

leaps and side-leaps; I myself have put on this crown!

19.

Lift up your hearts, my brethren, high, higher! And do not forget your legs! Lift up also your legs, ye good dancers, and better still if ye stand upon your heads!

There are also heavy animals in a state of happiness, there are club-footed ones from the beginning. Curiously do they exert themselves, like an elephant which endeavoureth to stand upon its head.

Better, however, to be foolish with happiness than foolish with misfortune, better to dance awkwardly than walk lamely. So learn, I pray you, my wisdom, ye higher men: even the worst thing hath two good reverse sides,--

--Even the worst thing hath good dancing-legs: so learn, I pray you, ye higher men, to put yourselves on your proper legs!

So unlearn, I pray you, the sorrow-sighing, and all the populace-sadness! Oh, how sad the buffoons of the populace seem to me to-day! This to-day, however, is that of the populace.

20.

Do like unto the wind when it rusheth forth from its mountain-caves: unto its own piping will it dance; the seas tremble and leap under its footsteps.

That which giveth wings to asses, that which milketh the lionesses:-- praised be that good, unruly spirit, which cometh like a hurricane unto all the present and unto all the populace,--

--Which is hostile to thistle-heads and puzzle-heads, and to all withered leaves and weeds:--praised be this wild, good, free spirit of the storm, which danceth upon fens and afflictions, as upon meadows!

Which hateth the consumptive populace-dogs, and all the ill-constituted, sullen brood:--praised be this spirit of all free spirits, the laughing storm, which bloweth dust into the eyes of all the melanopic and melancholic!

Ye higher men, the worst thing in you is that ye have none of you learned to dance as ye ought to dance--to dance beyond yourselves! What doth it matter that ye have failed!

How many things are still possible! So LEARN to laugh beyond yourselves! Lift up your hearts, ye good dancers, high! higher! And do not forget the good laughter!

This crown of the laughter, this rose-garland crown: to you my brethren do I cast this crown! Laughing have I consecrated; ye higher men, LEARN, I pray you--to laugh!

#### LXXIV. THE SONG OF MELANCHOLY.

1.

When Zarathustra spake these sayings, he stood nigh to the entrance of his cave; with the last words, however, he slipped away from his guests, and fled for a little while into the open air.

"O pure odours around me," cried he, "O blessed stillness around me! But where are mine animals? Hither, hither, mine eagle and my serpent!"

Tell me, mine animals: these higher men, all of them--do they perhaps not SMELL well? O pure odours around me! Now only do I know and feel how I love you, mine animals."

--And Zarathustra said once more: "I love you, mine animals!" The eagle, however, and the serpent pressed close to him when he spake these words, and looked up to him. In this attitude were they all three silent together, and sniffed and sipped the good air with one another. For the air here outside was better than with the higher men.

2.

Hardly, however, had Zarathustra left the cave when the old magician got up, looked cunningly about him, and said: "He is gone!

And already, ye higher men--let me tickle you with this complimentary and flattering name, as he himself doeth--already doth mine evil spirit of deceit and magic attack me, my melancholy devil,

--Which is an adversary to this Zarathustra from the very heart: forgive it for this! Now doth it wish to conjure before you, it hath just ITS hour; in vain do I struggle with this evil spirit.

Unto all of you, whatever honours ye like to assume in your names, whether ye call yourselves 'the free spirits' or 'the conscientious,' or 'the penitents of the spirit,' or 'the unfettered,' or 'the great longers,'--

--Unto all of you, who like me suffer FROM THE GREAT LOATHING, to whom the old God hath died, and as yet no new God lieth in cradles and swaddling clothes--unto all of you is mine evil spirit and magic-devil favourable.

I know you, ye higher men, I know him,--I know also this fiend whom I love in spite of me, this Zarathustra: he himself often seemeth to me like the beautiful mask of a saint,

--Like a new strange mummery in which mine evil spirit, the melancholy devil, delighteth:--I love Zarathustra, so doth it often seem to me, for the sake of mine evil spirit.--

But already doth IT attack me and constrain me, this spirit of melancholy, this evening-twilight devil: and verily, ye higher men, it hath a longing--

--Open your eyes!--it hath a longing to come NAKED, whether male or female, I do not yet know: but it cometh, it constraineth me, alas! open your wits!

