment undo it? This, this is what is eternal in the ‘existence’ of punishment—that existence itself must eternally return as deed and guilt!”

Unless the Will were finally to free itself, and willing were to become non-willing—but you know, my brothers, this fable of madness!

I led you away from those fables when I taught you: “The Will is a creator.”

Every "It was" is a fragment, a riddle, a terrible accident—until the creating Will says to it: "But this is how I willed it."

Until the creating Will says to it: "But this is how I will it! This is how I shall will it!"

But has it ever spoken that way? And when does that happen? Has the Will been freed from its own folly?

Has the Will become its own liberator and bringer of joy? Has it unlearned the spirit of revenge and all gnashing of teeth?

And who has taught it reconciliation with time, and something higher than reconciliation itself?

The Will that is the Will to Power must will something higher than all reconciliation—but how does that happen? Who has taught it also to will backward?

But at this point in his speech, Zarathustra suddenly stopped and looked like someone seized by great alarm. Terror filled his eyes as he stared at his disciples; his gaze seemed to pierce their thoughts and hidden thoughts like arrows. But after a short while he laughed again and said more calmly:

"It is hard to live among men, because silence is so hard—especially for a chatterer."—

Thus spoke Zarathustra. The hunchback, however, had been listening to the conversation and had kept his face covered the whole time; but when he heard Zarathustra laugh, he looked up curiously and said slowly:

"But why does Zarathustra speak differently to us than he does to his disciples?"

Zarathustra answered: "What is so surprising about that? With hunchbacks, one may well speak in a hunchbacked way!"

"Very good," said the hunchback; "and with pupils, one may well tell tales out of school.

But why does Zarathustra speak differently to his pupils than he does to himself?"—

## **XLIII. MANLY PRUDENCE.**

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The slope where the gaze shoots downward and the hand reaches upward. There the heart grows dizzy from its double will.

Ah, friends, can you also sense my heart's double will?

This, yes, this is my slope and my danger: my gaze shoots toward the summit, while my hand longs to clutch at and lean on the depth below!

My will clings to man; I bind myself to man with chains, because I am being drawn upward to the Superman: that is where my other will is pulling me.

And that is why I live blindly among men, as though I did not know them: so that my hand may not completely lose its faith in what is firm.

I do not know you men: this darkness and this comfort often spread around me.

I sit at the gate for every rogue and ask: Who wants to deceive me?

This is my first manly prudence: I allow myself to be deceived, so that I do not have to stay on guard against deceivers.

Ah, if I were on guard against man, how could man be an anchor for my ball? I would be pulled upward and away too easily!

This providence rules over my fate: I must live without foresight.

And whoever does not want to waste away among men must learn to drink from every glass; and whoever wants to stay clean among men must know how to wash even with dirty water.

And so I often said to myself for comfort: "Courage! Take heart, old heart! A misfortune has failed to happen to you: enjoy that as your happiness!"

This, however, is another part of my manly prudence: I am more patient with the vain than with the proud.

Is not wounded vanity the mother of all tragedies? But where pride is wounded, something better than pride can grow.

For life to be beautiful to watch, its game must be played well; and for that, it needs good actors.

I have found that all vain people are good actors: they perform, and they want others to enjoy watching them—all their spirit is bound up in that desire.

They present themselves, they invent themselves; and when I am near them, I like to look at life—it cures melancholy.

So I am patient with the vain, because they are the physicians of my melancholy and keep me attached to humanity as to a drama.

And who can fully grasp the depth of the vain man's modesty? I look on him kindly, and with sympathy, because of that modesty.

It is from you that he would learn to believe in himself; he feeds on your glances, he takes praise from your hands as food.

He even believes your lies when you speak well of him, for deep down his heart sighs: "What am I?"

And if true virtue is the kind that is unconscious of itself—well then, the vain man is unconscious of his modesty!

This, however, is my third manly prudence: your fearfulness does not make me lose my regard for the wicked.

I am glad to see the wonders that the hot sun hatches: tigers and palms and rattlesnakes.

Among human beings too there is a beautiful brood of the warm sun, and much that is marvelous in the wicked.

Truly, just as your wisest did not seem to me all that wise, so too I found human wickedness less than its reputation.

And often I asked, shaking my head: Why do you still rattle, you rattlesnakes?

Indeed, there is still a future even for evil! And humanity has still not discovered the warmest south.

How many things are now called the worst wickedness that are only twelve feet wide and three months long! But one day greater dragons will come into the world.

So that the Superman will not be without his dragon—the superdragon worthy of him—much warm sunlight must still shine on moist, untouched forests!

From your wildcats, tigers must have evolved, and from your poison-toads, crocodiles: for a good hunter should have a worthy hunt!

And truly, you good and just people! There is much about you to laugh at, especially your fear of what has so far been called "the devil!"

Your souls are so far removed from what is great that the Superman, in his goodness, would seem terrifying to you!

And you wise and learned ones, you would flee from the sunlit glow of the wisdom in which the Superman joyfully bathes his nakedness!

You highest men I have known—this is my doubt about you, and my secret laughter: I suspect you would call my Superman a devil!

Ah, I grew tired of those highest and best ones: from their "height" I longed to rise up, out, and away to the Superman!

A horror came over me when I saw those best ones naked; then wings grew for me, so that I could soar away into distant futures.

Into futures more distant, into southern lands farther south than any artist ever dreamed of: there, where Gods are ashamed of all clothing!

But I want to see YOU disguised, you neighbors and fellow men, well dressed and vain and respectable, as "the good and just"—

And I myself will sit among you in disguise, so that I may MISTAKE you and myself: for that is my last manly prudence.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# **XLIV. THE STILLEST HOUR.**

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What has happened to me, my friends? You see me troubled, driven out, unwillingly obedient, ready to go—alas, to go away from YOU!

Yes, once again Zarathustra must return to his solitude; but this time the bear goes back to his cave without joy!

What has happened to me? Who commands this?—Ah, my angry mistress wills it so; she spoke to me. Have I ever told you her name?

Yesterday, toward evening, MY STILLEST HOUR spoke to me: that is the name of my terrible mistress.

And this is how it happened—for I must tell you everything, so that your heart does not harden against the one who is leaving so suddenly.

Do you know the terror of someone who is falling asleep?

He is frightened down to his very toes, because the ground gives way beneath him and the dream begins.

I tell you this as a parable. Yesterday, in the stillest hour, the ground gave way beneath me: the dream began.

The hour hand moved on, the clock of my life drew breath—I had never heard such silence around me, and my heart was terrified.

Then something spoke to me without a voice: "You know it, Zarathustra?"

And I cried out in terror at that whisper, and the blood drained from my face; but I said nothing.

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 in defiance: "Yes, I know it, but I will not speak it!"

Then it spoke again without a voice: "You will not, Zarathustra? Is that true? Do not hide behind your defiance!"

And I wept and trembled like a child, and said: "Ah, I would indeed, but how can I do it? Spare me only this! It is beyond my power!"

Then it spoke again without a voice: "What does yourself matter, Zarathustra? Speak your word, and perish!"

And I answered: "Ah, is it my word? Who am I? I am waiting for one more worthy; I am not even worthy to perish by it."

Then it spoke again without a voice: "What does yourself matter? You are not yet humble enough for me. Humility has the hardest skin."

And I answered: "What has the skin of my humility not endured! I live at the foot of my height: no one has yet told me how high my summits are. But I know my valleys well."

Then it spoke again without a voice: "O Zarathustra, whoever must move mountains must also move valleys and plains."

And I answered: "So far my word has not moved mountains, and what I have spoken has not reached man. I did indeed go to men, but I have not yet reached them."

Then I was spoken to again, though no voice was heard: "What do you know of that? Dew falls on the grass when the night is at its quietest."

And I answered: "They mocked me when I found my own path and walked it; and my feet truly trembled then."

And this is what they said to me: "You forgot the path before, and now you have forgotten how to walk as well!"

Then I was spoken to again, though no voice was heard: "What does their mockery matter? You are one who has unlearned obedience; now you must command!"

Do you not know who is needed most by everyone? The one who commands great things.

To carry out great things is difficult; but harder still is to command great things.

This is your most unforgivable stubbornness: you have the power, and yet you refuse to rule."

And I answered: "I do not have the lion's voice needed for command."

Then I was spoken to again, like a whisper: "It is the quietest words that bring the storm. Thoughts that arrive on doves' footsteps guide the world.

O Zarathustra, you shall go like a shadow of what is still to come; in that way you will command, and by commanding you will go first."

And I answered: "I am ashamed."

Then I was spoken to again, though no voice was heard: "You must still become a child, and be without shame.

The pride of youth is still on you; you became young only late. But whoever would become a child must overcome even his youth."

And I thought for a long time and trembled. At last, though, I said what I had said at first: "I will not."

Then laughter broke out all around me. Alas, how that laughter tore at my bowels and cut into my heart!

And I was spoken to 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 again, for you must still grow mellow."

And again there was laughter, and then it fled. After that, everything around me grew still, with a double stillness. But I lay on the ground, and sweat poured from my limbs.

—Now you have heard everything, and why I must return to my solitude. I have hidden nothing from you, my friends.

But even now you have heard this from me, who is still the most reserved of men—and will remain so!

Ah, my friends! I still have something more to say to you! I still have something more to give you! Why do I not give it? Am I really so miserly?—

But after Zarathustra had spoken these words, the force of his pain and the feeling that he was about to leave his friends overcame him, and he wept aloud. No one knew how to comfort

him. In the night, however, he went away alone and left his friends.

# THIRD PART.

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"You look upward when you long for exaltation, and I look downward because I am exalted.

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

"He who climbs the highest mountains laughs at all tragic plays and tragic realities."—ZARATHUSTRA, I., "Reading and Writing."

# **XLV. THE WANDERER.**

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Then, around midnight, Zarathustra set out over the ridge of the island so that he might reach the other coast early in the morning, because he intended to embark there. There was a good roadstead there where foreign ships also liked to anchor; those ships took many people with them who wished to cross over from the Happy Isles. So as Zarathustra climbed the mountain, he thought of his many solitary wanderings since youth, and of how many mountains and ridges and summits he had already climbed.

I am a wanderer and a mountain-climber, he said to his heart; I do not love the plains, and it seems I cannot sit still for long.

And whatever may still come to me as fate and experience, wandering will be part of it, and mountain-climbing too: in the end, one experiences only oneself.

The time has passed when accidents could happen to me; and what could now fall to my lot that was not already my own!

It only returns; at last it comes home to me—my own Self, and those parts of it that have long been abroad, scattered among things and accidents.

And there is one more thing I know: I now stand before my final summit, before what has been kept waiting for me the longest. Ah, I must climb my hardest path. Ah, I have begun my loneliest journey.

But someone of my kind does not avoid such an hour: the hour that says to him, Only now are you walking the road to your

greatness! Summit and abyss are now joined together.

You are walking the road to your greatness: what was once your greatest danger has now become your last refuge.

You are walking the road to your greatness: your greatest courage now must be that there is no longer any path behind you.

You are walking the road to your greatness: here no one can follow after you in secret. Your own foot has erased the path behind you, and over it is written: Impossibility.

And if every ladder fails you from now on, then you must learn to climb on your own head: how else could you rise upward?

On your own head, and beyond your own heart! Now the gentlest part of you must become the hardest.

Whoever has always indulged himself too much eventually grows sick from that indulgence. Praise what makes us tough! I do not praise the land where butter and honey flow.

To learn to look away from yourself is necessary if you want to see many things: every mountain climber needs that toughness.

But someone who pushes himself forward with his eyes, as if he were a discerner—how could he ever see anything more than the foreground?

But you, O Zarathustra, want to see the ground of everything, and what lies behind it: so you must climb even above yourself—up, ever upward, until even your stars are beneath you.

Yes! To look down on myself, and even on my stars: that alone is what I would call my summit, the summit that has remained for me as my final one!

So Zarathustra spoke to himself as he climbed, steadying his heart with harsh sayings; for his heart ached as it had never ached before. And when he reached the top of the mountain ridge, he saw the other sea spread out before him. He stood still and remained silent for a long time. But the night at that height was cold, clear, and full of stars.

"I know my destiny," he said at last, sadly. "Well then! I am ready. Now my final loneliness begins."

"Ah, this dark, sorrowful sea below me! Ah, this dark unrest of the night! Ah, fate and sea! It is to you that I must now go down!"

"I stand before my highest mountain and before my longest wandering; therefore I must first go down deeper than I have ever climbed,"

"deeper into pain than I have ever risen, even into its darkest flood! That is what my fate wills. Well then! I am ready."

"Where do the highest mountains come from?" I once asked myself. Then I learned that they rise out of the sea.

That witness is written on their stones and on the walls of their summits. The highest must rise to its height out of the deepest.—

So spoke Zarathustra on the mountain ridge, where it was cold. But when he came near the sea, and at last stood alone among

the cliffs, he had grown weary from his journey and more eager than ever before.

"Everything is still asleep," he said. "Even the sea is asleep. Its eye looks at me drowsily and strangely."

"But it breathes warmly—I can feel it. And I can feel that it is dreaming too. It tosses in its sleep on hard pillows."

"Listen! Listen! How it groans with evil memories! Or evil expectations?"

"Ah, I am sad with you, you dark monster, and angry with myself even for your sake."

"Ah, if only my hand were strong enough! I would gladly free you from evil dreams!—"

And as Zarathustra spoke like this, he laughed at himself with melancholy and bitterness. "What! Zarathustra," he said, "would you even sing comfort to the sea?"

"Ah, you lovable fool, Zarathustra, you too blindly trusting one! But this is how you have always been: you have always approached everything terrible with confidence."

"You would caress every monster. A breath of warm air, a little soft tuft on its paw—and at once you are ready to love it and coax it closer."

"Love is the danger of the loneliest one, love for anything, IF IT ONLY LIVES! Truly, my folly and my modesty in love are laughable!—"

So spoke Zarathustra, and laughed again. Then he thought of his abandoned friends—and, as if he had wronged them even in his thoughts, he reproached himself for thinking as he had. At once the man who had laughed began to weep—with anger and longing, Zarathustra wept bitterly.

# **XLVI. THE VISION AND THE ENIGMA.**

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When word spread among the sailors that Zarathustra was on board the ship—for a man from the Happy Isles had come aboard with him—there was great curiosity and anticipation. But Zarathustra kept silent for two days, cold and unresponsive with sadness, so that he answered neither glances nor questions. On the evening of the second day, however, he began to listen again, though he still said nothing; for there were many strange and dangerous things to hear on board that ship, which had come from far away and was bound for places farther still. Zarathustra, however, was fond of all who travel great distances and refuse to live without danger. And behold! as he listened, his own tongue was finally loosened, and the ice around his heart broke. Then he began to speak like this:

To you, bold voyagers and adventurers, and to whoever has set out with clever sails upon terrifying seas,—

To you who are intoxicated by riddles, who delight in twilight, whose souls are lured by flutes toward every treacherous gulf:

—For you hate to feel your way along a thread with a coward's hand; and wherever you can DIVINE, you hate to CALCULATE—

To you alone I tell the riddle that I SAW—the vision of the loneliest one.—

Lately I walked gloomily through corpse-colored twilight—gloomy and stern, my lips pressed tight. More than one sun had set for me.

A path climbed boldly up among boulders, an evil, lonely path, no longer brightened by any herb or shrub, a mountain path that crunched beneath the boldness of my foot.

Silently I marched on through the scornful clatter of pebbles, trampling the stone that slipped away: in this way my foot forced its way upward.

Upward:—despite the spirit that pulled it downward, toward the abyss, the spirit of gravity, my devil and arch-enemy.

Upward—though it weighed on me, half dwarf, half mole; numb and numbing; pouring lead into my ear, and thoughts like drops of lead into my brain.

“O Zarathustra,” it whispered scornfully, syllable by syllable, “you stone of wisdom! You hurled yourself so high, but every stone that is thrown must fall!”

O Zarathustra, you stone of wisdom, you sling-stone, you destroyer of stars! You hurled yourself so high—but every stone that is thrown must fall!

Condemned by yourself, and sentenced to your own stoning: O Zarathustra, you threw your stone far indeed—but it will fly back upon yourself!”

Then the dwarf fell silent, and the silence lasted a long time. But that silence weighed on me; and when two are together like this, one is truly lonelier than when alone!

I climbed, I climbed, I dreamed, I thought—but everything weighed on me. I was like a sick man, worn out by cruel torment, then jolted awake from his first sleep by an even worse

dream.—

But there is something in me that I call courage: until now it has killed every fit of despair for me. At last this courage made me stop and say: "Dwarf! You! Or I!"—

For courage is the best killer—courage that ATTACKS; for every attack carries the sound of triumph.

Man, however, is the most courageous animal; by that courage he has overcome every other animal. With the sound of triumph he has overcome every pain; and yet human pain is the bitterest pain.

Courage also kills the dizziness one feels at the edge of abysses: and where does man not stand at the edge of abysses? Is not seeing itself—seeing into abysses?

Courage is the best killer: courage also kills fellow-suffering. Yet fellow-suffering is the deepest abyss: as deeply as man looks into life, so deeply he also looks into suffering.

Courage, however, is the best killer, courage that attacks: it kills even death itself; for it says: "WAS that life? Well then! Once more!"

In words like these, however, there is much of the sound of triumph. Let anyone who has ears to hear, hear.—

"Stop, dwarf!" I said. "Either I—or you! But I am the stronger of the two—you do not know my deepest thought! That—you could not endure!"

Then something happened that made me feel lighter: the dwarf, that nosy little sprite, jumped off my shoulder. It crouched on a

stone in front of me. And right where we had stopped, there was a gateway.

"Look at this gateway, dwarf!" I continued. "It has two faces. Two roads meet here, and no one has ever reached the end of either of them.

This long lane stretches backward: it goes on for an eternity. And that long lane ahead—that is another eternity.

These roads stand opposed to each other; they meet head-on. And it is here, at this gateway, that they come together. The name written above the gateway is: 'This Moment.'

But if someone were to follow them farther—and farther and farther still—do you think, dwarf, that these roads would remain eternally opposed?"—

"Everything straight is a lie," the dwarf murmured contemptuously. "All truth is crooked; time itself is a circle."

"You spirit of gravity!" I said angrily. "Do not take this too lightly! Or I will let you stay squatting where you are, Haltfoot—and I carried you up here!"

"Look," I continued, "at This Moment! From this gateway, This Moment, a long eternal lane runs backward: behind us lies an eternity.

Must not everything that can possibly happen have already traveled down that lane? Must not everything that can happen have already happened, been completed, and passed by?

And if everything has already existed, what do you think, dwarf, about This Moment? Must not this gateway too have already

existed?

And are not all things bound together so tightly that This Moment pulls all future things after it? Consequently—itsself as well?

For everything that can run its course among all things, must it not also run once again through this long lane ahead?—

And this slow spider creeping in the moonlight, and this moonlight itself, and you and I here at this gateway whispering together, whispering of eternal things—must we not all have already existed?

—And must we not return and travel that other lane before us, that long strange lane—must we not return eternally?"—

That is how I spoke, and always more softly, because I was afraid of my own thoughts and the thoughts that came after them. Then, all at once, I heard a dog howl nearby.

Had I ever heard a dog howl like that? My thoughts went back. Yes—when I was a child, in my earliest childhood:

—That was when I heard a dog howl like that. I saw it too, its hair standing on end, its head lifted upward, trembling in the stillest midnight, when even dogs believe in ghosts:

—So that I felt pity for it. For at that very moment the full moon, silent as death, passed over the house; at that very moment it seemed to stop, a glowing globe, resting on the flat roof as if it were on someone's property:—

That was what had terrified the dog, for dogs believe in thieves and ghosts. And when I heard that kind of howling again, I felt

that same pity once more.

Where was the dwarf now? And the gateway? And the spider?  
And all the whispering? Had I dreamed? Had I woken up?  
Suddenly I was standing alone between rugged rocks, desolate  
in the bleakest moonlight.

BUT THERE WAS A MAN LYING THERE! And there was the dog,  
leaping, bristling, whining—now it saw me coming, then it  
howled again, then it cried out:—had I ever heard a dog cry for  
help like that?

And truly, I had never seen anything like what I saw then. I saw  
a young shepherd, twisting, choking, trembling, his face  
contorted, with a heavy black serpent hanging out of his mouth.

Had I ever seen so much disgust and pale horror on one face?  
Perhaps he had fallen asleep. Then the serpent had crawled into  
his throat and bitten itself fast there.

My hand pulled at the serpent, and pulled again—but in vain. I  
could not pull the serpent out of his throat. Then a cry burst out  
of me: "Bite! Bite!

"Bite its head off! Bite!"—that cry burst out of me; my horror, my  
hatred, my disgust, my pity, everything good and bad in me  
cried out together with one voice.—

You bold ones around me! You seekers and adventurers, and all  
of you who have set out with cunning sails on uncharted seas!  
You who delight in riddles!

Solve for me the riddle I saw then; interpret for me the vision of  
the loneliest one!

For it was a vision and a forewarning:—WHAT was it that I saw then in parable? And WHO is the one who must come someday?

WHO is the shepherd into whose throat the serpent crawled like this? WHO is the man into whose throat all that is heaviest and darkest will crawl like this?

—But the shepherd bit down, just as my cry had urged him to; he bit with tremendous force! He spat the serpent's head far away— and sprang to his feet.—

No longer a shepherd, no longer a man—something transformed, surrounded by light, that LAUGHED! Never on earth had any man laughed as HE laughed!

O my brethren, I heard a laughter that was not human laughter—and now a thirst gnaws at me, a longing that is never satisfied.

My longing for that laughter gnaws at me: oh, how can I still bear to live! And how could I bear to die now!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## **XLVII. INVOLUNTARY BLISS.**

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With such riddles and such bitterness in his heart, Zarathustra sailed over the sea. But when he was four days' journey from the Happy Isles and from his friends, he had overcome all his pain— triumphantly, and with steady step, he accepted his fate once more. And then Zarathustra spoke like this to his rejoicing conscience:

I am alone again, and glad to be so, alone with the pure sky and the open sea; and once again it is afternoon around me.

It was in the afternoon that I first found my friends; and it was in the afternoon that I found them a second time as well— at the hour when all light grows quieter.

For whatever happiness is still traveling between heaven and earth now looks for shelter in a radiant soul: in happiness all light has now grown quieter.

O afternoon of my life! Once my happiness also came down into the valley to seek a dwelling: and there it found those open, welcoming souls.

O afternoon of my life! What did I not give up so that I might have one thing: this living garden of my thoughts, and this dawn 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 bring himself to perfection.

For in the heart, one loves only one's child and one's work; and where love of oneself is great, I have found that it is a sign of pregnancy.

My children are still green in their first spring. They stand close together, the trees of my garden and my richest soil, all shaken at once by the same winds.

And truly, wherever such trees stand beside one another, there are Happy Isles!

But one day I will lift them up and set each one apart by itself, so that it may learn solitude, defiance, and prudence.

Then it shall stand by the sea, gnarled and crooked, with a hard but flexible strength—a living lighthouse of unconquerable life.

There, where the storms plunge down into the sea and the mountain's snout drinks water, each in time shall keep day and night watch, for his testing and recognition.

Each shall be tested and recognized, to see whether he is of my type and lineage—whether he is master of a long will, silent even when he speaks, and giving in such a way that he takes even as he gives—

—So that one day he may become my companion, a fellow creator and fellow enjoyer with Zarathustra: one who writes my will upon my tables, 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 turn away from my happiness and give myself over to every misfortune—for my final testing and recognition.

And truly, it is time for me to go away; the wanderer's shadow, the longest weariness, and the stillest hour have all said to me: "It is the highest time!"

The word blew to me through the keyhole and said, "Come!" The door quietly sprang open before me and said, "Go!"

But I lay chained by my love for my children. Desire had spread this snare for me—the desire for love—so that I might become my children's prey and lose myself in them.

To desire—that now means, for me, to have lost myself. I possess you, my children! In this possessing, everything shall be certainty and nothing desire.

But the sun of my love lay brooding over me; Zarathustra simmered in his own heat—and then shadows and doubts passed over me.

Now I longed for frost and winter: "Oh, if only frost and winter would make me crack and crunch again!" I sighed—and then an icy mist rose out of me.

My past burst out of its tomb. Many pains that had been buried alive woke again—they had not truly died, only slept, hidden in their grave-clothes.

Everything called out to me in signs: "It is time!" But I did not hear, until at last my abyss stirred and my thought sank its teeth

into me.

Ah, deep abyssal thought, which is my thought! When will I find the strength to hear you burrowing and no longer tremble?

My heart pounds up into my throat when I hear you burrowing. Even your silence feels as if it could choke me, you deep mute thing!

Until now I have never dared to call you up; it has been enough that I have carried you with me. I have not yet been strong enough for my final lion-like wildness and playfulness.

Your weight has always been terrible enough for me; but one day I will find the strength and the lion's voice that can call you up.

When I have overcome myself in this, then I will also overcome myself in what is greater; and victory will be the seal of my perfection!

Meanwhile I sail on through uncertain seas; chance flatters me, smooth-tongued chance. I look forward and backward, and still I see no end.

The hour of my final struggle has not yet come—or has it perhaps come just now? Truly, sea and life look at me from all around with a treacherous beauty:

O afternoon of my life! O happiness before evening! O harbor on the high seas! O peace in uncertainty! How deeply I distrust you all!

Truly, I distrust your treacherous beauty. I am like a lover who distrusts a smile that is too smooth.

As the jealous man pushes the one he loves most away from him—tender even in his harshness—so I push this blissful hour away from me.

Away with you, blissful hour! An involuntary happiness has come to me with you. Here I stand, ready for my harshest pain—and you have come at the wrong time!

Away with you, blissful hour! Go instead and rest there with my children! Hurry, and before evening bless them with my happiness!

Evening is already coming on; the sun is sinking. Away with it—my happiness!

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And he waited all night for his misfortune, but he waited in vain. The night stayed clear and calm, and happiness itself came closer and closer to him. Toward morning, however, Zarathustra laughed with all his heart and said mockingly: "Happiness is chasing after me. That is because I do not chase after women. Happiness, however, is a woman."

## **XLVIII. BEFORE SUNRISE.**

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O heaven above me, pure and deep heaven! Abyss of light!  
When I look at you, I tremble with divine longing.

To throw myself up to your height—that is my depth! To hide  
myself in your purity—that is my innocence!

God veils his beauty; in the same way, you hide your stars. You  
do not speak: that is how you reveal your wisdom to me.

Silent above the raging sea, you rose for me today; your love  
and your modesty reveal themselves to my raging soul.

In coming to me beautiful, veiled in your beauty, in speaking to  
me without words, plain in your wisdom:

Oh, how could I fail to sense all the modesty of your soul! You  
came to me before the sun—to me, the loneliest one.

We have been friends from the beginning: grief, dread, and the  
ground itself are shared between us; even the sun belongs to us  
both.

We do not speak to each other, because we know too much.  
We keep silent with each other; we smile our knowledge to each  
other.

Are you not the light of my fire? Do you not have the sister-soul  
of my insight?

Together we learned everything; together we learned to rise  
beyond ourselves into ourselves, and to smile with a clear, open  
brightness:

—To smile down with clear brightness from shining eyes and from miles of distance, while below us constraint and purpose and guilt rise like steam, like rain.

And when I wandered alone, what was my soul hungry for in the night and along winding paths? And when I climbed mountains, whom was I ever seeking there, if not you?

And all my wandering and mountain-climbing was only necessity, only a makeshift for one who is not at ease: my whole will wants only to fly, to fly into you!

What have I hated more than passing clouds, and anything that stains you? I have even hated my own hatred, because it stained you.

I hate the passing clouds—those stealthy predatory cats. They take from both you and me what we share: the vast, boundless spirit of saying Yes and Amen.

We hate these mediators and mixers—the passing clouds. They are half-and-half creatures who have learned neither to bless nor to curse with their whole hearts.

I would rather sit in a tub beneath a shut heaven; I would rather sit in the abyss with no heaven at all than see you, bright heaven, stained by passing clouds.

And often I have wanted to pin them down with the jagged golden wires of lightning, so that, like thunder, I could beat a drum on their kettle-bellies—

—an angry drummer, because they steal from me your Yes and Amen! O heaven above me, pure and radiant heaven! Abyss of

light!—because they steal from you my Yes and Amen.

For I would rather have noise and thunder and storm winds than this cautious, doubtful cat-like stillness. And among men too, I hate most of all the soft-steppers, the half-and-half ones, and the doubting, hesitating, passing clouds.

And "he who cannot bless shall learn to curse!"—this clear teaching fell to me from the clear heaven. This star remains in my heaven even on the darkest nights.

But I am a blesser and a Yes-sayer, if only you are around me, pure and radiant heaven! Abyss of light!—then I carry my life-giving Yes into every abyss.

I have become a blesser and a Yes-sayer. That is why I struggled for so long and strove so hard: so that one day my hands might be free to bless.

And this is my blessing: to stand above everything like its own heaven, its rounded roof, its blue bell, and its eternal safety. Blessed is the one who blesses in this way.

For all things are baptized at the fountain of eternity, beyond good and evil. Good and evil themselves are only fleeting shadows, damp afflictions, and passing clouds.

Truly, it is a blessing and not a blasphemy when I teach that "above all things stands the heaven of chance, the heaven of innocence, the heaven of hazard, the heaven of playfulness."

"Chance"—that is the oldest nobility in the world. I gave it back to all things; I freed them from slavery to purpose.

I set this freedom and heavenly calm over all things like a blue bell-shaped sky when I taught that no "eternal Will" wills over them or through them.

I put playfulness and folly in place of that Will when I taught that "In everything, one thing is impossible—rationality!"

A LITTLE reason, certainly—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 indeed possible; but this blessed certainty is what I have found in all things: they would rather dance on the feet of chance.

O heaven above me! You pure one, you lofty heaven! This is now your purity to me: that there is no eternal spider of reason and no cobweb of reason—

—That to me you are a dancing floor for divine chances, that to me you are a table of the Gods, for divine dice and divine dice-players!—

But are you blushing? Have I said things that should not be spoken? Have I insulted you when I meant to bless you?

Or is it the shame of there being two of us that makes you blush? Do you tell me to go and be silent because now—DAY is coming?

The world is deep—and deeper than day could ever read. Not everything can be spoken in the presence of day. But day is coming, so let us part!

O heaven above me, you modest one, you glowing one! O you,  
my happiness before sunrise! The day is coming, so let us  
part!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## **XLIX. THE DWARFING VIRTUE.**

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When Zarathustra was back on the continent, he did not go straight to his mountains and his cave. Instead, he wandered widely and asked many questions, learning this and that; so he jokingly said of himself: "Look, a river that winds back to its source!" For he wanted to find out what had happened AMONG MEN in the meantime: whether they had grown greater or smaller. And once, when he saw a row of new houses, he was astonished and said:

"What do these houses mean? Truly, no great soul built them as its image!"

# Did some foolish child perhaps take them out of its toy box?

---

If only another child would put them back into the box!

And these rooms and chambers—can MEN really go in and out of them? They seem made for silk dolls, or for delicate eaters who perhaps let others dine with them.

And Zarathustra stood still and reflected. At last he said sadly: "Everything has become smaller!"

Everywhere I see lower doorways: someone of MY kind can still pass through them, but—he must stoop!

Oh, when will I return at last to my home, where I will no longer have to stoop—no longer have to stoop BEFORE THE SMALL ONES!"—And Zarathustra sighed and gazed into the distance.—

That same day, however, he gave his discourse on the virtue that makes people small.

I move among this people with 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 understand that small people are NECESSARY!

Here I am, still like a rooster in a strange farmyard, one that even the hens peck at; but that does not make me unfriendly toward the hens.

I am courteous to them, as I am to all small annoyances; being prickly toward what is small seems to me like wisdom fit for hedgehogs.

They all talk about me when they sit around their fire in the evening—they talk about me, but no one thinks about me!

This is the new kind of silence I have experienced: their noise around me spreads a cloak over my thoughts.

They shout to one another: "What is this gloomy cloud about to do to us? Let us make sure it does not bring a plague on us!"

And not long ago a woman snatched up her child as it was coming toward me: "Take the children away," she cried, "such eyes scorch children's souls."

They cough when I speak: they think coughing is an answer to strong winds—they have no sense at all of the wild force of my happiness!

"We do not yet have time for Zarathustra"—that is their objection; but what does it matter if a time "has no time" for Zarathustra?

And if they praised me without reserve, how could I sleep on THEIR praise? Their praise is like a belt of thorns to me: it scratches me even after I take it off.

I learned this among them as well: the one who praises acts as though he is giving something back; but in truth, he mainly wants something more to be given to him.

Ask my foot whether their flattering, tempting songs please it! Truly, to that kind of rhythm and ticking beat, it wants neither to

dance nor to stand still.

They would like to lure me and praise me into accepting small virtues; they would like to persuade my foot to move to the ticking beat of small happiness.

I pass through these people with my eyes open; they have grown SMALLER, and they keep growing smaller—and THE REASON IS THEIR TEACHING ABOUT HAPPINESS AND VIRTUE.

For they are moderate even in virtue, because they want comfort. But only a moderate kind of virtue can live alongside comfort.

To be sure, they also learn, in their own way, to stride and move forward: I call that their HOBBLING. And by it they become an obstacle to everyone who is in a hurry.

And many of them move forward while looking backward, their necks stiff with the effort: those are the ones I most like to run into.

Foot and eye should not lie, or contradict each other. But among small people there is a great deal of lying.

Some of them DO will, but most of them are WILLED. Some of them are genuine, but most of them are poor actors.

Among them are actors who do not know they are acting, and actors who do not mean to act; the genuine ones are always rare, especially the genuine actors.

There is little of man here; that is why their women make themselves masculine. For only the man who is man enough will—SAVE THE WOMAN in woman.

And the hypocrisy I found worst among them was this: even those who command pretend to have the virtues of those who serve.

"I serve, you serve, we serve"—that is the song even the rulers' hypocrisy sings here—and alas, if the first lord is ONLY the first servant!

Ah, my eyes' curiosity settled even on their hypocrisy; and I saw clearly all their fly-like happiness, and their buzzing around sunlit windowpanes.

I see so much kindness, and so much weakness. So much justice and pity, and so much weakness.

They are polite, pleasant, and considerate with one another, the way grains of sand are round, smooth, and considerate toward other grains of sand.

They modestly settle for a small happiness—that is what they call "submission." And at the same time, they modestly keep looking around for another small happiness.

What they want most, deep down, is simply this: that no one should hurt them. So they try to anticipate everyone's wishes and treat everyone well.

But that is COWARDICE, even if they call it "virtue." —

And when those small people happen to speak harshly, I hear nothing in it but their hoarseness—every breath of air makes them hoarse.

They are shrewd indeed, and their virtues have shrewd fingers. But they have no fists: their fingers do not know how to hide

behind fists.

For them, virtue is whatever makes people modest and tame. By means of it, they have turned the wolf into a dog, and man himself into man's best domestic animal.

"We place our chair in the MIDDLE," their smirking says to me, "equally far from dying gladiators and from satisfied swine."

But that is—MEDIOCRITY, even if they call it moderation. —

I pass through these people and drop many words among them, but they know neither how to receive them nor how to keep them.

They wonder why I did not come to denounce lust and vice; and truly, I did not come to warn them about pickpockets either!

They wonder why I am not ready to support and sharpen their wisdom—as though they did not already have enough know-it-alls, whose voices scrape against my ears like slate pencils!

And when I cry out, "Curse all the cowardly devils in you that want to whimper, fold their hands, and worship," they shout back, "Zarathustra is godless."

And it is especially their teachers of submission who shout this; yet it is precisely into their ears that I most love to cry: "Yes! I AM Zarathustra, the godless!"

Those teachers of submission! Wherever there is anything puny, sickly, or scabbed over, they creep in like lice; and only my disgust keeps me from crushing them.

Well then! This is my sermon for THEIR ears: I am Zarathustra the godless, who says, "Who is more godless than I am, so that I may take pleasure in his teaching?"

I am Zarathustra, the godless one: where can I find my equal? My equals are all those who give themselves their own will and cast off every form of submission.

I am Zarathustra, the godless one! I cook every chance in my own pot. And only when it is fully cooked do I welcome it as my food.

And truly, many a chance came to me with authority; but my will spoke to it with even greater authority—and then it fell to its knees before me, pleading—

—Begging to find a home and a heart with me, and saying in flattery: "See, O Zarathustra, only a friend comes to a friend!"—

But why do I speak, when no one has ears for me! So I will shout it out to all the winds:

You keep growing smaller, you small people! You are crumbling away, you comfortable ones! You will yet perish—

—Through your many small virtues, your many small failures to act, and your many small submissions!

Your soil is too soft, too yielding. But for a tree to grow great, it must twist hard roots around hard rock!

And what you leave undone also helps weave the web of all humanity's future; even your nothingness is a cobweb, and a spider living on the blood of the future.

And when you take, it is like stealing, you small virtuous ones; but even among knaves, honor says that "one should steal only when one cannot rob."

"It gives itself"—that too is a doctrine of submission. But I tell you, you comfortable ones, that it takes for itself, and it will keep taking more and more from you!

Ah, if only you would renounce all half-willing, and choose idleness as decisively as you choose action!

Ah, if only you understood my words: "Always do what you will—but first become someone who can will."

Always love your neighbor as yourselves—but first become people who love themselves—

—People who love with a great love, people who love with a great contempt!" Thus speaks Zarathustra the godless.—

But why do I speak, when no one has ears for me! It is still an hour too early for me here.

I am my own forerunner among this people, my own cockcrow in dark lanes.

But their hour is coming! And mine is coming too! With every hour they grow smaller, poorer, more barren—poor plants, poor earth!

And soon they will stand before me like dry grass on the prairie, truly tired of themselves—and gasping for fire more than for water!

O blessed hour of lightning! O mystery before noon! One day I will turn them into running fires, and into heralds with flaming tongues—

—One day they will proclaim with flaming tongues: It is coming, it is near, the great noontide!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# L. ON THE OLIVE-MOUNT.

---

Winter, a bad guest, sits with me in my house; my hands are blue from his friendly handshake.

I honor him, that bad guest, but I am glad to leave him by himself. I gladly run away from him; and when one runs well, one escapes him!

With warm feet and warm thoughts, I run where the wind is still—to the sunny corner of my olive-mount.

There I laugh at my stern guest, and I am still fond of him, because he clears my house of flies and quiets many small noises.

He does not allow even a single gnat to buzz, much less two of them; he also makes the lanes so lonely that even the moonlight is afraid there at night.

He is a harsh guest—but I honor him, and I do not worship, like the soft ones do, the pot-bellied idol of the fire.

Even a little chattering of teeth is better than idol worship—that is what my nature wants. And I especially resent all glowing, steaming, overheated fire-idols.

The one I love, I love better in winter than in summer; and I mock my enemies better now, and more wholeheartedly, when winter sits in my house.

Wholeheartedly, truly, even when I creep into bed—there my hidden happiness still laughs and plays; even my deceptive dream laughs.

I, a creeper? Never in my life have I crawled before the powerful; and if I ever lied, I lied out of love. That is why I am glad even in my winter bed.

A poor bed warms me more than a rich one, for I am jealous of my poverty. And in winter she is most faithful to me.

I begin every day with a bit of mischief: I mock winter by taking a cold bath. That is why my stern housemate grumbles.

I also like to tease him with a candle, so that at last he lets the heavens come out of their ash-grey twilight.

I am especially mischievous in the morning, at that early hour when the bucket rattles at the well and horses neigh warmly in the grey lanes:

Then I wait impatiently for the clear sky finally to break over me—the snow-bearded winter sky, the hoary one, the white-haired old head—

—the winter sky, the silent winter sky, which often smothers even its own sun!

# Did I perhaps learn the long, clear silence from it

---

Or did it learn it from me? Or did each of us invent it for himself?

The origin of all good things is a thousandfold—all good mischievous things come into being out of joy. How could they happen only once and never again?

A long silence is also a good mischievous thing, and so is looking out from a clear, round-eyed face like the winter sky:

—like it, to smother one's own sun and one's unbending solar will. Truly, I have learned this art and this winter mischief well!

My favorite wickedness and art is this: my silence has learned not to give itself away through silence.

With clattering words and dice, I outwit the solemn attendants. My will and purpose slip past all those stern watchers.

So that no one might see down into my depths and into my ultimate will, I devised the long, clear silence.

I found many a shrewd man: he covered his face and muddied his water so that no one could see through it or to the bottom.

But it was exactly to him that even shrewder doubters and nut-crackers came. It was from him, of all people, that they fished out his best-hidden fish!

But the clear, the honest, the transparent—these are, to me, the wisest silent ones. In them the depth is so profound that even the clearest water does not betray it.

You snow-bearded, silent winter sky, you round-eyed white-haired one above me! O heavenly image of my soul and its wantonness!

And must I hide myself like someone who has swallowed gold—so that my soul will not be cut open?

Must I not wear stilts so they can look past my long legs—all those envious people around me who mean harm?

How could those dingy, fire-warmed, worn-out, greenish, ill-tempered souls bear my happiness without envy?

So I show them only the ice and winter of my peaks—and not that my mountain winds its way through every belt of sun around it.

They hear only the whistling of my winter storms, and do not know that I also travel over warm seas, like longing, heavy, hot south winds.

They pity my accidents and chances as well—but my word says: "Let chance come to me; it is innocent, like a little child!"

How could they bear my happiness if I did not wrap it in accidents, winter hardships, bearskin caps, and swirling snowflakes?

—if I did not myself pity their pity, the pity of those envious people who wish to injure me!

—if I did not sigh before them myself, chatter with cold, and patiently let myself be wrapped in their pity!

This is the wise, playful will and goodwill of my soul: it does not hide its winters and icy storms; it does not hide its chilblains either.

For one person, loneliness is the flight of the sick man; for another, it is flight from the sick.

Let all those poor, squinting knaves around me hear me chattering and sighing with winter cold! With that sighing and chattering, I am fleeing from their overheated rooms.

Let them sympathize with me and sigh for me because of my chilblains: "At the ice of knowledge he will freeze to death yet!"—that is how they mourn.

Meanwhile, I run here and there with warm feet on my olive mountain; in the sunny corner of my olive mountain, I sing and mock all pity.—

Thus sang Zarathustra.

# LI. ON PASSING-BY.

---

After wandering slowly through many peoples and many cities, Zarathustra returned to his mountains and his cave by winding, indirect roads. And look: without meaning to, he also came to the gate of the GREAT CITY. There, however, a frothing fool rushed up to him with outstretched hands and blocked his way. It was the same fool the people called "the ape of Zarathustra," because he had learned something from him about the style and rhythm of speech, and perhaps also liked to borrow from the store of his wisdom. And the fool spoke to Zarathustra like this:

O Zarathustra, here is the great city: here you have nothing to seek and everything to lose.

Why would you wade through this filth? Have pity on your feet! Better to spit on the city gate—and turn back!

This is the hell of the hermit's thoughts: here great thoughts are boiled alive and cooked down until they are small.

Here all great feelings rot away: here only rattling, hollow sensations are allowed to clatter!

Do you not already smell the slaughterhouses and kitchens of the spirit? Does this city not steam with the fumes of slaughtered spirit?

Do you not see souls hanging there like limp, filthy rags?—And they even make newspapers out of these rags!

Do you not hear how spirit has become nothing but a game of words here? It spews out disgusting verbal slop!—And they even make newspapers out of this verbal slop.

They chase one another and do not know where they are going!  
They excite one another and do not know why! They jingle their  
cheap metal and rattle their gold.

They are cold and look for warmth in strong drink; they burn  
with fever and look for coolness in frozen spirits; they are all  
sick and raw from public opinion.

All lusts and vices are at home here; but the virtuous are here  
too; there is plenty of virtue that can be assigned and  
appointed:—

Plenty of appointable virtue, with clerk's fingers and sturdy  
sitting-flesh and waiting-flesh, blessed with little stars on the  
breast, and padded daughters without hips.

There is also much piety here, and much faithful licking of  
spittle and crawling back to it, before the God of Hosts.

"From on high," the star drips down, and gracious spittle too; for  
every starless bosom longs for what is high.

The moon has its court, and the court has its moon-calves. Yet  
the begging crowd prays to everything that comes from the  
court, and to every beggar's virtue that can win an appointment.

"I serve, you serve, we serve"—that is how every virtue that  
hopes for appointment prays to the prince: so that, at last, the  
star one has earned may be pinned to a narrow chest!

But the moon still circles everything earthly; and in the same  
way the prince circles what is basest on earth—which is the  
shopkeeper's gold.

The God of the hosts of war is not the God of the gold counter; the prince proposes, but the shopkeeper decides!

By everything in you that is bright and strong and good, O Zarathustra, spit on this city of shopkeepers and turn back!

Here all blood runs foul, lukewarm, and frothy through every vein. Spit on the great city, that great slum where all the scum bubbles together!

Spit on the city of cramped souls and narrow chests, of sharp eyes and sticky fingers—

—on the city of the pushy, the brazen-faced, the demagogues of the pen and the demagogues of the tongue, the overheated ambitious—

—where everything crippled, disgraced, lustful, distrustful, overripe, sickly-yellow, and rebellious festers into corruption—

—spit on the great city and turn back!—

But here Zarathustra interrupted the foaming fool and shut his mouth.—

Stop at once! cried Zarathustra. Your speech and your kind have disgusted me for a long time.

Why did you live so long by the swamp that you had to become a frog and a toad yourself?

Does tainted, frothy swamp-blood not run in your own veins, now that you have learned to croak and slander like this?

Why did you not go into the forest? Or why did you not work the soil? Is the sea not full of green islands?

I despise your contempt; and when you warned me, why did you not warn yourself?

Only out of love will my contempt and my warning bird take flight; never out of the swamp!—

They call you my ape, you foaming fool; but I call you my grunting pig—for with your grunting, you spoil even my praise of folly.

What first made you grunt? Because no one flattered you enough. So you sat down beside this filth, so that you would have plenty to grunt about—

—so that you would have plenty to take revenge for! For revenge, you vain fool, is all your raging; I have seen through you well!

But your fool's word harms me, even when you are right! And even if Zarathustra's word were justified a hundred times over, you would still—do wrong with my word!

Thus spoke Zarathustra. Then he looked at the great city and sighed, and for a long time he was silent. At last he spoke:

I also loathe this great city, and not only this fool. Here as elsewhere, there is nothing to improve and nothing to make worse.

Woe to this great city!—And I wish I could already see the pillar of fire in which it will be consumed!

For such pillars of fire must come before the great noontide. But this has its own time and its own fate.—

Yet this is the counsel I give you as we part, you fool: Where one can no longer love, one should—pass by!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and he passed by the fool and the great city.

## LII. THE APOSTATES.

---

Ah, is everything already lying withered and grey that only recently stood green and many-colored in this meadow? And how much honey of hope I carried from here into my beehives!

Those young hearts have all already grown old—and not even old, really! Only tired, ordinary, comfortable. They say: “We have become pious again.”

Not long ago I saw them rushing out at early dawn with brave steps; but the feet of their knowledge grew tired, and now they even slander their own morning courage!

Truly, many of them once lifted their legs like dancers; the laughter of my wisdom beckoned to them—then they thought better of it. Just now I have seen them bent over, creeping toward the cross.

Once they fluttered around light and liberty like gnats and young poets. A little older, a little colder—and already they are mystifiers, mumblers, and pampered weaklings.

# **Did their hearts perhaps lose courage because loneliness had swallowed me like a whale**

---

Did their ears perhaps strain for me in vain, longing for my trumpet blasts and herald calls?

Ah! There are always only a few whose hearts have lasting courage and overflowing spirit; and in them, patience remains as well. The rest, however, are cowardly.

The rest: they are always the great majority—the ordinary, the unnecessary, the far too many. All of them are cowardly!

Whoever is of my kind will also meet the experiences of my kind along the way, so that his first companions must be corpses and buffoons.

His second companions, however, will call themselves his believers—a living crowd full of love, full of folly, full of immature reverence.

Whoever is of my kind among men must not tie his heart to those believers; he must not place his trust in those springtimes and many-colored meadows, if he knows the fickle, faint-hearted human race.

If they could do otherwise, they would also will otherwise. The half-hearted ruin everything whole. When leaves wither, what is there to mourn?

Let them go and fall away, O Zarathustra, and do not grieve!  
Better even to blow through them with rustling winds—

—Blow through those leaves, O Zarathustra, so that everything withered may flee from you all the faster!

"We have become pious again"—that is what those apostates confess; and some of them are still too timid even to admit it.

I look them in the eye; I say it to their faces and to the blush on their cheeks: you are the ones who pray again!

And yet it is shameful to pray—not for everyone, but for you, and me, and whoever carries his conscience in his head. For you, it is a shame to pray!

You know it well: the faint-hearted devil in you, the one that wants to fold its arms, rest its hands in its lap, and take the easier path—this faint-hearted devil persuades you that "there is a God!"

By that, however, you belong to the light-fearing kind, to those whom light never allows to rest: now you must push your head deeper each day into darkness and mist.

And truly, you have chosen the right hour: just now the birds of the night are flying out again. The time has come for all who fear the light—the evening hour, the idle hour, when they do not "take leisure."

I can hear it and smell it: their hour has come for hunting and parading—not for a wild hunt, to be sure, but for a tame, limping, snuffling hunt of soft-steppers and soft-prayers—

—a hunt for gullible simpletons: all the mouse-traps for the heart have been set again! And whenever I lift a curtain, a night-moth rushes out of it.

# Did it perhaps crouch there beside another night-moth

---

For everywhere I smell little hidden communities; and wherever there are closets, there are new devotees inside them, and the stale air of devotion.

They sit beside each other through long evenings and say, "Let us become like little children again and say, 'good God!'"—their mouths and stomachs ruined by pious confectioners.

Or for long evenings they stare at a sly, lurking cross-spider, which preaches prudence to the spiders themselves and teaches that "under crosses it is good to spin cobwebs!"

Or they sit all day by swamps with fishing rods and therefore think themselves profound; but whoever fishes where there are no fish, I do not even call superficial!

Or they learn, in a piously cheerful style, to play the harp with a hymn-poet who would like to harp his way into the hearts of young girls—for he has grown tired of old girls and their praise.

Or they learn to shudder with an educated half-madman who waits in darkened rooms for spirits to come to him—and the spirit runs away altogether!

Or they listen to an old wandering piper of howls and growls, who learned the sadness of sound from the mournful winds; now he pipes like the wind and preaches sadness in sorrowful tunes.

And some of them have even become night-watchmen: now they know how to blow horns, walk about at night, and wake old things that have long been asleep.

Last night by the garden wall I heard five words about old things: they came from such old, sorrowful, dried-up night-watchmen.

"As a father, he does not care enough for his children: human fathers do this better!"—

"He is too old! He no longer cares about his children," answered the other night-watchman.

"Does he even have children, then? No one can prove it unless he proves it himself! I have long wished that, just once, he would prove it clearly."

"Prove? As if he had ever proved anything! Proving is hard for him; he puts great weight on people simply believing him."

"Yes, yes! Belief saves him; belief in him. That is the way with old people! It is the same with us as well!"—

—So the two old night-watchmen and fearers of light spoke to each other, and then blew their horns sorrowfully: that is what happened last night by the garden wall.

But my heart twisted with laughter and nearly burst; it did not know where to turn, and sank down into my midriff.

Truly, it may yet kill me—to choke with laughter when I see drunken asses and hear night-watchmen doubting God like this.

Has the time for all such doubts not long since passed? Who today could awaken such old, sleeping, light-shunning things?

The old deities have long since come to their end—and truly, they had a fine, joyful divine ending!

They did not darken themselves to death—that is something people made up! On the contrary, once upon a time they laughed themselves to death!

That happened when the most ungodly saying came from a god himself—the saying: “There is but one God! Thou shalt have no other Gods before me!”—

—An old grim-bearded god, a jealous one, forgot himself in that way:—

And then all the gods laughed and shook on their thrones, and cried out: “Is this not true divinity—that there are gods, but no God?”

Let anyone with ears hear.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra in the city he loved, which is called “The Pied Cow.” From there he had only two days’ journey before he would once again reach his cave and his animals; meanwhile, his soul rejoiced without ceasing because he was so near to home.

## LIII. THE RETURN HOME.

---

O solitude! My home, solitude! I have lived too long, wildly, in wild remoteness, to return to you without tears!

Now threaten me with your finger, the way mothers do; now smile at me the way mothers smile; now simply say: "Who was it that once rushed away from me like a whirlwind?—"

—Who, as he was leaving, cried out: 'I have sat too long with loneliness; there I unlearned silence!' That is what you have learned now—surely?

O Zarathustra, I know everything; and that you were more forsaken among the many, you singular one, than you ever were with me!

Forsakenness is one thing, loneliness is another: that is what you have learned now! And among men you will always be wild and strange:

—Wild and strange even when they love you; for above all they want to be treated gently!

But here you are at home and at ease with yourself; here you can say everything and lay bare every motive; here nothing is ashamed of hidden, frozen feelings.

Here all things come gently to your speech and flatter you, for they want to ride on your back. Here you ride every metaphor toward every truth.

Here you may speak to all things uprightly and openly; and truly, to their ears it sounds like praise when someone speaks to all

things directly!

Forsakenness, however, is something else. Do you remember, O Zarathustra? When your bird cried out overhead, and you stood in the forest, uncertain, not knowing where to go, beside a corpse:—

—When you said: 'Let my animals lead me! I have found it more dangerous among men than among animals:'—that was forsakenness!

And do you remember, O Zarathustra? When you sat on your island, a well of wine giving and pouring itself out among empty buckets, bestowing and sharing among the thirsty:

—Until at last you sat there alone, thirsty among the drunken, and cried out night after night: 'Is receiving not more blessed than giving? And is stealing even more blessed than receiving?'—that was forsakenness!

And do you remember, O Zarathustra? When your stillest hour came and drove you out of yourself, when with a wicked whisper it said: 'Speak and perish!'—

—When it filled you with disgust for all your waiting and silence, and broke the spirit of your humble courage: that was forsakenness!"—

O solitude, my home, solitude! How gently and beautifully your voice speaks to me!

We do not question each other or complain to each other; we move together openly through open doors.

For with you, everything is open and clear; even the hours pass here with lighter steps. In the dark, time weighs more heavily on a person than it does in the light.

Here all the words of being, and all its hidden stores of words, open themselves to me; here everything that exists wants to become language, and everything that is becoming wants to learn from me how to speak.

Down there, however, all speech is useless. There, forgetting and passing by are the best wisdom: that is what I have learned now.

Anyone who wants to understand everything in man must lay hands on everything. But my hands are too clean for that.

I do not even like to breathe in their air; alas, that I lived so long among their noise and their foul breath!

O blessed stillness around me! O pure scents around me! How this stillness draws pure breath from a deep chest! How it listens, this blessed stillness!

But down there, everything speaks and everything is misunderstood. If someone announces his wisdom with bells, the shopkeepers in the marketplace drown it out with the jingle of coins!

Everything among them talks; no one knows anymore how to understand. Everything falls into the water; nothing falls into deep wells anymore.

Everything among them talks, but nothing succeeds anymore or brings itself to completion. Everything clucks and chatters, but

who will still sit quietly on the nest and hatch eggs?

Everything among them talks; everything has been talked out. And what yesterday was still too hard even for time and its teeth, today hangs chewed up and worn down from the mouths of the men of today.

Everything among them talks; everything is betrayed. And what was once called the secret, the hidden life of deep souls, now belongs to street trumpeters and other butterflies.

O human uproar, you marvelous thing! You noise in dark streets! Now you are behind me again—my greatest danger lies behind me!

My greatest danger always lay in indulgence and pity; and all human uproar wants to be indulged and tolerated.

I have always lived among people with truths held back, with a fool's hands and a fooled heart, and full of small, pitying lies.

I sat among them in disguise, ready to judge myself wrongly so that I could bear them, and willingly saying to myself: "You fool, you do not know men!"

One unlearns men by living among them. There is too much in the foreground in everyone—what can far-seeing, far-yearning eyes do there?

And foolish as I was, when they misjudged me, I treated them more gently for it than I treated myself. I was habitually hard on myself, and often even took revenge on myself for that indulgence.

Stung all over by poisonous flies, and hollowed out like stone by many drops of malice, I sat among them and still said to myself: "Everything petty is innocent in its pettiness!"

I found that those who call themselves "the good" were the most poisonous flies of all. They sting in all innocence, they lie in all innocence; how could they ever be just toward me?

Whoever lives among the good learns from pity how to lie. Pity makes the air suffocating for every free soul. For the stupidity of the good is bottomless.

Down there I learned to hide myself and my riches, for I still found everyone poor in spirit. That was the lie within my pity: that in every person I knew

—that in every person I saw and sensed what amount of spirit was enough for him, and what was too much!

Their rigid wise men—I call them wise, not rigid: that is how I learned to blur over words.

Grave-diggers dig up diseases for themselves. Bad vapors lie under old rubble. One should not stir up the marsh. One should live on mountains.

With blessed nostrils I breathe mountain freedom again. At last my nose is free from the smell of all human bustle!

Tickled by sharp breezes as if by sparkling wine, my soul sneezes—sneezes and cries out in self-congratulation: "Health to thee!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## LIV. THE THREE EVIL THINGS.

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In my dream, in my last dream of the morning, I stood today on a promontory beyond the world. I held a pair of scales and weighed the world.

Alas, the rosy dawn came to me too soon: she woke me with her glow, the jealous one! She is always jealous of the radiance of my morning dream.

Measurable by anyone who has time, weighable by a skilled weigher, reachable by strong wings, guessable by divine nutcrackers: that is how my dream found the world—

My dream, a daring sailor, half ship and half hurricane, silent as a butterfly, impatient as a falcon—how did it find the patience and leisure today to weigh the world?

Did my wisdom perhaps speak to it in secret—my laughing, fully awake wisdom of the day, which mocks all “infinite worlds”? For it says: “Where force exists, number becomes the master: it has more force.”

How confidently my dream looked at this finite world—not in some fashionable new way, not in some old-fashioned way, not timidly, not pleadingly:—

—As if a large round apple had offered itself into my hand, a ripe golden apple with a cool, soft, velvety skin: that is how the world presented itself to me—

—As if a tree had nodded to me, a broad-branched, strong-willed tree, bent like a resting place and a footstool for weary travelers: that is how the world stood on my

promontory—

—As if delicate hands were carrying a casket toward me—an open casket for the delight of modest, adoring eyes: that is how the world appeared before me today—

—Not enough of a riddle to frighten human love away from it, and not enough of a solution to send human wisdom to sleep: today the world seemed to me a humanly good thing, though so many bad things are said about it!

How I thank my morning dream for letting me weigh the world like this at today's dawn! This dream, this comforter of the heart, came to me as something humanly good.

And so that I may do the same by day, and follow and copy what was best in it, I will now place the three worst things on the scales and weigh them in a properly human way.—

He who taught people to bless also taught them to curse: what are the three most cursed things in the world? These I will place on the scales.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS, PASSION FOR POWER, and SELFISHNESS: these three things have so far been the most cursed, and have had the worst and most false reputation—these three things I will weigh in a properly human way.

Well! Here is my headland, and there is the sea—it rolls toward me, shaggy and fawning, like the old, faithful, hundred-headed dog-monster that I love!—

Well! Here I will hold the scales over the surging sea; and I choose a witness to watch—thee, anchorite-tree, thee,

strong-scented, wide-arching tree that I love!—

By what bridge does the now pass into the hereafter? By what force does the high bend down to the low? And what commands even the highest still—to keep growing upward?—

Now the scales stand balanced and still: I have thrown in three heavy questions, and the other scale bears three heavy answers.

Voluptuousness: to all hair-shirted despisers of the body, it is a sting and a stake; and all believers in backworlds curse it as “the world,” because it mocks and makes fools of all wandering, mistaken teachers.

Voluptuousness: to the rabble, it is the slow fire that burns them; for all worm-eaten wood and all stinking rags, it is the ready heat and boiling furnace.

Voluptuousness: to free hearts, it is something innocent and free, the earth’s garden-joy, all the future’s overflowing gratitude to the present.

Voluptuousness: only for the withered is it a sweet poison; for the lion-willed, however, it is a great tonic, the reverently preserved wine of wines.

Voluptuousness: the great symbolic joy of a higher joy and the highest hope. For to many, marriage is promised, and more than marriage,—

—To many who are more unknown to one another than man and woman are:—and who has ever fully understood HOW UNKNOWN man and woman are to each other!

Voluptuousness:—but I want hedges around my thoughts, and even around my words, so that swine and libertines do not break into my gardens!—

Passion for power: the burning scourge of the hardest hearts; the cruel torture kept for the cruellest themselves; the dark flame of living pyres.

Passion for power: the evil gadfly that settles on the vainest peoples; the mocker of all uncertain virtue; riding every horse and every pride.

Passion for power: the earthquake that shatters and tears open everything rotten and hollow; the rolling, rumbling, punishing destroyer of whitewashed tombs; the flashing question mark beside premature answers.

Passion for power: before its gaze, man crawls, cowers, and toils, becoming lower than the serpent and the swine—until at last a great contempt cries out from within him—

Passion for power: the terrible teacher of great contempt, preaching to the faces of cities and empires, "Away with you!"—until a voice cries out from within themselves: "Away with me!"

Passion for power: which, however, rises seductively even toward the pure and solitary, up to self-contented heights, glowing like a love that paints alluring purple happiness across earthly heavens.

Passion for power: but who would call it passion when the height longs to bend down in order to have power? Truly, there is nothing sick or diseased in such longing and descent!

So that the lonely height may not remain lonely and self-sufficient forever; so that the mountains may come down to the valleys, and the winds of the heights to the plains:—

Oh, who could find the right name and title of honor for such longing? “Bestowing virtue”—that is what Zarathustra once called the unnamable.

And then this also happened—and truly, it happened for the first time!—his word blessed selfishness, the sound, healthy selfishness that springs from the powerful soul:—

—From the powerful soul to which the exalted body belongs, the beautiful, triumphant, life-giving body around which everything becomes a mirror:

—The supple, persuasive body, the dancer, whose symbol and summary is the soul that delights in itself. In such bodies and souls, this self-delight calls itself “virtue.”

With its words for good and bad, such self-delight shelters itself as if in sacred groves; with the names of its happiness, it drives away everything contemptible.

It drives away everything cowardly from itself; it says: “Bad—that is cowardly!” What seems contemptible to it are the constantly anxious, the sighing, the complaining, and those who snatch at the smallest advantage.

It also despises all bitter-sweet wisdom. For truly, there is a kind of wisdom that blooms in the dark, a nightshade wisdom that is always sighing, “All is vain!”

It sees timid distrust as something low, and the same goes for anyone who wants oaths instead of looks and handshakes. It also rejects every form of excessive distrustful wisdom, for that is the way of cowardly souls.

It thinks even less of the fawning, dog-like person who instantly rolls onto his back, the submissive one. And there is also a kind of wisdom that is submissive, dog-like, pious, and obsequious.

What it hates completely, what it finds disgusting, is the person who never defends himself, who swallows poisonous spit and hostile looks—the all-too-patient one, the one who endures everything, the one satisfied with everything. For that is the way of slaves.

Whether they are servile before gods and divine contempt, or before men and foolish human opinions, this blessed selfishness spits on every kind of slave.

Bad: that is what it calls everything broken in spirit and meanly servile—forced, blinking eyes, downcast hearts, and that false submissive manner that kisses with broad, cowardly lips.

And it calls spurious wisdom all the cleverness affected by slaves, by the old and the weary, and especially all the cunning, fake-clever, over-curious foolishness of priests.

But the false wise—the priests, the world-weary, and all those whose souls are feminine and servile—oh, how their game has always twisted selfishness into something shameful!

And that, exactly, was supposed to be virtue and to be called virtue: to slander selfishness. And “selfless”—that is what all those world-weary cowards and spiteful spider-like souls

wanted for themselves, and with good reason.

But now the day is coming for all of them—the change, the sword of judgment, the great noontide. Then many things will be brought to light.

And he who declares the ego healthy and holy, and selfishness blessed—truly, he, the herald, also speaks what he knows:

“BEHOLD, IT IS COMING, IT IS NEAR, THE GREAT NOONTIDE!”

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## LV. THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY.

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My way of speaking is of the people: I talk too bluntly and warmly for Angora rabbits. And my words sound even stranger to all the ink-fish and pen-foxes.

My hand is a fool's hand: woe to all tables and walls, and to anything else that offers space for a fool's sketching and scribbling!

My foot is a horse's foot; with it I trample and trot over sticks and stones, up and down the fields, and I am possessed by delight in every fast race.

My stomach is surely an eagle's stomach! It prefers lamb's flesh. Certainly it is a bird's stomach.

Fed on innocent things, and on little, ready and impatient to fly, to fly away—that is my nature now. Why should there not be something birdlike in it?

And above all, I am hostile to the spirit of gravity—that too is bird-nature: truly hostile, mortally hostile, utterly hostile, hostile from the beginning! Oh, where has my hostility not flown, and flown astray?

I could sing a song about that—and I will sing it, even if I am alone in an empty house and must sing it to my own ears.

There are other singers, certainly, whose voices grow soft only in a full house, whose hands become eloquent, whose eyes grow expressive, whose hearts awaken—those singers are not like me.

Whoever one day teaches men to fly will have moved all landmarks; to him, all landmarks themselves will rise into the air. He will rename the earth and call it "the light body."

The ostrich runs faster than the fastest horse, yet it still thrusts its head heavily into the heavy earth: so it is with the man who cannot yet fly.

Earth and life weigh heavily on him, and that is what the spirit of gravity wants! But whoever would become light and become a bird must love himself: that is what I teach.

Not, of course, with the love of the sick and infected, for in them even self-love stinks!

One must learn to love oneself—that is what I teach—with a sound and healthy love, so that one can bear one's own company and not keep wandering off.

That wandering off calls itself "brotherly love"; under those words there has so far been the greatest lying and pretending, especially by those who have been a burden to everyone.

And truly, learning to love yourself is not a commandment for today or tomorrow. It is the finest of all arts, the subtlest, the last to be mastered, and the one that requires the most patience.

For the one who possesses it, all possessions remain strangely hidden, and of all treasure pits, one's own is the last to be dug up—such is the work of the spirit of gravity.

Almost from the cradle, we are assigned heavy words and values: "good" and "evil"—that is what this inheritance calls itself. For its sake, we are forgiven for being alive.

And so people allow little children to come to them, only to forbid them early on from loving themselves—such is the work of the spirit of gravity.

And we—we faithfully carry what has been assigned to us, on hard shoulders, across rough mountains. And when we sweat, people say to us: “Yes, life is hard to bear!”

But it is man himself who is hard to bear. The reason is that he carries too many чужие things on his shoulders. Like the camel, he kneels down and lets himself be heavily loaded.

Especially the strong, burden-bearing man in whom reverence lives. He loads himself with too many EXTRANEIOUS heavy words and values—and then life seems to him like a desert.

And truly, many things that are OUR OWN are also hard to bear. And many inner things in a person are like the oyster—repellent, slippery, and hard to grasp;

So an elegant shell, with elegant decoration, must speak for them. But this too is an art one must learn: to HAVE a shell, a fine appearance, and a wise kind of blindness.

Again, much about man is misunderstood because many a shell is poor, pitiable, and too much shell. Much hidden goodness and strength is never even imagined; the finest delicacies find no one to taste them!

Women know that, especially the finest among them: a little fatter, a little leaner—oh, how much fate lies in so little!

Man is hard to discover, and hardest of all for himself to discover; the spirit often lies about the soul. Such is the work of

the spirit of gravity.

But whoever has discovered himself says: This is MY good and evil. With that, he has silenced the mole and the dwarf, who say: "Good for all, evil for all."

Truly, I do not like those who call everything good and this world the best of all. I call them the all-satisfied.

That all-satisfied attitude, which claims it can enjoy everything, is not the finest taste. I honor stubborn, discerning tongues and stomachs that have learned to say "I," and "Yes," and "No."

But chewing and digesting everything—that is the true nature of a swine! Always saying YE-A—that is something only the ass has learned, and those like it!

Deep yellow and burning red—that is what my taste wants; it mixes blood into every color. But whoever whitewashes his house reveals to me a whitewashed soul.

Some fall in love with mummies, others with phantoms; both are equally hostile to flesh and blood—oh, how offensive both are to my taste! For I love blood.

And I would not live or remain where everyone spits and spews. That is my taste now. I would rather live among thieves and perjurers. No one carries gold in his mouth.

But even more offensive to me are all sycophants; and the most repulsive human creature I ever found I named "parasite": it would not love, and yet it wanted to live off love.

I call unhappy all those who have only one choice: either to become evil beasts or evil tamers of beasts. Among such

people I would not build my tent.

I also call unhappy those who must always wait—they offend my taste: all toll-gatherers and traders, and kings, and other keepers of land and shopkeepers.

Truly, I too learned how to wait, and learned it thoroughly—but only to wait for myself. And above all, I learned how to stand and walk and run and leap and climb and dance.

This, however, is my teaching: whoever wishes to fly one day must first learn to stand and walk and run and climb and dance—no one flies straight into flying!

With rope ladders I learned to reach many a window; with nimble legs I climbed high masts. To sit on the high masts of perception seemed to me no small joy;

—to flicker like small flames on high masts: a small light, certainly, but a great comfort to castaway sailors and the shipwrecked.

I reached my truth by many different paths and turns; I did not climb a single ladder to the height from which my eye now ranges into the distance.

And I only asked for directions reluctantly—that always went against my nature. I preferred to question and test the paths themselves.

My whole journey has been a matter of testing and questioning—and truly, one must also learn how to answer such questions! That, however, is my taste:

—neither good taste nor bad taste, but my taste, of which I am no longer either ashamed or secretive.

“This is my way now—where is yours?” That is how I answered those who asked me for “the way.” For the way does not exist!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# LVI. OLD AND NEW TABLES.

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Here I sit and wait, with old broken tables around me and new half-written ones as well. When will my hour come?

—The hour of my descent, of my going down: for once more I will go to men.

I now wait for that hour, for the signs must first come to me that it is my hour—namely, the laughing lion with the flock of doves.

Meanwhile I speak to myself like someone who has time. No one tells me anything new, so I tell myself my own story.

When I came to men, I found them resting in an old delusion: all of them thought they had long known what was good and bad for men.

All talk about virtue seemed to them an old, tiresome business; and anyone who wanted to sleep well spoke of “good” and “bad” before going to bed.

I disturbed this drowsiness when I taught that no one yet knows what is good and bad—except, perhaps, the creator!

—Yet it is he who creates man’s goal and gives the earth its meaning and its future: he alone makes it possible for anything to be good or bad.

And I told them to overturn their old academic chairs, and wherever that old delusion had taken its seat; I told them to laugh at their great moralists, their saints, their poets, and their Saviours.

I told them to laugh at their gloomy sages as well, and at anyone who had sat preaching like a black scarecrow on the tree of life.

I sat down on their great highway of graves, right beside the carrion and the vultures—and I laughed at all their past and its mellow, decaying glory.

Truly, like a preacher of repentance and a fool, I cried out in wrath and shame against all their greatness and smallness. Oh, that their best is so small! Oh, that their worst is so small! And so I laughed.

So my wise longing, born in the mountains, cried out and laughed within me; a wild wisdom, truly!—my great longing with the rustle of wings.

And often it carried me off, up, and away in the midst of laughter; then I flew trembling like an arrow, drunk on the sun with rapture:

—Out into distant futures that no dream has yet seen, into warmer souths than any sculptor ever imagined,—where gods are so caught up in dancing that they are ashamed of all clothes:

(Let me speak in parables, and limp and stammer like the poets: for truly I am ashamed that I still have to be a poet!)

Where all becoming seemed to me like the dancing of Gods and the playful reveling of Gods, and the world set loose, unbridled, and rushing back to itself:—

—Like an eternal fleeing from and seeking of one another among many Gods, like the blessed self-contradiction, renewed

communion, and renewed brotherhood of many Gods with one another:—

Where all time seemed to me a blessed mockery of moments, where necessity was freedom itself, happily playing with the goad of freedom:—

Where I also found again my old devil and arch-enemy, the spirit of gravity, and everything it created: constraint, law, necessity, consequence, purpose, will, and good and evil:—

For must there not be things that are danced over, danced beyond? Must there not, for the sake of the nimble, the nimblest, be moles and clumsy dwarfs?—

It was there, too, that I picked up from the path the word "Superman," and the thought that man is something that must be surpassed.

—That man is a bridge and not a goal—rejoicing in his noontides and evenings as steps toward new rosy dawns:

—The Zarathustra word of the great noontide, and whatever else I have hung above men like purple afterglows of evening.

Truly, I also made them see new stars and new nights; and over cloud and day and night, I spread laughter like a brightly colored canopy.

I taught them all my art of shaping and striving: how to gather into one whole what is broken in man, and what is riddle, and fearful accident;—

—As a creator, a reader of riddles, and a redeemer of chance, I taught them to create the future, and to redeem all that has

been by creating.

To redeem the past of man, and to transform every "It was" until the Will says: "But this is how I willed it! And this is how I shall will it—"

—This is what I called redemption; this alone I taught them to call redemption.—

Now I wait for my redemption—that I may go to them one last time.

For once more I will go to men: among them my sun will set; in dying I will give them my finest gift!

I learned this from the sun, that overflowing one, when it goes down: then it pours gold into the sea out of its inexhaustible riches,—

—So that even the poorest fisherman rows with golden oars! I once saw this, and I could not stop weeping as I watched it.—

Zarathustra too will go down like the sun: now he sits here and waits, with old broken tablets around him, and new tablets too—half written.

Look, here is a new tablet; but where are my brothers who will carry it with me into the valley and into hearts of flesh?—

This is what my great love for the farthest ones demands: do not be considerate of your neighbor! Man is something that must be surpassed.

There are many different ways and means of surpassing: see to that yourself! But only a fool thinks: "man can also simply be leaped over."

Surpass yourself even in relation to your neighbor: and a right that you can seize for yourself, you must not allow to be handed to you!

What you do, no one can do back to you in the same way. Look: there is no repayment.

He who cannot command himself must obey. And many a person can command himself, yet still badly lacks self-obedience!

This is what noble souls want: they wish to have nothing for free, least of all life.

The common man wants to live for free; but we, to whom life has given itself, are always asking what we can best give back in return.

And truly, this is a noble saying: "Whatever life promises us, that promise we will keep—to life!"

One should not want to enjoy what one has done nothing to help create. And one should not set out to chase enjoyment at all.

For enjoyment and innocence are the shyest things. Neither likes to be pursued. One should have them—but one should rather seek guilt and pain!

O my brothers, whoever comes first is always sacrificed. And now we are the firstlings!

