

me of woman," said she; "I am old enough to forget it presently." And I obliged the old woman and spake thus unto her: Everything in woman is a riddle, and everything in woman hath one solution—it is called pregnancy. Man is for woman a means: the purpose is always the child. But what is woman for man? Two different things wanteth the true man: danger and diversion. Therefore wanteth he woman, as the most dangerous plaything. Man shall be trained for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior: all else is folly. Too sweet fruits—these the warrior liketh not. Therefore liketh he woman;—bitter is even the sweetest woman. Better than man doth woman understand children, but man is more childish than woman. In the true man there is a child hidden: it wanteth to play. Up then, ye women, and discover the child in man! A plaything let woman be, pure and fine like the precious stone, illumined with the virtues of a world not yet come. Let the beam of a star shine in your love! Let your hope say: "May I bear the Superman!" In your love let there be valour! With your love shall ye assail him who inspireth you with fear! In your love be your honour! Little doth woman understand otherwise about honour. But let this be your honour: always to love more than ye are loved, and never be the second. Let man fear woman when she loveth: then maketh she every sacrifice, and everything else she regardeth as worthless. Let man fear woman when she hateth: for man in his innermost soul is merely evil; woman, however, is mean. Whom hateth woman most?—Thus spake the iron to the loadstone: "I hate thee most, because thou attractest, but art too weak to draw unto thee." The happiness of man is, "I will." The happiness of woman is, "He will." "Lo! now hath the world become perfect!"—thus thinketh every woman when she obeyeth with all her love. Obey, must the woman, and find a depth for her surface. Surface, is woman's soul, a mobile, stormy film on shallow water. Man's soul, however, is deep, its current gusheth in subterranean caverns: woman surmiseth its force, but comprehendeth it not.—Then answered me the old woman: "Many fine things hath Zarathustra said, especially for those who are young enough for them. Strange! Zarathustra knoweth little about woman, and yet he is right about them! Doth this happen, because with women nothing is impossible? And now accept a little truth by way of thanks! I am old enough for it! Swaddle it up and hold its mouth: otherwise it will scream too loudly, the little truth." "Give me, woman, thy little truth!" said I. And thus spake the old woman: "Thou goest to

The other two, slight air, and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide, The
first my thought, the other my desire, These pre-
sent-absent with swift motion slide. For when these
quicker elements are gone In tender embassy of love to
thee, My life being made of four, with two alone, Sinks
down to death, oppressed with melancholy, Until life's com-
position be recured, By those swift messengers returned from
thee, Who even but now come back again assured, Of thy fair
health, recounting it to me. This told, I joy, but then no longer
glad, I send them back again and straight grow sad. Mine eye and
heart are at a mortal war, How to divide the conquest of thy sight,
Mine eye, my heart thy picture's sight would bar, My heart, mine
eye the freedom of that right, My heart doth plead that thou in him
dost lie, (A closet never pierced with crystal eyes) But the defendant
doth that plea deny, And says in him thy fair appearance lies. To side
this title is impanelled A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart, And by
their verdict is determined The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part. As
thus, mine eye's due is thy outward part, And my heart's right, thy inward love of
heart. Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took, And each doth good turns now unto
the other, When that mine eye is famished for a look, Or heart in love with sighs himself
doth smother; With my love's picture then my eye doth feast, And to the painted banquet bids
my heart: Another time mine eye is my heart's guest, And in his thoughts of love doth share a part.
So either by thy picture or my love, Thy self away, art present still with me, For thou not farther
than my thoughts canst move, And I am still with them, and they with thee. Or if they sleep, thy
picture in my sight Awakes my heart, to heart's and eye's delight. How careful was I when I
took my way, Each trifle under truest bars to thrust, That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust! But thou, to whom my jewels trifles
are, Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief, Thou best of dearest, and mine only
care, Art left the prey of every vulgar thief. Thee have I not locked up in any chest, Save
where thou art not, though I feel thou art, Within the gentle closure of my breast, From
whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part, And even thence thou wilt be stol'n I
fear, For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear. Against that time (if ever that time
come) When I shall see thee frown on my defects, When as thy love hath cast his utmost
sum, Called to that audit by advised respects, Against that time when thou shalt strangely
pass, And scarcely greet me with that sun thine eye, When love converted from the
thing it was Shall reasons find of settled gravity; Against that time do I ensconce
me here Within the knowledge of mine own desert, And this my hand, against my
self uprear, To guard the lawful reasons on thy part, To leave poor me, thou hast the
strength of laws, Since why to love, I can allege no cause. How heavy do I journey on the
way, When what I seek (my weary travel's end) Doth teach that ease and that repose
to say 'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend.' The beast that bears me,
tired with my woe, Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me, As if by some in-
tinct the wretch did know His rider loved not speed being made from
thee: The bloody spur cannot provoke him on,
That sometimes anger thrusts into his
hide, Which heavily he answers
with a groan, More sharp
to me than spurring to his
side, For that same gro-
an doth put this in my
mind, My grief lies
onward and my joy
behind. Thus can
my love excuse the
slow offence, Of
my dull bearer,
when from thee
I speed, From
where thou art,
why should I has-
te me thence? Till
I return of posting
is no need. O what
excuse will my poor
beast then find, When
swift extremity can seem
but slow? Then should I spur
though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall