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FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

*Thus Spoke
Zarathustra
A Book for All
and None*

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Zarathustra's Prologue

I

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

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

For ten years you have come up here to my cave: you would have tired of your light and of this route without me, my eagle and my snake.

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

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

I want to bestow and distribute until the wise among human beings have once again enjoyed their folly, and the poor once again their wealth.

For this I must descend into the depths, as you do evenings when you go behind the sea and bring light even to the underworld, you super-rich star!

Like you, I must *go down*¹ as the human beings say, to whom I want to descend.

So bless me now, you quiet eye that can look upon even an all too great happiness without envy!

Bless the cup that wants to flow over, such that water flows golden from it and everywhere carries the reflection of your bliss!

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

– Thus began Zarathustra's going under.

¹ German uses *untergehen*, literally “to go under” for the expression the sun “goes down.” Nietzsche throughout *Zarathustra* uses wordplay to signify that Zarathustra's “going under” is a “going over” or transition, *übergehen*, from human to superhuman, from man to overman. After Zarathustra draws his first analogy between himself and the sun, I use “going under” for *untergehen* and its noun form *Untergang*. In setting or going down the sun marks a transition. Zarathustra meanwhile has been higher than human in both figurative and literal terms, and so his “going under” has the effect of him transitioning to human again. However, on the ecumenical level, when human beings transition or go under, and when they “overcome” the human, they should achieve the superhuman (overman).

Zarathustra climbed down alone from the mountains and encountered no one. But when he came to the woods suddenly an old man stood before him, who had left his saintly hut in search of roots in the woods. And thus spoke the old man to Zarathustra:

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

Back then you carried your ashes to the mountain: would you now carry your fire into the valley? Do you not fear the arsonist's punishment?

Yes, I recognize Zarathustra. His eyes are pure, and no disgust is visible around his mouth. Does he not stride like a dancer?

Zarathustra is transformed, Zarathustra has become a child, an awakened one is Zarathustra. What do you want now among the sleepers?

You lived in your solitude as if in the sea, and the sea carried you. Alas, you want to climb ashore? Alas, you want to drag your own body again?"

Zarathustra answered: "I love mankind."

"Why," asked the saint, "did I go into the woods and the wilderness in the first place? Was it not because I loved mankind all too much?"

Now I love God: human beings I do not love. Human beings are too imperfect a thing for me. Love for human beings would kill me."

Zarathustra replied. "Why did I speak of love? I bring mankind a gift. "Give them nothing," said the saint. "Rather take something off them and help them to carry it – that will do them the most good, if only it does you good!"

And if you want to give to them, then give nothing more than alms, and make them beg for that too!"

"No," answered Zarathustra. "I do not give alms. For that I am not poor enough."

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

² "Ich liebe die Menschen" means literally "I love human beings." Earlier translators ignored the ecological framework in which Nietzsche wrote *Zarathustra* by using expressions like "man." The nature and earth interact or should interact as never before.

To them our footsteps sound too lonely in the lanes. And if at night lying in their beds they hear a man walking outside, long before the sun rises, they probably ask themselves: where is the thief going?

Do not go to mankind and stay in the woods! Go even to the animals instead! Why do you not want to be like me – a bear among bears, a bird among birds?"

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

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

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

When Zarathustra had heard these words he took his leave of the saint and spoke: "What would I have to give you! But let me leave quickly before I take something from you!" – And so they parted, the oldster and the man, laughing like two boys laugh.

But when Zarathustra was alone he spoke thus to his heart: "Could it be possible! This old saint in his woods has not yet heard the news that *God is dead!*" –

When Zarathustra came into the nearest town lying on the edge of the forest, he found many people gathered in the market place, for it had been promised that a tightrope walker would perform. And Zarathustra spoke thus to the people:

"*I teach you the overman.*"³ Human being is something that must be overcome. What have you done to overcome him?"

All creatures so far created something beyond themselves; and you want to be the ebb of this great flood and would even rather go back to animals than overcome humans?"

³ "Ich lehre euch den Übermensch." Just as *Mensch* means human, human being, *Übermensch* means superhuman, which I render throughout as overman, though I use human being, mankind, people, and humanity to avoid the gendered and outmoded use of "man." Two things are achieved by using this combination. First, using "human being" and other species-indicating expressions makes it clear that Nietzsche is concerned ecumenically with humans as a species, not merely with males. Secondly, expanding beyond the use of "man" puts humans in an ecological context; for Zarathustra to claim that "the overman shall be the meaning of the earth" is to argue for a new relationship between humans and nature, between humans and the earth. Overman is preferred to superhuman for two basic reasons: first, it preserves the word play Nietzsche intends with his constant references to going under and going over, and secondly, the comic book associations called to mind by "superman" and super-heroes generally tend to reflect negatively, and frivolously, on the term superhuman.

What is the ape to a human? A laughing stock or a painful embarrassment. And that is precisely what the human shall be to the overman: a laughing stock or a painful embarrassment.

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

But whoever is wisest among you is also just a conflict and a cross between plant and ghost. But do I implore you to become ghosts or plants? Behold, I teach you the overman!

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

I beseech you, my brothers, remain faithful to the earth and do not believe those who speak to you of extraterrestrial hopes! They are mixers of poisons whether they know it or not.

They are despisers of life, dying off and self-poisoned, of whom the earth is weary: so let them fade away!

Once the sacrilege against God was the greatest sacrilege, but God died, and then all these desecrators died. Now to desecrate the earth is the most terrible thing, and to esteem the bowels of the unfathomable higher than the meaning of the earth!

Once the soul gazed contemptuously at the body, and then such contempt was the highest thing: it wanted the body gaunt, ghastly, starved. Thus it intended to escape the body and the earth.

Oh this soul was gaunt, ghastly and starved, and cruelty was the lust of this soul!

