

The wildest and most courageous animals hath he envied and robbed of all their virtues: thus only did he become--man.

THIS courage, at last become subtle, spiritual and intellectual, this human courage, with eagle's pinions and serpent's wisdom: THIS, it seemeth to me, is called at present--"

"ZARATHUSTRA!" cried all of them there assembled, as if with one voice, and burst out at the same time into a great laughter; there arose, however, from them as it were a heavy cloud. Even the magician laughed, and said wisely: "Well! It is gone, mine evil spirit!

And did I not myself warn you against it when I said that it was a deceiver, a lying and deceiving spirit?

Especially when it showeth itself naked. But what can *I* do with regard to its tricks! Have *I* created it and the world?

Well! Let us be good again, and of good cheer! And although Zarathustra looketh with evil eye--just see him! he disliketh me--:

--Ere night cometh will he again learn to love and laud me; he cannot live long without committing such follies.

HE--loveth his enemies: this art knoweth he better than any one I have seen. But he taketh revenge for it--on his friends!"

Thus spake the old magician, and the higher men applauded him; so that Zarathustra went round, and mischievously and lovingly shook hands with his friends,--like one who hath to make amends and apologise to every one for something. When however he had thereby come to the door of his cave, lo, then had he again a longing for the good air outside, and for his animals,--and wished to steal out.

LXXVI. AMONG DAUGHTERS OF THE DESERT.

1.

"Go not away!" said then the wanderer who called himself Zarathustra's shadow, "abide with us--otherwise the old gloomy affliction might again fall upon us.

Now hath that old magician given us of his worst for our good, and lo! the good, pious pope there hath tears in his eyes, and hath quite embarked again upon the sea of melancholy.

Those kings may well put on a good air before us still: for that have THEY learned best of us all at present! Had they however no one to see them, I wager that with them also the bad game would again commence,--

--The bad game of drifting clouds, of damp melancholy, of curtained heavens, of stolen suns, of howling autumn-winds,

--The bad game of our howling and crying for help! Abide with us, O Zarathustra! Here there is much concealed misery that wisheth to speak, much evening, much cloud, much damp air!

Thou hast nourished us with strong food for men, and powerful proverbs: do not let the weakly, womanly spirits attack us anew at dessert!

Thou alone makest the air around thee strong and clear! Did I ever find anywhere on earth such good air as with thee in thy cave?

Many lands have I seen, my nose hath learned to test and estimate many kinds of air: but with thee do my nostrils taste their greatest delight!

Unless it be,--unless it be--, do forgive an old recollection! Forgive me an old after-dinner song, which I once composed amongst daughters of the desert:--

For with them was there equally good, clear, Oriental air; there was I furthest from cloudy, damp, melancholy Old-Europe!

Then did I love such Oriental maidens and other blue kingdoms of heaven, over which hang no clouds and no thoughts.

Ye would not believe how charmingly they sat there, when they did not dance, profound, but without thoughts, like little secrets, like beribboned riddles, like dessert-nuts--

Many-hued and foreign, forsooth! but without clouds: riddles which can be guessed: to please such maidens I then composed an after-dinner psalm."

Thus spake the wanderer who called himself Zarathustra's shadow; and before any one answered him, he had seized the harp of the old magician, crossed his legs, and looked calmly and sagely around him:--with his nostrils, however, he inhaled the air slowly and questioningly, like one who in new countries tasteth new foreign air. Afterward he began to sing with a kind of roaring.

2.

THE DESERTS GROW: WOE HIM WHO DOTH THEM HIDE!

--Ha! Solemnly! In effect solemnly! A worthy beginning! Afric manner, solemnly! Of a lion worthy, Or perhaps of a virtuous howl-monkey-- --But it's naught to you, Ye friendly damsels dearly loved, At whose own feet to me, The first occasion, To a European under palm-trees, A seat is now granted. Selah.

Wonderful, truly! Here do I sit now, The desert nigh, and yet I am So far still from the desert, Even in naught yet deserted: That is, I'm swallowed down By this the smallest oasis--: --It opened up just yawning, Its loveliest mouth agape, Most sweet-odoured of all mouthlets: Then fell I right in, Right down, right through--in 'mong you, Ye friendly damsels dearly loved! Selah.

Hail! hail! to that whale, fishlike, If it thus for its guest's convenience Made things nice!--(ye well know, Surely, my learned allusion?) Hail to its belly, If it had e'er A such loveliest oasis-belly As this is: though however I doubt about it, --With this come I out of Old-Europe, That doubt'th more eagerly than doth any Elderly married woman. May the Lord improve it! Amen!

Here do I sit now, In this the smallest oasis, Like a date indeed, Brown, quite sweet, gold-suppurating, For rounded mouth of maiden longing, But yet still more for youthful, maidlike, Ice-cold and snow-white and incisory Front teeth: and for such assuredly, Pine the hearts all of ardent date-fruits. Selah.

To the there-named south-fruits now, Similar, all-too-similar, Do I lie here; by little Flying insects Round-sniffled and round-played, And also by yet littler, Foolisher, and peccabler Wishes and phantasies,-- Environed by you, Ye silent, presentientest Maiden-kittens, Dudu and Suleika, --ROUNDSPHINXED, that into one word I may crowd much feeling: (Forgive me, O God, All such speech-sinning!) --Sit I here the best

of air sniffing, Paradisal air, truly, Bright and buoyant air, golden-mottled, As goodly air as ever From lunar orb downfall-- Be it by hazard, Or supervened it by arrogancy? As the ancient poets relate it. But doubter, I'm now calling it In question: with this do I come indeed Out of Europe, That doubt'th more eagerly than doth any Elderly married woman. May the Lord improve it! Amen.

This the finest air drinking, With nostrils out-swelled like goblets, Lacking future, lacking remembrances Thus do I sit here, ye Friendly damsels dearly loved, And look at the palm-tree there, How it, to a dance-girl, like, Doth bow and bend and on its haunches bob, --One doth it too, when one view'th it long!-- To a dance-girl like, who as it seem'th to me, Too long, and dangerously persistent, Always, always, just on SINGLE leg hath stood? --Then forgot she thereby, as it seem'th to me, The OTHER leg? For vainly I, at least, Did search for the amissing Fellow-jewel --Namely, the other leg-- In the sanctified precincts, Nigh her very dearest, very tenderest, Flapping and fluttering and flickering skirting. Yea, if ye should, ye beauteous friendly ones, Quite take my word: She hath, alas! LOST it! Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu! It is away! For ever away! The other leg! Oh, pity for that loveliest other leg! Where may it now tarry, all-forsaken weeping? The lonesomest leg? In fear perhaps before a Furious, yellow, blond and curled Leonine monster? Or perhaps even Gnawed away, nibbled badly-- Most wretched, woeful! woeful! nibbled badly! Selah.

Oh, weep ye not, Gentle spirits! Weep ye not, ye Date-fruit spirits! Milk-bosoms! Ye sweetwood-heart Purselets! Weep ye no more, Pallid Dudu! Be a man, Suleika! Bold! Bold! --Or else should there perhaps Something strengthening, heart-strengthening, Here most proper be? Some inspiring text? Some solemn exhortation?-- Ha! Up now! honour! Moral honour! European honour! Blow again, continue, Bellows-box of virtue! Ha! Once more thy roaring, Thy moral roaring! As a virtuous lion Nigh the daughters of deserts roaring! --For virtue's out-howl, Ye very dearest maidens, Is more than every European fervour, European hot-hunger! And now do I stand here, As European, I can't be different, God's help to me! Amen!

THE DESERTS GROW: WOE HIM WHO DOTH THEM HIDE!

LXXVII. THE AWAKENING.

1.

After the song of the wanderer and shadow, the cave became all at once full of noise and laughter: and since the assembled guests all spake simultaneously, and even the ass, encouraged thereby, no longer remained silent, a little aversion and scorn for his visitors came over Zarathustra, although he rejoiced at their gladness. For it seemed to him a sign of convalescence. So he slipped out into the open air and spake to his animals.

"Whither hath their distress now gone?" said he, and already did he himself feel relieved of his petty disgust--"with me, it seemeth that they have unlearned their cries of distress!

--Though, alas! not yet their crying." And Zarathustra stopped his ears, for just then did the YE-A of the ass mix strangely with the noisy jubilation of those higher men.

"They are merry," he began again, "and who knoweth? perhaps at their host's expense; and if they have learned of me to laugh, still it is not MY laughter they have learned.

But what matter about that! They are old people: they recover in their own way, they laugh in their own way; mine ears have already endured worse and have not become peevish.

This day is a victory: he already yieldeth, he fleeth, THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY, mine old arch-enemy! How well this day is about to end, which began so badly and gloomily!