The day dieth out, unto all things cometh now the evening, also unto the best things; hear now, and see, ye higher men, what devil--man or woman--this spirit of evening-melancholy is!"

Thus spake the old magician, looked cunningly about him, and then seized his harp.

3.

In evening's limpid air, What time the dew's soothing Unto the earth downpour, Invisibly and unheard-- For tender shoe-gear wear The soothing dews, like all that's kind-gentle--: Bethinkst thou then, bethinkst thou, burning heart, How once thou thirstedest For heaven's kindly teardrops and dew's down-droppings, All singed and weary thirstedest, What time on yellow grass-pathways Wicked, occidental sunny glances Through sombre trees about thee sported, Blindingly sunny glow-glances, gladly-hurting?

"Of TRUTH the wooer? Thou?"--so taunted they-- "Nay! Merely poet! A brute insidious, plundering,

grovelling, That aye must lie, That wittingly, wilfully, aye must lie: For booty lusting, Motley masked, Self-hidden, shrouded, Himself his booty-- HE--of truth the wooer? Nay! Mere fool! Mere poet! Just motley speaking, From mask of fool confusedly shouting, Circumambling on fabricated word-bridges, On motley rainbow-arches, 'Twixt the spurious heavenly, And spurious earthly, Round us roving, round us soaring,-- MERE FOOL! MERE POET!

HE--of truth the wooer? Not still, stiff, smooth and cold, Become an image, A godlike statue, Set up in front of temples, As a God's own door-guard: Nay! hostile to all such truthfulness-statues, In every desert homelier than at temples, With cattish wantonness, Through every window leaping Quickly into chances, Every wild forest a-sniffing, Greedily-longingly, sniffing, That thou, in wild forests, 'Mong the motley-speckled fierce creatures, Shouldest rove, sinful-sound and fine-coloured, With longing lips smacking, Blessedly mocking, blessedly hellish, blessedly bloodthirsty, Robbing, skulking, lying--roving:--

Or unto eagles like which fixedly, Long adown the precipice look, Adown THEIR precipice:-- Oh, how they whirl down now, Thereunder, therein, To ever deeper profoundness whirling!-- Then, Sudden, With aim aright, With quivering flight, On LAMBKINS pouncing, Headlong down, sore-hungry, For lambkins longing, Fierce 'gainst all lamb-spirits, Furious-fierce all that look Sheeplike, or lambeyed, or crisp-woolly, --Grey, with lambsheep kindness!

Even thus, Eaglelike, pantherlike, Are the poet's desires, Are THINE OWN desires 'neath a thousand guises, Thou fool! Thou poet! Thou who all mankind viewedst-- So God, as sheep--: The God TO REND within mankind, As the sheep in mankind, And in rending LAUGHING--

THAT, THAT is thine own blessedness! Of a panther and eagle--blessedness! Of a poet and fool--the blessedness!--

In evening's limpid air, What time the moon's sickle, Green, 'twixt the purple-glowings, And jealous, steal'th forth: --Of day the foe, With every step in secret, The rosy garland-hammocks Downsickling, till they've sunken Down nightwards, faded, downsunken:--

Thus had I sunken one day From mine own truth-insanity, From mine own fervid day-longings, Of day away, sick of sunshine, --Sunk downwards, evenwards, shadowwards: By one sole trueness All scorched and thirsty: --Bethinkst thou still, bethinkst thou, burning heart, How then thou thirstedst?-- THAT I SHOULD BANNED BE FROM ALL THE TRUENESS! MERE FOOL! MERE POET!

## LXXV. SCIENCE.

Thus sang the magician; and all who were present went like birds unawares into the net of his artful and melancholy voluptuousness. Only the spiritually conscientious one had not been caught: he at once snatched the harp from the magician and called out: "Air! Let in good air! Let in Zarathustra! Thou makest this cave sultry and poisonous, thou bad old magician!

Thou seducest, thou false one, thou subtle one, to unknown desires and deserts. And alas, that such as thou should talk and make ado about the TRUTH!

Alas, to all free spirits who are not on their guard against SUCH magicians! It is all over with their freedom: thou teachest and temptest back into prisons,--

--Thou old melancholy devil, out of thy lament soundeth a lurement: thou resemblest those who with their praise of chastity secretly invite to voluptuousness!"