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

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

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

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

The hour in which you say: 'What matters my happiness? It is poverty and filth, and a pitiful contentment. But my happiness ought to justify existence itself!'

The hour in which you say: 'What matters my reason? Does it crave knowledge like the lion its food? It is poverty and filth and a pitiful contentment!'

The hour in which you say: 'What matters my virtue? It has not yet made me rage. How weary I am of my good and my evil! That is all poverty and filth and a pitiful contentment!'

The hour in which you say: 'What matters my justice? I do not see that I am ember and coal. But the just person is ember and coal!'

The hour in which you say: 'What matters my pity? Is pity not the cross on which he is nailed who loves humans? But my pity is no crucifixion.'

Have you yet spoken thus? Have you yet cried out thus? Oh that I might have heard you cry out thus!

Not your sin - your modesty cries out to high heaven, your stinginess even in sinning cries out to high heaven!

Where is the lightning that would lick you with its tongue? Where is the madness with which you should be inoculated?

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

When Zarathustra had spoken thus someone from the crowd cried out: "We have heard enough already about the tightrope walker, now let us see him too!" And all the people laughed at Zarathustra. But the tightrope walker, believing that these words concerned him, got down to his work.

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

"Mankind is a rope fastened between animal and overman - a rope over an abyss.

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

What is great about human beings is that they are a bridge and not a purpose: what is lovable about human beings is that they are a crossing over and a going under.

I love those who do not know how to live unless by going under, for they are the ones who cross over.

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

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

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

I love the one who works and invents in order to build a house for the overman and to prepare earth, animals and plants for him: for thus he wants his going under.

I love the one who loves his virtue: for virtue is the will to going under and an arrow of longing.

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

I love the one who makes of his virtue his desire and his doom: thus for the sake of his virtue he wants to live on and to live no more.

I love the one who does not want to have too many virtues. One virtue is more virtue than two, because it is more of a hook on which his doom may hang.

I love the one whose soul squanders itself, who wants no thanks and gives none back: for he always gives and does not want to preserve himself.⁴

I love the one who is ashamed when the dice fall to his fortune and who then asks: am I a cheater? – For he wants to perish.

I love the one who casts golden words before his deeds and always does even more than he promises: for he wants his going under.

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

I love the one who chastises his god, because he loves his god: for he must perish of the wrath of his god.

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

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

⁴ See Luke 17:33. This is the first of approximately 135 direct allusions to the Bible, in which Nietzsche typically applies Christ's words to Zarathustra's task, or inverts Christ's words in order to achieve a life- and earth-affirming effect. Whenever possible, these passages will be translated using the phrasing of the Bible. For drafts and alternative versions of the various chapters, biblical references, and other references see vol. XIV of the *Kritische Studienausgabe*, which provides commentary to vols. I–XIII and treats TSZ on pp. 279–344.

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

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

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

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

Must one first smash their ears so that they learn to hear with their eyes? Must one rattle like kettle drums and penitence preachers? Or do they believe only a stutterer?

They have something of which they are proud. And what do they call that which makes them proud? Education they call it, it distinguishes them from goatherds.

For that reason they hate to hear the word ‘contempt’ applied to them. So I shall address their pride instead.

Thus I shall speak to them of the most contemptible person: but he is *the last human being.*”

And thus spoke Zarathustra to the people:

“It is time that mankind set themselves a goal. It is time that mankind plant the seed of their highest hope.

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

Beware! The time approaches when human beings no longer launch the arrow of their longing beyond the human, and the string of their bow will have forgotten how to whirl!

I say to you: one must still have chaos in oneself in order to give birth to a dancing star. I say to you: you still have chaos in you.

Beware! The time approaches when human beings will no longer give birth to a dancing star. Beware! The time of the most contemptible human is coming, the one who can no longer have contempt for himself.

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

'What is love? What is creation? What is longing? What is a star?' — thus asks the last human being, blinking.

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

'We invented happiness' — say the last human beings, blinking.

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

Becoming ill and being mistrustful are considered sinful by them: one proceeds with caution. A fool who still stumbles over stones or humans!

A bit of poison once in a while; that makes for pleasant dreams. And much poison at the end, for a pleasant death.

One still works, for work is a form of entertainment. But one sees to it that the entertainment is not a strain.

One no longer becomes poor and rich: both are too burdensome. Who wants to rule anymore? Who wants to obey anymore? Both are too burdensome.

No shepherd and one herd! Each wants the same, each is the same, and whoever feels differently goes voluntarily into the insane asylum.

'Formerly the whole world was insane' — the finest ones say, blinking. One is clever and knows everything that has happened, and so there is no end to their mockery. People still quarrel but they reconcile quickly — otherwise it is bad for the stomach.

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

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

And here ended the first speech of Zarathustra, which is also called "The Prologue," for at this point he was interrupted by the yelling and merriment of the crowd. "Give us this last human being, oh Zarathustra" — thus they cried — "make us into these last human beings! Then we will make you a gift of the overman!" And all the people jubilated and clicked their tongues. But Zarathustra grew sad and said to his heart:

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

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

My soul is calm and bright as the morning mountains. But they believe I am cold, that I jeer, that I deal in terrible jests.

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

6

Then, however, something happened that struck every mouth silent and forced all eyes to stare. For in the meantime the tightrope walker had begun his work; he had emerged from a little door and was walking across the rope stretched between two towers, such that it hung suspended over the market place and the people. Just as he was at the midpoint of his way, the little door opened once again and a colorful fellow resembling a jester leaped forth and hurried after the first man with quick steps. "Forward, sloth, smuggler, pale face! Or I'll tickle you with my heel! What business have you here between the towers? You belong in the tower, you should be locked away in the tower, for you block the way for one who is better than you!" And with each word he came closer and closer to him. But when he was only one step behind him, the terrifying thing occurred that struck every mouth silent and forced all eyes to stare: — he let out a yell like a devil and leaped over the man who was in his way. This man, seeing his rival triumph in this manner, lost his head and the rope. He threw away his pole and plunged into the depths even faster than his pole, like a whirlwind of arms and legs. The market place and the people resembled the sea when a storm charges in: everyone fled apart and into one another, and especially in the spot where the body had to impact.