We all bleed on hidden sacrificial altars; we all burn and roast in honor of ancient idols.

What is best in us is still young, and that stirs the appetites of old palates. Our flesh is tender, our skin still like lambs' skin—how could we fail to tempt the old priests of idols?

That old priest of idols still lives within us, broiling what is best in us for his feast. Ah, my brothers, how could firstlings ever escape becoming sacrifices?

But that is what our kind desires; and I love those who do not want to preserve themselves. I love, with all my love, those who are going under, for they are going beyond.

To be truthful—that is something only a few can do. And whoever can do it often will not. Least of all can the good be truthful.

Oh, those good people! Good men never speak the truth. For the spirit, being good in that way is a sickness.

Those good people give way; they submit. Their heart only echoes, their soul obeys. But whoever obeys does not listen to himself.

Everything the good call evil must come together before a single truth can be born. O my brothers, are you evil enough for this truth as well?

The bold risk, the long distrust, the cruel No, the weariness, the cutting into the quick—how rarely these come together! And yet truth is born from such seed.

Up to now, all knowledge has grown beside a bad conscience. Break apart, break apart, you who seek understanding, the old tablets!

When the water is covered with planks, when walkways and railings span the stream, then truly no one believes the man who says: "All is in flux."

But even the simple-minded contradict him. "What?" they say. "Everything in flux? The planks and railings are still over the stream!"

"Over the stream, everything is stable. All the values of things, the bridges and supports, all 'good' and 'evil'—all of it is stable!"

But then hard winter comes, the tamer of streams, and even the cleverest learn to doubt. And then, truly, not only the simple-minded say: "Shouldn't everything stand still?"

"At bottom, everything stands still"—that is a fitting winter doctrine, good comfort for a barren season, a great consolation for winter sleepers and those who lounge by the fire.

"At bottom, everything stands still"—but the thawing wind preaches the opposite!

The thawing wind is a bull, not a plowing bull but a raging one, a destroyer that smashes the ice with angry horns. And the ice, in turn, breaks the walkways!

O my brothers, is not everything now in flux? Have not all railings and walkways fallen into the water? Who would still cling to 'good' and 'evil'?

"Woe to us! Hail to us! The thawing wind is blowing!"—preach this, my brothers, through all the streets!

There is an old illusion called good and evil. Until now, that illusion has revolved around soothsayers and astrologers.

Once people believed in soothsayers and astrologers, and so they believed: "Everything is fate: you shall, because you must!"

Then people began to distrust all soothsayers and astrologers, and so they believed: "Everything is freedom: you can, because you will!"

O my brothers, up to now there has been only illusion, not knowledge, about the stars and the future; and so there has also been only illusion, not knowledge, about good and evil!

10.

"Thou shalt not rob! Thou shalt not slay!"—such commands were once called holy. Before them, people bowed head and knee and took off their shoes.

But I ask you: where have there ever been better robbers and killers in the world than such holy commands?

Is there not, in all of life, also stealing and killing? And when such teachings were called holy, was not TRUTH itself being killed as well?

—Or was it a sermon of death that called holy whatever opposed life and tried to turn people away from it?—O my brothers, break apart the old tablets for me!

11.

It is out of sympathy with everything past that I see it has been abandoned—

—abandoned to the favor, the spirit, and the madness of every generation that comes along and reinterprets all that has been as a bridge for itself!

A great ruler might arise, a cunning wonder, who by approving and condemning could twist and force the whole past until it became for him a bridge, a sign of what was coming, a herald, and a rooster's crow.

But this is the other danger, and the other thing that stirs my sympathy: the man of the people lets his thoughts go back only to his grandfather—and with his grandfather, time comes to an end.

So all the past is abandoned, because one day the populace might become master and drown all time in shallow waters.

Therefore, O my brothers, a NEW NOBILITY is needed—one that will stand against all rule by the populace and by the powerful, and write the word "noble" anew on new tablets.

For many noble people are needed, and many kinds of noble people, FOR A NEW NOBILITY! Or, as I once said in a parable: "That is what is divine—that there are Gods, but no God!"

12.

O my brothers, I dedicate you and call you to a new nobility: you are to become the creators, cultivators, and sowers of the future—

—truly, not to a nobility that you could buy like merchants with merchants' gold; for little is worth anything if it has a price.

From now on, let your honor lie not in where you come from, but in where you are going! Let your will, and your feet that strive to go beyond yourselves, be your new honor!

Truly, not because you have served a prince—what do princes matter now?—nor because you have become a wall supporting what already stands, so that it may stand even more firmly.

Not because your family became courtly at court, and you learned—brightly colored like the flamingo—to stand for long hours in shallow pools:

(For the ability to stand is counted as a virtue in courtiers; and all courtiers believe that what belongs to blessedness after death is the permission to sit!)

Nor do I praise the claim that a Spirit called Holy led your forefathers into promised lands; for in the land where the worst of all trees grew—the cross—there is nothing to praise!

And truly, wherever this “Holy Spirit” led its knights, goats and geese, twisted-heads and grotesques always ran in front in those campaigns!

O my brothers, let your nobility look not backward but outward! You shall be exiles from every fatherland and forefather-land!

You shall love your children’s land: let that love be your new nobility—the undiscovered land in the farthest seas! For its sake I command your sails to search and search!

To your children you shall make amends for being the children of your fathers; in this way you shall redeem all the past! This new table I set over you!

13.

“Why live at all? Everything is vain! To live is to beat straw; to live is to burn yourself and still not get warm.”

This old chatter still passes for “wisdom”; and because it is ancient and smells of mildew, it is honored all the more. Even mold is treated as if it made things noble.

Children might talk like that: they avoid the fire because it has burned them! There is a great deal of childishness in the old books of wisdom.

And if a man spends all his time “beating straw,” why should he be allowed to complain about it? A fool like that ought to be muzzled!

Such people sit down at the table and bring nothing with them, not even a healthy appetite—and then they complain: “Everything is vain!”

But eating and drinking well, my brothers, is truly no trivial art! Break up, break up for me the tables of those who have never known joy!

14.

“To the clean, all things are clean”—so the people say. But I say to you: to swine, all things turn swinish!

That is why the visionaries and the bowed-heads—whose hearts are bowed down as well—preach: “The world itself is a filthy monster.”

For all of these are unclean spirits; and above all those who can find no peace or rest unless they see the world from behind—the backworldsmen!

I say this plainly to their faces, even if it sounds harsh: the world is like a human being in one respect—it has a backside. That

much is true.

There is a great deal of filth in the world. That much is true. But that does not make the world itself a filthy monster.

There is wisdom in the fact that so much in the world smells bad: disgust itself creates wings, and the power to find fresh springs.

Even in the best, there is still something to despise; and even the best is still something that must be surpassed!

O my brothers, there is great wisdom in the fact that there is so much filth in the world!

15.

I heard pious believers in a world beyond speak this way to their own consciences, truly without malice or deceit—though nothing in the world is more deceitful, or more wicked.

"Let the world be as it is! Do not lift a finger against it!"

"Let anyone who wishes choke, stab, skin, and scrape the people: do not lift a finger against it! That is how they will learn to renounce the world."

"And as for your own reason—you must smother and choke it yourself, for it is a reason of this world. That is how you will learn to renounce the world yourself."—

Shatter, shatter, O my brothers, those old tablets of the pious!  
Tear apart the maxims of those who slander the world!

16.

"Whoever learns much unlearns all violent desires"—that is what people now whisper to one another in every dark alley.

"Wisdom makes one weary, nothing is worth anything, you shall not desire!"—I found this new tablet hanging even in the public marketplaces.

Break that new tablet for me too, O my brothers! Break it apart! The world-weary put it up, along with the preachers of death and the jailer. For look—it too is a sermon of slavery:

Because they learned badly, and not what was best, and learned everything too early and too fast; because they ate badly—from that came their ruined stomach;

And their ruined stomach is their spirit: it urges them toward death! For truly, my brothers, the spirit is a stomach!

Life is a wellspring of delight; but for the one in whom the ruined stomach speaks—the father of affliction—all fountains are poisoned.

To perceive clearly—that is a delight for the lion-willed. But the one who has grown weary is only something that is willed; every wave plays with him.

That is always the way with weak people: they lose themselves along the road. And in the end their weariness asks, "Why did we ever keep going? Nothing matters."

To them it sounds pleasing when someone preaches in their ears: "Nothing is worth anything! You shall not will!" But that is a sermon for slaves.

O my brothers, Zarathustra comes like a fresh, roaring wind to all who are weary of the road; he will still make many noses sneeze!

My free breath blows even through walls, into prisons and into imprisoned spirits!

Willing sets one free, for willing is creating: that is what I teach. And it is only for the sake of creating that you should learn!

And you must learn this learning too only from me—the right way to learn! He who has ears, let him hear!

17.

There stands the boat—it is going over there, perhaps into a vast nothingness. But who wants to step into this “perhaps”?

None of you wants to step into the boat of death! How, then, can you be weary of the world?

Weary of the world? You have not even turned away from the earth! I have always found you eager for the earth, still in love with your own weariness of it.

Your lip does not droop for nothing—a small worldly desire still rests on it. And in your eye—is there not still a little cloud of unforgotten earthly happiness?

There are many good inventions on earth, some useful, some delightful: for their sake, the earth deserves to be loved.

And there are so many such good inventions that they are like a woman’s breasts: useful and pleasant at the same time.

But you who are weary of the world! You idlers of the earth! You should be whipped! A beating should put life back into your limbs.

For if you are not invalids, or worn-out creatures of whom the earth itself is tired, then you are cunning sloths, or pampered, sneaking pleasure-cats. And if you will not run joyfully again, then you should—pass away!

One should not try to be a physician to the incurable: so Zarathustra teaches. Therefore, you should pass away!

But it takes more courage to bring something to an end than to write a new verse: every physician and every poet knows that well.—

18.

O my brothers, some tables were shaped by weariness, and some by laziness, by corrupt laziness: though they sound alike, they must be heard differently.—

Look at this exhausted man! He is only a hand's breadth from his goal; but out of weariness this brave man has stubbornly lain down in the dust.

Out of weariness he yawns at the path, at the earth, at the goal, and at himself: he will not take a single step farther—this brave man!

Now the sun beats down on him, and the dogs lick his sweat; but he lies there in his stubbornness and chooses to waste away:—

—A hand's breadth from his goal, and there he lies, wasting away! Truly, you would have to drag this hero into his heaven by the hair of his head!

Better still, leave him where he has lain down, so that sleep may come to him—the comforter—with its cool, pattering rain.

Let him lie there until he wakes on his own—until he rejects, on his own, all weariness and everything weariness has taught through him!

Only, my brothers, make sure you drive the dogs away from him—the idle cowards and all the swarming vermin:—

—All the swarming vermin of the “cultured,” who feed on the sweat of every hero!—

19.

I draw circles around myself and set holy boundaries; fewer and fewer climb with me up ever higher mountains: I build a mountain range out of ever holier mountains.—

But wherever you would climb with me, O my brothers, take care that no parasite climbs with you!

A parasite: that is a reptile, a crawling, cringing reptile, trying to grow fat on your weak and wounded places.

And this is its skill: it senses where rising souls are weary; in your distress and discouragement, in your sensitive modesty, it builds its disgusting nest.

Where the strong are weak, where the noble are too gentle—that is where it builds its disgusting nest; the parasite lives where the great have small sore spots.

What is the highest of all kinds of being, and what is the lowest? The parasite is the lowest kind; yet the one of the highest kind feeds the most parasites.

For the soul with the longest ladder, the one that can descend the deepest—how could it not have the most parasites on it?

—The most wide-ranging soul, which can run, wander, and roam furthest within itself; the most necessary soul, which in joy throws itself into chance:—

—The soul rooted in Being, which plunges into Becoming; the possessing soul, which still seeks to reach desire and longing:—

—The soul that flees from itself and catches up with itself in the widest circle; the wisest soul, to which folly speaks most sweetly:—

—The soul that loves itself most, in which all things have their current and countercurrent, their ebb and their flow—oh, how could THE HIGHEST SOUL fail to have the worst parasites?

20.

O my brothers, am I cruel, then? But I say: whatever is falling should be pushed as well!

Everything of today is falling, it is decaying; who would want to preserve it? But I—I also want to push it!

Do you know the delight that rolls stones down steep depths?—Look at these people of today, how they roll into my depths!

I am only a prelude to better players, O my brothers! An example! Do as I do!

And anyone you cannot teach to fly, teach instead, I beg  
you—TO FALL FASTER!—

21.

I love the brave; but it is not enough to be a swordsman—one  
must also know where to use one's swordsmanship!

And often it takes greater courage to stay silent and pass by, so  
that one may save oneself for a worthier enemy!

You should have only enemies you can hate, not enemies you  
despise: you must be proud of your enemies. I have taught that  
already.

For a worthier enemy, O my brothers, you must keep yourselves  
in reserve; that is why you must pass by many a person—

—Especially many of the rabble, who deafen your ears with  
their noise about people and peoples.

Keep your eyes clear of their For and Against! There is much  
right there, and much wrong; whoever watches it grows angry.

To see and to strike are one and the same; so go into the forests  
and let your sword rest.

Go your own way! And let the people and the nations go  
theirs—dark ways, truly, where not a single glimmer of hope  
remains.

Let the trader rule wherever the only thing still shining is traders'  
gold. The age of kings is over; what now calls itself the people  
is unworthy of kings.

Look how these peoples now behave just like traders: they scrape together the smallest advantage from every kind of rubbish.

They set traps for one another and draw things out of one another—and they call that “good neighbourliness.” Blessed was that distant age when a people said to itself: “I will be master over peoples!”

For, my brothers, the best should rule, and the best also wants to rule. And wherever the teaching says otherwise, the best is missing.

22.

If they had bread for nothing, alas, what would they cry out for then? Their upkeep—that is their real amusement; and they shall have it hard!

They are beasts of prey: even in their “work” there is plundering, and even in their “earning” there is cheating. That is why they shall have it hard!

In this way they shall become better beasts of prey—more subtle, more clever, more human-like; for man is the finest beast of prey.

Man has already stolen the virtues of all the animals; that is why, of all animals, man has had the hardest lot.

Only the birds are still beyond him. And if man should ever learn to fly, alas—to what heights would his greed ascend!

23.

This is how I would have man and woman: the one fit for war, the other fit for motherhood; but both fit for dancing with head and legs.

Let any day be lost to us in which no dance has been danced. And let every truth be called false if laughter did not accompany it.

24.

When you arrange a marriage, make sure it is not a bad arrangement! You have arranged things too hastily, and so marriage-breaking follows from it.

Better to break a marriage than to twist it, fake it, and live a lie within it! A woman once said to me: "Yes, I broke the marriage—but first the marriage broke me."

I have always found that badly matched couples are the most vindictive: they make everyone else suffer because they can no longer go through life alone.

That is why I want honest people to say to each other: "We love each other; let us make sure we can keep that love alive. Or will our vow turn out to be a mistake?"

—"Give us a fixed term and a small marriage, so we can see whether we are fit for the great marriage! It is no small thing to remain two."

That is my counsel to all honest people; and what would my love for the Superman, and for all that is still to come, amount to if I advised and spoke otherwise?

Marriage should help you not only carry yourselves forward, but rise upward as well—may the garden of marriage serve that purpose, O my brethren!

25.

Whoever has grown wise about ancient origins will, in the end, begin to search for the sources of the future and for new beginnings.—

O my brethren, it will not be long before new peoples arise and new springs pour down into new depths.

An earthquake chokes up many wells and causes much suffering; but it also brings hidden powers and secrets to light.

An earthquake reveals new springs. In the upheaval of old peoples, new fountains break forth.

And whoever cries out, "Look, 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 to say, many who are trying.

Who can command, who must obey—that is what is being tested there! Ah, with how much long searching and solving and failing and learning and trying again!

Human society is an attempt—that is what I teach—a long search; yet what it seeks is the ruler!—

—An attempt, my brethren! Not a "contract"! I beg you, destroy that word of the soft-hearted and the half-committed!

26.

O my brethren! Where does the greatest danger to the whole human future lie? Is it not with the good and the just?—

—Like those who say, and truly feel in their hearts: “We already know what is good and just, and we possess it as well; woe to those who still go on seeking it!”

And whatever harm the wicked may do, the harm done by the good is the most harmful of all!

And whatever harm the slanderers of the world may do, the harm done by the good is the most harmful of all!

O my brothers, once someone looked into the hearts of the good and just and said: “They are the Pharisees.” But people did not understand him.

The good and just themselves were not free to understand him; their spirit was trapped inside their good conscience. The stupidity of the good is wise beyond measure.

Yet this is the truth: the good must be Pharisees—they have no choice!

The good must crucify the man who creates his own virtue!  
That is the truth!

But the second man who discovered their land—the land, heart, and soil of the good and just—was the one who asked: “Whom do they hate most?”

They hate the creator most of all—the one who breaks the tables and the old values, the breaker—the one they call the lawbreaker.

For the good cannot create; they are always the beginning of the end:—

—They crucify the one who writes new values on new tables. They sacrifice the future to themselves—they crucify the whole future of humanity!

The good—they have always been the beginning of the end.—

27.

O my brothers, have you understood this saying as well? And what I once said about the "last man"?—

With whom does the greatest danger to the whole human future lie? Is it not with the good and just?

BREAK UP, BREAK UP, I BEG YOU, THE GOOD AND JUST!—O my brothers, have you understood this saying too?

28.

You flee from me? You are afraid? You tremble at this word?

O my brothers, when I urged you to break up the good, and the tables of the good, that was when I first sent man out onto his high seas.

And only now do the great terror, the great vision, the great sickness, the great nausea, and the great seasickness come upon him.

The good taught you false shores and false safety; you were born and raised in their lies. The good have twisted and warped everything at its roots.

But whoever discovered the land of "man" also discovered the land of "man's future." Now you must be sailors for me—brave and patient!

Stand up early and keep yourselves upright, my brothers; learn to hold yourselves up! The sea is raging, and many are trying to rise again through you.

The sea is raging; everything is at sea. Well then—take heart, you old sailors' hearts!

What is fatherland to us? Our helm strains toward the place where our children's land lies. Toward that place, stormier than the sea itself, our great longing drives us!—

29.

"Why so hard?" charcoal once said to the diamond. "Are we not close relatives?"—

Why so soft? O my brothers, that is what I ask you: are you not—my brothers?

Why so soft, so submissive and yielding? Why is there so much denial and self-denial in your hearts? Why is there so little fate in your eyes?

And if you will not become fate itself, become inexorable, how can you one day conquer with me?

And if your hardness cannot flash, cut, and break things apart, how can you one day create with me?

For creators are hard. And it must seem like blessedness to you to press your hand upon millennia as if they were wax,—

—blessedness to write upon the will of millennia as if upon bronze—harder than bronze, nobler than bronze. Only what is noblest is completely hard.

This new table, O my brothers, I set above you: BECOME HARD!—

30.

O you, my Will! You who change every need, my own needfulness! Preserve me from all small victories!

You destiny of my soul, which I call fate! You within me! Above me! Preserve me and spare me for one great fate!

And keep your final greatness, my Will, for your last act—that you may be inexorable in victory! Ah, who has not been overcome by his own victory!

Ah, whose eyes have not grown dim in that drunken twilight! Ah, whose foot has not stumbled and, in victory, forgotten how to stand!—

—So that one day I may be ready and fully ripe at the great noontide: ready and ripe like glowing ore, a cloud heavy with lightning, and a swelling udder full of milk:—

—Ready for myself and for my deepest hidden will: a bow longing for its arrow, an arrow longing for its star:—

—A star, ready and ripe at its noontide, glowing, pierced, and blessed by sun-arrows that destroy:—

—A sun itself, and a relentless will of the sun, ready to be destroyed in victory!

O Will, you who transform every need, my own need! Spare me  
for one great victory!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## LVII. THE CONVALESCENT.

---

One morning, not long after returning to his cave, Zarathustra leaped up from his couch like a madman. He cried out in a terrifying voice and acted as though someone were still lying on the couch and refusing to get up. His voice rang out so powerfully that his animals came to him in fear, and from all the nearby caves and hiding places every creature slipped away—flying, fluttering, creeping, or leaping, according to the kind of feet or wings it had. Zarathustra, however, spoke these words:

Up, deep thought from the bottom of my abyss! I am your rooster and the morning dawn, you oversleeping reptile: up! Up! My voice will soon crow you awake!

Undo the chains from your ears: listen! I want to hear you! Up! Up! There is thunder enough here to make even the graves listen!

And wipe the sleep, the dimness, and the blindness from your eyes! Hear me with your eyes as well: my voice is medicine even for those born blind.

And once you are awake, you must stay awake forever. It is not my way to wake great-grandmothers from their sleep only to tell them—go back to sleep!

You are stirring, stretching, wheezing? Up! Up! You are not to wheeze, but to speak to me! Zarathustra is calling you, Zarathustra the godless!

I, Zarathustra, the defender of life, the defender of suffering, the defender of the cycle—I call to you, my deepest and most abysmal thought!

Joy to me! You are coming—I hear you! My abyss is speaking; I have turned my lowest depth up into the light!

Joy to me! Come here! Give me your hand—ha! let go! aha!—Disgust, disgust, disgust—alas for me!

But hardly had Zarathustra spoken these words when he collapsed as if dead, and for a long time he lay there like a dead man. When he finally came to himself again, he was pale and trembling, and he stayed lying down; for a long while he would neither eat nor drink. This state lasted seven days. His animals, however, did not leave him day or night, except that the eagle flew out to fetch food. Whatever it gathered and brought back, it laid on Zarathustra's couch, so that at last Zarathustra lay among yellow and red berries, grapes, rosy apples, sweet-smelling herbs, and pinecones. At his feet lay two lambs, which the eagle had carried off from their shepherds with difficulty.

At last, after seven days, Zarathustra raised himself on his couch, took a rosy apple in his hand, smelled it, and found its scent pleasant. Then his animals thought the time had come to speak to him.

"O Zarathustra," they said, "for seven days now you have lain here with heavy eyes: will you not stand on your feet again?"

Step out of your cave: the world is waiting for you like a garden. The wind plays with rich fragrance that is looking for you, and

all brooks would like to run after you.

All things long for you, since you have remained alone for seven days—step out of your cave! All things want to be your physicians!”

# Did some new knowledge perhaps come to you, a bitter, grievous knowledge

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You lay there like leavened dough; your soul rose and swelled beyond all its bounds.—”

—O my animals,” answered Zarathustra, “go on speaking like this and let me listen! It refreshes me so much to hear you talk: where there is talk, the world becomes a garden to me.

How lovely it is that there are words and tones; are not words and tones rainbows and seeming bridges between those eternally separated?

To each soul belongs another world; to each soul, every other soul is a hidden world.

Among those most alike, appearance deceives most delightfully, for the smallest gap is the hardest to bridge.”

For me—how could there be anything outside me? There is no outside! But when we hear tones, we forget that; and how wonderful it is to forget!

Were not names and tones given to things so that man might find refreshment in them? Speech is a beautiful folly; through it, man dances over everything.

How lovely all speech is, and all the falsehoods of tones! With tones, our love dances across many-colored rainbows.

—“O Zarathustra,” his animals then said, “to those who think as we do, all things dance by themselves: they come, hold out a hand, laugh, run away—and return.

Everything goes, everything comes back; the wheel of existence turns forever. Everything dies, everything blossoms again; the year of existence runs on forever.

Everything breaks apart, everything is joined together again; the same house of existence keeps building itself forever. All things part, all things greet one another again; the ring of existence remains forever true to itself.

Every moment begins existence; around every ‘Here’ rolls the ball ‘There.’ The center is everywhere. The path of eternity is crooked.”—

—“O you jesters and barrel-organs!” Zarathustra answered, smiling once more. “How well you know what had to be fulfilled in seven days:—

—And how that monster crawled into my throat and choked me! But I bit off its head and spat it away from me.

And you—you have turned it into a song for the lyre? But now I lie here, still worn out from that biting and spitting, still sick from my own salvation.

AND YOU WATCHED IT ALL? O my animals, are you cruel too? Did you enjoy watching my great pain, as men do? For man is the cruellest animal.

In tragedies, bullfights, and crucifixions, he has so far been happiest on earth; and when he invented his hell, look—that was

his heaven on earth.

When the great man cries out, the little man immediately runs to him, his tongue hanging from his mouth with desire. Yet he calls it his "pity."

The little man, especially the poet—how passionately he accuses life in words! Listen to him, but do not miss the delight that lives in every accusation!

Life overcomes such accusers of life with a single glance. "You love me?" says the insolent one. "Wait a little; I still have no time for you."

Toward himself, man is the cruellest animal. And in all who call themselves "sinners," "bearers of the cross," and "penitents," do not miss the sensual pleasure in their complaints and accusations.

And as for me—do I therefore want to accuse man? Ah, my animals, this alone have I learned so far: that for man, his worst is necessary for his best—

—That everything worst in him is the greatest power, and the hardest stone for the highest creator; and that man must become better and worse:—

It was not to this stake of torment that I was bound—that I know man is bad—but I cried out as no one has yet cried:

"Ah, that his worst is so very small! Ah, that his best is so very small!"

My great disgust with man strangled me and crept into my throat. And what the soothsayer had foretold came true: "All is

the same, nothing is worthwhile, knowledge strangles."

A long twilight dragged itself before me, a deathly weary, deathly intoxicated sadness that spoke with a yawning mouth.

"He returns eternally, the man you are weary of, the small man"—so my sadness yawned, dragging its feet and unable to fall asleep.

Human earth became a cavern to me; its breast had caved in. Everything living became to me human dust and bones and a decaying past.

My sighing settled over all human graves and could no longer rise. My sighing and questioning croaked and choked, gnawing and nagging day and night:

—"Ah, man returns eternally! The small man returns eternally!"

Once I had seen them both naked, the greatest man and the smallest man: far too much like one another—far too human, even the greatest man!

Too small, even the greatest man!—that was my disgust with man. And the eternal return of the smallest man as well!—that was my disgust with all existence!

Ah, disgust! Disgust! Disgust!—So spoke Zarathustra, and he sighed and shuddered, for he remembered his sickness. Then his animals kept him from speaking further.

"Do not say another word, you convalescent!" his animals replied. "Go out instead, where the world is waiting for you like a garden."

Go out to the roses, the bees, and the flocks of doves! Above all, go to the singing birds, so you can learn singing from them!

For singing is for the convalescent; the healthy may talk. And when the healthy also want songs, they want songs different from those of the convalescent."

—"Oh, you jesters and barrel-organs, be quiet!" Zarathustra answered, smiling at his animals. "How well you know what comfort I invented for myself in seven days!

That I must sing once more—that was the comfort I invented for myself, and this recovery as well. Would you make another song out of that too?"

—"Do not say anything more," his animals answered again. "Instead, you convalescent, first prepare a lyre for yourself, a new lyre!

For look, O Zarathustra! Your new songs need new lyres.

Sing and overflow, O Zarathustra; heal your soul with new songs, so that you may bear your great fate, a fate that has not yet been anyone's!

For your animals know well, O Zarathustra, who you are and who you must become: look, you are the teacher of the eternal return—that is now your fate!

That you must be the first to teach this teaching—how could this great fate not also be your greatest danger and affliction!

Look, we know what you teach: that all things return eternally, and we ourselves with them, and that we have already existed countless times, and all things along with us.

You teach that there is a great year of Becoming, a marvel of a great year; like an hourglass, it must always turn over again, so that it may run down and empty itself again:—

—So that all those years are alike in the greatest things and in the smallest, and so that we ourselves, in every great year, are like ourselves in the greatest things and in the smallest.

And if you were to die now, O Zarathustra, look, we also know what you would then say to yourself—but your animals beg you not to die yet!

You would speak, and not with trembling, but rather buoyant with bliss, for a great weight and worry would be lifted from you, you most patient one!—

“Now I die and vanish,” you might say, “and in a moment I am nothing. Souls are as mortal as bodies.”

But the web of causes in which I am bound returns—and it will create me again! I myself belong to the causes of the eternal return.

I return again with this sun, with this earth, with this eagle, with this serpent—not to a new life, or a better life, or even a similar life:

—I return eternally to this very same life, in its greatest things and its smallest, to teach once more the eternal return of all things,—

—To speak again the word of earth’s and humanity’s great noontide, to proclaim the Superman to mankind once more.

I have spoken my word. My word breaks me down: that is what my eternal fate wills—as the announcer, I perish!

The hour has now come for the one who goes under to bless himself. Thus Zarathustra's going-under ends."—

When the animals had spoken these words, they fell silent and waited for Zarathustra to say something to them. But Zarathustra did not notice their silence. Instead, he lay still with his eyes closed like someone asleep, though he was not sleeping; at that moment he was communing with his soul. The serpent and the eagle, however, seeing him so silent, honored the deep stillness around him and quietly withdrew.

## **LVIII. THE GREAT LONGING.**

---

O my soul, I taught you to speak of "today" as "once upon a time" and "formerly," and to dance your measure over every Here and There and Yonder.

O my soul, I freed you from all side paths; I brushed dust and spiders and twilight from you.

O my soul, I washed away your petty shame and your back-alley virtue, and persuaded you to stand naked before the eyes of the sun.

With the storm called "spirit" I swept across your surging sea; I blew all clouds away from it; I even strangled the strangler called "sin."

O my soul, I gave you the right to say No like the storm, and to say Yes as the open sky says Yes: you remain calm as light, and now you walk through storms of denial.

O my soul, I gave you freedom over what is created and what is uncreated; and who knows, as you do, the delight of what is yet to come?

O my soul, I taught you a contempt that does not gnaw like worms, but a great and loving contempt, one that loves most where it despises most.

O my soul, I taught you to persuade so deeply that you win over even the very foundations themselves, like the sun, which draws even the sea up to its height.

O my soul, I took from you all obedience, all kneeling, all paying of homage; I myself gave you the names "Change of need" and "Fate."

O my soul, I gave you new names and bright, playful gifts; I called you "Fate," "the Circuit of circuits," "the Navel-string of time," and "the Azure bell."

O my soul, into your domain I poured all wisdom to drink, all new wines, and also all the ancient, powerful wines of wisdom.

O my soul, I poured every sun upon you, and every night, every silence, and every longing; then you grew for me like a vine.

O my soul, now you stand forth rich and heavy, a vine with swelling udders and full clusters of brown-golden grapes:

—Filled and weighed down by your happiness, waiting out of sheer abundance, and yet ashamed of your waiting.

O my soul, nowhere is there a soul more loving, more embracing, more wide-ranging than you! Where could future and past be closer together than they are in you?

O my soul, I have given you everything, and because of you all my hands are empty; and now! Now you say to me, smiling and full of melancholy: "Which of us owes thanks?—

—Does the giver not owe thanks because the receiver received? Is giving not a necessity? Is receiving not—pity?"—

O my soul, I understand the smile in your melancholy: your very abundance now stretches out longing hands!

Your fullness looks out over raging seas and seeks and waits:  
the longing of overfullness gazes out from the smiling heaven of  
your eyes!

And truly, O my soul, who could see your smile and not dissolve  
into tears? Even the angels dissolve into tears at the overflowing  
grace of your smile.

Your grace—your excessive grace—will not let itself complain  
or weep; and yet, my soul, your smile longs for tears, and your  
trembling mouth longs for sobs.

“Isn’t all weeping a kind of complaining? And all complaining a  
kind of accusation?” That is what you say to yourself; and so,  
my soul, you would rather smile than pour out your grief—

—Rather than spill all your sorrow in rushing tears: your sorrow  
over your fullness, and over the vine’s longing for the vintager  
and the pruning knife.

But if you will not weep, if you will not pour out your purple  
melancholy in tears, then you will have to sing, my soul! Look—I  
smile myself as I tell you this:

—You will have to sing with such passion that all seas grow  
calm to listen to your longing—

—Until, over those calm seas of longing, the boat glides: the  
golden wonder, around whose gold all good, bad, and  
marvelous things leap and play—

—And many great and small animals as well, and everything  
with light, wondrous feet, able to run along violet-blue paths—

—Toward the golden wonder, the self-moving boat, and its master: he is the vintager waiting with the diamond pruning knife—

—Your great liberator, my soul, the nameless one—for whom only future songs will find names! Truly, your breath already carries the fragrance of songs yet to come—

—Already you glow and dream; already you drink thirstily from every deep, echoing well of consolation; already your melancholy rests in the bliss of future songs!—

My soul, I have now given you everything, even my last possession, and because of you my hands are empty: that I told you to sing—look, that was the last thing I had to give!

That I told you to sing—now say, tell me: which of us owes thanks now? Better yet: sing to me, sing, my soul! And let me thank you!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## LIX. THE SECOND DANCE-SONG.

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"Not long ago I looked into your eyes, O Life: I saw gold gleaming in your night-dark eyes, and my heart stopped with delight:

—I saw a golden boat gleaming on dark waters, a sinking, drinking, flashing golden swing-boat!"

At my dance-crazed feet, do you cast a glance—a laughing, questioning, melting glance thrown my way:

You shook your rattle only twice with your little hands—and at once my feet flew into a frenzy of dancing.—

My heels lifted high, my toes listened—they wanted to know you; does not the dancer have his ear in his toe!

I leapt toward you; then you fled back from my jump, and your fleeing, flying hair streamed around you toward me!

I sprang away from you, and from your snakelike hair; then you stood there half-turned, with caresses in your eyes.

With sly glances, do you teach me winding ways; on winding paths my feet learn crafty fancies!

I fear you when you are near, I love you when you are far; your flight draws me on, your searching reassures me—I suffer, but for you, what would I not gladly bear!

For you, whose coldness sets me aflame, whose hatred leads me astray, whose flight binds me, whose mockery pleads:

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 wonder and tomboy? And  
now you fool me by running off; you sweet little romp, you  
tease!

I dance after you, I follow even the faintest lonely traces. Where  
are you? Give me your hand! Or only your finger!

Here are caves and thickets: we will lose our way!—Stop! Stand  
still! Do you not see the owls and bats fluttering about?

You bat! You owl! Would you play me false? Where are we?  
Have you learned from the dogs to bark and howl like this?

You gnash at me sweetly with your little white teeth; your  
wicked eyes flash at me from beneath your little curly mane!

This is a dance over sticks and stones: I am the hunter—will you  
be my hound, or my chamois instead?

Now beside me! And quickly, with a wicked leap! Now up! And  
over!—Alas, I myself have fallen from swinging too far!

Oh, look at me lying here, you proud one, begging for mercy! I  
would gladly walk with you—in some lovelier place!

—Along love's paths, through quiet, neatly patterned bushes! Or  
over there by the lake, where goldfish dance and swim!

Are you tired now? Up there are sheep and streaks of  
sunset—isn't it sweet to sleep while the shepherd plays his  
pipe?

Are you so very tired? I'll carry you there; just let your arm fall!  
And are you thirsty? I might have something—but your mouth  
would not like to drink it!—

—Oh, that cursed, quick, supple serpent and lurking witch!  
Where have you gone? But on my face I can feel, from your  
hand, two sore red spots itching!

I am truly tired of always being your meek shepherd. You  
witch—if I have sung to you until now, now YOU shall cry out to  
me!

You shall dance and cry to the rhythm of my whip! Do you think  
I have forgotten my whip? Not !!—

Then Life answered me like this, while keeping her delicate ears  
covered:

“O Zarathustra! Do not crack your whip so terribly! You surely  
know that noise kills thought—and just now such delicate  
thoughts were coming to me.

We are both genuine good-for-nothings and harm-do-nothings.  
Beyond good and evil, we found our island and our green  
meadow—we two alone! So we must be kind to each other!

And even if we do not love each other with all our hearts, must  
we hold a grudge against each other just because we do not  
love each other perfectly?

And you know that I am kind to you, often too kind; and the  
reason is that I envy your Wisdom. Ah, this mad old fool,  
Wisdom!

If your Wisdom should one day run away from you, ah! then my love would quickly run away from you as well."—

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 clock: at night it booms all the way up to your cave:—

—When you hear this clock strike the hours at midnight, then between one and twelve you think of it—

—You think of it, O Zarathustra, I know—you are thinking of leaving me soon!"—

"Yes," I answered hesitantly, "but you know it too"—and I whispered something in her ear, amid her tangled, yellow, foolish hair.

"You KNOW that, O Zarathustra? No one knows that—"

And we looked at each other, then out over the green meadow as the cool evening passed across it, and we wept together.—But in 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 the voice of deep midnight really say?

*Three!*

"I slept my sleep—

*Four!*

"From the deepest dream I woke and cried:—

*Five!*

"The world is deep,

*Six!*

"And deeper than the day could understand.

*Seven!*

"Deep is its sorrow—

*Eight!*

"Joy—deeper still than grief can be:

*Nine!*

"Sorrow says: Away! Go!

*Ten!*

"But all joy longs for eternity—

*Eleven!*

"Longs for deep, profound eternity!"

*Twelve!*

# LX. THE SEVEN SEALS.

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If I am a prophet, filled with the prophetic spirit that wanders along high mountain ridges, between two seas,—

Wandering between the past and the future like a heavy cloud—hostile to sweltering plains, and to all that is weary and can neither die nor live:

Ready for lightning in its dark breast, and for the redeeming flash of light, charged with lightnings that say Yes! that laugh Yes! ready for prophetic flashes of lightning:—

—Blessed, however, is the one so charged! And truly, long must he hang like a heavy storm over the mountain, who is one day to kindle the light of the future!—

Oh, how could I not burn for Eternity and for the wedding ring of rings—the ring of return?