But Zarathustra stood still and the body landed right beside him, badly beaten and broken, but not yet dead. After a while the shattered man regained consciousness and saw Zarathustra kneeling beside him. "What are you doing here?" he said finally. "I've known for a long time that the devil would trip me up. Now he is going to drag me off to hell: are you going to stop him?"

"By my honor, friend!" answered Zarathustra. "All that you are talking about does not exist. There is no devil and no hell. Your soul will be dead even sooner than your body — fear no more!"

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

"Not at all," said Zarathustra. "You made your vocation out of danger, and there is nothing contemptible about that. Now you perish of your vocation, and for that I will bury you with my own hands."

When Zarathustra said this the dying man answered no more, but he moved his hand as if seeking Zarathustra's hand in gratitude. —

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Meanwhile evening came and the market place hid in darkness. The people scattered, for even curiosity and terror grow weary. But Zarathustra sat beside the dead man on the ground and was lost in thought, such that he lost track of time. Night came at last and a cold wind blew over the lonely one. Then Zarathustra stood up and said to his heart:

"Indeed, a nice catch of fish Zarathustra has today! No human being did he catch, but a corpse instead.

Uncanny is human existence and still without meaning: a jester can spell its doom.

I want to teach humans the meaning of their being, which is the overman, the lightning from the dark cloud 'human being.'

But I am still far away from them, and I do not make sense to their senses. For mankind I am still a midpoint between a fool and a corpse.

The night is dark, the ways of Zarathustra are dark. Come, my cold and stiff companion! I shall carry you where I will bury you with my own hands."

8

When Zarathustra had said this to his heart, he hoisted the corpse onto his back and started on his way. And he had not yet gone a hundred paces when someone sneaked up on him and whispered in his ear — and behold! The one who spoke was the jester from the tower. "Go away from this town, oh Zarathustra," he said. "Too many here hate you. The good and the just hate you and they call you their enemy and despiser; the believers of the true faith hate you and they call you the danger of the multitude. It was your good fortune that they laughed at you: and really, you spoke like a jester. It was your good fortune that you took up with the dead dog; when you lowered yourself like that, you rescued yourself for today. But go away from this town — or tomorrow I shall leap over you, a living man

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over a dead one." And when he had said this, the man disappeared, but Zarathustra continued his walk through dark lanes.

At the town gate he met the gravediggers. They shone their torches in his face, recognized Zarathustra and sorely ridiculed him. "Zarathustra is lugging away the dead dog: how nice that he's become a gravedigger! For our hands are too pure for this roast. Would Zarathustra steal this morsel from the devil? So be it then! And good luck with your meal! If only the devil were not a better thief than Zarathustra! — he'll steal them both, he'll devour them both!" And they laughed and huddled together.

Zarathustra did not say a word and went on his way. By the time he had walked for two hours past woods and swamps, he had heard too much of the hungry howling of wolves and he grew hungry himself. And so he stopped at a lonely house in which a light was burning.

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

My hunger has odd moods. Often it comes to me only after a meal, and today it did not come the whole day: just where was it?"

And so Zarathustra pounded on the door to the house. An old man appeared, bearing a light, and he asked: "Who comes to me and to my bad sleep?"

"A living man and a dead one," replied Zarathustra. "Give me food and drink, I forgot it during the day. Whoever feeds the hungry quickens his own soul — thus speaks wisdom."

The old man went away but returned promptly and offered Zarathustra bread and wine. "This is a bad region for those who hunger," he said. "That is why I live here. Beast and human being come to me, the hermit. But bid your companion eat and drink, he is wearier than you." Zarathustra replied: "My companion is dead, I would have a hard time persuading him." "That does not concern me," snapped the old man. "Whoever knocks at my house must also take what I offer him. Eat and take care!" —

Thereupon Zarathustra walked again for two hours, trusting the path and the light of the stars, for he was a practiced night-walker and loved to look in the face of all sleepers. But as dawn greyed Zarathustra found himself in a deep wood and no more path was visible to him. Then he laid the dead man into a hollow tree — for he wanted to protect him from the wolves — and he laid himself down head first at the tree, upon the earth

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and the moss. And soon he fell asleep, weary in body but with a calm soul.

9

Long Zarathustra slept, and not only the dawn passed over his face but the morning as well. At last, however, he opened his eyes: amazed Zarathustra looked into the woods and the silence, amazed he looked into himself. Then he stood up quickly, like a seafarer who all at once sees land, and he rejoiced, for he saw a new truth. And thus he spoke to his heart:

"It dawned on me: I need companions, and living ones — not dead companions and corpses that I carry with me wherever I want. Instead I need living companions who follow me because they want to follow themselves — wherever I want.

It dawned on me: let Zarathustra speak not to the people, but instead to companions! Zarathustra should not become the shepherd and dog of a herd!

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

Shepherds I say, but they call themselves the good and the just. Shepherds I say: but they call themselves the faithful of the true faith. Look at the good and the just! Whom do they hate most? The one who breaks their tablets of values, the breaker, the lawbreaker — but he is the creative one.

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

Companions the creative one seeks and not corpses, nor herds and believers. Fellow creators the creative one seeks, who will write new values on new tablets.

Companions the creative one seeks, and fellow harvesters; for to him everything stands ready for harvest. But he lacks the hundred scythes, and so he plucks out spikes and is angry.

Companions the creative one seeks, and those who know how to whet their scythes. They shall be called annihilators and despisers of good and evil. But they are the harvesters and the celebrators.

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Fellow creators seeks Zarathustra, fellow harvesters and fellow celebrators Zarathustra seeks: what need does he have of herds and shepherds and corpses!

And you, my first companion, take care! I buried you well in your tree, I concealed you well from the wolves.

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

I shall not be a shepherd, nor a gravedigger. I do not want to even speak again with the people — for the last time have I spoken to a dead person.

I shall join the creators, the harvesters, the celebrators: I shall show them the rainbow and all the steps to the overman.

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

I want to go to my goal, and I go my own way; over the hesitating and dawdling I shall leap. Thus let my going be their going under!

10

Thus Zarathustra had spoken to his heart when the sun stood at noon, then he gazed at the sky with a questioning look, for above him he heard the sharp cry of a bird. And behold! An eagle cut broad circles through the air, and upon it hung a snake, not as prey but as a friend, for the snake curled itself around the eagle's neck.

"It is my animals!" said Zarathustra, and his heart was delighted.

"The proudest animal under the sun and the wisest animal under the sun — they have gone forth to scout.

They want to determine whether Zarathustra is still alive. Indeed, am I still alive?

I found it more dangerous among human beings than among animals; Zarathustra walks dangerous paths. May my animals guide me!"

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

"May I be wiser! May I be wise from the ground up like my snake!

But I ask the impossible, and so I ask instead of my pride that it always walk with my wisdom!

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And if some day my wisdom abandons me – oh it loves to fly away! –
 may my pride then fly away with my folly!”
 – Thus began Zarathustra’s going under.

The Speeches of Zarathustra

On the Three Metamorphoses

Three metamorphoses of the spirit I name for you: how the spirit becomes a camel, and the camel a lion, and finally the lion a child.

To the spirit there is much that is heavy; to the strong, carrying spirit imbued with reverence. Its strength demands what is heavy and heaviest.

What is heavy? thus asks the carrying spirit. It kneels down like a camel and wants to be well loaded.

What is heaviest, you heroes? thus asks the carrying spirit, so that I might take it upon myself and rejoice in my strength.

Is it not this: lowering oneself in order to hurt one’s pride? Letting one’s foolishness glow in order to mock one’s wisdom?

Or is it this: abandoning our cause when it celebrates victory? Climbing high mountains in order to tempt the tempter?

Or is it this: feeding on the acorns and grass of knowledge and for the sake of truth suffering hunger in one’s soul?

Or is it this: being ill and sending the comforters home and making friends with the deaf who never hear what you want?

Or is it this: wading into dirty water when it is the water of truth, and not shrinking away from cold frogs and hot toads?

Or is it this: loving those who despise us, and extending a hand to the ghost when it wants to frighten us?

All of these heaviest things the carrying spirit takes upon itself, like a loaded camel that hurries into the desert, thus it hurries into its desert.

But in the loneliest desert the second metamorphosis occurs. Here the spirit becomes lion, it wants to hunt down its freedom and be master in its own desert.

Here it seeks its last master, and wants to fight him and its last god. For victory it wants to battle the great dragon.

Who is the great dragon whom the spirit no longer wants to call master and god? “Thou shalt” is the name of the great dragon. But the spirit of the lion says “I will.”

“Thou shalt” stands in its way, gleaming golden, a scaly animal, and upon every scale “thou shalt!” gleams like gold.

The values of millennia gleam on these scales, and thus speaks the most powerful of all dragons: “the value of all things – it gleams in me.

All value has already been created, and the value of all created things – that am I. Indeed, there shall be no more ‘I will!’” Thus speaks the dragon.

My brothers, why is the lion required by the spirit? Why does the beast of burden, renouncing and reverent, not suffice?

To create new values – not even the lion is capable of that: but to create freedom for itself for new creation – that is within the power of the lion.

To create freedom for oneself and also a sacred No to duty: for that, my brothers, the lion is required.

To take the right to new values – that is the most terrible taking for a carrying and reverent spirit. Indeed, it is preying, and the work of a predatory animal.

Once it loved “thou shalt” as its most sacred, now it must find delusion and despotism even in what is most sacred to it, in order to wrest freedom from its love by preying. The lion is required for this preying.

But tell me, my brothers, of what is the child capable that even the lion is not? Why must the preying lion still become a child?

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

Yes, for the game of creation my brothers a sacred yes-saying is required. The spirit wants its will, the one lost to the world now wins its own world.

Three metamorphoses of the spirit I named for you: how the spirit became a camel, and the camel a lion, and finally the lion a child. –

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And then he sojourned in the town which is called The Modley Cow.

On the Teachers of Virtue

A wise man was praised to Zarathustra who could speak well of sleep and of virtue. For this he was much honored and rewarded, and all the youths

Whoever has always spared himself much gets sick in the end from so much coddling. Praised be whatever makes hard! I do not praise the land where butter and honey flow!

It is necessary to *look away* from oneself in order to see *much*: this hardness is needed by every mountain climber.

But whoever is importunate with his eyes as a seeker of knowledge – how could he see more of things than their foregrounds?

But you, Zarathustra, you wanted to see the ground and background of all things, and so you must climb over yourself – up, upward, until you have even your stars *beneath* you!

Yes, look down on myself and even on my stars: only that would I call my *peak*, that remains to me as my *ultimate peak*! –

Thus Zarathustra spoke to himself as he climbed, comforting his heart with hard sayings, for he was sore in his heart as never before. And as he came to the top of the mountain ridge, behold, there lay the other sea stretching before him, and he stood still and silent for a long time. But at this altitude the night was cold and clear and bright with stars.

I recognize my lot, he said at last, with sorrow. Well then! I am ready. Just now my ultimate solitude began.

Oh this black sad sea beneath me! Oh this pregnant nocturnal moroseness! Oh destiny and sea – now I must *descend* to you!

I stand before my highest mountains and before my longest hike: therefore I must descend deeper than I ever climbed before:

– descend deeper into suffering than I ever climbed before, down into its blackest flood! My destiny wills it so: Well then! I am ready.

Where did the highest mountains come from? Thus I once asked. Then I learned that they come from the sea.