I have never yet found the woman with whom I would want to have children—unless it is this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

FOR I LOVE YOU, O ETERNITY! 2.

If my wrath has ever burst open graves, moved boundary stones, or hurled old broken tablets down into steep depths:

If my scorn has ever scattered decayed words to the winds, and if I have come like a broom to sweep away cross-spiders, and like a cleansing wind through old charnel houses:

If I have ever sat rejoicing where the old gods lie buried, blessing the world and loving the world beside the monuments

of those who once cursed it:—

—For I even love churches and the graves of gods, if only heaven looks through their ruined roofs with clear eyes; I gladly sit like grass and red poppies on ruined churches—

Oh, how could I not burn for Eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings—the ring of return?

I have never yet found the woman with whom I would want to have children—unless it is this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

FOR I LOVE YOU, O ETERNITY! 3.

If I have ever felt a breath of the creative spirit, and of that heavenly necessity that compels even chance itself to dance the dance of stars:

If I have ever laughed with the laughter of creative lightning, followed by the long thunder of action, grumbling yet obedient:

If I have ever played dice with the gods at the divine table of the earth, so that the earth shook, split open, and snorted out streams of fire:—

—For the earth is a divine table, trembling with new creative decrees and the gods' throws of dice:

Oh, how could I not burn for Eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings—the ring of return?

I have never yet found the woman with whom I would want to have children—unless it is this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

FOR I LOVE YOU, O ETERNITY! 4.

If I have ever drunk deeply from the foaming bowl of spices and sweets in which all things are richly mixed:

If my hand has ever mixed the farthest with the nearest, fire with spirit, joy with sorrow, and the harshest with the kindest:

If I myself am a grain of saving salt, the kind that makes everything in the confection-bowl blend well:

—For there is a salt that joins good and evil; and even the worst is still worthwhile, as seasoning and as the final overflowing foam:—

Oh, how could I not burn for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings—the ring of return?

Never yet have I found the woman with whom I would want to have children—unless it is this woman whom I love; for I love thee, O Eternity!

FOR I LOVE THEE, O ETERNITY! 5.

If I love the sea, and all that is like the sea, and love it most when it angrily pushes back against me:

If there is in me the joy of exploration, the joy that drives sails toward the undiscovered, if the seafarer's delight lives in my delight:

If ever my rejoicing has cried out: "The shore has vanished—now the last chain has fallen away from me—

The boundless roars around me; far away, space and time sparkle for me—well then! take heart, old heart!"—

Oh, how could I not burn for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings—the ring of return?

Never yet have I found the woman with whom I would want to have children—unless it is this woman whom I love; for I love thee, O Eternity!

FOR I LOVE THEE, O ETERNITY! 6.

If my virtue is a dancer's virtue, and if I have often leapt with both feet into golden-emerald rapture:

If my wickedness is a laughing wickedness, at home among rose-bushes and hedges of lilies:

—For in laughter all evil is present, yet it is made holy and forgiven by its own bliss:—

And if this is my Alpha and Omega: that everything heavy should become light, every body a dancer, and every spirit a bird—and truly, that is my Alpha and Omega!—

Oh, how could I not burn for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings—the ring of return?

Never yet have I found the woman with whom I would want to have children—unless it is this woman whom I love; for I love thee, O Eternity!

FOR I LOVE THEE, O ETERNITY! 7.

If I have ever spread a calm sky above myself and flown into my own heaven on my own wings:

If I have swum playfully through deep, radiant distances, and if the bird-wisdom of my freedom has come to me:

—Then bird-wisdom speaks like this:—“Look, there is no above and no below! Throw yourself around—outward, backward, you light one! Sing! Speak no more!

—Are not all words made for the heavy? Do not all words deceive the light ones? Sing! Speak no more!”—

Oh, how could I not burn with longing for Eternity, and for the wedding ring of rings—the ring of return?

I have never yet found the woman with whom I would want to have children—unless it is this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

FOR I LOVE YOU, O ETERNITY!

# FOURTH AND LAST PART.

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Ah, where in the world have there been greater follies than among the pitiful? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the follies of the pitiful?

Woe to all loving souls who do not possess a height above their pity!

Thus the devil once said to me: "Even God has his hell: it is his love for man."

And not long ago I heard him say these words: "God is dead: God died of his pity for man."—ZARATHUSTRA, II., "The Pitiful."

# LXI. THE HONEY SACRIFICE.

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—And once again moons and years passed over Zarathustra's soul, and he paid no attention to it; his hair, however, had turned white. One day, as he sat on a stone in front of his cave and gazed calmly into the distance—for from there one looks out over the sea, and far beyond winding abysses—his animals moved thoughtfully around him, and at last stood before him.

"O Zarathustra," they said, "are you perhaps looking out for your happiness?" — "What does my happiness matter!" he answered. "I stopped striving for happiness long ago; I strive for my work." — "O Zarathustra," the animals said again, "you speak like someone who has more than enough good things. Do you not lie in a sky-blue lake of happiness?" — "You jesters," answered Zarathustra, smiling, "how well you chose that image! But you also know that my happiness is heavy, not like a flowing wave of water: it weighs on me and will not leave me, and it is like molten pitch." —

Then his animals moved thoughtfully around him again and stood once more before him. "O Zarathustra," they said, "is that why you yourself keep growing yellower and darker, even though your hair looks white and flaxen? Look, you are sitting in your pitch!" — "What are you saying, my animals?" said Zarathustra, laughing. "Truly, I spoke unfairly when I spoke of pitch. What happens to me is what happens to all fruits when they ripen. It is the honey in my veins that makes my blood thicker and my soul calmer." — "So it shall be, O Zarathustra," answered his animals, pressing close to him; "but will you not climb a high mountain today? The air is pure, and today one

sees more of the world than ever." — "Yes, my animals," he answered, "your advice is excellent and exactly to my liking: today I will climb a high mountain! But make sure honey is ready there at hand — yellow, white, fine, ice-cool, golden-comb honey. For know that once I am up there, I will make the honey sacrifice." —

But when Zarathustra had reached the summit, he sent home the animals that had accompanied him and found himself alone at last. Then he laughed from the depths of his heart, looked around him, and spoke like this:

When I spoke of sacrifices and honey sacrifices, it was only a trick of speech — and truly, a useful piece of foolishness! Up here I can speak more freely now than in front of mountain caves and the household animals of hermits.

Sacrifice what? I squander what is given to me, a squanderer with a thousand hands: how could I call that sacrificing?

And when I wanted honey, I only wanted bait — sweet slime and syrup, the kind that makes even the mouths of growling bears and strange, sullen, wicked birds water:

—The best bait, just as hunters and fishermen need it. For if the world is a dark forest full of animals, a playground for wild hunters, then it seems to me instead—and better still—a deep, rich sea;

—A sea full of many-colored fish and crabs, so rich in marvelous things, great and small, that even the gods might long for it and be tempted to become fishermen and cast their nets into it!

Especially the human world, the human sea: it is toward that that I now cast my golden fishing rod and say: Open up, you human abyss!

Open up, and send me your fish and shining crabs! With my finest bait, I will lure to myself today the strangest human fish!

—My happiness itself I cast out far and wide, between east, noon, and west, to see whether many human fish may not learn to cling and tug at my happiness;—

Until, biting at my sharp hidden hooks, they must rise up to my height, those most motley creatures from the depths, to the wickedest of all fishers of men.

For this is what I have been from the heart and from the beginning: drawing, drawing things toward me, drawing them upward, raising them up; a puller, a trainer, a teacher of training, who once gave himself this counsel, not in vain: "Become what you are!"

So now men may come up to me; for I am still waiting for the signs that it is time for my descent. I do not yet go down myself, as I must one day, among men.

So I wait here, cunning and scornful, on the high mountains—not impatient, not patient either, but rather one who has even unlearned patience, because he no longer "suffers."

For my fate gives me time: perhaps it has forgotten me? Or is it sitting behind a great stone, catching flies?

And truly, I am well inclined toward my eternal fate, because it does not chase or rush me, but leaves me time for merriment

and mischief; and so today I have climbed this high mountain to catch fish.

# Has anyone ever caught fish on high mountains

---

And even if what I seek and do here is foolish, it is still better than becoming solemn down below from waiting, and turning green and yellow—

—A pose-striking snorter of wrath, held back and waiting; a holy storm of howls from the mountains, an impatient voice shouting down into the valleys: "Listen, or I will scourge you with the scourge of God!"

Not that I hold any grudge against such wrathful people for that reason: they are laughable enough to me! Those great drums of alarm, which must find a voice now or never, have every reason to be impatient.

But as for me and my fate—we do not speak to the Present, and we do not speak to Never. For speaking, we have patience and time, and more than time. For one day it must come, and it cannot pass us by.

What is it that must one day come and cannot pass by? Our great Hazar—that is to say, our great, distant human kingdom, the Zarathustra-kingdom of a thousand years—

How distant might such "distance" be? What does that matter to me? It is no less certain to me for that—both my feet stand firm on this ground;

—On an eternal ground, on hard primal rock, on this highest, hardest, original mountain ridge, where all winds arrive, as at the meeting place of storms, asking: Where? From where? And

to where?

Here laugh, laugh, my hearty, healthy wickedness! From the high mountains, cast down your glittering laughter of scorn! With your glittering, lure for me the finest human fish!

And whatever belongs to ME in all seas, whatever is mine and for me in all things—fish THAT out for me, bring THAT up to me: for that is what I wait for, I, the wickedest of all fishers.

Out, out, my fishhook! In and down, bait of my happiness! Drip your sweetest dew, honey of my heart! Bite, my fishhook, into the belly of every dark affliction!

Look out, look out, my eye! Oh, how many seas surround me, what dawning human futures! And above me—what rosy-red stillness! What clear, cloudless silence!

## LXII. THE CRY OF DISTRESS.

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The next day, Zarathustra sat again on the stone in front of his cave while his animals wandered out into the world to bring back fresh food—and fresh honey too, since Zarathustra had used up every last bit of the old honey. As he sat there with a stick in his hand, tracing the shadow of his figure on the ground and thinking—truly, not about himself or his shadow—he suddenly started and drew back. For he saw another shadow beside his own. When he quickly turned and rose to his feet, there stood the soothsayer beside him: the same man to whom he had once given food and drink at his table, the preacher of the great weariness, who taught, “All is the same, nothing is worth anything, the world has no meaning, knowledge chokes.” But his face had changed since then; and when Zarathustra looked into his eyes, his heart was shaken again. So many evil warnings and ash-gray flashes seemed to pass across that face.

The soothsayer, who had noticed what was happening in Zarathustra’s soul, wiped his face with his hand as if he wanted to erase the impression. Zarathustra did the same. And after both had silently regained their composure and steadied themselves, they shook hands as a sign that they wished to acknowledge one another again.

“Welcome here,” said Zarathustra, “you soothsayer of the great weariness. It was not for nothing that you were once my table companion and guest. Eat and drink with me again today, and forgive it that a cheerful old man sits with you at table!”—“A cheerful old man?” the soothsayer answered, shaking his head.

"But whoever you are, or whoever you want to be, Zarathustra, you have stayed up here too long. Before long, your boat will no longer rest on dry land!"—"Do I rest on dry land, then?" Zarathustra asked with a laugh.—"The waves around your mountain," the soothsayer replied, "keep rising and rising—the waves of great distress and suffering. 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 continued. "Do you not hear it rushing and roaring up from the depths?"—Zarathustra was silent again and listened. Then he heard a long, long cry, which the abysses passed from one to another, because none of them wanted to keep it: it sounded so terrible.

"You wretched messenger," Zarathustra said at last, "that is a cry of distress, the cry of a man; perhaps it comes out of a black sea. But what does human suffering matter to me? My last sin, the one kept in reserve for me—do you know what it is called?"—"PITY!" the soothsayer answered with overflowing feeling, raising both hands high. "O Zarathustra, I have come to tempt you into your final sin!"—

And scarcely had he spoken when the cry sounded again, longer and more terrifying than before—and much closer. "Do you hear it? Do you hear it, O Zarathustra?" the soothsayer cried. "The cry is meant for you. It is calling you: Come, come, come; it is time, it is the highest time!"—

At this, Zarathustra fell silent, confused and shaken. At last he asked, like someone unsure within himself, "And who is it that is calling me there?"

"But you know who it is, surely," the soothsayer answered eagerly. "Why do you hide from yourself? It is THE HIGHER MAN who is crying out for you!"

"The higher man?" Zarathustra cried, stricken with horror. "What does HE want? What does HE want? The higher man! What is he doing here?"—and his skin broke out in sweat.

The soothsayer, however, paid no attention to Zarathustra's alarm, but kept listening downward. When it had been quiet there for a long while, he looked back and saw Zarathustra standing there, trembling.

"O Zarathustra," he began in a sorrowful voice, "you are not standing there like a man made dizzy by happiness: you will have to dance, or you will fall down!

But even if you danced before me and sprang through all your side-leaps, no one could say to me: 'Look, here dances the last joyful man!'

Anyone who came to this height looking for him would search in vain. He would indeed find caves, and caves behind caves, hiding places for those who hide; but not rich mines, or treasure chambers, or new veins of gold-like happiness.

Happiness—how could anyone find happiness among people so buried alive and so solitary? Must I still look for the last happiness on the Happy Isles, far away across forgotten seas?

But it is all the same. Nothing is worth anything. Seeking is useless. There are no Happy Isles anymore!"—

So the soothsayer sighed. But with that last sigh, Zarathustra grew calm and confident again, like someone who has come up out of a deep abyss into the light. "No! No! Three times no!" he cried in a strong voice, stroking his beard. "I know better than that! There are still Happy Isles! Be silent about that, you sighing sack of sorrow!"

Stop splashing that around, you rain-cloud of the morning! Do I not already stand here soaked with your misery, drenched like a dog?

Now I will shake myself off and run away from you, so that I can be dry again. You should not be surprised at that! Do I seem rude to you? And yet this is my court.

And as for the higher man—well, I will go look for him at once in those forests. His cry came from there. Perhaps some evil beast has him hard pressed there.

He is in my domain: here he shall suffer no harm! And truly, there are many evil beasts around me."

With those words, Zarathustra turned to leave. Then the soothsayer said, "O Zarathustra, you rogue!

I know very well what you are doing: you want to get rid of me! You would rather run into the forest and set traps for evil beasts!

But what good will that do you? By evening you will have me again. I will be sitting in your own cave, patient and heavy as a block, waiting for you!"

“So be it!” Zarathustra shouted back as he went away. “And whatever is mine in my cave belongs to you as well, my guest!

If you happen to find honey there, then lick it up, you growling bear, and sweeten your soul! For this evening we both want to be in good spirits;

—in good spirits and joyful, because this day has come to an end! And you yourself shall dance to my songs, like my dancing bear.

You do not believe it? You shake your head? Well then, cheer up, old bear! But I too am a soothsayer.”

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## LXIII. TALK WITH THE KINGS.

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Before Zarathustra had been on his way through the mountains and forests for even an hour, he suddenly saw a strange procession. Coming straight along the path he was about to take downhill were two kings, walking with crowns and purple sashes, bright and many-colored like flamingos. Ahead of them they drove a loaded ass. "What do these kings want in my domain?" Zarathustra said to his heart in astonishment, and quickly hid behind a thicket. But when the kings came near him, he said half aloud, as if speaking only to himself: "Strange! Strange! How does this fit together? I see two kings—and only one ass!"

At that, the two kings stopped. They smiled and looked toward the place the voice had come from, and then looked at each other. "We think such things ourselves as well," said the king on the right, "but we do not say them out loud."

The king on the left, however, shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Perhaps it is a goatherd. Or a hermit who has lived too long among rocks and trees. For having no society at all also ruins good manners."

"Good manners?" the other king replied angrily and bitterly. "What is it, then, that we are running away from? Is it not 'good manners'? Our 'good society'?"

Better, truly, to live among hermits and goatherds than with our gilded, false, over-painted populace—even though it calls itself 'good society.'

—Even though it calls itself ‘nobility.’ But there everything is false and filthy, above all the blood—thanks to old evil diseases and even worse healers.

The best and dearest thing to me now is still a healthy peasant—rough, shrewd, stubborn, and enduring. That, for now, is the noblest type.

The peasant is now the best, and the peasant type ought to rule! But this is the kingdom of the populace—I will not let anything fool me any longer. And populace means hodgepodge.

Populace-hodgepodge: in it everything is mixed up with everything else—saint and swindler, gentleman and Jew, and every beast out of Noah’s ark.

Good manners! Among us, everything is false and filthy. No one knows any longer how to show reverence: that is exactly what we are fleeing from. They are fawning, pushy dogs; they gild palm leaves.

This disgust chokes me: we kings ourselves have become false, wrapped up and disguised in the old, faded pomp of our ancestors, mere display pieces for the stupidest, the slyest, and whoever happens to be trading in power today.

We are NOT the first men—and yet we still have to REPRESENT them. At last we have grown tired of this fraud and sickened by it.

We have kept out of the way of the rabble, of all those shouters and scribbling blowflies, of the stink of trade, the twitching of ambition, the foul breath—fie, to live among the rabble;

—Fie, to stand for the first men among the rabble! Ah, disgust! Disgust! Disgust! What does it matter now about us kings!”—

“Your old sickness is taking hold of you again,” said the king on the left. “Your disgust is seizing you, my poor brother. But you know that someone is listening to us.”

At once, Zarathustra, who had been listening closely to this conversation, rose from his hiding place, stepped toward the kings, and began:

“The one who is listening to you, the one who listens to you gladly, is called Zarathustra.

I am Zarathustra, the one who once said: ‘What does it matter now about kings!’ Forgive me; I rejoiced when you said to each other: ‘What does it matter about us kings!’

Here, however, is MY domain and authority: what might you be seeking in my domain? Perhaps, though, on your way you have FOUND what I seek: namely, the higher man.”

When the kings heard this, they struck their breasts and said with one voice: “We are recognized!

With the sword of your words you cut through the thickest darkness in our hearts. You have uncovered our distress; for look, we are on our way to find the higher man—

—the man who is higher than we are, though we are kings. To him we are bringing this ass. For the highest man must also be the highest lord on earth.

There is no harsher misfortune in all human destiny than this: that the mighty of the earth are not also the first men. Then

everything becomes false, twisted, and monstrous.

And when they are even the last men, and more beast than man, then the populace rises and rises in honor, until at last even the virtue of the populace says: 'Look, I alone am virtue!'"—

"What have I just heard?" answered Zarathustra. "What wisdom in kings! I'm delighted, and truly, I already feel moved to make a rhyme about it—"

"—even if it turns out to be a rhyme not fit for everyone's ears. I gave up long ago trying to spare long ears. Well then! Come now!"

(At this point, however, the ass also spoke up: it said clearly and maliciously, Y-E-A.)

"Once upon a time—I think it was in the first year of our blessed Lord—drunk without wine, the Sibyl lamented like this: 'How badly things are going! Decline! Decline! Never has the world sunk so low! Rome has now become a harlot and a brothel, Rome's Caesar a beast, and God—has become a Jew!'"

Zarathustra's rhymes delighted the kings; the king on the right, however, said: "O Zarathustra, how good it was that we set out to see you!

For your enemies showed us your image in their mirror: there you looked like a devil, with a sneer on your face, so that we were afraid of you.

But what good did that do? Again and again, your sayings pierced our hearts and ears. At last we said: What does it matter how he looks!

We must hear him—the one who teaches: ‘You shall love peace as a means to new wars, and short peace more than long!’

No one had ever spoken such warlike words: ‘What is good? To be brave is good. It is the good war that hallows every cause.’

O Zarathustra, at those words our fathers’ blood stirred in our veins; it was like the voice of spring speaking to old wine casks.

When swords clashed among themselves like red-spotted serpents, our fathers grew fond of life; the sun of every peace seemed dull and lukewarm to them, and long peace filled them with shame.

How our fathers sighed when they saw bright, polished swords hanging dry on the wall! They thirsted for war as those swords did. For a sword thirsts to drink blood, and flashes with desire.”—

As the kings spoke and eagerly praised the happiness of their fathers, Zarathustra felt a strong urge to mock their enthusiasm. The kings before him were plainly very peaceable men, with old, refined faces. But he held himself back. “Well!” he said, “the way leads there; there lies Zarathustra’s cave. And this day is going to have a long evening! For now, though, a cry of distress is calling me away from you in haste.”

It would honor my cave if kings wished to sit and wait in it. But of course, you will have to wait a long time!”

Well! What of that! Where does one learn to wait better nowadays than at court? And the whole virtue kings still possess—is it not called today the ability to wait?”

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## LXIV. THE LEECH.

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And Zarathustra went on thoughtfully, farther down and lower, through forests and past marshy ground. But, as happens to anyone thinking about difficult matters, he accidentally stepped on a man. At once a cry of pain burst into his face, along with two curses and twenty angry insults. Startled, he raised his stick and struck the man he had stepped on. But immediately afterward he recovered himself, and his heart laughed at the foolish thing he had just done.

"Forgive me," he said to the man he had stepped on, who had risen in anger and then sat down again. "Forgive me, and first hear a parable."

Like a wanderer dreaming of distant things on a lonely road, who accidentally runs into a sleeping dog, a dog lying in the sun:

—and then both of them leap up and snap at each other like mortal enemies, those two creatures frightened half to death—so it happened with us.

And yet! And yet—how little was missing before they might have shown each other affection, that dog and that lonely wanderer! Are they not both lonely beings?"

—"Whoever you are," said the man who had been stepped on, still angry, "with your parable you come too close to me as well, not just with your foot!

Look! Am I a dog, then?"—At that, the seated man stood up and pulled his bare arm out of the swamp. At first he had been lying

stretched out on the ground, hidden and impossible to make out, like those who lie in wait for swamp-game.

"But what on earth are you doing!" Zarathustra cried in alarm, for he saw a great deal of blood streaming down the bare arm. "What hurt you? Did some evil beast bite you, you unfortunate man?"

The bleeding man laughed, still angry. "What is it to you!" he said, and was about to move on. "I am at home here, in my own province. Let whoever wants question me; but I will hardly answer a fool."

"You are mistaken," said Zarathustra sympathetically, and held him fast. "You are mistaken. You are not at home here, but in my domain, and here no one shall come to harm.

Call me whatever you like—I am who I must be. I call myself Zarathustra."

Well then! The path up there leads to Zarathustra's cave. It is not far—will you let me tend to your wounds at my home?"

Things have gone badly for you, you unfortunate man, in this life: first a beast bit you, and then—a man stepped on you!"—

But when the man who had been stepped on heard the name Zarathustra, he was transformed. "What is happening to me!" he cried. "Who occupies my thoughts so much in this life as this one man, Zarathustra, and that one creature that lives on blood, the leech?

For the sake of the leech I lay here by this swamp, like a fisherman, and my outstretched arm had already been bitten ten

times when an even finer leech fastened on my blood—Zarathustra himself!"

"O happiness! O miracle! Praised be this day that lured me into the swamp! Praised be the best, the liveliest cupping-glass now alive; praised be the great conscience-leech, Zarathustra!"—

Thus spoke the man who had been stepped on, and Zarathustra rejoiced in his words and in their refined, reverent style. "Who are you?" he asked, and gave him his hand. "There is much between us to clear up and explain, but already it seems to me that pure, bright day is dawning."

"I am THE SPIRITUALLY CONSCIENTIOUS ONE," answered the man who was asked, "and in matters of the spirit it would be hard for anyone to be more rigorous, more narrow, and more severe than I am—except the one from whom I learned it, Zarathustra himself.

Better to know nothing than to half-know many things! Better to be a fool by one's own judgment than a sage by other people's approval! I go to the root of things:"

—What does it matter whether it is great or small? Whether it is called swamp or sky? A handbreadth of foundation is enough for me, if it is truly foundation and solid ground!

—A handbreadth of foundation: that is enough to stand on. In true knowledge, there is nothing great and nothing small."

"Then perhaps you are an expert on the leech?" asked Zarathustra. "And do you investigate the leech down to its ultimate foundation, you conscientious one?"

"O Zarathustra," answered the trodden one, "that would be something immense; how could I dare to claim such a thing!

What I do master and know, however, is the leech's brain: that is MY world!

And it is a world as well! Forgive me if my pride shows itself here, for in this I have no equal. That is why I said: 'here I am at home.'

How long I have studied this one thing, the brain of the leech, so that here the slippery truth might finally stop slipping away from me! This is MY domain!

—For the sake of this I cast everything else aside; for the sake of this, everything else became indifferent to me. And lying close beside my knowledge is my black ignorance.

My intellectual conscience demands that it be this way—that I know one thing and do not know everything else. I loathe all the half-spiritual types, all the hazy, drifting, and visionary ones.

Where my honesty ends, I am blind, and I also want to be blind there. But where I want to know, I also want to be honest—severe, rigorous, limited, cruel, and relentless.

Because you once said, O Zarathustra: 'Spirit is life that cuts into life itself'—that led me to your teaching and drew me in. And truly, I have increased my knowledge with my own blood!"

—"As the evidence shows," Zarathustra broke in; for blood was still running down the conscientious one's bare arm. Ten leeches had bitten into it.

"O you strange fellow, how much this very evidence teaches me—namely, about you yourself! And perhaps I could not pour it all into your rigorous ear!

Well then! We part here! But I would gladly find you again. The way up there leads to my cave: tonight you shall be my welcome guest!"

I would gladly make it up to your body as well, for Zarathustra has trodden on you with his feet: I am thinking about that. But for the moment, a cry of distress is calling me urgently away from you."

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## LXV. THE MAGICIAN.

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But when Zarathustra had gone around a rock, he saw, on the same path not far below him, a man flinging his limbs about like a madman and at last collapsing onto his belly on the ground. "Stop!" Zarathustra said to his heart. "That man must surely be the higher man; it was from him that dreadful cry of distress came. I will see whether I can help him." But when he ran to the place where the man lay, he found a trembling old man with a fixed stare. And although Zarathustra did everything he could to lift him and set him back on his feet, it was all useless. The poor man did not even seem to notice that someone was beside him. Instead, he kept looking around with restless gestures, like someone abandoned and cut off from the whole world. At last, after much trembling, convulsing, and curling himself up, he began to lament like this:

—At this, however, Zarathustra could no longer hold himself back. He seized his staff and struck the wailer with all his strength. "Stop that!" he cried with angry laughter. "Stop it, you actor! You counterfeit! You liar to the core! I know you well!"

I will soon warm your legs for you, you evil magician: I know very well how to make things hot for people like you!"

—"Stop," said the old man, springing up from the ground. "Do not strike me again, O Zarathustra! I did it only for amusement!"

That sort of thing belongs to my art. I wanted to test you yourself when I gave that performance. And truly, you saw through me well!"

But you yourself have given me no small proof of what you are: you are hard, wise Zarathustra! You strike hard with your 'truths'; your cudgel has forced this truth out of me!"

—"Do not flatter me," answered Zarathustra, still agitated and frowning, "you actor to the core! You are false: why do you speak of truth!"

You peacock among peacocks, you sea of vanity—what were you trying to be before me, you evil magician? Whom was I supposed to believe in when you wailed like that?"

"The penitent in spirit," said the old man, "that was the one I was portraying; you yourself once came up with that phrase—"

—"The poet and magician who finally turns his spirit against himself, the changed man who freezes to death from his own corrupt knowledge and conscience."

"And admit it: it was a long time, O Zarathustra, before you saw through my trick and my lie! You believed in my suffering when you held my head in both your hands—"

—"I heard you cry, 'we have loved him too little, loved him too little!' And because I deceived you so completely, my wickedness delighted in itself."

"You may have deceived men subtler than I," said Zarathustra sternly. "I do not guard myself against deceivers; I have to live without such precautions: that is what my fate demands."

"You, however, must deceive: that much I know about you! You must always mean two things, three things, four things, five things at once! Even what you have confessed now is neither

true enough nor false enough for me!"

"You bad counterfeiter, how could you do otherwise! You would whitewash even your illness if you stood naked before your physician."

"That is how you whitewashed your lie before me when you said: 'I did it only for amusement!' There was seriousness in it too; you really are something of a penitent in spirit!"

"I see through you well: you have become the enchanter of the whole world; but for yourself you have no lie or trick left—you are disenchanted with yourself!"

"Disgust is the only truth you have harvested. No word in you is genuine anymore, but your mouth is—and that means the disgust clinging to your mouth is real."

—"Who are you, after all!" the old magician suddenly cried in a defiant voice. "Who dares speak to me like that—to me, the greatest man now living?"—and a green flash shot from his eye at Zarathustra. But at once he changed and said sadly:

"O Zarathustra, I am tired of it. I am disgusted with my arts. I am not great—why should I keep pretending? But you know it well—I was searching for greatness!"

"I wanted to seem like a great man, and I convinced many; but the lie was more than I could sustain. Under it, I collapse."

"O Zarathustra, everything in me is a lie; but this collapse—this collapsing of mine—is genuine!"—

"It does you credit," said Zarathustra gloomily, looking down at him from the corner of his eye. "It does you credit that you

searched for greatness, but it also gives you away. You are not great."

You bad old magician, that is the best and most honest thing I respect in you: that you have grown tired of yourself and said it plainly: 'I am not great.'

That is why I honor you as one who repents in spirit; and though only for the briefest moment, in that one instant you were genuine."

But tell me, what are you looking for here among my forests and rocks? And if you have deliberately crossed my path, what proof of me did you want?

In what way were you testing me?"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and his eyes flashed. But the old magician was silent for a while. Then he said: "Was I testing you? I am only seeking.

O Zarathustra, I am looking for someone genuine, true, simple, unmistakable—a man of complete honesty, a vessel of wisdom, a saint of knowledge, a great man!"

Do you not know it, O Zarathustra? I am seeking Zarathustra."

Then a long silence fell between them. Zarathustra sank deep into thought and closed his eyes. But when he returned to the moment, he took the magician's hand and said, with courtesy and caution:

"Well then! The path leads up there; that is Zarathustra's cave. There you may look for the one you so dearly wish to find.

And ask my animals for advice—my eagle and my serpent. They will help you search. My cave, however, is large.

As for me, I still have not seen a great man. What is truly great is invisible to even the sharpest eye these days. This is the kingdom of the crowd.

I have found many who stretched themselves and puffed themselves up, and the people cried: 'Look, a great man!' But what good are bellows? In the end, the wind comes out.

In the end, the frog that has puffed itself up too long bursts, and then the wind comes out. I call it good sport to stick a pin in a swollen belly. Hear that, you boys!"

Today belongs to the crowd. Who still knows what is great and what is small? Who could successfully look for greatness there? Only a fool—and it works only with fools.

You are looking for great men, you strange fool? Who taught you that? Is this the time for it? Oh, you misguided seeker, why do you tempt me?

So spoke Zarathustra, comforted in his heart, and went on his way laughing.

## LXVI. OUT OF SERVICE.

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Not long after Zarathustra had freed himself from the magician, he again saw someone sitting beside the path he was following: a tall man in black, with a gaunt, pale face. The sight of him deeply troubled Zarathustra. "Alas," he said to his heart, "there sits sorrow in disguise. He seems to be one of the priests. What do they want in my domain?"

What! I have barely escaped that magician, and now another necromancer must cross my path again—

—some spell-caster with healing hands, some dark wonder-worker by the grace of God, some anointed slanderer of the world—may the devil take him!

But the devil is never where he ought to be. He always comes too late—that cursed dwarf with the club-foot!

So Zarathustra cursed impatiently in his heart, and wondered how he might slip past the black-clad man without looking at him. But things turned out otherwise. At that very moment, the seated man had already noticed him; and, like someone suddenly overtaken by unexpected happiness, he leaped to his feet and came straight toward Zarathustra.

"Whoever you are, traveler," 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 far from me. I have also heard wild beasts howling. And the one who might have protected me is no more.

I was looking for the pious man, a saint and hermit, who lived alone in his forest and had still not heard what everyone in the world knows now."

"What does everyone in the world know now?" asked Zarathustra. "Perhaps that the old God is no longer alive—the God in whom the whole world once believed?"

"You have said it," the old man answered sorrowfully. "And I served that old God until his final hour."

But now I am out of service, without a master, and still not free. Nor am I cheerful anymore, even for an hour, except when I lose myself in memories.

So I came up into these mountains, hoping at last to hold a festival for myself again, as befits an old pope and father of the Church. For know this: I am the last pope—a festival of devout memories and divine service.

But now he himself is dead—the most devout of men, the saint in the forest who constantly praised his God with song and murmured prayers.

I no longer found him when I came upon his hut. Instead, I found two wolves there, howling over his death—for all animals loved him. Then I hurried away.

Had I come into these forests and mountains for nothing? Then my heart decided that I should seek another—the most devout of all those who do not believe in God. My heart decided that I should seek Zarathustra!"

So spoke the gray-haired old man, and he fixed sharp eyes on the one standing before him. Zarathustra, however, took the old pope's hand and looked at it for a long time with admiration.

"Look, venerable one," he said at last, "what a fine, long hand! It is the hand of someone who has always given blessings. But now it is holding fast to the one you seek—to me, Zarathustra.

It is I, the godless Zarathustra, who says: 'Who is more godless than I am, so that I may enjoy his teaching?'"—

So spoke Zarathustra, and with his gaze he searched the old pope's thoughts and hidden thoughts. At last the old man began:

"The one who loved him most and possessed him most has now also lost him most:

—Look, surely I myself am now the most godless of us all? But who could take joy in that!"—

—"You served him to the end?" Zarathustra asked thoughtfully after a long silence. "Do you know how he died? Is it true what they say, that pity choked him;

—That he saw how MAN hung on the cross and could not bear it—that his love for man became his hell, and at last his death?"—

The old pope, however, did not answer. He looked away timidly, with a pained and gloomy expression.

"Let him go," said Zarathustra after a long silence, still looking the old man straight in the eye.

"Let him go; he is gone. And though it does you credit that you speak only in praise of this dead man, you know as well as I do who he was, and that he followed strange paths."

"When it comes to speaking before three eyes," said the old pope cheerfully (he was blind in one eye), "about divine matters I am more enlightened than Zarathustra himself—and I may well be.

My love served him for many years; my will followed all his will. But a good servant knows everything, and even many things a master hides from himself.

He was a hidden God, full of secrecy. Truly, he did not come by his son except through secret ways. Adultery stands at the door of his faith.

Whoever praises him as a God of love does not think highly enough of love itself. Did that God not also want to be a judge? But the loving one loves without regard for reward or repayment.

When he was young, that God from the Orient was harsh and vengeful, and he built himself a hell for the pleasure of his favorites.

But in the end he grew old, soft, mellow, and pitiful—more like a grandfather than a father, and most of all like a tottering old grandmother.

There he sat, shriveled in his corner by the chimney, fretting over his weak legs, weary of the world, weary of willing, and one day he suffocated from his all-too-great pity."—

“Old pope,” Zarathustra interrupted, “did you see that with your own eyes? It could well have happened that way: that way, and also otherwise. When gods die, they always die many kinds of death.

Well then! In any case, one way or another—he is gone! He offended the taste of my ears and eyes; I would rather say nothing worse against him.

I love everything that looks bright and speaks honestly. But he—you know it well, old priest—had something of your kind in him, the priestly kind: he was ambiguous.

He was also unclear. How he raged at us, that snorter of wrath, because we understood him badly! But why did he not speak more clearly?”

And if the fault was in our ears, why did he give us ears that heard him so poorly? If there was dirt in our ears—well, who put it there?

Too much went wrong with him, this potter who had never fully mastered his craft. But taking revenge on his pots and creations because they turned out badly—that was a sin against GOOD TASTE.

There is good taste even in piety, and in the end it said this: ‘Away with THAT kind of God! Better to have no God at all, better to make one’s own destiny, better to be a fool, better to be God oneself!’

—“What am I hearing!” said the old pope then, listening closely. “O Zarathustra, you are more pious than you think, with all this unbelief. Some god within you has converted you to your

ungodliness.

Is it not your very piety that no longer allows you to believe in a God? And your excessive honesty will yet lead you even beyond good and evil!"

Look at what has been reserved for you. You have eyes and hands and a mouth that were destined from eternity for blessing. One does not bless with the hand alone.

Close to you, though you claim to be the most ungodly of all, I sense a healthy and holy fragrance of long years of blessing. I feel both glad and saddened by it.

Let me be your guest, O Zarathustra, for a single night! Nowhere on earth would I feel better now than with you!"—

"Amen! So it shall be!" said Zarathustra in great astonishment. "The way leads up there; that is where Zarathustra's cave lies.

Gladly, indeed, I would lead you there myself, venerable one, for I love all pious men. But now a cry of distress is calling me quickly away from you.

In my domain, no one shall come to harm; my cave is a good refuge. And more than anything, I would like to set every sorrowful person back on firm ground and steady legs.

But who could lift YOUR melancholy from your shoulders? For that, I am too weak. Truly, we would have to wait a long time before someone awakened your God for you again.

For that old God lives no more: he is truly dead."—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

## LXVII. THE UGLIEST MAN.

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—And once again Zarathustra's feet carried him through mountains and forests, and his eyes kept searching and searching, but nowhere could he find the one they longed to see—the deeply afflicted sufferer and crier. Yet all along the way he rejoiced in his heart and felt full of gratitude. "What good things," he said, "this day has given me to make up for its bad beginning! What strange people I have found to speak with!"