This testimony is written into their stone and onto the walls of their peaks. From the deepest the highest must come into its height. –

Thus spoke Zarathustra at the pinnacle of the mountain, where it was cold. But as he came near to the sea and stood at last alone among the cliffs, then he had grown weary from his travels and felt even greater longing than before.

Everything is still sleeping, he said; even the sea sleeps. Drunk with sleep and strangely it looks at me.

But it breathes warmly, that I feel. And I also feel that it is dreaming. Dreaming it tosses on hard pillows.

Listen! Listen! How it moans with evil memories – or evil forebodings? Yes, I am sad along with you, you dark monster, and for your sake annoyed even with myself.

Oh that my hand does not possess sufficient strength! Gladly indeed would I redeem you from evil dreams! –

And as Zarathustra spoke thus he laughed at himself with melancholy and bitterness. “What, Zarathustra!” he said. “Do you want to sing comfort even to the sea?”

Oh you loving fool Zarathustra, you who are over-blessed with trust! But you have always been so; always you came trustingly to all that is terrible.

You wanted to caress every monster. A hint of warm breath, a bit of soft shag on the paw – and already you were prepared to love it and lure it.

Love is the danger of the loneliest one, love of everything *if only it lives!* Laughable indeed are my folly and my modesty in love! –

Thus spoke Zarathustra and he laughed once again. But then he remembered the friends he left behind – and as if he had violated them with his thoughts, he became angry for his thoughts. And suddenly the laughing one began to weep – for wrath and longing Zarathustra wept bitterly.

On the Vision and the Riddle

I

When it was rumored among the sailors that Zarathustra was on the ship – for a man who came from the blessed isles went on board at the same time as him – then a great curiosity and anticipation arose. But Zarathustra kept silent for two days and was cold and deaf with sadness, such that he answered neither to glances nor questions. On the evening of the second day, however, he opened his ears again, even though he continued to be silent; for there was much that was peculiar and dangerous to be heard on this ship, which had come from far away and wanted to go still farther. But Zarathustra was a friend of all who make distant journeys and do not like to live without danger, and so, finally, his own tongue was freed while listening, and the ice of his heart broke: then he began to speak thus:

To you, bold searchers, researchers,¹ and whoever put to terrible seas with cunning sails –
to you, the riddle-drunk, the twilight-happy whose souls are lured by flutes to every maelstrom:

– because you do not want to probe along a thread with cowardly hands; and because where you can *guess*, there you hate to *deduce* –
to you alone I tell the riddle that I *saw* – the vision of the loneliest one. –
Darkly I walked recently through cadaver-colored twilight – darkly and hard, biting my lip. Not only one sun had set for me.

A path that climbed defiantly through boulders, a malicious, lonely path consoled neither by weed nor shrub – a mountain path crunched under the defiance of my foot.

Striding mutely over the mocking clatter of pebbles, crushing the rock that caused it to slip; thus my foot forced its way upward.

Upward – in defiance of the spirit that pulled it downward, the spirit of gravity, my devil and arch-enemy.

Upward – even though he sat atop me, half dwarf, half mole, lame, paralyzing, dripping lead into my ear, lead-drop thoughts into my brain.

“Oh Zarathustra,” he murmured scornfully, syllable by syllable. “You stone of wisdom! You hurled yourself high, but every hurled stone must – fall!”

Oh Zarathustra, you stone of wisdom, you sling stone, you star crusher! You hurled yourself so high – but every hurled stone – must fall!

Sentenced to yourself and to your own stoning; oh Zarathustra, far indeed you hurled the stone – but it will fall back down upon *you!*!”

Then the dwarf became silent, and that lasted a long time. But his silence oppressed me, and being at two in such a way truly makes one lonelier than being at one!

I climbed, I climbed, I dreamed, I thought – but everything oppressed me. I resembled a sick person whose severe agonies make him

¹ *Euch, den kühnen Suchern, Versuchern* . . . When the prefix *ver-* is added to *suchen*, to seek or to search, the verb is modified to mean try, attempt, but also tempt, so that the noun *Versucher* means both one who attempts and one who tempts. The noun *der Versuch*, meanwhile, means both attempt and experiment. Nietzsche frequently alludes to his favorite deity, Dionysus, as the *Versucher-Gott*, i.e. as the tempter god, attempter god (experimenter). I render this wordplay as “searcher” and “researcher” to preserve the wordplay, but wherever this particular combination occurs in *TSZ* or elsewhere, one should suspect Nietzsche is exploring the relationship between searching, attempting (experimenting, researching) and tempting.

weary, and who is then jarred out of falling asleep by an even worse dream. –

But there is something in me that I call courage: this so far has slain my every discouragement. This courage at last commanded me to stand still and to say: “Dwarf – you or I!” –

Courage after all is the best slayer – courage that *attacks*; for in every attack there is sounding brass.

But the human being is the most courageous animal, and so it overcame every animal. With sounding brass it even overcame every pain, but human pain is the deepest pain.

Courage also slays dizziness at the abyss; and where do human beings not stand at the abyss? Is seeing itself not – seeing the abyss?

Courage is the best slayer; courage slays even pity. But pity is the deepest abyss, and as deeply as human beings look into life, so deeply too they look into suffering.

But courage is the best slayer, courage that attacks; it slays even death, for it says: “Was *that* life? Well then! One More Time!”

In such a saying, however, there is much sounding brass. He who has ears to hear, let him hear!

2

“Stop, dwarf!” I said. “I – or you! But I am the stronger of us two – you do not know my abysmal thought! *That* – you could not bear!” –

Then something happened that made me lighter, for the dwarf jumped down from my shoulder, the inquisitive one, and he crouched upon a stone there before me. But right there where we stopped was a gateway.

“See this gateway, dwarf!” I continued. “It has two faces. Two paths come together here; no one has yet walked them to the end.