"I will chew on their words for a long time, as if they were good grain; my teeth will grind and crush them into small pieces until they flow like milk into my soul!"—

But when the path curved around a rock again, the landscape suddenly changed, and Zarathustra entered a realm of death. Black and red cliffs rose up in jagged masses, with no grass, no tree, and no birdsong. It was a valley all animals avoided, even beasts of prey, except for a kind of ugly, thick, green serpent that came there to die when it grew old. That is why the shepherds called this valley "Serpent-Death."

Zarathustra sank into dark memories, for it seemed to him that he had stood in this valley once before. A great heaviness came over his mind, and he walked more and more slowly until at last he stopped. Then, when he opened his eyes, he saw something sitting by the roadside, shaped like a man and yet hardly human at all—something undefined. At once a deep shame came over Zarathustra because he had looked at such a thing. Blushing to the roots of his white hair, he turned his eyes away and lifted his

foot to leave that ill-fated place. But then the dead wilderness found a voice: from the ground rose a sound, gurgling and rattling, like water at night running through clogged pipes; and at last it became a human voice and human speech. It sounded like this:

"Zarathustra! Zarathustra! Solve my riddle! Speak, speak! WHAT IS THE REVENGE ON THE WITNESS?"

"I am luring you back; here the ice is smooth! Take care, take care that your pride does not break its legs here!"

"You think yourself wise, proud Zarathustra! Then solve the riddle, you hard nutcracker—the riddle that I am! Tell me, then: who am I?"

But when Zarathustra heard these words—what do you think happened in his soul then? Pity overcame him, and he collapsed at once, like an oak that has long resisted many woodcutters and then suddenly falls—heavy and abrupt, frightening even those who meant to cut it down. But he immediately rose from the ground again, and his face grew hard.

"I know you well," he said in a harsh, brazen voice. "YOU ARE THE MURDERER OF GOD! Let me go."

"You could not endure the one who saw YOU—the one who always saw straight through you, completely. You took revenge on that witness!"

So spoke Zarathustra and was about to leave; but the strange man caught hold of a corner of his garment and began again to gurgle and search for words. "Stay," he said at last—

—“Stay! Do not pass me by! I have guessed what axe struck you to the ground. Hail to you, O Zarathustra, that you are standing again!

You have guessed—I know it well—how the man feels who killed him, the murderer of God. Stay! Sit down here beside me; it is not for nothing.”

To whom else should I go but you? Stay, sit down! But do not look at me! In that way, honor my ugliness!”

They persecute me: now YOU are my last refuge. Not with their hatred, not with their bailiffs—oh, that kind of persecution I would mock, and even be proud and cheerful under it!

Has not success so far always belonged to those who are well persecuted? And whoever persecutes well quickly learns to be OBSEQUIIOUS—once he has been pushed behind! But it is their pity—

—It is their pity that I flee from, and flee to you. O Zarathustra, protect me—you, my last refuge, you alone who understood me:

—You have understood how the man feels who killed HIM. Stay! And if you must go, you impatient one, do not take the way I came. THAT way is bad.”

Are you angry with me because I have already tortured language too long? Because I have already tried to advise you? But know that it is I, the ugliest man,

—who also has the largest, heaviest feet. Wherever I have gone, the way has turned bad. I trample every path into death and destruction.”

“But you passed me by in silence, and you blushed—I saw that clearly. That is how I knew you were Zarathustra.”

Anyone else would have tossed me their charity, their pity, in their looks and words. But not you—I am not enough of a beggar for that, and you understood it.

For I am too rich—rich in what is great, terrible, ugliest, and most unspeakable. Your shame, O Zarathustra, honored me.

With difficulty I fought my way out of the crowd of the pitying, so that I could find the one man who now teaches that “pity is intrusive”—you yourself, O Zarathustra!

Whether it is the pity of a god or human pity, it offends modesty. And the refusal to help may be nobler than the virtue that rushes in to do it.

Yet that—pity—is now called virtue itself by all petty people. They have no respect for great misfortune, great ugliness, or great failure.

I look beyond all of them, the way a dog looks over the backs of a crowded flock of sheep. They are petty, soft-fleeced, well-meaning, grey people.

As a heron looks down contemptuously at shallow pools, its head bent back, so I look at the crowd of little grey waves and wills and souls.

For too long we have admitted that those petty people were right. And so, in the end, we gave them power as well. Now they teach that “good is only what petty people call good.”

And “truth” now means what the preacher said—the one who himself came from them, that strange saint and spokesman for petty people, who declared of himself: “I am the truth.”

That immodest man has long filled petty people with pride—he who taught no small error when he taught: “I am the truth.”

Has anyone immodest ever been answered more politely? Yet you, O Zarathustra, passed him by and said: “No! No! Three times no!”

You warned against his error. You were the first to warn against pity—not for everyone, not for no one, but for yourself and your kind.

You are ashamed by the shame of the great sufferer; and truly, when you say, “From pity comes a heavy cloud; beware, you men!”

—when you teach, “All creators are hard, all great love is beyond pity,” O Zarathustra, you seem to me deeply skilled in reading the signs of the weather.

But you yourself—warn yourself against your own pity as well! Many are on their way to you: many who suffer, who doubt, who despair, who are drowning, who are freezing—

I warn you against myself as well. You have read what was best in me, my darkest riddle, myself, and what I have done. I know the axe that can strike you down.

But he—had to die. He looked with eyes that saw everything—he saw the depths and filth of men, all their hidden disgrace and ugliness.

His pity had no restraint: he crept into my filthiest corners. This prying, intrusive, over-pitying one had to die.

He was always looking at me. Before such a witness, I wanted revenge—or else I could not go on living myself.

The God who saw everything, and man as well—that God had to die! Man cannot endure having such a witness alive."

So spoke the ugliest man. Zarathustra, however, rose and prepared to continue on his way, for he felt cold to his very core.

"You strange one," he said, "you warned me against your path. In return, I will praise mine to you. Look—up there is Zarathustra's cave.

My cave is large and deep, with many corners; there, the one who is most hidden can find a hiding place. And close beside it are a hundred lurking places and side places for creeping, fluttering, and hopping creatures.

You outcast, who have cast yourself out—you do not want to live among men and their pity? Then do as I do! That way you may learn from me as well; only the doer learns.

And first of all, speak to my animals! The proudest animal and the wisest animal—they may be the right counselors for both of us!"—

So spoke Zarathustra and went on his way, even more thoughtful and slower than before, for he asked himself many questions and hardly knew how to answer them.

"How poor man is," he thought to himself, "how ugly, how wheezing, how full of hidden shame!

They tell me that man loves himself. Ah, how great that self-love must be! How much contempt stands against it!

Even this man has loved himself as much as he has despised himself—he seems to me a great lover and a great despiser.

I have still found no one who despised himself more completely; even that is a kind of greatness. Alas—was this perhaps the higher man whose cry I heard?

I love those who despise greatly. Man is something that must be overcome."

# **LXVIII. THE VOLUNTARY BEGGAR.**

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After Zarathustra left the ugliest man, he felt chilled and alone. So much coldness and loneliness came over his spirit that even his limbs grew cold. But as he kept wandering, up and down the hills, sometimes past green meadows and sometimes across wild, stony ground where perhaps an impatient brook had once cut its bed, he suddenly began to feel warmer and more cheerful again.

“What has happened to me?” he asked himself. “Something warm and living is stirring me; it must be nearby.

Already I feel less alone; unseen companions and brothers are moving around me; their warm breath touches my soul.”

But when he looked around and searched for whatever was easing his loneliness, he saw that there were cattle standing together on a rise, and their nearness and smell had warmed his heart. The cattle, however, seemed to be listening intently to a speaker and paid no attention to the one approaching. And when Zarathustra came quite close, he heard clearly that a human voice was speaking in the middle of the cattle, and apparently all of them had turned their heads toward the speaker.

Then Zarathustra quickly ran up and drove the animals aside, for he feared that someone there had been harmed, and the pity of the cattle would hardly be enough to help. But he was mistaken. For there sat a man on the ground who seemed to be

persuading the animals not to fear him, a gentle man and preacher on the mount, from whose eyes kindness itself seemed to speak. "What are you seeking here?" Zarathustra called out in astonishment.

"What am I seeking here?" he answered. "The same thing you are seeking, you mischief-maker: happiness on earth.

And for that very reason I would gladly learn from these cattle. For I tell you, I have already spoken to them for half the morning, and just now they were about to give me their answer. Why do you disturb them?"

Unless we are changed and become like cattle, we shall never enter the kingdom of heaven. For there is one thing we ought to learn from them: how to ruminate.

And truly, even if a man were to gain the whole world and still fail to learn that one thing—ruminating—what would it profit him? He would not be freed from his affliction,

—his great affliction, which at present is called DISGUST. Who today does not have his heart, his mouth, and his eyes full of disgust? You too! You too! But look at these cattle!"—

So spoke the Preacher-on-the-Mount, and then turned his gaze toward Zarathustra—for until then it had rested lovingly on the cattle. But now his expression changed. "Who is this I am speaking with?" he cried in fright, and sprang up from the ground.

"This is the man without disgust, this is Zarathustra himself, the one who has overcome the great disgust; this is the eye, this is the mouth, this is the heart of Zarathustra himself."

And as he spoke, with tears overflowing in his eyes, he kissed the hands of the man he was speaking to, and behaved altogether like someone on whom a precious gift and jewel had unexpectedly fallen from heaven. The cattle, however, watched it all and wondered.

"Do not speak of me, you strange and lovable man!" said Zarathustra, holding back his affection. "First tell me about 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 in order to give them his abundance and his heart? But they did not receive him."

"But they did not receive me," said the voluntary beggar. "You know that well enough. So in the end I went to the animals and to those cattle."

"Then you learned," Zarathustra interrupted, "how much harder it is to give well than to receive well, and that giving well is an art—the last and most subtle master-art of kindness."

"Especially nowadays," answered the voluntary beggar. "At present, that is, when everything low has become rebellious, exclusive, and haughty in its own way—in the way of the populace.

For the time has come—you know it well enough—for the great, evil, long, slow mob-and-slave uprising: it spreads and spreads!"

Now it stirs up the lower classes—all their charity and small acts of giving; and the very rich had better watch themselves!

Whoever now drips over like swollen bottles forced through necks that are too narrow—those are the bottles people gladly break the necks of today.

I saw reckless greed, bitter envy, worn-out revenge, and the pride of the mob. All of it met my eye. It is no longer true that the poor are blessed. The kingdom of heaven, however, belongs to the kine."

"And why does it not belong to the rich?" Zarathustra asked teasingly, while holding back the kine that were sniffing familiarly at the peaceful man.

"Why do you tempt me?" the other answered. "You know it even better than I do. What drove me to the poorest, O Zarathustra? Was it not my disgust with the richest?"

—With the criminals of wealth, with their cold eyes and vile thoughts, who scrape profit out of every kind of filth—this rabble that stinks to heaven,

—This gilded, counterfeit mob, whose fathers were pickpockets, carrion-crows, or rag-pickers, and whose wives are compliant, lewd, and forgetful—for none of them are very different from harlots—

Mob above, mob below! What do 'poor' and 'rich' even mean now? I unlearned that distinction—and then I fled farther and farther away, until I came to these kine."

So spoke the peaceful man, puffing himself up and sweating with his own words, so that the kine looked on in fresh surprise. Zarathustra, however, kept gazing into his face with a smile while the man 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 that severity, nor were your eyes.

Nor, I think, was your stomach: all this rage, hatred, and foaming over goes against it. Your stomach wants gentler things; you are no butcher.

You seem to me more like an eater of plants and roots. Perhaps you grind grain. In any case, you shrink from fleshly pleasures, and you love honey."

"You have guessed me well," answered the voluntary beggar, his heart growing lighter. "I love honey, and I also grind grain; for I have sought out what tastes sweet and makes the breath pure:

—And whatever takes a long time becomes a day's task and a mouth's task for refined idlers and slackers.

The cows, certainly, have taken this the farthest: they have invented chewing the cud and lying in the sun. They also avoid all heavy thoughts that make the heart swell."

—"Well!" said Zarathustra, "you should also see MY animals, my eagle and my serpent—their like does not exist on earth at present.

Look, that path leads to my cave: be its guest tonight. And speak with my animals about the happiness of animals—

—until I myself come home. For a cry of distress is calling me away from you in haste. And if you find new honey with me, ice-cold golden comb-honey, eat it!"

But now say goodbye at once to your cows, you strange one, you lovable one, though it is hard for you. For they are your warmest friends and teachers!"—

—"One excepted, whom I love even more," answered the voluntary beggar. "You yourself are good, O Zarathustra, and even better than a cow!"

"Away, away with you, you wicked flatterer!" cried Zarathustra mischievously. "Why do you spoil me with such praise and honeyed flattery?"

"Away, away from me!" he cried once more, and he swung his stick at the affectionate beggar, who, however, ran off nimbly.

## LXIX. THE SHADOW.

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But scarcely had the voluntary beggar hurried away, and Zarathustra was alone again, when he heard a new voice behind him calling out: "Stay! Zarathustra! Wait! It is I, indeed, O Zarathustra—I myself, your shadow!" But Zarathustra did not wait, for a sudden irritation came over him because of the crowd and the crowding in his mountains. "Where has my solitude gone?" he said.

"It is truly becoming too much for me; these mountains are swarming; my kingdom is no longer of THIS world; I need new mountains.

My shadow is calling me? What do I care about my shadow! Let it run after me! I—I am running away from it."

So spoke Zarathustra to his heart and ran off. But the one behind him kept following, so at once there were three runners in a row: first the voluntary beggar, then Zarathustra, and third, at the very back, his shadow. They had not run for long before Zarathustra realized how foolish he was being, and with one sharp shake cast off all his irritation and disgust.

"What!" he said. "Have not the most ridiculous things always happened to us old hermits and saints?"

"Truly, my folly has grown great in the mountains! Now I hear the legs of six old fools clattering along behind one another!"

"But does Zarathustra need to be frightened by his own shadow? Besides, it seems to me that, after all, it has longer legs than I do."

So spoke Zarathustra, and laughing with his eyes and from his very depths, he stopped and turned around quickly. And look—he almost knocked his shadow and follower to the ground, so closely had the other been following at his heels, and so weak was he. For when Zarathustra looked at him closely, he was startled as if by a sudden apparition: so thin, dark, hollow, and worn-out did this follower appear.

“Who are you?” Zarathustra asked sharply. “What are you doing here? And why do you call yourself my shadow? You do not please me.”

“Forgive me,” the shadow answered, “for being who I am; and if I do not please you—well, O Zarathustra, that only makes me admire you and your good taste.”

“I am a wanderer, one who has long walked at your heels: always on the road, but without a goal and without a home. So truly, I am not far from being the eternal Wandering Jew—except that I am neither eternal nor a Jew.”

“What? Must I always be on the road? Tossed by every wind, restless, and driven from place to place? O earth, you have become too round for me!”

“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 grow thin—I am becoming almost nothing but a shadow.”

“Yet after you, O Zarathustra, I fled and hurried longest; and though I hid myself from you, I was still your best shadow: wherever you sat, there I sat as well.”}}

With you I have wandered through the most distant, coldest worlds, like a phantom that willingly haunts winter roofs and snowy places.

With you I have pressed into everything forbidden, everything worst and farthest; and if there is any virtue in me, it is that I have never feared any prohibition.

With you I have torn down everything my heart once revered; I have overthrown every boundary stone and statue. I chased the most dangerous desires—truly, I once went beyond every crime.

With you I unlearned my belief in words and values and great names. When the devil sheds his skin, does not his name fall away as well? It too is only skin. Perhaps the devil himself is nothing but skin.

"Nothing is true, everything is permitted": that is what I said to myself. I plunged head and heart into the coldest water. Ah, how often I stood there naked because of it, like a red crab!

Ah, where have all my goodness, all my shame, and all my faith in the good gone? Ah, where is the deceitful innocence I once had—the innocence of the good and of their noble lies?

Too often, truly, I followed close behind truth; then it kicked me in the face. Sometimes I meant to lie, and behold—only then did I strike the truth.

Too much has become clear to me; now it no longer concerns me. Nothing I love is still alive—how, then, could I still love myself?

"To live as I desire, or not to live at all": that is what I want; that is what the holiest also wants. But alas—how is it that I still have any desire left?

Do I still have a goal? A harbor toward which my sail is set?

A good wind? Ah, only the one who knows where he is sailing knows what wind is good, and what wind is fair for him.

What is still left to me? A heart that is weary and fickle; an unsteady will; fluttering wings; a broken backbone.

This search for my home—O Zarathustra, do you know that this search has been my homesickness; it is eating me alive.

"Where is my home?" That is what I ask and seek, and have sought, but have not found. O eternal everywhere, O eternal nowhere, O eternal in vain!

So spoke the shadow, and Zarathustra's face grew longer at its words. "You are my shadow!" he said at last, sadly.

"Your danger is no small thing, you free spirit and wanderer! You have had a bad day; see that an even worse evening does not come upon you!

For restless people like you, even a prisoner can seem fortunate in the end. Have you ever seen how captured criminals sleep? They sleep peacefully; they enjoy their new sense of safety.

Take care that, in the end, some narrow faith does not capture you, some harsh and rigid delusion. For now everything narrow and fixed seduces and tempts you.

You have lost your goal. Alas, how will you give up that loss and forget it? And because of that—have you also lost your way?

You poor rover and wanderer, you tired butterfly! Do you want rest and a home this evening? Then come up to my cave!

That is where the path to my cave leads. And now I will quickly run away from you again. Already it is as if a shadow lies over me.

I will run alone, so that it may grow bright around me again. That is why I must stay merrily on my feet a while longer. But this evening—there will be dancing with me!”—

So spoke Zarathustra.

## LXX. NOONTIDE.

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—And Zarathustra ran and ran, but he found no one else. He was alone and kept coming back to himself. He enjoyed his solitude and drank it in, and for hours he thought of good things. But around noontide, when the sun stood directly above his head, he passed an old tree, bent and gnarled. A vine embraced it with burning love and hid it from itself. From it hung an abundance of yellow grapes before the wanderer. Then he felt like quenching a little thirst and picking a cluster of grapes for himself. But when he had already stretched out his arm to do so, he felt an even stronger desire for something else: to lie down beside the tree at the hour of perfect noontide and sleep.

Zarathustra did this; and as soon as he lay down on the ground in the quiet, hidden stillness of the many-colored grass, he forgot his slight thirst and fell asleep. For, as Zarathustra's proverb says: "One thing is more necessary than another." Only his eyes stayed open—for they never tired of looking at and admiring the tree and the vine's love. Yet as he drifted off to sleep, Zarathustra spoke to his heart:

"Hush! Hush! Has the world now become perfect? What has happened to me?"

As a gentle wind dances invisibly over polished seas, light, feather-light, so sleep dances over me.

It does not close my eyes; it leaves my soul awake. It is light, truly, feather-light.

It persuades me, though I do not know how. It touches me inwardly with a caressing hand. It compels me. Yes, it compels me, so that my soul stretches itself out:—

—How long and weary it becomes, my strange soul! Has a seventh-day evening come upon it right at noon? Has it already wandered too long, blissfully, among good and ripened things?

It stretches itself out, long—longer! It lies still, my strange soul. It has already tasted too many good things; this golden sadness weighs on it, it twists its mouth.

—Like a ship that enters the calmest cove: it now draws up to the land, tired of long voyages and uncertain seas. Is not the land more faithful?

As such a ship clings to the shore and pulls toward it, so it is enough for a spider to spin its thread from the ship to the land. No stronger ropes are needed there.

Like such a weary ship in the calmest cove, so I too now rest near the earth—faithful, trusting, waiting, bound to it by the lightest threads.

O happiness! O happiness! Might you perhaps sing, O my soul? You lie in the grass. But this is the secret, solemn hour when no shepherd plays his pipe.

Take care! The hot noontide sleeps over the fields. Do not sing! Hush! The world is perfect.

Do not sing, you prairie-bird, my soul! Do not even whisper! Look—hush! The old noontide sleeps; it moves its mouth. Is it not even now drinking a drop of happiness—

—An old brown drop of golden happiness, golden wine?  
Something brushes over it; its happiness laughs. So—a God  
laughs. Hush!—

—“For happiness, how little is needed!” I once said that, and  
thought myself wise. But that was blasphemy: I know that now.  
Wise fools speak better.

The very smallest thing, the gentlest thing, the lightest thing—a  
lizard’s rustle, a breath, a brush, a glance—LITTLE makes up the  
BEST happiness. Hush!

—What has happened to me? Listen! Has time flown away? Am I  
not falling? Have I not fallen—listen!—into the well of eternity?

—What is happening to me? Hush! It stings me—alas—right in  
the heart? In the heart! Oh, break open, break open, my heart,  
after such happiness, after such a sting!

—What? Has the world not just now become perfect? Round  
and ripe? Oh, for the golden round ring—where is it flying? Let  
me run after it! Quick!

Hush—” (and here Zarathustra stretched himself and felt that he  
was asleep.)

“Up!” he said to himself, “you sleeper! You midday sleeper!  
Come now, up, you old legs! It is time, more than time; many a  
good stretch of road is still waiting for you—

Now you have slept enough; for how long? Half an eternity! Well  
then, up now, my old heart! After such a sleep, how long can  
you—stay awake?”

(But then he fell asleep again, and his soul spoke against him, defended itself, and lay down once more)—“Leave me alone! Hush! Has the world not just now become perfect? Oh, for the golden round ball!—

“Get up,” said Zarathustra, “you little thief, you sluggard! What, still stretching yourself, yawning, sighing, falling into deep wells?

Who are you then, O my soul!” (and here he grew frightened, for a sunbeam shot down from heaven onto his face.)

“O heaven above me,” he said with a sigh, sitting upright, “you are looking at me? You are listening to my strange soul?

When will you drink this drop of dew that has fallen upon all earthly things—when will you drink this strange soul—

—When, you well of eternity! you joyful, terrible, noontide abyss! when will you drink my soul back into you?”

So spoke Zarathustra, and rose from his couch beside the tree as if waking from a strange intoxication. And look—the sun was still standing directly above his head. From that, one might reasonably conclude that Zarathustra had not slept for long.

## LXXI. THE GREETING.

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It was already late afternoon when Zarathustra, after a long stretch of useless searching and wandering, finally returned to his cave. But when he stood facing it, no more than twenty paces away, something happened that he expected least of all: he heard the great cry of distress again. And strangely enough, this time the cry came from his own cave. It was a long, mixed, peculiar cry, and Zarathustra clearly recognized that it was made up of many voices, though from a distance it might have sounded like the cry of a single mouth.

At once Zarathustra rushed toward his cave, and what a sight awaited him after that strange chorus! There they all sat together—the ones he had passed during the day: the king on the right and the king on the left, the old magician, the pope, the voluntary beggar, the shadow, the intellectually conscientious one, the sorrowful soothsayer, and the ass. The ugliest man, however, had set a crown on his head and wrapped himself in two purple girdles—for he liked, like all ugly people, to disguise himself and play the handsome man. In the middle of that sorrowful company stood Zarathustra's eagle, its feathers ruffled and its manner uneasy, for it had been forced to answer too much that its pride had no answer for; meanwhile, the wise serpent hung around its neck.

Zarathustra looked at all this in great astonishment. Then he studied each guest with polite curiosity, read their souls, and was amazed all over again. Meanwhile, those gathered there had risen from their seats and waited respectfully for Zarathustra to speak. Zarathustra, however, said this:

"You despairing ones! You strange ones! So it was your cry of distress that I heard? And now I also know where I must look for the one I searched for in vain today: the higher man—

—he is sitting in my own cave, the higher man! But why should I be surprised? Have I not drawn him to me myself, with honey-offerings and the cunning lure-calls of my happiness?"

But it seems to me that you are poorly suited for company: sitting here together only makes each other's hearts more troubled, you who cry out for help. First, someone else must come,

—someone who will make you laugh again: a cheerful clown, a dancer, a gust of wind, a wild playmate, some old fool—what do you think?

Still, forgive me, you despairing ones, for speaking such light words in front of you—words truly unworthy of such guests. But you do not guess what it is that makes my heart so playful:

—you yourselves do, and the sight of you—forgive me for saying so! Anyone grows courageous when he sees someone in despair. Everyone thinks himself strong enough to encourage a despairing person.

You have given me that power myself—a fine gift, my honored guests! An excellent present from guests! So do not reproach me if I offer you something of my own in return.

This is my realm and my rule; and what is mine shall be yours this evening and tonight. My animals will serve you; let my cave be your place of rest!

In my house and home, no one shall despair. In my domain I protect everyone from his wild beasts. And that is the first thing I offer you: safety!

The second thing, however, is my little finger. And once you have that, take the whole hand as well—yes, and the heart with it! Welcome here, welcome, my guests!”

So spoke Zarathustra, and he laughed with love and mischief. After this greeting, his guests bowed once more and fell respectfully silent; but the king on the right answered him on their behalf.

“O Zarathustra, from the way you have offered us your hand and your greeting, we know you as Zarathustra. You have humbled yourself before us; you have almost wounded our reverence—

—yet who could humble himself as you have done, and with such pride? That lifts us up as well; it is a refreshment to our eyes and hearts.

Just to see this, we would gladly have climbed mountains higher than this one. For we came as eager watchers; we wanted to see what could brighten dim eyes.

And look—now our cries of distress are over. Now our minds and hearts are open and enraptured. Very little is lacking before our spirits become playful.”

There is nothing on earth, O Zarathustra, that grows more beautifully than a lofty, powerful will: it is the finest thing that can grow. A whole landscape feels renewed by the presence of such a tree.

I compare him to the pine, O Zarathustra, which rises as you do—tall, silent, tough, solitary, made of the finest, most supple wood, majestic—

—Yet in the end it reaches out for its own dominion with strong green branches, putting grave questions to the wind, the storm, and whatever dwells in high places;

—And answering with even greater force, like a commander, like a conqueror! Oh, who would not climb high mountains to see such growths?

At your tree, O Zarathustra, even the gloomy and the ill-formed find renewal; at the sight of you, even the wavering grow firm and heal their hearts.

And truly, many eyes now turn toward your mountain and your tree; a great longing has arisen, and many have learned to ask, 'Who is Zarathustra?'

And all those into whose ears you have ever poured your song and your honey—the hidden ones, the solitary dwellers, and the two who dwell together—have all said to their hearts at once:

'Does Zarathustra still live? It is no longer worth living; everything is indifferent, everything is useless—or else we must live with Zarathustra!'

'Why does he not come, he who has announced himself for so long?' many people ask. 'Has solitude swallowed him up? Or should we perhaps go to him?'

Now it happens that solitude itself grows fragile and breaks open, like a grave that splits open and can no longer hold its

dead. Everywhere one sees the risen ones.

Now the waves are rising higher and higher around your mountain, O Zarathustra. And no matter how great your height, many of them must climb up to you: your boat will not remain on dry ground much longer.

And the fact that we despairing ones have now come into your cave, and already despair no longer, is only a sign and a forewarning that better ones are on their way to you—

—For they themselves are on their way to you, the last remnant of God among men—that is to say, all the men of great longing, great loathing, and great satiety,

—All who do not want to go on living unless they learn to hope again—unless they learn from you, O Zarathustra, the GREAT hope!"

So spoke the king on the right, and he took Zarathustra's hand to kiss it. But Zarathustra stopped this show of reverence and stepped back in alarm, retreating as if he were fleeing, silent and sudden, into the distance. After a little while, however, he was again among his guests. He looked at them with clear, searching eyes and said:

"My guests, you higher men, I will speak to you plainly and directly. It is not for YOU that I have waited here in these mountains."

("Plainly and directly?" Good God!" the king on the left said to himself here. "You can see he does not know the polished Westerners, this sage from the East!

But he means 'bluntly and bluntly'—well! That is not the worst taste these days!")

"You may indeed all be higher men," Zarathustra continued, "but for me—you are neither high enough nor strong enough.

For me—that is, for the inexorable thing now silent within me, though it will not stay silent forever. And even if you belong with me, it is not as my right arm.

For anyone who stands, as you do, on weak and tender legs wants above all to be treated gently, whether he knows it or hides it from himself.

But I do not treat my arms and legs gently; I DO NOT TREAT MY WARRIORS GENTLY. So how could you be fit for MY kind of warfare?

With you, I would ruin all my victories. And many of you would fall over if you only heard the loud pounding of my drums.

And besides, you are not beautiful enough or noble enough for me. I need pure, smooth mirrors for my teachings; on your surface even my own image is distorted.

Many burdens weigh on your shoulders, and many memories as well; many a spiteful dwarf crouches in your corners. There is a hidden mob in you too.

And though you may be lofty and of a higher kind, much in you is crooked and misshapen. There is no smith in the world who could hammer you straight and true for me.

You are only bridges: let higher ones cross over you. You are steps, so do not reproach the one who climbs past you into his

own height.

From your seed, one day, a true son and rightful heir may arise for me; but that time is still 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; nor can I make my final descent with you. You have come to me only as a sign that higher ones are on their way to me—

—not the men of great longing, great disgust, great weariness, and what you call the remnant of God;

—No! No! Three times no! It is for others that I wait here in these mountains, and I will not leave this place without them;

—for higher ones, stronger ones, more triumphant ones, more joyful ones, for those who are solidly formed in body and soul: laughing lions must come!

O my guests, you strange ones—have you still heard nothing of my children? And that they are on their way to me?

Speak to me of my gardens, of my Happy Isles, of my new beautiful race—why do you not speak to me of them?

This is the gift I ask of your love as guests: speak to me of my children. For them I am rich; for them I became poor. What have I not given up,

—what would I not give up, if only I might have one thing: these children, this living planting, these trees of life born from my will and my highest hope!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and then he suddenly broke off. Longing overcame him, and he closed his eyes and his mouth because his heart was so stirred. All his guests, too, fell silent and stood still in confusion—except the old soothsayer, who made signs with his hands and gestures.

## LXXII. THE SUPPER.

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At that point the soothsayer interrupted the greeting between Zarathustra and his guests. He pushed forward like a man with no time to lose, took Zarathustra's hand, and cried out: "But Zarathustra!

One thing is more necessary than another, as you yourself say; well then, one thing is now more necessary to me than anything else.

A word at the right moment: didn't you invite me to TABLE? And here are many people who have traveled a long way. You don't mean to feed us with nothing but speeches, do you?

Besides, all of you have spent too much time thinking about freezing, drowning, suffocating, and other bodily dangers. But none of you has thought about MY danger—namely, starving to death—

(So spoke the soothsayer. But when Zarathustra's animals heard these words, they ran off in terror. They saw that everything they had brought home that day would not be enough to satisfy the one soothsayer.)

"And dying of thirst as well," the soothsayer continued. "And although I hear water splashing here like words of wisdom—that is, abundantly and without end—I want WINE!

Not everyone is a born water-drinker like Zarathustra. Water does not suit the weary and withered, either: WE deserve wine—it alone gives immediate strength and sudden health!"

At that moment, when the soothsayer was longing for wine, the king on the left—the silent one—also spoke up for once. "WE took care of the wine," he said, "my brother the king on the right and I: we have enough wine—a whole ass-load of it. So the only thing lacking is bread."

"Bread," Zarathustra replied, laughing as he spoke, "is exactly what anchorites do not have. But man does not live by bread alone; he also lives by the flesh of good lambs, and I have two of them:

—THESE we shall slaughter at once and cook well with sage and spices: that is how I like them. And there is no shortage of roots and fruits either, good enough even for the fussy and delicate—nor of nuts and other riddles to crack."

So before long we shall have a fine meal. But whoever wants to eat with us must also help with the work, even the kings. For with Zarathustra, even a king may be a cook."

This proposal pleased all of them, except the voluntary beggar, who objected to the meat and wine and spices.

"Just listen to this glutton, Zarathustra!" he said jokingly. "Does one go into caves and high mountains in order to prepare such feasts?"

Now I truly understand what he once taught us: Blessed be moderate poverty! And why he wishes to do away with beggars."

"Take heart," Zarathustra replied, "as I do. Keep to your own ways, you excellent man: grind your grain, drink your water, praise your cooking—so long as it makes you glad!"

I am a law only for myself; I am not a law for everyone. But whoever belongs with me must be strong-boned and light-footed—

—joyful in battle and at the feast, not gloomy, not a dreamer, ready for the hardest task just as for celebration, healthy and vigorous.

The best belongs to me and mine; and if it is not given to us, then we take it—the best food, the clearest sky, the strongest thoughts, the most beautiful women!”—

Thus spoke Zarathustra; but the king on the right answered and said: “Strange! Has anyone ever heard such sensible things from the mouth of a wise man?

And truly, the strangest thing about a wise man is if, on top of everything else, he is still sensible and not an ass.”

So spoke the king on the right and marveled; the ass, however, replied to his remark with an ill-tempered YE-A. This was the beginning of that long meal which the history books call “The Supper.” And during it, they spoke of nothing but THE HIGHER MAN.

# LXXIII. THE HIGHER MAN.

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When I first came among men, I committed the hermit's folly, the great folly: I appeared in the marketplace.

And when I spoke to everyone, I spoke to no one. By evening, however, my companions were rope-dancers 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 are the marketplace and the crowd to me—the noise of the crowd and its long ears!"

You higher men, learn this from me: in the marketplace, no one believes in higher men. But if you want to speak there, very well! The crowd only blinks and says: "We are all equal."

"You higher men," the crowd blinks, "there are no higher men; we are all equal; man is man; before God, we are all equal!"

Before God!—But now this God is dead. Before the crowd, however, we will not be equal. You higher men, away from the marketplace!

Before God!—But now this God is dead! You higher men, this God was your greatest danger.

Only after he lay in the grave have you risen again. Only now does the great noontide come; only now does the higher man become master!

Have you understood this word, my brothers? Are you afraid? Are your hearts reeling? Does the abyss open before you here? Does the hound of hell bark at you here?

Good! Take courage, you higher men! Only now is the mountain of humanity's future in labor. God is dead: now we desire only this—that the Superman shall live.

The most cautious people today ask, "How can man be preserved?" Zarathustra, however, asks, as the first and only one, "How can man be surpassed?"

The Superman is what I care about; that is the first and only thing for me—and not man: not the neighbor, not the poorest, not the most miserable, not the best.

My brothers, what I can love in man is this: that he is a going-beyond and a going-down. And in you as well there is much that makes me love and hope.

What gives me hope is that you have despised, you higher men. For the great despisers are also the great reverers.

There is much to honor in the fact that you have despaired. For you have not learned to submit; you have not learned petty politics.

For today the petty people have become masters: they all preach submission and humility and policy and diligence and consideration and the long etcetera of petty virtues.

Everything of the effeminate kind, everything that comes from the servile kind, and especially the mob's mongrel mixture—that now wants to rule all human destiny. O disgust! Disgust! Disgust!

That keeps asking and asking and never grows tired: "How can man preserve himself best, longest, and most pleasantly?" That

is why they are the masters of today.

These masters of today—surpass them, my brothers—these petty people: they are the Superman's greatest danger!

Surpass, you higher men, the petty virtues, the petty politics, the grain-of-sand consideration, the anthill trifles, the miserable love of comfort, the "happiness of the greatest number"!

And rather despair than submit. And truly, I love you because today you do not know how to live, you higher men! For that is how you live best!

Do you have courage, my brothers? Are you truly brave? Not the kind of courage shown in front of witnesses, but the courage of a hermit and an eagle, which not even a god sees anymore?

I do not call cold souls, mules, the blind, or the drunk brave. A man has heart when he knows fear and still conquers it; when he sees the abyss and faces it with pride.

Whoever sees the abyss with an eagle's eyes, and seizes it with an eagle's talons—that man has courage.

"Man is evil"—that is what all the wisest once told me, as a comfort. Ah, if only it were still true today! For evil is man's greatest strength.

"Man must become better and more evil"—that is what I teach. What is most evil is necessary for the Superman's highest good.

It may have been right for the preacher of the little people to suffer under men's sin and be weighed down by it. But I rejoice in great sin as my great consolation.

But such things are not meant for every ear. Not every word suits every mouth. These are subtle, distant matters: sheep's hooves cannot grasp them.

You higher men, do you think I am here to correct what you have done wrong?

Or that I wanted, from now on, to make softer beds for you who suffer? Or to show you restless wanderers and climbers gone astray new and easier paths?

No! No! Three times no! Again and again, the better ones among your kind must perish—for things must always grow worse and harder for you. Only in that way—

—only in that way does man rise to the height where lightning can strike and shatter him: high enough for the lightning!

My soul and my seeking reach toward the few, the long, and the distant: what are your many small, brief miseries to me?

You do not yet suffer enough for me! You suffer from yourselves; you have not yet suffered from man. You would be lying if you said otherwise. Not one of you suffers from what I have suffered.

It is not enough for me that lightning no longer does harm. I do not want to divert it away: it must learn to work for me.

My wisdom has gathered for a long time like a cloud; it grows quieter and darker. That is how all wisdom becomes when one day it is meant to bear lightning.

For these people of today, I will not be light, nor let myself be called light. I will blind them instead: lightning from my wisdom,

put out their eyes!

Do not desire anything beyond your power. There is a deep falseness in people who want what lies beyond what they can do.

Especially when they aim at great things. They make people distrust greatness, these subtle counterfeiters and actors:

Until in the end they become false even to themselves—cross-eyed, whitewashed decay, covered over with grand words, showy virtues, and dazzling fake deeds.

Be very careful here, you higher men. Nothing is more precious or rarer to me than honesty.

Is not today the age of the crowd? But the crowd does not know what is great and what is small, what is straight and what is honest. It is innocently crooked; it lies all the time.

So keep a healthy distrust today, you higher men, you courageous ones, you open-hearted ones. And keep your reasons to yourselves, for today belongs to the crowd.

When the crowd has once learned to believe something without reasons, who could ever refute it with reasons?

In the marketplace, people are persuaded by gestures. Reasons only make the crowd suspicious.

And when truth has finally triumphed there, then ask yourselves, with good reason to be wary: "What powerful error was fighting on its side?"

Be on your guard against the learned as well. They hate you because they produce nothing. Their eyes are cold and dried out; before them every bird seems stripped of its feathers.

Such people boast that they do not lie. But merely being unable to lie is still very far from loving the truth. Be on your guard!

Being free of fever is still very far from being knowledge. I do not believe in chilled spirits. Whoever cannot lie does not know what truth is.

10.

If you want to climb high, then use your own legs. Do not let yourselves be carried upward; do not sit on other people's backs and heads.

But perhaps you have climbed onto a horse? And now you ride quickly toward your goal? Very well, my friend. But your lame foot is riding there with you too.

When you reach your goal, when you dismount from your horse—at the very height of your height, you higher man—then you will stumble!

11.

You creators, you higher men! A person is pregnant only with his own child.

Do not let yourselves be deceived or pushed around! And who, then, is your neighbor? Even if you act "for your neighbor," you still do not create for him!

Unlearn this "for," I beg you, you creators: your very virtue wants you to have nothing to do with "for" and "on account of" and "because." Stop your ears against these false little words.

"For one's neighbor" is a virtue only among petty people: there they say, "like goes with like," and "one hand washes the other." They have neither the right nor the power for your kind of self-seeking!

In your self-seeking, you creators, there is the foresight of the pregnant. What no eye has yet seen—the fruit itself—shelters, saves, and nourishes all your love.

Where all your love is—namely, with your child—there too is all your virtue! Your work, your will, is your "neighbor": do not let false values force themselves on you!

12.

You creators, you higher men! Whoever must give birth is sick; whoever has given birth, however, is unclean.

Ask women: one gives birth not because it gives pleasure. Pain makes hens and poets cackle.

You creators, there is much uncleanness in you. That is because you have had to be mothers.

A new child: oh, how much new filth has also come into the world! Go apart! He who has given birth should wash his soul!

13.

Do not be virtuous beyond your strength! And do not demand of yourselves what goes against what is likely!

Walk in the footsteps where your fathers' virtue has already walked! How could you rise high if your fathers' will did not rise with you?

But whoever wants to be first should take care not to become last as well! And where your fathers' vices are, there you should not set yourselves up as saints!

If a man comes from fathers who were drawn to women, strong wine, and the flesh of wild boars, what would it mean for him to demand chastity of himself?

It would be folly. It seems very clear to me that such a man, if anything, should be the husband of one or two or three women.

And if he founded monasteries and wrote over their gates, "The way to holiness," I would still say: what good is that? It is just another folly.

He has built himself a house of penance and a house of refuge; may it serve him well. But I do not believe in it.

In solitude, whatever a person brings into it grows there—including the brute within his own nature. That is why solitude is unwise for many people.

Has there ever been anything filthier on earth than the saints of the wilderness? Around them, not only was the devil loose, but the swine were too.

14.

Shy, ashamed, awkward—like a tiger whose leap has failed—that is how I have often seen you slink away, you higher men. A throw you made had missed.

But what does it matter, you dice-players? You had not yet learned to play and to mock, as one must play and mock. Do we not always sit at a great table of mockery and play?

And if great things have failed with you, does that mean that you yourselves have failed? And if you yourselves have failed, does that mean mankind has failed? But if man has failed—well then, never mind.

15.

The higher the type of a thing, the more rarely it succeeds. You higher men here—have you not all failed?

Take heart; what does it matter? How much is still possible! Learn to laugh at yourselves, as you ought to laugh.

Why should it be surprising that you have failed and only half-succeeded, you half-shattered ones? Is not man's future itself striving and struggling within you?

Man's farthest and deepest possibilities, his star-high destiny, his tremendous powers—do not all these surge and clash together in your vessel?

Why should it be surprising that many a vessel breaks? Learn to laugh at yourselves, as you ought to laugh. You higher men—oh, how much is still possible!

And truly, how much has already succeeded! How rich this earth is in small, good, perfect things, in things that are well made and well ordered!

Place small, good, perfect things around you, you higher men. Their golden ripeness heals the heart. What is perfect teaches

us to hope.

16.

What has so far been the greatest sin on earth? Was it not the saying of the one who declared: "Woe unto them that laugh now!"

# Did he himself find no reason to laugh on the earth

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Then he looked badly. Even a child can find a reason for laughter.

He did not love enough; otherwise he would also have loved us, the laughing ones. But he hated us and mocked us; he promised us wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Must one begin cursing at once simply because one does not love? That seems like bad taste to me. Yet that is what he did, this absolute one. He came from the populace.

And he himself did not love enough; otherwise he would have raged less because people did not love him. All great love does not seek love in return—it seeks something more.

Keep out of the way of all such absolute ones! They are a poor, sickly type, a populace-type: they look on this life with ill will, and they cast an evil eye on this earth.

Keep out of the way of all such absolute ones! Their feet are heavy and their hearts are stifling—they do not know how to dance. How could the earth ever feel light to people like that!

17.

All good things approach their goal indirectly. Like cats, they arch their backs; they purr inwardly with their coming happiness—all good things laugh.

A person's step reveals whether he is already walking on his own path: just look at how I walk! But the one who is drawing near to his goal dances.

And truly, I have not become a statue; I do not yet stand there stiff, dull, and stony like a pillar. I love swift running.

And though there are marshes and deep troubles on earth, the one with light feet runs even across the mud and dances over it as if on well-swept ice.

Lift up your hearts, my brothers—high, higher! And do not forget your legs! Lift up your legs as well, you good dancers, and better still, stand on your heads!

18.

This crown of laughter, this crown woven with roses—I have placed it on my own head; I myself have made my laughter sacred. Today I found no one else strong enough for it.

Zarathustra the dancer, Zarathustra the light-footed one, who beckons with his wings, ready to fly, calling to all birds, poised and prepared, joyfully light in spirit:—

Zarathustra the prophet, Zarathustra the truth-laughter, not impatient, not absolute, one who loves leaps and sidesteps; I myself have put on this crown!

19.

Lift up your hearts, my brothers—high, higher! And do not forget your legs! Lift up your legs as well, you good dancers, and better still if you can stand on your heads!

There are heavy creatures that are happy too; there are club-footed ones from the start. How strangely they struggle, like an elephant trying to stand on its head.

And yet it is better to be foolish from happiness than foolish from misery, better to dance awkwardly than to walk lame. So learn, I ask you, my wisdom, you higher men: even the worst thing has two good sides to it,—

—Even the worst thing has good dancing legs. So learn, I ask you, you higher men, to stand on your own proper legs!

So unlearn, I ask you, all sighing sorrow and all the sadness of the crowd! Oh, how sad the buffoons of the crowd seem to me today! But this today belongs to the crowd.

20.

Be like the wind when it rushes out of its mountain caves: it dances to its own whistling, and the seas tremble and leap beneath its footsteps.

Praise that good, unruly spirit that gives wings to asses and milks the lionesses—that comes like a hurricane against everything present and everything of the crowd,—

—That is hostile to thistle-heads and muddle-heads, and to all withered leaves and weeds—praise this wild, good, free spirit of the storm, which dances over swamps and afflictions as if they were meadows!

Which hates the sickly dogs of the crowd, and all that ill-made, sullen brood—praise this spirit of all free spirits, the laughing storm, which blows dust into the eyes of all the dark-eyed and

melancholy!

You higher men, the worst thing about you is that none of you has learned to dance as you should—to dance beyond yourselves! What does it matter that you have failed?

So many things are still possible! So learn to laugh beyond yourselves! Lift up your hearts, you good dancers—high, higher! And do not forget true laughter!

This crown of laughter, this crown woven of roses: I throw this crown to you, my brothers! I have made laughter sacred; you higher men, I beg you—learn to laugh!

# LXXIV. THE SONG OF MELANCHOLY.

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When Zarathustra spoke these words, he was standing near the entrance to his cave; but with the last words he slipped away from his guests and fled for a little while into the open air.

"O pure scents around me," he cried, "O blessed stillness around me! But where are my animals? Come here, come here, my eagle and my serpent!

Tell me, my animals: these higher men, all of them—do they perhaps not smell right? O pure scents around me! Only now do I truly know and feel how much I love you, my animals."

—And Zarathustra said once more: "I love you, my animals!" The eagle and the serpent pressed close to him when he said these words and looked up at him. In this way, the three of them stayed silent together, breathing in and tasting the good air with one another. For the air outside was better here than it had been with the higher men.

But hardly had Zarathustra left the cave when the old magician stood up, looked slyly around, and said: "He is gone!

And now, you higher men—let me tease you with this complimentary and flattering name, as he himself does—even now my evil spirit of deceit and magic, my melancholy devil, is coming over me,

—It is an enemy of this Zarathustra from the depths of its heart: forgive it for that! Now it wants to work its spell before you; this is its hour, and I struggle against this evil spirit in vain.

To all of you, whatever honors you may choose to claim in your names—whether you call yourselves ‘the free spirits,’ or ‘the conscientious,’ or ‘the penitents of the spirit,’ or ‘the unfettered,’ or ‘the great yearners,’—

—To all of you who, like me, suffer from the great disgust, for whom the old God has died and no new God yet lies in a cradle and swaddling clothes—to all of you my evil spirit and devilish magic are well disposed.

I know you, you higher men; I know him—and I also know this fiend whom I love against my will, this Zarathustra: he himself often seems to me like the beautiful mask of a saint,

—Like some new and strange performance in which my evil spirit, the melancholy devil, takes delight: I love Zarathustra, or so it often seems to me, for the sake of my evil spirit.—

But now it is already attacking me and forcing me on—this spirit of melancholy, this devil of the evening twilight; and truly, you higher men, it longs—

—Open your eyes!—it longs to come naked, whether as man or woman I do not yet know; but it is coming, it is forcing me, alas! open your minds!

The day is dying away; evening now comes to all things, even to the best things. Listen now, and look, you higher men, at what kind of devil—man or woman—this spirit of evening melancholy is!”

Thus spoke the old magician, glanced shrewdly around him, and then took up his harp.

## LXXV. SCIENCE.

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Thus the magician sang; and everyone present, without noticing it, went like birds into the net of his artful, melancholy sensuality. Only the man of intellectual conscience was not caught: he immediately snatched the harp from the magician and cried out: "Air! Let in fresh air! Let Zarathustra in! You make this cave close and poisonous, you wicked old magician!

You seduce, you liar, you cunning one, leading people toward unknown desires and wastelands. And alas that someone like you should talk and make such a show about the truth!

Alas for all free spirits who are not on guard against magicians like you! Their freedom is finished: you teach and tempt them back into prisons,—

—You old melancholy devil, your lament carries a lure within it: you are like those who, by praising chastity, secretly invite people to sensuality!"

So spoke the conscientious man. The old magician, however, looked around him and enjoyed his triumph, and for that reason he tolerated the irritation the conscientious man caused him. "Be quiet!" he said in a modest voice. "Good songs need time to echo; after a good song, one should be silent for a long while."

That is what all those present do, the higher men. You, however, have perhaps understood little of my song. There is not much of the 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 hungry eyes—”

You free spirits, where has your freedom gone? You almost seem to me like men who have spent too long watching bad girls dance naked: your very souls are dancing!”

In you, higher men, there must be more of what the magician calls his evil spirit of magic and deceit—we truly must be different.”

And truly, we spoke and thought together long enough before Zarathustra returned to his cave for me to know perfectly well that we are different.”

We are seeking different things even up here, you and I. I am looking for more security; that is why I have come to Zarathustra. For he is still the firmest tower and will—

—today, when everything is shaking, when the whole earth trembles. But you, when I see the look in your eyes, it almost seems to me that you are seeking more insecurity,”

—more horror, more danger, more earthquake. You long—it almost seems so to me; forgive my presumption, higher men—

—you long for the worst and most dangerous life, the one that frightens me most: the life of wild beasts, of forests, caves, steep mountains, and twisting gorges.”

And it is not those who lead out of danger who please you most, but those who lead you away from every path, the misleaders. But if this longing in you is real, it still seems impossible to me.”

For fear—that is man’s original and deepest feeling. Through fear, everything is explained: original sin and original virtue. Out

of fear my virtue also grew, namely, science."

Fear of wild animals has been cultivated in humanity longer than anything else, including fear of the animal a person hides and fears within himself. Zarathustra calls it "the beast inside."

That long, ancient fear eventually became subtle, spiritual, and intellectual. Now, it seems to me, it is called SCIENCE."

So spoke the conscientious one. But Zarathustra had just returned to his cave, and he had heard and understood the last part of the speech. He threw a handful of roses at the conscientious one and laughed at his "truths." "What!" he cried. "What did I just hear? Truly, it seems to me that either you are a fool, or I am one myself. And I will quietly and quickly turn your 'truth' upside down."

For fear is the exception among us. Courage, however—and adventure, and delight in uncertainty, in what has not yet been attempted—courage seems to me to make up the whole early history of humanity.

He envied the wildest and bravest animals and stole all their virtues. That is how he became man.

This courage, at last made subtle, spiritual, and intellectual—this human courage, with eagle's wings and serpent's wisdom—this, it seems to me, is what is now called—

"ZARATHUSTRA!" all those gathered there cried out, as if with one voice, and at once they burst into loud laughter. Yet something like a heavy cloud rose from among them. Even the magician laughed and said knowingly, "Well then! It is gone, my evil spirit!"

And did I not warn you about it myself when I said it was a deceiver, a lying and misleading spirit?

Especially when it shows itself naked. But what can I do about its tricks? Did I create it and the world?

Well then, let us be good again, and cheerful! And although Zarathustra is giving me an evil look—just look at him! He dislikes me—

—before night comes, he will learn again to love and praise me; he cannot go long without committing such follies.

He loves his enemies. He knows that art better than anyone I have ever seen. But he takes revenge for it—on his friends!”

So spoke the old magician, and the higher men applauded him. Zarathustra went around and, with playful affection, shook hands with his friends—as if he had something to make up for and owed each of them an apology. But when he reached the door of his cave, he once again longed for the fresh air outside and for his animals, and wanted to slip away.

# LXXVI. AMONG DAUGHTERS OF THE DESERT.

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"Do not go away!" said the wanderer who called himself Zarathustra's shadow. "Stay with us—otherwise that old dark affliction may fall on us again."

"That old magician has given us the worst of himself, supposedly for our own good, and look! the good, pious pope has tears in his eyes and has set sail once more on the sea of melancholy."

"Those kings may still put on a brave face before us; that, after all, is what they have learned best from all of us by now. But if no one were watching them, I would wager that they too would start up their old bad game again—"

"—the bad game of drifting clouds, of damp melancholy, of curtained skies, of stolen suns, of howling autumn winds,"

"—the bad game of our howling and crying out for help! Stay with us, O Zarathustra! There is much hidden misery here that wants to speak, much evening, much cloud, much damp air!"

"You have fed us strong food fit for men, and powerful proverbs: do not let weak, womanish spirits come at us again with the dessert!"

"You alone make the air around you strong and clear! Have I ever found anywhere on earth air as good as yours in your cave?"

"I have seen many lands, and my nose has learned to test and judge many kinds of air; but with you my nostrils find their greatest delight!"

"Unless it is—unless it is—do forgive an old memory! Forgive me an old after-dinner song that I once composed among daughters of the desert:—"

"For with them too there was air just as good, clear, and Oriental; there I was farthest from cloudy, damp, melancholy Old Europe!"

"Back then I loved such Oriental maidens and those other blue kingdoms of heaven, above which no clouds and no thoughts hang."

You would not believe how charmingly they sat there when they were not dancing—serious, yet without a thought, like little secrets, like ribboned riddles, like sugared nuts—

Many-colored and foreign, to be sure, but without any clouds: riddles that could be guessed. To please such maidens, I then composed an after-dinner psalm."

Thus spoke the wanderer who called himself Zarathustra's shadow; and before anyone could answer him, he had seized the old magician's harp, crossed his legs, and looked calmly and wisely around him. With his nostrils, however, he drew in the air slowly and inquisitively, like someone tasting the strange air of a new land. Afterward he began to sing in a kind of roar.

2. THE DESERTS GROW: WOE TO HIM WHO HIDES THEM!

THE DESERTS GROW: WOE TO HIM WHO HIDES THEM!

# LXXVII. THE AWAKENING.

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After the song of the wanderer and the shadow, the cave suddenly filled with noise and laughter; and since all the gathered guests spoke at once, and even the ass, encouraged by it all, no longer kept silent, Zarathustra felt a brief wave of aversion and scorn toward his visitors, though he also rejoiced in their cheerfulness. For it seemed to him a sign of recovery. So he slipped out into the open air and spoke to his animals.

"Where has their distress gone now?" he said, and he himself was already feeling relieved of his small disgust. "It seems to me that with me they have unlearned their cries of distress!

—Though, alas, not yet their crying." And Zarathustra covered his ears, for just then the ass's YE-A mixed strangely with the loud rejoicing of those higher men.

"They are merry," he began again, "and who knows? perhaps at their host's expense; and if they have learned from me to laugh, still it is not my laughter they have learned.

But what does that matter! They are old people: they recover in their own way, they laugh in their own way; my ears have endured worse already and have not grown peevish.

This day is a victory: he is already giving way, he is fleeing—the spirit of gravity, my old arch-enemy! How well this day is about to end, after beginning so badly and gloomily!

And it is about to end. Evening is already coming; it rides here over the sea, the good rider. How it bobs along, blessed and homecoming, in its purple saddle!

The sky looks bright above it, and the world lies deep below.  
Oh, all you strange ones who have come to me, it has already  
been worth living with me!

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And again the cries and laughter of the  
higher men came out of the cave; then he began once more:

They are taking the bait; my bait is working, and their enemy  
too, the spirit of gravity, is leaving them. Now they are learning  
to laugh at themselves. Am I hearing rightly?

My manly food is doing its work, my strong and savory sayings.  
Truly, I did not feed them bloated vegetables, but warrior's  
food, conqueror's food: I awakened new desires in them.

New hopes are in their arms and legs, and their hearts are  
growing larger. They are finding new words; soon their spirits  
will breathe freedom and playfulness.

Food like this may certainly not be right for children, or even for  
yearning girls, young or old. Their bowels are taught otherwise;  
I am not their physician or teacher.

Disgust is leaving these higher men; good! that is my victory. In  
my domain they grow confident; all foolish shame flies away;  
they let themselves out.

They pour out their hearts, good times return to them, they  
celebrate and reflect—they become thankful.

That is what I take as the best sign: they become thankful. It will  
not be long before they invent festivals and set up memorials to  
their old joys.

They are convalescents!" Thus spoke Zarathustra joyfully to his heart and gazed outward; his animals, however, pressed close to him and honored his happiness and his silence.

All at once, however, Zarathustra's ear was startled: for the cave, which had until then been full of noise and laughter, suddenly became still as death. But his nose caught a sweet vapor and the smell of incense, as if pine-cones were burning.

"What is happening? What are they doing?" he asked himself, and crept up to the entrance so that he could watch his guests without being seen. But wonder upon wonder—what he then had to see with his own eyes!

"They've all turned PIOUS again, they're PRAYING, they're mad!" he said, utterly astonished. And indeed, all these higher men—the two kings, the pope out of service, the evil magician, the voluntary beggar, the wanderer and shadow, the old soothsayer, the spiritually conscientious one, and the ugliest man—were all kneeling like children and gullible old women, worshipping the ass. Just then the ugliest man began to gurgle and snort, as if something unspeakable in him were struggling to come out; but when he finally found words, what emerged was a strange, devout litany in praise of the adored and incense-scented ass. And the litany went like this:

Amen! And glory and honour and wisdom and thanks and praise and strength be to our God, forever and ever!

—But here the ass brayed, YE-A.

He carries our burdens, he has taken on the form of a servant, he is patient at heart and never says Nay; and whoever loves his

God chastises him.

—But here the ass brayed, YE-A.

He does not speak—except that he always says Yea to the world he created: that is how he praises his world. It is his cunning not to speak; that is why he is so rarely found to be wrong.

—But here the ass brayed, YE-A.

He moves through the world without beauty. Grey is the colour he most likes to wrap his virtue in. If he has spirit, he hides it; yet everyone believes in his long ears.

—But here the ass brayed, YE-A.

What secret wisdom there is in wearing long ears, and saying only Yea and never Nay! Has he not created the world in his own image—namely, as stupid as possible?

—But here the ass brayed, YE-A.

You walk both straight and crooked paths; it matters little to you what seems straight or crooked to us men. Your realm lies beyond good and evil. Your innocence is that you do not know what innocence is.

—But here the ass brayed, YE-A.

Look! You turn no one away, neither beggars nor kings. You let little children come to you, and when bad boys lure you on, you simply say, YE-A.

—But here the ass brayed, YE-A.

You love she-asses and fresh figs; you are no despiser of food.  
A thistle delights your heart whenever you happen to be hungry.  
There is a godlike wisdom in that.

—The ass, however, brayed: YE-A.

## LXXVIII. THE ASS-FESTIVAL.

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At this point in the litany, however, Zarathustra could no longer contain himself. He himself shouted YE-A, even louder than the ass, and leaped into the middle of his frenzied guests. "What are you doing, you grown-up children?" he cried, pulling the worshippers up from the ground. "Alas, if anyone other than Zarathustra had seen you:

Everyone would take you for the worst blasphemers, or for the most foolish old women, with your new faith!"

"And you yourself, old pope—how does it suit you to worship an ass in this way, as if it were God?"—

"O Zarathustra," answered the pope, "forgive me, but in divine matters I am even more enlightened than you. And that is only fitting.

It is better to worship God this way, in some form, than not to worship him in any form at all! Think about that saying, my exalted friend: you will quickly see that there is wisdom in it.

Whoever said, 'God is a Spirit,' made the greatest leap—and slip—toward unbelief yet made on earth. A statement like that is not easily corrected again on earth!

My old heart leaps and rejoices because there is still something on earth to worship. Forgive it, O Zarathustra, this old, devout pontiff's heart!—

—"And you," said Zarathustra to the wanderer and shadow, "you call yourself and think of yourself as a free spirit? And here you are practicing such idolatry and holy worship?"

Truly, what you are doing here is worse than what you did with your bad brown girls, you bad new believer!"

"It is sad enough," answered the wanderer and shadow, "you are right; but what can I do? The old God is alive again, O Zarathustra, say what you will.

The ugliest man is to blame for all of it: he has awakened him again. And if he says that he once killed him, with gods death is always only a prejudice."

—"And you," said Zarathustra, "you wicked old magician, what have you done! Who should go on believing in you in this free age, when you yourself believe in such divine donkey-worship?"

"That was a stupid thing to do; how could you, a shrewd man, do something so stupid!"

"O Zarathustra," answered the shrewd magician, "you are right, it was a stupid thing—it disgusted me as well."

—"And you too," said Zarathustra to the spiritually conscientious one, "think about it, and put your finger to your nose! Does nothing here offend your conscience? Is your spirit not too clean for this praying and the fumes of these devotees?"

"There is something in it," said the spiritually conscientious one, putting his finger to his nose. "There is something in this spectacle that even does my conscience good.

Perhaps I do not dare believe in God; but this much is certain: in this form, God seems to me most worthy of belief.

God is said to be eternal, according to the testimony of the most pious: whoever has that much time takes his time. By being as slow and as stupid as possible, such a being can still go very far.

And someone with too much spirit might easily become infatuated with stupidity and folly. Think of yourself, O Zarathustra!

You yourself—truly! even you could easily become an ass through an excess of wisdom.

Does not the true sage willingly walk the most crooked paths? The evidence teaches it, O Zarathustra—your own evidence!"

—"And you yourself, finally," said Zarathustra, turning toward the ugliest man, who still lay on the ground with his arm stretched up to the ass (for he was giving it wine to drink). "Tell me, you nondescript, what have you been doing!

You seem transformed to me; your eyes glow, and the cloak of the sublime covers your ugliness: WHAT did you do?

Is it really true what they say, that you have awakened him again? And why? Was he not killed and done away with for good reasons?

You yourself seem awakened to me: what did you do? Why did YOU turn around? Why did YOU convert? Speak, you nondescript!"

"O Zarathustra," answered the ugliest man, "you rogue!

Whether HE still lives, or lives again, or is completely dead—which of the two of us knows that better? I ask you.

One thing, however, I do know—and I once learned it from you yourself, O Zarathustra: whoever wants to kill most completely, laughs.

“One kills not with wrath but with laughter”—that is what you once said, O Zarathustra, you hidden one, you destroyer without wrath, you dangerous saint—you rogue!”

Then Zarathustra, astonished by such sheer roguish answers, sprang back to the door of his cave and, turning to all his guests, cried out in a strong voice:

“You wits, all of you, you buffoons! Why do you pretend and disguise yourselves before me?”

How all your hearts shook with delight and mischief because at last you had become like little children again—pious little children—

—Because at last you did what children do again: you prayed, folded your hands, and said, ‘good God’!

But now, please leave this nursery—my own cave—where all this childishness has been going on today. Outside, cool your heated childish wildness and the turmoil in your hearts!

Certainly: unless you become like little children, you shall not enter that kingdom of heaven.” (And Zarathustra pointed upward with his hands.)

“But we do not want to enter the kingdom of heaven at all: we have become men—so we want the kingdom of earth.”

And once more Zarathustra began to speak. “O my new friends,” he said, “you strange ones, you higher men, how much

I like you now—

—Now that you have become joyful again! Truly, you have all come into bloom: it seems to me that flowers like you call for new festivals.

—A little brave nonsense, some divine service and ass-festival, some old cheerful Zarathustra fool, some windbag to blow your souls bright.

Do not forget this night and this ass-festival, you higher men! You invented that here with me, and I take it as a good sign—only convalescents invent such things!

And if you celebrate this ass-festival again, do it out of love for yourselves, and also out of love for me! And in remembrance of me!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

# LXXIX. THE DRUNKEN SONG.

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Meanwhile, one after another, they went outside into the open air and into the cool, reflective night. Zarathustra himself led the ugliest man by the hand so he could show him his world of night, the great round moon, and the silvery waterfalls near his cave. At last they stood there together, all of them old men, but with comforted, courageous hearts, inwardly amazed that things could be going so well for them on earth. And the mystery of the night came closer and closer to their hearts. Once again Zarathustra thought to himself, "Oh, how much I like these higher men now!"—but he did not say it aloud, because he respected their happiness and their silence.—

Then something happened that was the most astonishing thing of that astonishingly long day: the ugliest man began once more, and for the last time, to gurgle and snort. And when he finally found words, look! a question came straight and plain from his mouth—a good, deep, clear question that stirred the hearts of everyone who heard him.

"My friends, all of you," said the ugliest man, "what do you think? Because of this day—I am, for the first time, content to have lived my whole life.

And even saying that is still not 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!'

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!'—

So spoke the ugliest man; it was, however, not far from midnight. And what happened then, do you think? As soon as the higher men heard his question, they suddenly became aware of their transformation and recovery, and of the one who had caused it. Then they rushed to Zarathustra, thanking him, honoring him, embracing him, and kissing his hands, each in his own particular way; so that some laughed and others wept. The old soothsayer, meanwhile, danced with joy; and although he was then, as some storytellers suppose, full of sweet wine, he was certainly even fuller of sweet life, and had given up all weariness. There are even some who tell that the ass danced as well, for not without reason had the ugliest man earlier given it wine to drink. That may be so, or it may not; and if the ass truly did not dance that evening, even greater and rarer wonders happened then than the dancing of an ass would have been. In short, as Zarathustra's proverb says: "What does it matter!"

But while this was happening with the ugliest man, Zarathustra stood there like someone drunk: his gaze grew dim, his tongue faltered, and his feet staggered. And who could guess what thoughts were passing through Zarathustra's soul then? It seemed, however, that his spirit withdrew and fled ahead into far-off distances, and was, as it were, "wandering on high mountain ridges," as it is written, "'twixt two seas,"

—wandering between the past and the future like a heavy cloud." Little by little, however, while the higher men held him in

their arms, he came somewhat back to himself, and with his hands pushed back the crowd of those honoring and caring for him; but he did not speak. Then, all at once, he turned his head sharply, for he seemed to hear something; then he put his finger to his mouth and said: "COME!"

At once, everything around them grew still and strange. From the depths, the sound of a clock bell slowly rose. Zarathustra listened to it, as the higher men did. Then he put his finger to his lips a second time and said again, "COME! COME! IT IS NEARLY MIDNIGHT!"—and his voice had changed. Still, he did not move from where he stood. Then it grew even quieter and more mysterious, and everything listened—even the ass, and Zarathustra's proud animals, the eagle and the serpent, as well as Zarathustra's cave, the great cool moon, and the night itself. Zarathustra, however, put his hand over his mouth for the third time and said:

COME! COME! COME! LET US GO NOW! IT IS THE HOUR: LET US GO OUT INTO THE NIGHT!

You higher men, it is nearly midnight. Now I will say something in your ears, just as that old clock bell says it in mine—

—As mysteriously, as fearfully, and as warmly as that midnight bell speaks to me, that bell which has lived through more than one man:

—Which has already counted the aching beats of your fathers' hearts—ah! ah! how it sighs! how it laughs in its dream! the old, deep, deep midnight!

Hush! Hush! At this hour, many things can be heard that cannot be heard by day. Now, in the cool air, when even all the turmoil in your hearts has grown still,—

—Now it speaks, now it is heard, now it slips into wakeful, night-bound souls: ah! ah! how midnight sighs! how it laughs in its dream!

—Do you not hear how it speaks to YOU—mysteriously, fearfully, and warmly—the old deep, deep midnight?

O MAN, TAKE HEED! 4.

Woe is me! Where has time gone? Have I sunk into deep wells?  
The world sleeps—

Ah! Ah! The dog howls, the moon shines. I would rather die, yes, rather die, than tell you what my midnight-heart is thinking now.

I have already died. It is all over. Spider, why do you spin around me? Do you want blood? Ah! Ah! The dew falls, the hour comes—

—The hour in which I grow cold and freeze, which asks and asks and asks: “Who has enough courage for it?”

—Who is to rule the world? Who will say: **THUS SHALL YOU FLOW, YOU GREAT AND SMALL STREAMS!**”

—The hour is drawing near: O man, you higher man, beware! This speech is for refined ears, for your ears—**WHAT DOES DEEP MIDNIGHT’S VOICE TRULY SAY?**

It carries me away; my soul is dancing. Day’s work! Day’s work!  
Who is to rule the world?

The moon is cool, the wind is still. Ah! Ah! Have you already flown high enough? You have danced; but a leg is not a wing.

You good dancers, now all delight is over: the wine has turned to dregs, every cup has grown brittle, the tombs are muttering.

You have not flown high enough; now the tombs are muttering: "Set the dead free! Why has the night lasted so long? Does not the moon make us drunk?"

You higher men, open the tombs, awaken the corpses! Ah, why does the worm still burrow? It is coming, it is coming, the hour,—

—The clock-bell booms, the heart still trembles, the wood-worm still burrows, the heart-worm too. Ah! Ah! THE WORLD IS DEEP!

Sweet lyre! Sweet lyre! I love your sound, your drunken, buttercup-bright sound!—how long, how far your tone has traveled to reach me, from the distance, from the ponds of love!

You old clock-bell, you sweet lyre! Every pain has torn at your heart—father-pain, fathers' pain, forefathers' pain; your speech has ripened,—

—Ripened like golden autumn and afternoon, like my hermit heart—now you say: The world itself has ripened, the grape is turning brown,

—Now it wants to die, to die of happiness. You higher men, do you not feel it? A scent is rising mysteriously,

—A fragrance and scent of eternity, a rosy-blessed, brown, gold-wine scent of old happiness,

—Of the happiness of drunken midnight-death, which sings: the world is deep, AND DEEPER THAN THE DAY COULD READ!

Leave me alone! Leave me alone! I am too pure for you. Do not touch me! Has not my world just now become perfect?

My skin is too pure for your hands. Leave me alone, you dull, foolish, stupid day! Is not midnight brighter?

The purest are meant to rule the world: the least known, the strongest, the souls of midnight, brighter and deeper than any day.

O day, are you feeling your way toward me? Are you reaching for my happiness? Am I, for you, rich and solitary, a buried treasure, a chamber of gold?

O world, do you want me? Am I worldly enough for you? Am I spiritual enough for you? Am I divine enough for you? But day and world, you are too coarse—

—Find cleverer hands. Reach for deeper happiness, for deeper unhappiness, reach for some god; do not reach for me:

—My unhappiness, my happiness, is deep, strange day; and yet I am no god, no hell of God's: deep is its woe.

God's woe is deeper, strange world! Reach for God's woe, not for me! What am I? A drunken, sweet lyre—

—A midnight lyre, a croaking bell-frog that no one understands, yet 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 is howling, the wind—

—Is the wind not a dog? It whines, it barks, it howls. Ah! Ah! how she sighs, how she laughs, how she wheezes and pants, this midnight!

How soberly she speaks now, this drunken poetess! Has she perhaps drunk past her drunkenness? Has she become too wakeful? Is she brooding?

—She broods over her sorrow in a dream, the old, deep midnight—and even more over her joy. For joy, though sorrow is deep, is deeper still than grief can ever be.

You grapevine! Why do you praise me? Have I not cut you? I am cruel, and you are bleeding—what does your praise of my drunken cruelty mean?

“Whatever has become perfect, everything ripe—wants to die!” so you say. Blessed, blessed be the vintner’s knife! But everything unripe wants to live: alas!

Woe says, “Go away! Leave! Be gone, woe!” But everything that suffers wants to live, so that it may become ripe and alive and full of longing,

—Longing for what is farther, higher, brighter. “I want heirs,” says everything that suffers, “I want children, I do not want myself,”—

Joy, however, does not lack heirs; it does not lack children. Joy wants itself. It wants eternity. It wants return. It wants everything eternally the same as itself.

Woe says: “Break, bleed, heart! Wander, leg! Wing, fly! Forward! Upward! pain!” Well then—take courage, my old heart: WOE

SAYS, "AWAY! GO!"

10.

You higher men, what do you think? Am I a prophet? Or a dreamer? Or a drunkard? Or an interpreter of dreams? Or a midnight bell?

Or a drop of dew? Or the vapor and fragrance of eternity? Do you not hear it? Do you not smell it? Just now my world has become perfect; midnight has also become midday—

Pain is also joy, a curse is also a blessing, night is also a sun—go away! Or you will learn that a wise man is also a fool.

Have you ever said Yes to a single joy? O my friends, then you also said Yes to all woe. All things are linked, entwined, and in love—

—Did you ever want one thing to happen twice? Did you ever say: "You please me, happiness! Instant! Moment!" Then you wanted everything to come back again!

—All anew, all eternal, all linked, entwined, and in love—oh, then you loved the world—

—You eternal ones, you love it eternally and forever; and even to woe you say: Away! Go! But come back! FOR ALL JOY WANTS—ETERNITY!

11.

All joy wants the eternity of all things. It wants honey. It wants dregs. It wants drunken midnight. It wants graves. It wants the comfort of tears shed at graves. It wants golden evening-red—

—WHAT does joy not want! It is thirstier, fuller-hearted, hungrier, more fearsome, more mysterious than all woe. It wants itself. It bites into itself. The will of the ring twists within it—

—It wants love. It wants hate. It is too rich. It gives, it throws away, it begs for someone to take from it, it thanks the one who takes, it would even like to be hated—

—So rich is joy that it thirsts for woe, for hell, for hate, for shame, for the crippled, for the WORLD—for this world. Oh, you know that well indeed!

You higher men, it longs for you—this joy, this irrepressible, blessed joy—for your woe, you failures! For failures, all eternal joy longs.

For every joy wants itself again, and so it also wants grief. O happiness, O pain! Oh, break, heart! You higher men, learn this: joy wants eternity.

—Joy wants the eternity of all things; it wants deep, profound eternity!

12.

Have you learned my song now? Have you understood what it meant to say? Good! Take heart! You higher men, now sing my roundelay!

Now sing the song yourselves, the one called "Once More," whose meaning is "Unto all eternity!"—sing, you higher men, Zarathustra's roundelay!

# LXXX. THE SIGN.

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The next morning, after that night, Zarathustra sprang up from his couch. He girded himself and came out of his cave radiant and strong, like the morning sun rising from dark mountains.

“You great star,” he said, as he had said once before, “you deep eye of happiness, what would all your happiness be if you did not have those for whom you shine!

And if they stayed in their chambers while you were already awake, coming and giving and sharing, how your proud modesty would reproach them for it!

Well then! These higher men are still asleep while I am awake. They are not my true companions! It is not for them that I wait here in my mountains.

I want to be at my work, at my day; but they do not understand the signs of my morning. My step is not a wake-up call for them.

They are still sleeping in my cave; their dream is still drinking from my drunken songs. The ear that hears me—the obedient ear—is still missing from their limbs.”

—Zarathustra had spoken this to his heart when the sun rose. Then he looked upward questioningly, for he heard the sharp cry of his eagle above him. “Good!” he called up. “That is as it should be, and it pleases me. My animals are awake, because I am awake.

My eagle is awake, and like me it honors the sun. With eagle talons it reaches for the new light. You are my true animals; I love you.

But I still lack my true men!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra. Then, all at once, he realized that he was surrounded and fluttered around by what seemed like countless birds. The whirring of so many wings, and the press of them around his head, was so intense that he shut his eyes. And truly, it was as if a cloud descended on him—a cloud of arrows falling on a new enemy. But look: this was a cloud of love, showering itself on a new friend.