This long lane back: it lasts an eternity. And that long lane outward – that is another eternity.

They contradict each other, these paths; they blatantly offend each other – and here at this gateway is where they come together. The name of the gateway is inscribed at the top: “Moment.”

But whoever were to walk one of them further – and ever further and ever on: do you believe, dwarf, that these paths contradict each other eternally?” –

“All that is straight lies,” murmured the dwarf contemptuously. “All truth is crooked, time itself is a circle.”

"You spirit of gravity!" I said, angrily. "Do not make it too easy on yourself! Or I shall leave you crouching here where you crouch, lamefoot – and I bore you *this high!*"

See this moment!" I continued. "From this gateway Moment a long eternal lane stretches *backward*: behind us lies an eternity.

Must not whatever *can* already have passed this way before? Must not whatever *can* happen, already have happened, been done, passed by before?

And if everything has already been here before, what do you think of this moment, dwarf? Must this gateway too not already – have been here?

And are not all things firmly knotted together in such a way that this moment draws after it *all* things to come? Therefore – itself as well?

For, whatever *can* run, even in this long lane *outward* – *must* run it once more! –

And this slow spider that creeps in the moonlight, and this moonlight itself, and I and you in the gateway whispering together, whispering of eternal things – must not all of us have been here before?

– And return and run in that other lane, outward, before us, in this long, eerie lane – must we not return eternally? –"

Thus I spoke, softer and softer, for I was afraid of my own thought and secret thoughts. Then, suddenly, I heard a dog *howl* nearby.

Had I ever heard a dog howl like this? My thoughts raced back. Yes! When I was a child, in my most distant childhood:

– then I heard a dog howl like this. And I saw it too, bristling, its head up, trembling in the stillest midnight when even dogs believe in ghosts:

– so that I felt pity. For the full moon had passed over the house, silent as death, and it had just stopped, a round smolder – stopped on the flat roof just as if on a stranger's property –

that is the why the dog was so horror-stricken, because dogs believe in thieves and ghosts. And when I heard it howl like this again, I felt pity once more.

Where now was the dwarf? And the gateway? And the spider? And all the whispering? Was I dreaming? Was I waking? I stood all of a sudden among wild cliffs, alone, desolate, in the most desolate moonlight.

But there lay a human being! And there! The dog jumping, bristling, whining – now it saw me coming – then it howled again, it *screamed*: had I ever heard a dog scream like this for help?

And truly, I saw something the like of which I had never seen before. A young shepherd I saw; writhing, choking, twitching, his face distorted, with a thick black snake hanging from his mouth.

Had I ever seen so much nausea and pale dread in one face? Surely he must have fallen asleep? Then the snake crawled into his throat – where it bit down firmly.

My hand tore at the snake and tore – in vain! It could not tear the snake from his throat. Then it cried out of me: "Bite down! Bite down!

Bite off the head! Bite down!" – Thus it cried out of me, my dread, my hatred, my nausea, my pity, all my good and bad cried out of me with one shout. –

You bold ones around me! You searchers, researchers and whoever among you ever shipped out with cunning sails onto unexplored seas! You riddle-happy ones!

Now guess me this riddle that I saw back then, now interpret me this vision of the loneliest one!

For it was a vision and a foreseeing: *what* did I see then as a parable? And *who* is it that must some day come?

Who is the shepherd into whose throat the snake crawled this way? *Who* is the human being into whose throat everything that is heaviest, blackest will crawl!

– Meanwhile the shepherd bit down as my shout advised him; he bit with a good bite! Far away he spat the head of the snake – and he leaped to his feet. –

No longer shepherd, no longer human – a transformed, illuminated, *laughing* being!

Never yet on earth had I heard a human being laugh as *he* laughed!

Oh my brothers, I heard a laughter that was no human laughter – and now a thirst gnaws at me, a longing that will never be still.

My longing for this laughter gnaws at me; oh how can I bear to go on living! And how could I bear to die now! –

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Unwilling Bliss

With such riddles and bitterness in his heart Zarathustra traveled across the sea. But when he was four days removed from the blessed isles and

You flee from me? You are frightened? You tremble before these words? My brothers, when I told you to break the good and the tablets of the good, then for the first time I launched mankind onto their high seas.

And only now the great fright comes to them, the great looking-around oneself, the great sickness, the great nausea, the great seasickness.

False coasts and false securities were taught you by the good; in the lies of the good you were born and bielded. Everything has been duplicitous and twisted from the ground up by the good.

But whoever discovered the land "human being" also discovered the land "human future." Now you will be seafarers, brave and patient!

Walk upright for once, my brothers, learn to walk upright! The sea is stormy. Many want to right themselves again on you.

The sea is stormy: Everything is in the sea. Well then! Well now! You old salts!

What fatherland! *There* our helm wants to steer, where our *children's land* is! Out there, stormier than the sea, storms our great longing! —

"Why so hard!" — the kitchen coal once said to the diamond. "Are we not close relatives?"

Why so soft? Oh my brothers, this I ask you: for are you not — my brothers?

Why so soft, so retiring and yielding? Why is there so much denying and denial in your hearts? And so little destiny in your gazes?

And if you do not want to be destinies and inexorable, how could you triumph with me?

And if your hardness does not want to flash and undo and cut through, how could you one day create with me?

The creators are hard after all. And it must seem like bliss to you to press your hand upon millennia as if upon wax —

— bliss to write upon the will of millennia as if upon bronze — harder than bronze, more noble than bronze. Only the most noble is perfectly hard.

This new tablet, my brothers, I place above you: *become hard!* —

Oh you my will! You turning point of all need, you point of *my* necessity! Preserve me from all small victories!

You ordaining of my soul, that I call destiny! You in-me, over-me! Preserve and save me for a great destiny!

And your ultimate greatness, my will, save that for your ultimate — that you be inexorable *in* your victory! Indeed, who was not defeated in his victory!