"What is happening to me?" Zarathustra thought in his astonished heart, and he slowly sat down on the large stone near the entrance to his cave. But as he reached out with his hands around him, above him, and below him, trying to fend off the gentle birds, something even stranger happened. Without meaning to, he touched a mass of thick, warm, shaggy hair; and at the same moment there sounded before him a roar—a long, soft lion's roar.

"THE SIGN IS COMING," said Zarathustra, and his heart changed. And truly, when he could see clearly again, a yellow, powerful animal lay at his feet, resting its head on his knee, unwilling to leave him out of love, like a dog that has found its old master again. The doves, however, were no less eager in their love than the lion; and whenever a dove brushed past its nose, the lion shook its head and seemed to wonder and laugh.

While all this was happening, Zarathustra spoke only one phrase: "MY CHILDREN ARE NEAR, MY CHILDREN"—and then he fell completely silent. But his heart was released, and tears dropped from his eyes onto his hands. He paid no further attention to anything, but sat there motionless, no longer

pushing the animals away. Then the doves flew back and forth, perched on his shoulder, and caressed his white hair, never tiring of their tenderness and joy. The strong lion, meanwhile, kept licking the tears that fell on Zarathustra's hands, and roared and growled shyly. This is what the animals did.—

All this went on for a long time—or a short time; properly speaking, there is no time on earth for such things. Meanwhile, the higher men had awakened in Zarathustra's cave and arranged themselves in a procession to go and greet him in the morning, for when they woke they found that he was no longer staying with them. But when they reached the mouth of the cave, and the sound of their footsteps came ahead of them, the lion suddenly started. At once it turned away from Zarathustra and, roaring wildly, leaped toward the cave. When the higher men heard the lion roar, they all cried out together, fled back, and vanished in an instant.

Zarathustra himself, stunned and bewildered, rose from his seat, looked around, and stood there in astonishment. He searched his heart, tried to gather his thoughts, and remained alone. "What did I hear?" he said at last, slowly. "What just happened to me?"

But soon his memory returned, and in a single glance he understood all that had happened between yesterday and today. "Here is the stone indeed," he said, stroking his beard. "I sat on it yesterday morning; and here the soothsayer came to me, and here I first heard the cry I heard just now—the great cry of distress.

O you higher men, it was your distress that the old soothsayer foretold to me yesterday morning—

—it was toward your distress that he wanted to lure and tempt me: 'O Zarathustra,' he said to me, 'I have come to tempt you to your last sin.'

"To my last sin?" cried Zarathustra, and he laughed angrily at his own words. "What has been kept in reserve for me as my last sin?"

And once again Zarathustra withdrew into himself, sat down on the great stone, and reflected. Suddenly he sprang up—

"Pity! Pity for the higher men!" he cried, and his face hardened like brass. "Well then! That—has had its time!

My suffering and my pity—what do they matter? Do I strive after happiness? I strive after my work!

Well then! The lion has come, my children are near, Zarathustra has ripened, my hour has come—

This is my morning, my day is beginning: rise now, rise, you great noontide!"—

So Zarathustra spoke and left his cave, radiant and strong, like the morning sun emerging from dark mountains.

# NOTES ON “THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA” BY ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

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I have had several chances to observe the conditions under which Nietzsche is read in Germany, France, and England, and I have found that in each of these countries students of his philosophy, driven by much the same motives and desires, and misled by the same faulty approach on the part of most publishers, all go about “taking him up” in the same careless way. They are told that he wrote without any system, and they naturally conclude that it makes no difference whether they begin with his first, third, or last book, so long as they pick up a few vague ideas about his main and most sensational principles.

Clearly, the book with the most mysterious, striking, or suggestive title will always be the one most likely to be bought by readers who have no better guide in making their choice than the look of a title page. That is why “Thus Spake Zarathustra” is almost always the first, and often the only, one of Nietzsche’s books to fall into the hands of beginners.

“Thus Spake Zarathustra” is taken home; the reader, who may know no more about Nietzsche than a magazine article has told him, tries to read it and, understanding less than half of what he reads, probably never gets beyond the second or third part. Even then, he comes away convinced that Nietzsche himself was “rather hazy” about what he was talking about. Chapters such as “The Child with the Mirror,” “In the Happy Isles,” “The Grave-Song,” “Immaculate Perception,” “The stillest Hour,”

"The Seven Seals," and many others are almost completely meaningless to anyone who knows nothing of Nietzsche's life, his aims, and his friendships.

In fact, although "Thus Spake Zarathustra" is unquestionably Nietzsche's greatest work, it is not the first book a beginner should read. Nietzsche himself calls it the deepest work ever offered to the German public, and elsewhere says that his other writings are needed in order to understand it. And when we remember that Zarathustra contains not only the story of his most personal experiences, friendships, quarrels, disappointments, triumphs, and so on, but also presents them in a form that tends to hide rather than clarify them, it becomes clear that a reader who begins it without preparation will face very serious difficulties.

Zarathustra, then—this elusive, allegorical figure who speaks in allegories and parables, and at times even recounts his own dreams—is someone we can understand only very imperfectly if we know nothing of his creator and counterpart, Friedrich Nietzsche. It would therefore be wise, before studying the more difficult parts of this book, to turn to some authoritative account of Nietzsche's life and works and read what it says on the subject. Those who can read German will find an excellent guide in Frau Foerster-Nietzsche's thorough and highly interesting biography of her brother, "Das Leben Friedrich Nietzsche's" (published by Naumann); while the works of Deussen, Raoul Richter, and Baroness Isabelle von Unger-Sternberg will provide useful and necessary light on many questions that it would be difficult for a sister to address.

As for the philosophical views set out in this work, there is an excellent way to clear up any difficulties they may present: turn to Nietzsche's other books. Of course, he will often express himself so clearly that there is no need to consult anything else; but when that is not the case, the advice he himself gives is still the best to follow—namely, to treat such works as "Joyful Science", "Beyond Good and Evil", "The Genealogy of Morals", "The Twilight of the Idols", "The Antichrist", "The Will to Power", and so on, as the necessary preparation for "Thus Spake Zarathustra".

These instructions are by no means easy to follow, but they do at least seem clear and definite. They appear to say, "Follow them, and everything will become clear." But I am sorry to say that this is not really so. My experience has shown me that even after following the directions above with the greatest care, the student will still stop in confusion over certain passages in the book before us and wonder what they mean. It is to offer a little more help to readers in that position that I now set out my own personal interpretation of the more difficult passages in this work.

In offering this brief commentary to the student of Nietzsche, I want it to be understood that I make no claim that it is infallible or essential. It is only an attempt on my part—perhaps a very modest one—to give the reader whatever help I can in overcoming difficulties that a long study of Nietzsche's life and works has, I hope, enabled me at least partly to overcome.

...

It may be best to begin with a broad, quick sketch of Nietzsche as a writer on Morals, Evolution, and Sociology, so that the reader will be ready to notice for himself, so to speak, every passage in this work that bears in any way on Nietzsche's views in those three important fields of knowledge.

#### (A.) Nietzsche and Morality.

In morality, Nietzsche begins from a relativist position. He argues that there are no absolute values called "good" and "evil." Instead, these are simply tools that living beings adopt in order to gain power, hold their place in the world, or rise to dominance. For the lion, it is good to devour an antelope. For the dead-leaf butterfly, it is good to deceive an enemy. When the dead-leaf butterfly is in danger, it clings to the side of a twig, and what it is effectively saying to its foe is this: "I am not a butterfly. I am a dead leaf, and I am of no use to you." This is a lie, but it is good for the butterfly because it saves its life. In nature, every species instinctively adopts and practices the actions that best help its kind survive or prevail. Once the most effective pattern of conduct has been discovered, proven, and established, it becomes the ruling morality of that species and carries it toward victory. Different species neither do nor can value the same things, because what is good for the lion is evil for the antelope, and vice versa.

Concepts of good and evil, then, are in their origin simply means to an end. They are devices for gaining power.

Applying this principle to humanity, Nietzsche attacked Christian moral values. He claimed that, like all other moral systems, they were simply a device for protecting a particular

type of person. In the case of Christianity, that type was, according to Nietzsche, an inferior one.

Conflicting moral codes have been nothing more than the competing weapons of different classes of people. In humanity, there is a constant struggle between the powerful, the noble, the strong, and the well-formed on one side, and the powerless, the base, the weak, and the ill-formed on the other. This struggle is fought through moral principles. Nietzsche calls the morality of the powerful class NOBLE- or MASTER-MORALITY. He calls the morality of the weak and subordinate class SLAVE-MORALITY. In the first kind of morality, it is the eagle that looks down at a grazing lamb and declares, "Eating lamb is good." In the second, slave-morality, it is the lamb that looks up from the grass and bleats its protest: "Eating lamb is evil."

#### (B.) The Master- and Slave-Morality Compared.

The first morality is active, creative, and Dionysian. The second is passive and defensive; it belongs to the "struggle for existence."

Where no attempt has been made to reconcile the two moralities, they can be described like this: in noble morality, everything that grows out of strength, power, health, soundness, happiness, and a certain awe-inspiring quality is called good. The driving force behind the people who live by it is "the struggle for power." In this first morality, the contrast between "good and bad" means the same thing as the contrast between "noble" and "despicable." In master morality, "bad" applies to the coward, to every act that comes from weakness, and to the person with "an eye to the main chance," who would

abandon everything just to stay alive.

With the second morality, slave morality, things are different. Here, because the community is oppressed, suffering, unfree, and exhausted, whatever eases that suffering will be judged good. Pity, a helping hand, a warm heart, patience, industry, and humility—these are the qualities most clearly praised and admired. They are the most useful qualities. They make life bearable, and they help in the “struggle for existence,” which is the driving force behind the people who practise this morality. For this class, everything that is awful is bad; indeed, it is evil in the highest degree. Strength, health, overflowing animal spirits, and power are viewed with hatred, suspicion, and fear by the subordinate class.

Nietzsche believed that the first morality, or noble morality, helped life rise to a higher level because it was creative and active. By contrast, he thought that the second morality, or slave morality, led to degeneration when it became dominant, because it was passive and defensive and aimed only to keep its followers alive. That is why he argued so strongly for noble morality.

(C.) Nietzsche and Evolution.

I will define and discuss Nietzsche as an evolutionist later in these notes (see the Notes on Chapter LVI., par. 10, and on Chapter LVII.). For now, it is enough to note that he accepted the “Development Hypothesis” as an explanation for the origin of species. But he did not stop where most naturalists stopped. He did not regard man as the highest possible being evolution could produce. Even if human physical development has

reached its limit, he did not believe the same was true of man's mental or spiritual qualities. If the process is real, if things have become what they are, then, he argues, no limit can be set to human aspiration. If man rose out of barbarism, and even earlier from the lower Primates, then his ideal should be to go beyond man himself and attain Superman (see especially the Prologue).

(D.) Nietzsche and Sociology.

As a sociologist, Nietzsche aims at an aristocratic organization of society. He wants us to cultivate an ideal race. Being intellectually honest and truthful, he could not even entertain the idea that all men are equal. "With these preachers of equality will I not be mixed up and confounded. For thus speaketh justice unto ME: 'Men are not equal.'" He sees a definite use in this inequality, a condition to be made use of. "Every elevation of the type 'man,'" he writes in "Beyond Good and Evil," "has hitherto been the work of an aristocratic society—and so will it always be—a society believing in a long scale of gradations of rank and differences of worth among human beings."

Those who are interested enough to read his own detailed account of the society he would like to establish will find an excellent passage in Aphorism 57 of "The Antichrist."

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# PART I. THE PROLOGUE.

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In Part I, including the Prologue, you are not likely to run into any major difficulties. At first, Zarathustra's habit of using a single apt nickname for an entire type of person or school of thought may cause some confusion. But once you catch the general direction of his argument, it usually takes only a little imagination to see whom he means. In the ninth paragraph of the Prologue, for example, it is quite clear that "Herdsman" in the line "Herdsman, I say, etc., etc." refers to all those today who defend gregariousness—the ant-hill mentality. And when our author says, "A robber shall Zarathustra be called by the herdsman," it is equally clear that these words can be taken almost literally from someone whose ideal was the breeding of a higher aristocracy. Likewise, throughout the book, "the good and just" is the phrase used for the self-righteous of modern times—those who are completely certain that they know everything worth knowing about good and evil, and who are content to believe that the values handed down by their small world of tradition are meant to govern mankind for as long as it exists.

In the last paragraph of the Prologue, verse 7, Zarathustra gives us an early glimpse of his teaching about the great and the little sagacities, which he explains more fully later. He says that he wishes he were as wise as his serpent. This wish is explained in the discourse called "The Despisers of the Body," which I shall refer to later.

... THE DISCOURSES.

# Chapter I. The Three Metamorphoses.

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This opening discourse is a parable in which Zarathustra reveals the inner development of everyone who creates new values. It tells the story of a life that finds its fulfillment in reaching a second innocence, or in returning to childhood. Nietzsche, often supposed to be an anarchist, here clearly rejects any connection with anarchy. He shows that the free spirit gains mastery over tradition only by first carrying the weight of existing law and patiently submitting to it, just as the camel submits to its load. Only then can he confront and overcome the dragon "Thou shalt" — the dragon whose scales glitter with the values of a thousand years. This discourse teaches two lessons: first, that to create, one must become like a little child; second, that only through existing law and order can one rise to the height from which new law and new order may be proclaimed.

## **Chapter II. The Academic Chairs of Virtue.**

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Almost all of this is easy to understand. It is a discourse against those who confuse virtue with meekness and self-satisfied comfort, and who call virtuous only what promotes security and encourages deeper sleep.

# Chapter IV. The Despisers of the Body.

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Here Zarathustra gives names to the intellect and the instincts. He calls the first "the little sagacity" and the second "the big sagacity." Schopenhauer's teaching about the intellect is fully affirmed here. "An instrument of thy body is also thy little sagacity, my brother, which thou callest 'spirit,'" says Zarathustra. From beginning to end, this is a warning to those who think too lightly of the instincts and give too much importance to the intellect and its offshoots: Reason and Understanding.

# **Chapter IX. The Preachers of Death.**

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This is an analysis of the psychology of all those who have the "evil eye" and are pessimists by temperament.

# Chapter XV. The Thousand and One Goals.

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In this section, Zarathustra begins to explain his idea that morality is relative, and he says that all morality is simply a tool for gaining power. Needless to say, verses 9, 10, 11, and 12 refer to the Greeks, the Persians, the Jews, and the Germans respectively. In the second-to-last verse, he reveals what he has discovered about the root of modern nihilism and indifference: modern man has no goal, no purpose, and no ideals (see Note A).

# Chapter XVIII. Old and Young Women.

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Nietzsche's views on women either have to be loved at first sight, or else they may become the greatest obstacle for people who might otherwise be inclined to accept his philosophy. Women especially, of course, have been taught to dislike these views, because it has been rumored that they are hostile to them. To my mind, however, this is all simply misunderstanding and error.

Because of Schopenhauer, German philosophers have gained a fairly bad reputation for their views on women. It is almost impossible for any of them to write even a line on the subject, however kindly, without being suspected of wanting to launch a crusade against the fair sex. And so, although Nietzsche's views here were inspired by the deepest love; although Zarathustra adds the reservation in this discourse that "with women nothing (that can be said) is impossible"; and although there is plenty of other strong evidence to the contrary, Nietzsche is still widely said to have missonpié dans le plat where women are concerned. And what is the basic doctrine that has caused so much bitterness and dislike? Simply this: that the sexes are fundamentally ANTAGONISTIC—that is, as different as blue is from yellow—and that the best way to raise anything like a desirable race is to preserve and encourage this deep hostility. What Nietzsche is trying to oppose and overturn is the modern democratic tendency that is slowly working to level everything—even the sexes. His quarrel is not with women—what could be more undignified? It is with those who

would destroy the natural relation between the sexes by altering either one or the other in order to make them more alike. The human world depends just as much on women's powers as on men's. Women's strongest and most valuable instincts help decide who will be the fathers of the next generation. If we destroy these particular instincts—that is, if we try to masculinise woman and feminise men—we put the future of our people at risk. The broad democratic movement of modern times, in its frantic effort to reduce all differences, is now pushing even into the sphere of sex. It is against this movement that Nietzsche speaks out. He wants woman to become ever more woman and man ever more man. Only in this way, and he is undoubtedly right, can their combined instincts lead humanity toward excellence. Seen in this light, all his views on woman appear not only necessary but just (see Note on Chapter LVI., par. 21.)

It is worth noting that the last line of the discourse, which women have so often used as a weapon against Nietzsche's views about them, was actually suggested to Nietzsche by a woman (see "Das Leben F. Nietzsche's").

# Chapter XXI. Voluntary Death.

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As for this discourse, I would only point out that Nietzsche had a strong dislike of the word "suicide"—self-murder. He objected to the sense of evil it carried. By renaming the act Voluntary Death, that is, death brought about by no hand but one's own, he wanted to raise it again to the status it had in classical antiquity (see Aphorism 36 in "The Twilight of the Idols").

# Chapter XXII. The Bestowing Virtue.

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This discourse brings out an important side of Nietzsche's philosophy. As is well known, his teaching places the Aristotelian man of spirit above all other natural types of human being. The Nietzschean ideal is the person with overflowing strength, in both mind and body, who must release that strength or perish. For such a person, giving out of that abundance becomes necessary. Bestowing turns into a way of life, and this is the only kind of giving, the only charity, that Nietzsche accepts. In paragraph 3 of the discourse, we find Zarathustra's vigorous advice to his disciples: become independent thinkers and discover themselves before learning anything more from him (see Notes on Chapters LVI., par. 5, and LXXIII., pars. 10, 11).

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# Chapter XXIII. The Child with the Mirror.

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Here Nietzsche tells us, in poetic form, how deeply hurt he was by the many misreadings and misunderstandings that were spreading about his books. He does not see himself in the mirror of public opinion; instead, he shrinks back in fear from the distorted image it shows him. In verse 20 he gives a hint that should not be passed over too quickly. In the introduction to "The Genealogy of Morals" (written in 1887), he returns to the same issue and states it more precisely. The point is this: a creator of new values meets his surest and strongest resistance in the very spirit of the language available to him. Words, like all other expressions of an evolving race, bear the stamp of the values that have long ruled in that race. So when an original thinker is forced to use the ordinary language of his country in order to communicate new and previously untried ideas to his fellow men, he places a demand on the natural means of communication that it is completely unfit to meet. Hence the obscurities and wordiness so often found in the writings of original thinkers. In the "Dawn of Day", Nietzsche actually warns young writers against THE DANGER OF ALLOWING THEIR THOUGHTS TO BE SHAPED BY THE WORDS AVAILABLE TO THEM.

## **Chapter XXIV. In the Happy Isles.**

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While writing this, Nietzsche is thought to have had the island of Ischia in mind, which was later destroyed by an earthquake. His teaching here is quite clear. He was among the first thinkers in Europe to overcome the pessimism that godlessness generally brings with it. He points to creation as the surest salvation from the suffering that accompanies all higher life. "What would there be to create," he asks, "if there were—Gods?" His ideal, the Superman, gives him the cheerfulness needed to overcome the despair that usually goes along with godlessness and with the apparent purposelessness of a world without a god.

# Chapter XXIX. The Tarantulas.

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The tarantulas are the Socialists and Democrats. This discourse analyzes their cast of mind. Nietzsche refuses to be identified with those bitter, vengeful people who condemn society from below, and whose criticism is really just envy held in check.

"There are those who preach my doctrine of life," he says of the Nietzschean Socialists, "and are at the same time preachers of equality and tarantulas" (see Notes on Chapter XL. and Chapter LI.).

# **Chapter XXX. The Famous Wise Ones.**

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This refers to all the philosophers up to that point who had worked within the framework of established values and had not risked their standing with the public in the pursuit of truth. The philosopher, however, as Nietzsche understood him, is a man who creates new values and thus leads mankind in a new direction.

## **Chapter XXXIII. The Grave-Song.**

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Here Zarathustra sings of the ideals and friendships of his youth. Verses 27 to 31 undoubtedly refer to Richard Wagner (see Note on Chapter LXV.).

## **Chapter XXXIV. Self-Surpassing.**

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In this discourse we get the clearest explanation in the whole book of Nietzsche's doctrine of the Will to Power. I discuss this question fully in the Note on Chapter LVII.

Nietzsche was not an iconoclast by choice. Those who quickly group him with the anarchists (or the Progressivists of the last century) fail to understand how highly he always valued both law and discipline. In verse 41 of this crucial discourse he states his position plainly when he says: "...he who hath to be a creator in good and evil—verily he hath first to be a destroyer, and break values in pieces." This teaching on self-mastery is proof enough of his respect for law.

# Chapter XXXV. The Sublime Ones.

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These belong to a type Nietzsche did not entirely dislike, though he wished it were more refined and flexible. It is the type that takes both life and itself too seriously, never moves beyond the camel-stage mentioned in the first discourse, and remains stubbornly solemn and earnest. The secret of real greatness is being able to smile while speaking of lofty things and not be weighed down by them. A person whose hand trembles when reaching for something beautiful has reverence, but not the artist's easy, unselfconscious friendship with beauty. This helps explain the mistake of confusing Nietzsche with his complete opposites—the anarchists and agitators. They touch and destroy things with the insolence and irreverence of people who do not value them; he may also seem to touch and break them, but he does so with different hands—with the hands of a loving, unembarrassed artist who is at ease with beauty and feels capable of creating it and deepening it through his touch. The question of taste is important in Nietzsche's philosophy, and verses 9 and 10 of this discourse state his final view on the matter exactly. In "The Spirit of Gravity," he even cries: "Neither a good nor a bad taste, but MY taste, of which I have no longer either shame or secrecy."

# Chapter XXXVI. The Land of Culture.

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This is a poetic summary of some of the fierce criticism of scholars that appears in the first of the "Thoughts out of Season"—the polemical pamphlet, written in 1873, against David Strauss and his school. He accuses his former colleagues of being sterile and argues that their sterility comes from their believing in nothing. "He who had to create, had always his presaging dreams and astral premonitions—and believed in believing!" (See Note on Chapter LXXVII.) In the last two verses he reveals the nature of his altruism. We have already seen, in the discourse "Neighbour-Love," how different it is from Christian altruism, but here he states clearly what his love for mankind is. He explains why he was forced to attack the Christian values of pity and excessive love of one's neighbour: not only because they are slave-values and therefore encourage degeneration (see Note B.), but because he could love only his children's land, the undiscovered land in a distant sea; because he longed to repair the errors of his fathers through his children.

# Chapter XXXVII. Immaculate Perception.

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This discourse reveals an important aspect of Nietzsche's interpretation of Life. As Buckle suggests in his "Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge," the investigator's scientific spirit is both aided and completed by emotion and personality, and separating science entirely from feeling and individual temperament is a fatal move toward sterility. Zarathustra rejects all who would try to look at nature with an impersonal eye and observe her phenomena with the pure objectivity that the scientific idealists of to-day so eagerly seek. He charges such idealists with hypocrisy and deceit. He says they are not innocent in their desires, and therefore they slander all desiring.

## **Chapter XXXVIII. Scholars.**

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This records Nietzsche's final break with his former colleagues—the scholars of Germany. Even after the publication of the "Birth of Tragedy," many German philologists and professional philosophers had denounced him as someone who had strayed too far from their fold, and as a result his lectures at the University of Bale were deserted. But only in 1879, when he finally cut all ties with University work, can he be said to have gained the freedom and independence that mark this discourse.

## **Chapter XXXIX. Poets.**

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People have sometimes claimed that Nietzsche had no sense of humour. I have no wish to defend him here against such foolish critics; I only want to point out to the reader that here we see him at his best, making fun of himself and of his fellow-poets (see Note on Chapter LXIII., pars. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20).

## Chapter XL. Great Events.

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At first, this may seem puzzling. As Zarathustra tells his disciples about his encounter with the fire-dog, he fails to hold their interest, and we too may be tempted to skim these pages, thinking they are nothing more than a fantasy or a poetic flourish. But Zarathustra's meeting with the fire-dog is very important. Here Nietzsche stands face to face with the creature he most deeply hates—the spirit of revolution—and we get further clues about his hostility to the anarchist and the rebel. "Freedom," ye all roar most eagerly," he says to the fire-dog, "but I have unlearned the belief in 'Great Events' when there is much roaring and smoke about them. Not around the inventors of new noise, but around the inventors of new values, doth the world revolve; INAUDIBLY it revolveth."

## **Chapter XLI. The Soothsayer.**

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This refers, of course, to Schopenhauer. As is well known, Nietzsche was once an ardent follower of Schopenhauer. He overcame Pessimism by finding a purpose in existence. He saw the possibility of lifting society to a higher level, and as a result he preached the deepest Optimism.

## Chapter XLII. Redemption.

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Here Zarathustra speaks to cripples. He tells them about other cripples—the GREAT MEN of this world who have one organ or faculty developed out of all proportion, at the expense of their other faculties. This is no doubt a reference to something we too often notice in many of the world's giants in art, science, or religion. In verse 19 we are told what Nietzsche meant by Redemption: the ability to say of everything in the past, "Thus would I have it." The inability to say this, and the resentment that follows from it, he sees as the source of all our feelings of revenge and all our desires to punish. To him, punishment is merely a euphemism for revenge, invented to quiet our consciences. A man who can be proud of his enemies, who can be grateful to them for the obstacles they have placed in his path, who can see his worst calamity as only the extra strain on the bow of his life, sending the arrow of his longing even farther than he had hoped—such a man knows no revenge, nor does he know despair. He has truly found redemption. He can look at the worst in his life, and even in himself, and call it his best (see Notes on Chapter LVII.).

## Chapter XLIII. Manly Prudence.

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This discourse is very important. In "Beyond Good and Evil," we are often told that the rare and superior man must wear a mask, and here that command is explained. "And he who would not languish amongst men, must learn to drink out of all glasses: and he who would keep clean amongst men, must know how to wash himself even with dirty water." I would suggest that this needs some explanation. At a time when people are supposed to show their individuality most strikingly by putting boots on their hands and gloves on their feet, it is refreshing to encounter a true individualist who feels the gulf between himself and others so deeply that he must outwardly adapt himself to them, at least in every respect, so that the inner difference will go unnoticed. Nietzsche is practically telling us here that the person who deliberately wears eccentric clothes or does eccentric things is not the true individualist. The profound man, who is by nature set apart from his fellows, feels this difference too sharply to draw attention to it through any outward display. He is modest and shy with those around him and does not wish to be discovered by them, just as one instinctively avoids any lavish display of comfort or wealth in the presence of a poor friend.

## **Chapter XLIV. The Stillest Hour.**

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This seems to me to describe the great struggle that must have taken place in Nietzsche's soul before he finally decided to make the more esoteric parts of his teaching known. Our deepest feelings long for silence. There is a kind of self-respect in the serious man that leads him to keep his most profound feelings sacred. Before they are spoken, they have the modesty of a virgin, and often even the oldest sage will blush like a girl when that virginity is violated by some indiscretion that forces him to reveal his deepest thoughts.

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## **PART III.**

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This is perhaps the most important of the four parts. Even if it contained only "The Vision and the Enigma" and "The Old and New Tables," I would still think so. In the first of these discourses, we encounter what Nietzsche regarded as the crowning doctrine of his philosophy, and in "The Old and New Tables" we have a valuable summary of nearly all his leading principles.

# Chapter XLVI. The Vision and the Enigma.

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"The Vision and the Enigma" is perhaps one of Nietzsche's most obscure passages. To fully understand what this discourse means, we have to remember how relentlessly he attacked the crushing, deadening effect of humanity's sense of guilt and consciousness of sin. In his view, the values of Christianity and Jewish tradition had slowly but surely done their work in the human mind. What had once been practical devices for disciplining one part of humanity had now entered human blood and become instinct. Nietzsche means this oppressive, paralyzing sense of guilt and sin when he speaks of "the spirit of gravity." This being—half dwarf, half mole—whom he carries with him for part of his climb, then finally challenges, and whom he calls his devil and arch-enemy, is simply the heavy millstone of the "guilty conscience," together with the idea of sin that now hangs around humanity's neck. To rise above it—to soar—is, today, the hardest thing of all. Once Nietzsche has thrown the dwarf from his shoulders, he can think cheerfully and hopefully about the possibility that life in this world may return again and again. He then proclaims his doctrine of the Eternal Recurrence of all things, great and small, to his arch-enemy and in open defiance of him.

Anyone who has read the literature on the subject will not doubt for a moment that much can be said in support of Nietzsche's hypothesis of the Eternal Recurrence of all things, great and small. Even so, it remains a very bold conjecture. And as for its final effect, as a dogma, on the minds of men, I venture to doubt

whether Nietzsche ever properly judged its value (see Note on Chapter LVII.).

What happens next is plain enough. Zarathustra sees a young shepherd writhing on the ground, with a snake clamped to the back of his throat. The sage assumes the snake must have crawled into the young man's mouth while he was asleep. He rushes to help and tugs at the disgusting reptile with all his strength, but gets nowhere. At last, in despair, Zarathustra calls on the young man's own will. He knows perfectly well how horrifying the act he is urging will be, yet he still cries, "Bite! Bite! Bite its head off! Bite!" as the only possible way out. The young shepherd bites down and spits the snake's head far away. Then he rises, "No longer shepherd, no longer man—a transfigured being, a light-surrounded being, that LAUGHED! Never on earth laughed a man as he laughed!"

In this parable, the young shepherd is clearly modern man. The snake choking him stands for the deadening and paralysing social values that threaten to break humanity, and the cry "Bite! Bite!" is simply Nietzsche's desperate appeal to mankind to change its values before it is too late.

## **Chapter XLVII. Involuntary Bliss.**

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Like "The Wanderer," this is one of the many introspective passages in the work, and it is full of suggestions and hints about the Nietzschean view of life.

## **Chapter XLVIII. Before Sunrise.**

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Here we have an account of Zarathustra's declaration of optimism, along with the important statement about "Chance" or "Accident" (verse 27). Anyone familiar with Nietzsche's philosophy will already know how important his doctrine of chance is in his thought. Up to now, the Giant Chance has played with the puppet "man"—that is the fact he cannot regard calmly. Now, he says again and again, man must seize hold of chance and force it to kneel before him! (See verse 33 in "On the Olive-Mount," and verses 9-10 in "The Bedwarfing Virtue").

# Chapter XLIX. The Bedwaring Virtue.

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This needs very little comment. It is a satire on modern man and on the smallness of the virtues he praises. In verses 23 and 24 of the second part of the discourse, we are reminded of Nietzsche's powerful attack on the great men of his own day in *The Antichrist* (Aphorism 43):—"At present nobody has any longer the courage for separate rights, for rights of domination, for a feeling of reverence for himself and his equals,—FOR PATHOS OF DISTANCE.... Our politics are MORBID from this want of courage!—The aristocracy of character has been undermined most craftily by the lie of the equality of souls; and if the belief in the 'privilege of the many,' makes revolutions and WILL CONTINUE TO MAKE them, it is Christianity, let us not doubt it, it is CHRISTIAN valuations, which translate every revolution merely into blood and crime!" (see also "Beyond Good and Evil", pages 120, 121). Nietzsche saw it as a bad sign of the age that even rulers had lost the courage proper to their rank, and that a man with Frederick the Great's power and exceptional gifts could say: "Ich bin der erste Diener des Staates" (I am the first servant of the State.) Verse 24 clearly refers to this statement by the great sovereign. "Cowardice" and "Mediocrity" are the names Nietzsche gives to modern ideas of virtue and moderation.

In Part III, we encounter the same ideas as in the discourse "In the Happy Isles," though perhaps expressed more strongly. Once again, Nietzsche appears completely at home, if not cheerful, in his atheism, and he speaks with dizzying boldness

about making chance kneel before him. In verse 20, Zarathustra makes another effort to define his thoroughly anti-anarchical position, and unless passages like this have until now been completely overlooked or deliberately ignored by those who insist on accusing him of anarchy, it is hard to understand how he ever came to be linked with that vile political party.

The last verse introduces the phrase, "THE GREAT NOONTIDE!" We encounter it again in the poem at the end of "Beyond Good and Evil," and it appears repeatedly throughout Nietzsche's work. Its full meaning is explained in the fifth part of "The Twilight of the Idols"; but for readers who cannot consult that book, it is worth noting that Nietzsche called the present age—our age—the noon of human history. Dawn lies behind us. Humanity's childhood is over. Now we KNOW; there is no longer any excuse for errors that would spoil and distort the human type. "With respect to what is past," he says, "I have, like all discerning ones, great toleration, that is to say, GENEROUS self-control.... But my feeling changes suddenly, and breaks out as soon as I enter the modern period, OUR period. Our age KNOWS..." (See Note on Chapter LXX.).

# Chapter LI. On Passing-by.

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Here Nietzsche is set against his complete opposite, the very person for whom careless readers most often mistake him. In the discourse he is called "Zarathustra's ape." He belongs to the kind of people from whom Nietzsche suffered most during his lifetime, and from whom his philosophy has suffered most since his death. In this sense, it may sound a little trite to say that extremes meet; yet the phrase is strikingly accurate. Many people adopted Nietzsche's mannerisms and coined expressions while having nothing in common with him except the ideas and "business" they plagiarized. But superficial observers, and much of the public, do not know this—perhaps they do not realize that some iconoclasts destroy out of love and are therefore creators, while others destroy out of resentment and vindictiveness and are therefore revolutionaries and anarchists. As a result, they are inclined to confuse the two, to the disadvantage of the nobler type.

If we now read what the fool says to Zarathustra, and notice the verbal tricks he has borrowed from him; if we follow carefully the pose he adopts, we can understand why Zarathustra finally cuts him short. "Stop this at once," Zarathustra cries, "long have thy speech and thy species disgusted me.... Out of love alone shall my contempt and my warning bird take wing; BUT NOT OUT OF THE SWAMP!" This discourse would be worth taking to heart by all who are too quick to associate Nietzsche with lesser and louder men—with mountebanks and mummers.

## **Chapter LII. The Apostates.**

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This clearly applies to all those breathless, impatient "tasters of everything" who rush too recklessly into the sea of independent thought and "heresy." After overestimating their strength, they find they cannot keep their heads above water. "A little older, a little colder," says Nietzsche. Before long, they scramble back to the conventions of the age they had meant to reform. The French then say, "le diable se fait hermite"; but as a rule these men were never devils, nor do they become angels. To be truly good or truly evil requires a certain strength and depth of breath. People who care more about defending orthodoxy than about the kind of help they use often point to such men as proof of the true faith.

## Chapter LIII. The Return Home.

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This piece is an example of a kind of writing that people may dismiss too quickly, especially if bad poets have made them suspicious of poetry. From beginning to end, it is extremely valuable as an autobiographical note. It sets the inevitable shallowness of the crowd against the calm, deep inner life of the hermit. Here we get our first direct clue to Nietzsche's central passion—the driving force behind all his new values and his fierce attack on existing ones. In verse 30, we are told that pity was his greatest danger. The broad altruism of the lawgiver, who thinks in terms of vast stretches of time, was constantly in Nietzsche himself set against that more fleeting and lesser sympathy for one's neighbour. He had suffered from this latter feeling more, perhaps, than almost any of his contemporaries. Yet he was convinced that it involved enormous dangers, not only for himself but also for the next generation and those after it (see Note B., where "pity" is listed among the degenerate virtues). Later in the book, we shall see how his deep compassion leads him into temptation, and how desperately he struggles against it. In verses 31 and 32, he tells us how far he had to alter himself in order to be tolerated by the companions he loved (see also verse 12 in "Manly Prudence"). Nietzsche's great love for his fellow men, which he admits in the Prologue and which lies at the root of all his teaching, seems to escape the notice of the average philanthropist and modern man. He cannot see the wood for the trees. A philanthropy willing to sacrifice the minority of the present for the majority that makes up posterity is completely beyond his understanding. And so

Nietzsche's philosophy, because it declares Christian values dangerous to the future of our species, is set aside as brutal, cold, and harsh (see Note on Chapter XXXVI.). Nietzsche tried to be all things to all men; he cared enough for his fellows to attempt it. In "The Return Home," he describes how he finally goes back to solitude in order to recover from the effects of that experiment.

# Chapter LIV. The Three Evil Things.

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Nietzsche is completely at home here. He brings forward three things that have long been the most cursed and slandered on earth and puts them up for judgment: voluptuousness, the thirst for power, and selfishness. These are the three human forces that Christianity has done most to distort and defile, and Nietzsche tries to restore them to their former place of honor. Voluptuousness, or sensual pleasure, is a dangerous subject to discuss today. If we speak of it favorably, we may be seen—however unfairly—as defending savages, satyrs, and sheer sensual indulgence. If we condemn it, we either side with the Puritans or join those who come to the table with no appetite and therefore complain about every good meal. There can be little doubt that the value of healthy, innocent sensual pleasure, like the value of health itself, has been greatly undervalued by those who, bitter at their own inability to enjoy the good things of life, cried out with St. Paul: "I would that all men were even as I myself." Nietzsche's philosophy might be described as an attempt to give healthy, normal men back their innocence and a clear conscience in their desires—not to praise vulgar sensualists who react to every impulse and cannot control their passions; not to tell the petty, selfish person, whose selfishness is a form of corruption (see Aphorism 33, "Twilight of the Idols"), that he is right; and not to assure the weak, the sick, and the crippled that their thirst for power, which they satisfy by exploiting happier and healthier people, is justified. Rather, it aims to rescue the clean, healthy man from the values of those

around him, who see everything through the mire in their own bodies—to give him, and him alone, a clear conscience in his manhood and in the desires that belong to it. “Do I counsel you to slay your instincts? I counsel innocence in your instincts.” In verse 7 of the second paragraph (as in verse 1 of paragraph 19 in “The Old and New Tables”), Nietzsche gives a reason for his occasional obscurity (see also verses 3 to 7 of “Poets”). As I have already pointed out, his philosophy is deeply esoteric. It is of no use to the ordinary, mediocre type of man. For my own part, I can no longer doubt that Nietzsche’s only aim, in the part of his philosophy where he asks his friends to stand “Beyond Good and Evil” with him, was to save higher men—men whose growth and range might be restricted by too strict an obedience to modern values—from being wrecked on the rocks of a compromise between their own genius and inherited conventions. The only way a great man can become great is through exceptional freedom—the freedom that helps him experience himself fully. Verses 20 to 30 provide an excellent companion to Nietzsche’s description, in Aphorism 260 of “Beyond Good and Evil,” of the noble type’s attitude toward slaves (see also Note B.).

# Chapter LV. The Spirit of Gravity.

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(See Note on Chapter XLVI.) In Part II of this discourse, we come across a teaching that has not yet been discussed directly, except in passing: the doctrine of self-love. We should understand this clearly before going on, because views of this kind, once cut loose from their original context, are often repeated as supposed internal evidence that Nietzsche's philosophy is fundamentally unsound. As early as the last of the "Thoughts out of Season," Nietzsche says this about modern people: "...these modern creatures wish rather to be hunted down, wounded and torn to shreds, than to live alone with themselves in solitary calm. Alone with oneself!—this thought terrifies the modern soul; it is his one anxiety, his one ghastly fear" (English Edition, page 141). In his frantic search for entertainment and distraction, whether in a novel, a newspaper, or a play, modern man passes a complete judgment on his own age, because he shows that, deep down, he despises himself. A condition like this cannot be changed in a single day; to become bearable to oneself requires an inner transformation. For too long we have lost ourselves in friends and amusements to be able to find ourselves again the moment someone tells us to. "And verily, it is no commandment for to-day and to-morrow to LEARN to love oneself. Rather is it of all arts the finest, subtlest, last, and patientest."

In the last verse, Nietzsche challenges us to show that our way is the right one. In his teaching, he does not force us or try to win us over by pressure; he simply says: "I am a law only for mine own, I am not a law for all. This—is now MY way,—where

is yours?"

# Chapter LVI. Old and New Tables.

## Par. 2.

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Nietzsche himself says this is the most crucial section in all of "Thus Spake Zarathustra." It serves as a kind of summary of his main ideas. In verse 12 of the second paragraph, we see that he would gladly have given up the poetic way of writing if he had not understood so clearly that, in the modern world, a new doctrine has any real chance of surviving only if it is presented in some artistic form. Just as prophets in earlier centuries often had to hide behind a mask of madness in order to soften the hatred of those who neither did nor could see as they saw, so today the struggle among opinions and values is so intense that an artistic form is almost the only clothing in which a new philosophy can safely present itself to us.

Pars. 3 and 4.

Many of these paragraphs are simply echoes of earlier discourses. For example, paragraph 3 recalls "Redemption." The last verse of paragraph 4 is important. Freedom, which, as I have noted before, Nietzsche saw as a dangerous possession in the hands of the inexperienced or the unworthy, is here finally rejected as a universal ideal. In the first Part, under "The Way of the Creating One," we read that freedom as an end in itself does not concern Zarathustra at all. He says there: "Free from what? What doth that matter to Zarathustra? Clearly, however, shall thine eye answer me: free FOR WHAT?" And in "The Bedwarfing Virtue": "Ah that ye understood my word: 'Do ever what ye will—but first be such as CAN WILL.'"

Par. 5.

Here we get a description of the kind of altruism Nietzsche demanded from higher men. It is really a commentary on "The Bestowing Virtue" (see Note on Chapter XXII.).

Par. 6.

This refers, of course, to the kind of reception pioneers of Nietzsche's sort receive from their contemporaries.

Par. 8.

Nietzsche argues that nothing is fixed—not even values, not even the ideas of good and evil. He compares life to a stream. Footbridges and railings cross the stream, and they seem solid and permanent. Many people are reminded of good and evil when they see these structures, because those values also appear to stand above the stream of life while life flows on beneath them and leaves them untouched. But when winter comes and the stream freezes, many ask, "Should not everything stand still? At bottom, does not everything stand still?" Soon, however, spring arrives with the thawing wind. It breaks up the ice, and the ice tears down the footbridges and railings, so that everything is swept away. According to Nietzsche, we have now reached that point. "Oh, my brethren, is not everything at present in flux? Have not all railings and footbridges fallen into the water? Who would still hold on to 'good' and 'evil'?"

Par. 9.

This complements the first three verses of par. 2.

Par. 10.

So far, this is perhaps the most important paragraph. It protests against reading a moral order into life. "Life is something essentially immoral!" Nietzsche tells us in the introduction to *The Birth of Tragedy*. He even treats the word "activity," or the further definition of life as "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," as Spencer puts it, as a "democratic idiosyncrasy." To define life in that way, he says, "is to mistake the true nature and function of life, which is Will to Power.... Life is essentially appropriation, injury, conquest of the strange and weak, suppression, severity, the imposition of its own forms, incorporation, and, at the very mildest, exploitation." Adaptation is only a secondary activity, merely a form of reaction (see Note on Chapter LVII.).

Pars. 11, 12.

These passages concern Nietzsche's principle that it is desirable to cultivate a select race. The biological and historical reasons for his insistence on this idea are, of course, many. In his major work, *L'Inegalite des Races Humaines*, Gobineau strongly stresses the harms that come from indiscriminate and inter-social marriages. His argument alone would be enough to support Nietzsche's position against those who reject the other conditions—the conditions that might have saved Rome, that have preserved the strength of the Jewish race, and that are carefully observed by animal breeders everywhere. In his comments on the degeneration of cultivated types of animals through indiscriminate breeding, Darwin adds biological support to Gobineau's case.

The last two verses of paragraph 12 were discussed in the notes on Chapters XXXVI and LIII.

Paragraph 13.

This, like the first part of "The Soothsayer," is clearly a reference to Schopenhauerian pessimism.

These supplement the discourse "Backworld's-men."

Paragraph 18.

We must be careful not to connect this paragraph in meaning with the previous four. Nietzsche is still discussing pessimism here, but it is the pessimism of the hero—the man most vulnerable to desperate views of life because of the obstacles set against him in a world where men of his kind are very rare and are constantly being sacrificed. Nietzsche wrote in order to save this man. Heroism that has been frustrated, blocked, and ruined, that goes on hoping and struggling to the very end, is finally overtaken by despair and gives up the struggle in favor of sleep. This is not the natural or constitutional pessimism that comes from an unhealthy body—the dyspeptic's loss of appetite. It is, rather, the desperation of a lion caught in a net, which eventually stops moving because every struggle only entangles it further.

Paragraph 20.

"Everything that increases power is good; everything that comes from weakness is bad. The weak and the poorly formed shall perish: that is the first principle of our charity. And one should even help them to do so." Nietzsche had some sense of the way moral values of this kind would be received by the

softened manhood of Europe. Here we can see that he had already foreseen the most likely form their criticism would take (see also the last two verses of par. 17).

Par. 21.

The first ten verses here recall "War and Warriors" and "The Flies in the Market-place." Verses 11 and 12, however, are especially important. Throughout Nietzsche's writings, there runs a strong argument for keeping castes and races sharply distinct (and even the sexes; see the Note on Chapter XVIII.). But sharp distinction also means some form of antagonism, and that is why Nietzsche feared for modern men. Above all, modern men want peace and the end of pain. But no great races or great castes have ever been built in that way. "Who still wanteth to rule?" Zarathustra asks in the "Prologue." "Who still wanteth to obey? Both are too burdensome." That is quickly becoming everyone's attitude today. The mild moral interpretation of the face of nature, together with democratic readings of life such as those proposed by Herbert Spencer, are signs of a physiological condition opposite to that vigorous, overflowing, and irresponsible health in which harsher and more tragic values prevail.

Par. 24.

This should be read together with "Child and Marriage." In the fifth verse we recognize our old friend "Marriage on the ten-years system," which George Meredith proposed some years ago. This, however, should not be taken too literally. I do not think Nietzsche's deepest views on marriage were ever meant to be made public at all, at least not yet. They appear in

the biography by his sister, and although their wisdom is beyond question, the kind of reforms he proposes makes it impossible for them to become popular just now.

Pars. 26, 27.

See the Note on "The Prologue."

Par. 28.

Nietzsche was not an iconoclast by temperament. His attacks on accepted values and on the beliefs of his parents and ancestors were not driven by bitterness or empty hatred. He understood too well what these things meant to the millions who held them to set about uprooting them lightly, or even too quickly. He saw what modern anarchists and revolutionaries do not see: that when a person's customs and values are shattered, humanity itself is in real danger of destruction. So it is hardly necessary to point out how deeply aware he was of the responsibility he placed on us when he urged us to reconsider our position. The lines in this paragraph are proof enough of his seriousness.

## Chapter LVII. The Convalescent.

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Here we come across several puzzles. Zarathustra calls himself the advocate of the circle—that is, of the Eternal Recurrence of all things—and he calls this doctrine his abysmal thought. Yet in the last line of the first paragraph, after greeting his deepest thought, he cries, “Disgust, disgust, disgust!” We know that Nietzsche’s ideal man was that “world-approving, exuberant, and vivacious creature, who has not only learnt to compromise and arrange with that which was and is, but wishes to have it again, AS IT WAS AND IS, for all eternity insatiably calling out *da capo*, not only to himself, but to the whole piece and play” (see Note on Chapter XLII.). But if we ask what conditions would make such an attitude possible, we immediately see how very different Nietzsche was from his ideal. A man who endlessly cries *da capo* to himself and to the whole of his *mise-en-scène* must be able to wish for every event in his life to return, not just once, but over and over again for all eternity. Nietzsche’s life, however, had been too full of disappointment, illness, failed struggles, and slights for him to think of the Eternal Recurrence without loathing. That, probably, explains the words in the last line.

In verses 15 and 16, Nietzsche presents himself as an evolutionist in the broadest sense. That is, he accepts the Development Hypothesis as an account of how species came into being. To understand his position properly, we need to show how he relates to the two greatest modern evolutionists, Darwin and Spencer. As a philosopher, however, Nietzsche’s standing does not depend on whether his objections to

Darwinian or Spencerian cosmogony succeed. He never claimed any deep expertise in biology, and his criticism matters less as the judgment of a specialist than as the response of an original and independent mind. Even so, his objections raise difficulties that cannot simply be dismissed by appealing to either Darwin or Spencer. We have already given Nietzsche's definition of life in the Note on Chapter LVI, paragraph 10. Even so, there is still reason to hope that Darwin and Nietzsche may one day be reconciled through a new account of the processes by which varieties arise. The appearance of varieties among animals and of "sporting plants" in the vegetable kingdom is still mysterious, and it is an interesting question whether this may be exactly the point at which Darwin and Nietzsche will meet. In the "Origin of Species," Darwin says of the causes of variability: "...there are two factors, namely, the nature of the organism, and the nature of the conditions. THE FORMER SEEMS TO BE MUCH THE MORE IMPORTANT (The italics are mine.), for nearly similar variations sometimes arise under, as far as we can judge, dissimilar conditions; and on the other hand, dissimilar variations arise under conditions which appear to be nearly uniform." Nietzsche, recognizing the same truth, would assign almost all importance to the "highest functionaries in the organism, in which the life-will appears as an active and formative principle." Except in certain cases, where only passive organisms are involved, he would not give such a prominent role to the influence of environment. For him, adaptation is only a secondary activity, a mere reaction. He therefore rejects Spencer's definition: "Life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." Nietzsche also disagrees with Darwin about the driving force behind

animal and plant life. He turns the "Struggle for Existence," a passive and involuntary condition, into the "Struggle for Power," which is active and creative, and much more in keeping with Darwin's own view, quoted above, about the importance of the organism itself. This change is so far-reaching that it cannot be brushed aside as a mere play on words. "Much is reckoned higher than life itself by the living one." Nietzsche argues that to describe the activity of life as a "struggle for existence" is to describe it inadequately. He warns us not to confuse Malthus with nature. There is more at work than a struggle among organic beings on this earth. The want that is supposed to produce this struggle is not nearly as common as people assume, so some other force must be at work. The Will to Power is that force; "the instinct of self-preservation is only one of the indirect and most frequent results thereof." According to Nietzsche, both a certain lack of sharpness in psychological matters and the state of affairs in England when Darwin wrote may have led the famous naturalist to describe the forces of nature as he did in the "Origin of Species."

In verses 28, 29, and 30 of the second part of this discourse, we encounter a doctrine that at first seems to be simply "le manoir a l'envers." One English critic even said that Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" is nothing more than a collection of modern views and maxims turned upside down. But if we look more closely at these unorthodox statements, we may begin to see their truth. If good and evil are understood as purely relative values, then it follows that what may be bad or evil in a particular man, in relation to one environment, may actually be good, if not highly virtuous, in relation to another. If this

hypothetical man belongs to the ascending line of life—that is, if he promises everything highest in the Graeco-Roman sense—then he will probably be condemned as wicked if he is placed among men who represent the opposite, descending line of life.

Therefore, when you strip a man of his wickedness—especially today—you may unknowingly be doing violence to what is greatest in him. It may be an attack on his wholeness, much like cutting off a leg. Fortunately, the natural so-called “wickedness” of higher men has, to some extent, been able to resist this cutting-away process that successive slave moralities have practiced. But there are clear signs that the noblest kind of wickedness is quickly disappearing from society—the wickedness of courage and determination. Nietzsche therefore had good reason to cry: “Ah, that (man’s) baddest is so very small! Ah, that his best is so very small. What is good? To be brave is good! It is the good war which halloweth every cause!” (see also par. 5, “Higher Man”).

# **Chapter LX. The Seven Seals.**

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This is a final hymn that Zarathustra sings to Eternity and to the marriage-ring of rings, the ring of Eternal Recurrence.

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## PART IV.

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In my view, this passage is Nietzsche's plain admission that all his philosophy—along with all his hopes, passionate outbursts, blasphemies, long-winded passages, and obscurities—was simply a series of offerings placed before higher men. He had no wish to save the world. What he wanted to settle was this: Who is to rule the world? That is a very different matter. He came to save higher men—to give them the freedom that alone allows them to grow and reach their highest point (see Note on Chapter LIV., end). It has been argued, and with a good deal of force, that higher men do not need any such philosophy. In fact, higher men, by their very nature, already stand Beyond Good and Evil, and never let anything block their full development. Nietzsche, however, was clearly not so sure of this. He would probably have said that we see only the successful examples. As a great man himself, he understood very well the dangers that threaten greatness in our age. In "Beyond Good and Evil" he writes: "There are few pains so grievous as to have seen, divined, or experienced how an exceptional man has missed his way and deteriorated..." He knew, "from his painfullest recollections on what wretched obstacles promising developments of the highest rank have hitherto usually gone to pieces, broken down, sunk, and become contemptible." Now in Part IV, we shall see that his strongest temptation to sink into the feeling of "pity" for his contemporaries comes from the "cry for help" he hears from the lips of the higher men, exposed to the dreadful danger of their modern environment.

# Chapter LXI. The Honey Sacrifice.

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In the fourteenth verse of this discourse, Nietzsche states the grave duty he set for himself: "Become what thou art." Any criticism directed at this maxim should surely disappear once we remember, once and for all, that Nietzsche's teaching was never meant for everyone. It was esoteric. "I am a law only for mine own," he says plainly, "I am not a law for all." It is profoundly important for humanity that its highest individuals be free to reach their full development, because only through its heroes can the human race be led forward, step by step, to ever higher levels. Applied to everyone, "Become what thou art" of course turns into a harmful maxim. We may hope, however, that in time we will learn that when a certain number of men perform the same action, that action loses its identity exactly that many times.—"Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi."

At the last eight verses, many readers may feel tempted to laugh. In England, we almost always laugh when a man takes himself seriously about anything except sport. And of course there is no reason the reader should not be amused. But a certain greatness is needed both to be sublime and to feel reverence for the sublime. Nietzsche sincerely believed that the Zarathustra-kingdom—his dynasty of a thousand years—would one day come. If he had not believed this so deeply, and if every artist had not likewise believed so deeply in his Hazar, whether of ten, fifteen, a hundred, or a thousand years, we would have lost all our higher men. They would have become pessimists, suicides, or merchants. If the minor poet and

philosopher has made us uneasy about the prophetic seriousness that marked an Isaiah or a Jeremiah, that is surely our loss and the minor poet's gain.

## Chapter LXII. The Cry of Distress.

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We now encounter Zarathustra in remarkable circumstances. He comes face to face with Schopenhauer and is tempted by the old Soothsayer to commit the sin of pity. "I have come that I may seduce thee to thy last sin!" the Soothsayer says to Zarathustra. As will be remembered, Schopenhauer's ethics place pity at the very top of the virtues, and quite consistently too, since his *Weltanschauung* is pessimistic. Schopenhauer appeals to Nietzsche's deepest and strongest feeling—his sympathy for higher men. "Why dost thou conceal thyself?" he cries. "It is THE HIGHER MAN that calleth for thee!" Zarathustra is almost overwhelmed by the Soothsayer's pleading, just as he had been once before, but he resists him step by step. At last he can resist no longer, and, on the grounds that the higher man is on his territory and therefore under his protection, Zarathustra sets out to look for him, leaving Schopenhauer—who in Nietzsche's view is a higher man—as a guest in the cave.

# Chapter LXIII. Talk with the Kings.

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On his way, Zarathustra meets two more higher men of his time: two kings cross his path. They rise above the average modern type, because their instincts tell them what real rule is, and they despise the mockery they have been taught to call "Reigning." "We ARE NOT the first men," they say, "and have nevertheless to STAND FOR them: of this imposture have we at last become weary and disgusted." It is the kings who tell Zarathustra: "There is no greater misfortune in all human destiny than when the mighty of the earth are not also the first men. Then everything becometh false and distorted and monstrous." Zarathustra also invites the kings to take shelter in his cave, after which he continues on his way.

## Chapter LXIV. The Leech.

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Among the higher men Zarathustra wants to save is the scientific specialist—the man who honestly and carefully follows his research, as Darwin did, within a single field of knowledge. “I love him who liveth in order to know, and seeketh to know in order that the Superman may hereafter live. Thus seeketh he his own down-going.” In this discourse he is called “the spiritually conscientious one.” Zarathustra accidentally steps on him, and this slave of science, bleeding from the harm he has done himself through the task he has imposed on himself, proudly speaks of his little sphere of knowledge—his little hand’s breadth of ground within Zarathustra’s territory, philosophy. “Where mine honesty ceaseth,” says the true scientific specialist, “there am I blind and want also to be blind. Where I want to know, however, there want I also to be honest—namely, severe, rigorous, restricted, cruel, and inexorable.” Zarathustra, who greatly respects this man, invites him too into the cave, and then disappears in answer to another cry for help.

# Chapter LXV. The Magician.

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The Magician is, of course, an artist, and Nietzsche's close knowledge of perhaps the greatest artist of his time made Wagner an almost unavoidable choice as the representative figure in this discussion. Most readers will already know the story of Nietzsche's friendship with Wagner and their eventual break. As a child and young man, Nietzsche showed such unusual musical talent that, for a time, it was seriously considered whether he should give up everything else to develop it. He became a scholar instead, though he never completely stopped composing or playing the piano. While still in his teens, he discovered Wagner's music and became passionately devoted to it. Long before he met Wagner, he must have built up an ideal image of him in his mind to a degree possible only for someone with a deeply artistic nature. Nietzsche always held lofty ideals for humanity. If one were asked whether, through all his many changes, there remained a single aim, direction, and hope to which he stayed true, the answer would have to be yes: it was "the elevation of the type man." When Nietzsche finally met Wagner, he was already searching for someone who might embody his dreams for the German people. We need only remember how young he was—he was twenty-one when he was introduced to Wagner—along with his love of Wagner's music and the undeniable force of the great composer's personality, to understand how uncritical he must have been in the first rush of his enthusiasm. Later, as the friendship deepened, it is hard to imagine Nietzsche, the younger man, being anything less than

exhilarated by the attention and affection of his older companion. So it is no surprise to find him presenting Wagner as the great reformer and saviour of mankind. "Wagner in Bayreuth" (English Edition, 1909) gives us the clearest proof of Nietzsche's infatuation. And although the essay already contains signs that, at some deeper level, he was observing and even harshly assessing his friend, it still stands as a record of what intense love and admiration can do: they can invest the person one loves with every quality and ideal that a fertile imagination can create.

When the blow came, it was all the more devastating. Nietzsche gradually realized that the friend he had imagined and the real Richard Wagner—the composer of Parsifal—were not the same person. The truth came to him slowly. One disappointment after another, one revelation after another, finally made it undeniable. At first, his best instincts naturally resisted it, but in the end the reversal in his feelings grew too strong to ignore, and Nietzsche was plunged into the deepest despair. Years after his break with Wagner, he wrote *The Case of Wagner and Nietzsche contra Wagner*, and these works remain as proof of the sincerity and depth of his views about the man who was the greatest event of his life.

The poem in this discourse is, of course, reminiscent of Wagner's own poetic style, and it should be remembered that the whole piece was written after Nietzsche's final break with his friend. The dialogue between Zarathustra and the Magician reveals quite clearly what Nietzsche came to hate so intensely in Wagner—namely, his marked theatrical tendencies, his talent for dissembling, his excessive vanity, his ambiguity, and his

falseness. "It honoureth thee," says Zarathustra, "that thou soughtest for greatness, but it betrayeth thee also. Thou art not great." The Magician is nevertheless welcomed as a guest to Zarathustra's cave, for in his heart Zarathustra believed to the end that the Magician was a higher man broken by modern values.

## Chapter LXVI. Out of Service.

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Zarathustra now meets the last pope, and in poetic form Nietzsche gives his account of the path Judaism and Christianity followed before finally breaking apart into Atheism, Agnosticism, and similar positions. The God of a strong, warlike people—the God of Israel—is jealous and vengeful. He is a power that only a tough, courageous people can imagine and bear, a people wealthy enough to sacrifice and to accept loss through sacrifice. As the people who take over this image decline, the image of God declines with them. Gradually He becomes a God of love—"soft and mellow," a lower-middle-class deity who is "pitiful." He can no longer be a God who demands sacrifice, because we ourselves are no longer rich enough for that. So the situation is reversed: He must sacrifice to us. His pity grows so great that He actually does give something up for us—His only begotten Son. If this process is carried to its logical end, it must finally lead to His own destruction. Thus the pope declares that God was one day suffocated by His all-too-great pity. What follows is plain enough. Zarathustra recognizes another higher man in the ex-pope and sends him as a guest to the cave as well.

# Chapter LXVII. The Ugliest Man.

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This discourse contains perhaps Nietzsche's boldest suggestion about Atheism, along with some remarkably sharp observations on the feeling of pity. Zarathustra comes upon the repulsive creature sitting by the roadside, and what does he do? He shows the only fitting response to any great misery: shame, reverence, and embarrassment. Nietzsche hated the intrusive, sentimental pity that approaches misery without a blush on its face or in its heart—the kind of pity that is really just another form of self-congratulation. "Thank God that I am not like thee!" Only that self-satisfied feeling can give a healthy person the nerve to display pity toward the crippled and the malformed. In the presence of the ugliest man, Nietzsche blushes—he blushes for his race. His own particular kind of altruism—the altruism that might have prevented the existence of this man—strikes him with full force. He wants the world to be otherwise. He wants a world in which one does not have to blush for one's fellow human beings. Hence his appeal that we should love only our children's land, the land still undiscovered in the farthest sea.

Zarathustra calls the ugliest man the murderer of God. This is clearly one form of a certain kind of atheism: the atheism of a man who reveres beauty so deeply that his own ugliness, which offends him, must be hidden from every eye, so that it will not fail to receive the respect Zarathustra gave it. If there were a God, He too would have to be avoided. His pity would have to be thwarted. But God is everywhere and knows everything. So, for the truly GREAT ugly man, God must not exist. "Their pity IS

it from which I flee away," he says. In other words: "I flee from their lack of reverence and their shamelessness in the presence of my great misery!" The ugliest man despises himself. But Zarathustra said in his Prologue: "I love the great despisers because they are the great adorers, and arrows of longing for the other shore." So he honours the ugliest man, sees greatness in his self-contempt, and invites him to join the other higher men in the cave.

# Chapter LXVIII. The Voluntary Beggar.

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In this discourse, we undoubtedly encounter the ideal Buddhist, if not Gautama Buddha himself. Nietzsche had the greatest respect for Buddhism, and almost everywhere he mentions it in his works, he speaks of it with praise. He recognized that, although Buddhism is certainly a religion for decadents, its decadent values come from the higher levels of society, not, as in Christianity, from the lower ones. In Aphorism 20 of "The Antichrist," he compares it at length with Christianity, and the outcome of that examination strongly favors the older religion. Even so, he also recognized a very clear Buddhist influence in Christ's teaching, and the words in verses 29, 30, and 31 strongly recall his views concerning the Christian Savior.

The figure of Christ has appeared in fiction many times, and many scholars have tried to write His life as they understood it. But few, perhaps, have tried to present Him stripped of all the traits that centuries of teaching His doctrines, without a true sense of harmony, have attached to His person. Nietzsche completely rejected Renan's view that Christ was "le grand maitre en ironie." In Aphorism 31 of "The Antichrist," he says that he always cleared his picture of the Humble Nazarene of all those bitter, spiteful outbursts which, given the struggles of the first Christians, may well have been added to the original character by apologists and sectarians. At that time, they could hardly afford to care about fine psychological distinctions, since what they needed above all was a quarrelsome and abusive deity. Nietzsche always kept separate in his own mind these

two conflicting sides in the Christ of the Gospels, which no sound psychology can reconcile. He could not believe that the same man could express feelings that were at times so noble and at others so vulgar. By giving us this new portrait of the Saviour, cleansed of all impurities, Nietzsche paid military honours to an enemy—honours far more valuable than anything His most devoted disciples have ever claimed for Him. In verse 26 we are strongly reminded of Herbert Spencer's words: "'Le mariage de convenance' is legalised prostitution."

# Chapter LXIX. The Shadow.

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Here we get a picture of that brave, restless spirit that follows in the footsteps of every great thinker and every great leader. Sometimes it drives a person so far that he loses every aim, every hope, and all trust in any clear goal. This is the condition of the bravest and most open-minded men of today. They follow the boldest movements in the science and art of their age so closely that they lose their sense of direction and finally find themselves with no path, no goal, and no home. "On every surface have I already sat!...I become thin, I am almost equal to a shadow!" In the end, in despair, such men really do cry: "Nothing is true; all is permitted," and then they are left as mere wreckage. "Too much hath become clear unto me: now nothing mattereth to me any more. Nothing liveth any longer that I love,—how should I still love myself! Have I still a goal? Where is MY home?" Zarathustra sees the danger facing such a man. "Thy danger is not small, thou free spirit and wanderer," he says. "Thou hast had a bad day. See that a still worse evening doth not overtake thee!" The danger Zarathustra means is exactly this: even a prison may begin to look like a blessing to such a man. At least its bars hold him in one resting place; even confinement, at its worst, is something solid and real. "Beware lest in the end a narrow faith capture thee," says Zarathustra, "for now everything that is narrow and fixed seduceth and tempteth thee."

# Chapter LXX. Noontide.

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Nietzsche said that he entered the world at the noon of life; with him, man came of age. We are now answerable for our actions. Our old guardians—the gods and demi-gods of our youth, the superstitions and fears of our childhood—fall away. The field lies open before us. We passed through our morning with only one master: chance. Let us make sure that we make our afternoon our own (see Note XLIX., Part III.).

# Chapter LXXI. The Greeting.

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Here, I think, I can fairly claim that my view of the purpose and aim of Nietzsche's philosophy as a whole, stated at the beginning of my Notes on Part IV, is fully confirmed. He fought for "all who do not want to live, unless they learn again to HOPE—unless THEY learn (from him) the GREAT hope!" Zarathustra's speech to his guests shows clearly enough how he meant to help them: "I DO NOT TREAT MY WARRIORS GENTLY," he says; "how then could ye be fit for MY warfare?" He reproaches and rejects them; not a word of love passes his lips. Elsewhere he says that a man should be a hard bed to his friend, because only then can he truly help him. Nietzsche would be a hard bed to higher men. He would make them harder, because in order to be a law unto himself, a man must have the necessary hardness. "I wait for higher ones, stronger ones, more triumphant ones, merrier ones, for such as are built squarely in body and soul." He says in par. 6 of "Higher Man":—

"Ye higher men, do ye think that I am here to set right what ye have set wrong? Or that I wished from now on to make softer couches for you sufferers? Or to show you restless, wandering, climbing astray ones new and easier paths for your feet?"

"No! No! Three times no! More and more, better and better ones of your kind shall perish—for things must always grow worse and harder for you."

## **Chapter LXXII. The Supper.**

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In the first seven verses of this discourse, I cannot help seeing a mild allusion to Schopenhauer's habits as a bon-vivant. For a pessimist, it should be remembered, Schopenhauer lived a remarkably comfortable life. He ate well, loved well, played the flute well, and, I believe, smoked the finest cigars. What follows is plain enough.

# Chapter LXXIII. The Higher Man.

## Par. 1.

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Here Nietzsche admits that he once thought of appealing to the people, to the crowd in the market-place, but that he eventually had to give up the attempt. He tells higher men to leave the market-place.

Par. 3.

Here we are told quite plainly what sort of men really owe all their impulses and desires to the instinct of self-preservation. For such people, the struggle for existence is the only motive force. To them, it does not matter in what form or condition man is preserved, so long as he survives. The transcendental maxim that "Life per se is precious" rules here.

Par. 4.

In the note at the end of Chapter LVII, I discuss Nietzsche's placing of courage above all other virtues. Here he explains to higher men what kind of courage he expects from them.

Pars. 5, 6.

These have already been mentioned in the notes on Chapter LVII (end) and Chapter LXXI.

Par. 7.

I suggest that the final verse in this paragraph strongly supports the view that Nietzsche always intended his teaching to be esoteric and meant only for higher men.

Par. 9.

In the final verse here, we get another glimpse into the Immaculate Perception, or so-called "pure objectivity," of the scientific mind. "Freedom from fever is still far from being knowledge." When a man's emotions no longer accompany him in his investigations, he is not necessarily any closer to the truth. As Spencer says in the Preface to his Autobiography: "In the genesis of a system of thought, the emotional nature is a large factor: perhaps as large a factor as the intellectual nature" (see pages 134, 141 of Vol. I., "Thoughts out of Season").

Pars. 10, 11.

When we approach Nietzsche's philosophy, we must be ready to think independently. Indeed, the greatest virtue of his works may be the subtle way they compel a person to think alone, to play on his own account, and to manage intellectually for himself.

Par. 13.

"I am a railing alongside the torrent; whoever is able to grasp me may grasp me! Your crutch, however, I am not." These two paragraphs urge higher men to become independent.

Par. 15.

Here Nietzsche perhaps overstates the importance of heredity. Since this is by no means a question on which we all agree, however, what he says still has value.

A central principle in Nietzsche's philosophy is stated in the opening line of this paragraph: "The higher its type, always the

seldomer doth a thing succeed" (see page 82 of "Beyond Good and Evil"). People who, like some political economists, speak in a practical, businesslike way about the terrible waste of human life and energy deliberately ignore the fact that the most regrettable waste usually happens among higher individuals. Economy has never really been one of nature's main principles. All this sentimental lamenting over the greater number of failures than successes in human life seems to miss the point that it is one of the rarest things on earth for a highly organised being to reach the fullest development and activity of all its powers, precisely because it is so highly organised. Nature's blind Will to Power therefore urgently needs direction from man.

These paragraphs express Nietzsche's protest against the democratic seriousness (Pobelernst) of modern times. "All good things laugh," he says, and his final command to the higher men is, "LEARN, I pray you—to laugh." Everything that is GOOD, in Nietzsche's sense, is cheerful. The ability to joke about one's deepest feelings is the greatest test of their value. A man who does not laugh, like a man who does not make faces, is already a buffoon at heart.

"What has so far been the greatest sin on earth? Was it not the saying of him who said: 'Woe unto them that laugh now!' Did he himself find no reason for laughter on earth? Then he looked badly. Even a child finds reason for it."

# **Chapter LXXIV. The Song of Melancholy.**

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After speaking to the higher men, Zarathustra goes out into the open air to recover himself. Meanwhile, the magician (Wagner), seizing the chance to draw them all into his net once again, sings the Song of Melancholy.

## Chapter LXXV. Science.

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The only person who resists the “melancholy voluptuousness” of his art is the spiritually conscientious man—the scientific specialist described in the discourse called “The Leech.” He snatches the harp from the magician, cries out for air, and rebukes the musician in a way that recalls “The Case of Wagner.” When the magician answers by saying that the spiritually conscientious man can have understood little of his song, the latter replies: “Thou praisest me in that thou separatest me from thyself.” The scientific man’s speech to his fellow higher men is especially worth studying. Through it, Nietzsche pays high tribute to the honesty of the true specialist. And by presenting him as the only one able to resist the demonic power of the magician’s music, he at once raises him above everyone else present. At the end, Zarathustra and the spiritually conscientious man confront each other over the question of the proper place of “fear” in human history, and Nietzsche uses the occasion to restate his views on the relation of courage to humanity. It is precisely because courage has played the greatest part in our development that he does not want to see it disappear from our virtues today. “...courage seemeth to me the entire primitive history of man.”

# Chapter LXXVII. The Awakening.

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In this passage, Nietzsche wants to warn his followers. He believes he has helped them recover: new desires have awakened in them, and new hopes have returned to their arms and legs. But he misunderstands the nature of that change. It is true that he has helped them. He has restored what they needed most: belief in believing itself—the confidence to place confidence in something. But how do they use it? This faith in faith, if one may put it that way without sounding tautological, has indeed been given back to them; and in the first rush of their enthusiasm, they use it by bowing down and worshipping an ass! When Nietzsche wrote this passage, he was clearly thinking of the charges pagan contemporaries brought against the early Christians. It is well known that Christians were said not only to eat human flesh but also to worship asses, and among the Roman graffiti the most famous is the one found on the Palatine, showing a man worshipping a cross on which hangs a figure with the head of an ass (see Minucius Felix, "Octavius" IX.; Tacitus, "Historiae" v. 3; Tertullian, "Apologia", etc.). Nietzsche's clear point, however, is that great scientists and thinkers, once they reach the barrier surrounding scepticism and so learn to recover their confidence in the act of believing as such, often show this change in outlook by falling victim to the narrowest and most superstitious creeds. That, then, explains the introduction of the ass as an object of worship.

As for the actual service and Ass-Festival, any reader familiar with the religious history of the Middle Ages will immediately

recognize the allusion to the asinaria festa, which were by no means rare in France, Germany, and other parts of Europe during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

# Chapter LXXVIII. The Ass-Festival.

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At last, right in the middle of their feast, Zarathustra bursts in and sharply rebukes them. But he does not keep this up for long. During the Ass-Festival, it suddenly strikes him that he is witnessing a ceremony that may have its own value: something foolish, yet necessary—a kind of recreation for wise men. He is therefore greatly pleased that the higher men have all come into bloom; they now need new festivals—“A little courageous nonsense, some divine service and ass-festival, some old joyful Zarathustra fool, some loud blusterer to blow their souls bright.”

He tells them not to forget that night and the ass-festival, for “only those who are recovering invent such things!” And if they celebrate it again, he concludes, “do it out of love for yourselves, do it also out of love for me! And in remembrance of ME!”

# Chapter LXXIX. The Drunken Song.

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It would be the height of presumption for me to try to impose any single interpretation of this song. Given what has come before, the reader, while reading it as poetry, should be able to look for and find his own meaning in it. The doctrine of Eternal Recurrence appears here for the last time, now in an artistic form. Nietzsche emphasizes that all happiness, all delight, longs to return. Just as a child cries, "Again! Again!" to the adult who is amusing him, so the man who sees meaning in existence—and a joyful meaning—must also cry "Again!" and yet "Again!" to his whole life.

# Chapter LXXX. The Sign.

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In this passage, Nietzsche finally separates himself from the higher men. Through the symbol of the lion, he means to show that he has overcome and mastered what is best and most fearsome in nature. He had already believed in 1875—eight years before he wrote this speech—that great power and tenderness belong together. When the birds and the lion come to him, it is because he embodies both qualities. The higher men are still not ready for all that is terrible and great in nature. When the lion leaps at them, they shrink back in horror into the cave; but Zarathustra does not move toward them. The day before, he says, he had been tempted by them, but: "That hath had its time! My suffering and my fellow-suffering,—what matter about them! Do I then strive after HAPPINESS? I strive after my work! Well! the lion hath come, my children are nigh. Zarathustra hath grown ripe. MY day beginneth: ARISE NOW, ARISE, THOU GREAT NOONDAY!"

...

I know that the above is open to a good deal of criticism. I will be grateful to anyone kind enough to show me where and how I have gone wrong. But I would like to point out that these Notes have by no means yet reached their final form.

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

London, February 1909.



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