Indeed, whose eye did not darken in this drunken twilight! Indeed, whose foot did not stagger and forget how to stand in victory!

— That I may one day be ready and ripe in the great noon; ready and ripe like glowing bronze, clouds pregnant with lightning and swelling udders of milk —

— ready for myself and for my most hidden will; a bow burning for its arrow, an arrow burning for its star —

— a star ready and ripe in its noon, glowing, skewered, blissful with annihilating arrows of the sun —

— a sun itself and an inexorable will of the sun, ready for annihilating in victory!

Oh will, turning point of all need, you *my* point of necessity! Save me for a great victory! —

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Convalescent

I

One morning not long after his return to his cave, Zarathustra sprang from his bed like a madman, screamed with a terrifying voice and behaved as though someone else were lying on his bed, who did not want to get up. And Zarathustra's voice reverberated so much that his animals rushed to him frightened, and from every cave and hiding place neighboring on Zarathustra's cave, all the animals scurried away — flying, fluttering, crawling, leaping in whatever manner of foot or feather they were given. But Zarathustra said these words:

Up, abysmal thought, out of my depths! I am your rooster and dawn, you sleepy worm: up! Up! My voice will yet crow you awake!

Unsnap the straps of your ears: listen! Because I want to hear you! Up! Up! Here there is thunder enough to make even graves learn to listen!

And wipe the sleep and all that befogs and blinds you from your eyes! Hear me with your eyes too: my voice is a remedy even for those born blind.

And once you are awake, you shall remain awake eternally. It is not *my* manner to wake great-grandmothers from their sleep only to tell them – go back to sleep!

You stir, you stretch, you gasp? Up! Up! No gasping – you will speak to me! Zarathustra summons you, the godless one!

I, Zarathustra, the advocate of life, the advocate of suffering, the advocate of the circle – you I summon, my most abysmal thought!

Hail to me! You are coming – I hear you! My abyss *speaks*, I have unfolded my ultimate depth to the light!

Hail to me! Here now! Give me your hand – ha! Let go! Haha! – Nausea, nausea, nausea – oh no!

2

Scarcely had he spoken these words, however, when Zarathustra collapsed like a dead man and long remained as if dead. But when he came to he was pale and he trembled, still lying down, and for a long time he wanted neither to eat nor drink. This behavior lasted seven days; meanwhile, his animals did not leave his side day and night, unless the eagle flew out to fetch food. And whatever prey it fetched together it laid on Zarathustra's bed until eventually Zarathustra lay among yellow and red berries, grapes, red apples, aromatic herbs and pine cones. At his feet, however, two lambs were spread out, which the eagle with difficulty had taken as prey from their shepherds.

Finally, after seven days, Zarathustra sat up on his bed, picked up one of the red apples, smelled it, and found its aroma lovely. Then his animals believed the time had come to speak with him.

“Oh Zarathustra,” they said. “Now you have been lying like this for seven days, with heavy eyes: do you not want at last to get on your feet? Step out of your cave: the world awaits you like a garden. The wind is playing with heady fragrances that make their way to you; and all brooks want to run after you.

All things long for you, while you have stayed alone for seven days – step out of your cave! All things want to be your physician!

Did perhaps some new knowledge come to you, something sour, heavy? You lay there like leavened dough, your soul rose up and swelled over all its rims. –”

– “Oh my animals,” answered Zarathustra. “Just keep babbling and let me listen! It invigorates me so when you babble: where there is babbling the world indeed lies before me like a garden.

How lovely it is that there are words and sounds; aren't words and sounds rainbows and illusory bridges between things eternally separated? To each soul belongs another world; for each soul every other soul is a hinterworld.

Illusion tells its loveliest lies about the things that are most similar, because the tiniest gap is hardest to bridge.

For me – how would there be something outside me? There is no outside! But we forget this with all sounds; how lovely it is that we forget!

Have names and sounds not been bestowed on things so that human beings can invigorate themselves on things? It is a beautiful folly, speaking: with it humans dance over all things.

How lovely is all talking and all lying of sounds! With sounds our love dances on colorful rainbows.” –

– “Oh Zarathustra,” said the animals then. “To those who think as we do, all things themselves approach dancing; they come and reach out their hands and laugh and retreat – and come back.

Everything goes, everything comes back; the wheel of being rolls eternally. Everything dies, everything blossoms again, the year of being runs eternally.

Everything breaks, everything is joined anew; the same house of being builds itself eternally. Everything parts, everything greets itself again; the ring of being remains loyal to itself eternally.

In every Instant being begins; around every Here rolls the ball There. The middle is everywhere. Crooked is the path of eternity.” –

– “Oh you foolish rascals and barrel organs!” answered Zarathustra, smiling again. “How well you know what had to come true 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 already made a hurdy-gurdy song of it? Now I lie here, weary still from this biting and spitting out, sick still from my own redemption.

And you looked on at all of this? Oh my animals, are you also cruel? Did you want to watch my great pain the way people do? For human beings are the cruelest animal.

Tragic plays, bullfights and crucifixions have always made them feel best on earth; and when they invented hell for themselves, see here – it was their heaven on earth.

When a great human being cries out – in a flash the little ones come running, and their tongues hang out with lasciviousness. But they call it their ‘pity.’

The little human being, especially the poet – how eagerly he puts his accusations against life into words! Hear him, but do not fail to hear the lust that is in all his accusing!

Such accusers of life are overcome by life in a blink of an eye. ‘You love me,’ says the flirt. ‘Wait just a while longer, I don’t have time for you yet.’

The human being is the cruelest animal against itself; and with all those who call themselves ‘sinner’ and ‘cross bearer’ and ‘penitent,’ do not fail to hear the lust in such complaining and accusing!

And I myself – do I want therefore to be the accuser of mankind? Oh my animals, this alone have I learned so far, that for mankind their most evil is necessary for their best –

– that whatever is most evil is their best *power* and the hardest stone for the highest creator; and that mankind must become better *and* more evil –

The cross on which I suffered was not that I know human beings are evil – instead, I cried as no one yet has cried:

‘A shame that their most evil is so very small! A shame that their best is so very small!’

My great surfeit of human beings – *that* choked me and crawled into my throat; and what the soothsayer said: ‘All is the same, nothing is worth it, knowledge chokes.’

A long twilight limped ahead of me, a tired to death and drunk to death sadness that spoke with a yawning mouth:

‘Eternally he returns, the human of whom you are weary, the small human being’ – thus my sadness yawned and dragged its foot and could not fall asleep.

For me the human earth transformed into a cave, its chest caved in; everything living became human mold and bones and crumbling past.

My sighing sat upon all human graves and could no longer stand up; my sighing and questioning croaked and choked and gnashed and lashed day and night:

– ‘alas, human beings recur eternally! The small human beings recur eternally!’ –

Naked I once saw them both, the greatest human and the smallest human: all too similar to one another – all too human still even the greatest one!

All too small the greatest one! That was my surfeit of humans! And eternal recurrence of even the smallest! – That was my surfeit of all existence!

Oh nausea! Nausea! Nausea!” – Thus spoke Zarathustra and sighed and shuddered, because he remembered his sickness. But his animals did not allow him to continue.

“Speak no more, you convalescent!” – answered his animals. “Rather go outside where the world awaits you like a garden.

Go outside to the roses and bees and swarms of doves! Especially to the song birds, so that you can learn *to sing* from them!

Singing after all is for convalescents, let the healthy person talk. And even if the healthy person also wants songs, he wants different songs than the convalescent.”

– “Oh you foolish rascals and barrel organs, shut up!” – answered Zarathustra, and he smiled at his animals. “How well you know which comfort I invented for myself in seven days!

That I must sing once again – *this* comfort I invented for myself and *this* convalescence; but do you want to make that into a hurdy-gurdy song right away too?”

– “Speak no more,” answered his animals again. “Instead, you convalescent, fashion yourself a lyre first, a new lyre!

Behold oh Zarathustra! For your new songs new lyres are needed.

Sing and foam over, Zarathustra; heal your soul with new songs so that you can bear your great destiny, which was never before a human’s destiny!

For your animals know well, oh Zarathustra, who you are and must become; behold, *you are the teacher of the eternal recurrence* – that now is *your* destiny!

That you must teach this teaching as the first – how could this great destiny not also be your greatest danger and sickness!

Behold, we know what you teach: that all things recur eternally and we ourselves along with them, and that we have already been here times eternal and all things along with us.

You teach that there is a great year of becoming, a monster of a great year; like an hourglass it must turn itself over anew, again and again, so that it runs down and runs out anew –

– so that all these years are the same as each other, in what is greatest and also in what is smallest – so that we ourselves in every great year are the same, in what is greatest and also in what is smallest.

And if you wanted to die now, oh Zarathustra: behold, we know too how you would speak to yourself then: – but your animals beg you not to die yet!

You would speak and without trembling, rather taking a deep breath, blissfully; for a great weight and oppressiveness would be taken from you, you most patient one!

‘Now I die and disappear,’ you would say, ‘and in an instant I will be a nothing. Souls are as mortal as bodies.

But the knot of causes in which I am entangled recurs – it will create me again! I myself belong to the causes of the eternal recurrence.

I will return, with this sun, with this earth, with this eagle, with this snake – *not* to a new life or a better life or a similar life:

– I will return to this same and selfsame life, in what is greatest as well as in what is smallest, to once again teach the eternal recurrence of all things –

– to once again speak the word about the great earth of noon and human beings, to once again proclaim the overman to mankind.

I spoke my word, I break under my word: thus my eternal fate wills it – as proclaimer I perish!

The hour has now come for the one who goes under to bless himself. Thus – *ends Zarathustra’s going under!*” –

When the animals had spoken these words they fell silent and waited for Zarathustra to say something to them: but Zarathustra did not hear that they were silent. Instead he lay still, with eyes closed, like someone sleeping – even though he was not sleeping. Indeed, at this moment he was conversing with his soul. The snake and the eagle, however, finding

him silent in this manner, honored the great stillness around him and cautiously slipped away.

On Great Longing

Oh my soul, I taught you to say “today” and “once” and “formerly,” and to dance your round over all here and then and there.

Oh my soul, I redeemed you from all nooks, I swept dust, spiders and twilight off of you.

Oh my soul, I washed the petty bashfulness and the nook-virtue from you and persuaded you to stand naked before the eyes of the sun.

With the storm called “spirit” I blew over your choppy sea; I blew all clouds away, I even choked the choker who is called “sin.”

Oh my soul, I gave you the right to say no like the storm and to say yes as the open sky says yes: still as light you now stand and even if you pass through storms of denial.

Oh my soul, I gave you back your freedom over what is created and uncreated: and who knows as you know the lust of future things?

Oh my soul, I taught you contempt that does not come like a gnawing worm, the great, loving contempt that loves most where it has the most contempt.

Oh my soul, I taught you to persuade such that you persuade even the grounds; like the sun that persuades even the sea into its heights.

Oh my soul, I took from you all obeying, knee-bending and sir-saying; I myself gave you the name “turning point of need” and “destiny.”

Oh my soul, I gave you new names and colorful playthings, I called you “destiny” and “compass of compasses” and “umbilical cord of time” and “azure bell.”

Oh my soul, to your soil I gave all wisdom to drink, all new wines and also all old strong wines of wisdom from time immemorial.

Oh my soul, I poured every sun upon you and every night and every silence and every longing – then you grew up for me like a grapevine.

Oh my soul, super-rich and heavy you stand there now, a grapevine with swelling udders and crowded, brownish gold grapes –

– crowded and crushed by your happiness, waiting out of superabundance and even bashful because of your waiting.