



Thus Spake Zarathustra

Friedrich Nietzsche , Thomas Common (Translator)

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A tremendously influential philosophical work of the late nineteenth century, *Thus Spake Zarathustra* is also a literary masterpiece by one of the most important thinkers of modern times. In it, the ancient Persian religious leader Zarathustra (or Zoroaster) serves as the voice for Friedrich Nietzsche's views, which include the introduction of the controversial doctrine of the *Übermensch*, or "superman."

Although later perverted by Nazi propagandists, the *Übermensch* was conceived by Nietzsche to designate the ultimate goal of human existence as the achievement of greatness of will and being. He was convinced that the individual, instead of resigning himself to the weakness of being human and worshipping perfection only possible in the next world (at least in the Christian view), should try to perfect himself during his earthly existence, and transcend the limitations of conventional morality. By doing so, the *Übermensch* would emerge victorious, standing in stark contrast to "the last man" — an uncreative conformist and complacent hedonist who embodies Nietzsche's critique of modern civilization, morality, and the Christian religion.

Written in a passionate, quasi-biblical style, *Thus Spake Zarathustra* is daring in form and filled with provocative, thought-provoking concepts. Today, the work is regarded as a forerunner of modern existentialist thought, a book that has provoked and stimulated students of philosophy and literature for more than 100 years.

Thus Spake Zarathustra Details

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From Reader Review Thus Spake Zarathustra for online ebook

Shawn says

Horror movies never frightened me in the same way certain works of literature and film did. Reading through Zarathustra as a teenager was a singularly powerful experience; the work defies categorization or genre, time or place. I was warned that Nietzsche was dangerous for young readers (like Machiavelli) because he went insane. This I HAD to read. It was my first encounter with existential thought, a stinging critique of the very nature of values and belief. The events in the book are more like Biblical parables than a plot unfolding, except that the lesson is not, "Thou Shalt" but "Why should I?" I wish I could read German well enough to understand the nuances of Nietzsche's original narrative. Full of surreal visions, Zarathustra is a challenge to interpret but at the same time, lacks the semantics of conventional philosophy that makes the field inaccessible for many young students. So many things are explored, celebrated or indicted with ambitious and sharp leaps of metaphors: Moral relativism, comparative theology and eternal recurrence, nothing short of the love of life, the will to life. Many fascinating discussions have explored what could have influenced Nietzsche: the social milieu of late 19th century Europe, the contradictions of Enlightenment thought, etc. Thus Spoke Zarathustra will forever retain its mystery and is a monument to Nietzsche's eccentricity.

Riku Sayuj says

Verily have I overshot myself in my vanity into thinking that I was ready to attempt this book. Humbled am I now.

I probably got less than one-third of what Nietzsche was fulminating on. Maybe in another two reading or so... maybe with a different translation... ?

Can anyone who has read this help me out? Is the second half of the book just plain abstruse or was it just me?

Aubrey says

I have at all times written my writings with my whole heart and soul: I do not know what purely intellectual problems are.

There is a great deal of Nietzsche that I agree with, and hoards with which I vehemently do not. I've been accumulating quotes of his for five years now, quotes whose inherent lack of context made me like him more than I do now. I still love many of his phrases as much as I did before, but if we ever met, we would not like each other *at all*.

Despite that muddle, I am grateful that I came across his words while I was younger and in the full throes of depression, cynicism, and a frighteningly homicidal brand of solipsism. I didn't know the definition of that last word back then, but I was in desperate need of something both horribly dismal and blindingly bright, a joy that did not require avoidance of despair but looked it full in the face. The often contextualized and

paraphrased Nietzsche with atheism, nihilism, and yet fierce and glorious fervor for the future seemed perfect back then.

To some extent, he's still perfect, but only in bits and pieces. The call for solitude and individualism is as refreshing as ever, the atheism is still in line with my sensibilities, and the breathtaking vaults and shuddering descents carried my heart along with them. However. While I did indeed run across his cry for the Superman, even going so far as to take to heart his '*Man is something that shall be over come*,' I paid as much mind to his Superman as concerned my younger self's view of the world and the people in it as utterly worthless. Not until this reading did I fully realize Nietzsche's meaning; being as interested in social justice and, well, female as I am, there was little chance of me passing up all that elitism (and classism?) and condemnation of empathy and rapier dashes of virulent misogyny.

It's strange, though. Perhaps it is a sign of just how much time I spent mooning after Nietzsche, back when I took him in small doses, but I am especially conscious of the time period in which he wrote this. His decrying of the "mob" echoes my own views regarding oppressive ideologies, and I have to wonder how much of his rampant condemnation of popular mentality fell upon the people rather than the ideas they lived by. As for his abysmal portrayal of women, who knows what a healthy dose of feminism and exposure to such awesome thinkers as Simone de Beauvoir, Hannah Arendt, and so many others would have accomplished. Probably gotten rid of his 'creator's pregnancy' conceit (if you're going to slander, Nietzsche, back off from the ridiculously disproportionate appropriation please), if nothing else. Also, there is the matter of his one serious attempt at heterosexual love having been rejected right around the time of composition of this piece. It doesn't excuse him at all, but it does explain his vitriol some.

All of that above is wishful thinking, of course, but seeing as this is *the* enigmatic rhapsodizer on the subject of wishful thinking, it's more than merited. For all of Nietzsche's aggravating inegalitarianism, he captured the rapid fire oscillation between top of the world and descent into hell so perfectly, so utterly, and then crafted with it a *raison d'être* both deathly serious and blissfully rapturous. There's no small amount of nihilism in his dismissal of everything solid, everyone stationary, everything decrepit and outdated and finally after long last proved false, but there's a spitfire life to it that laughs at self-serving pandering and loves chaotic progress that I myself cannot forbear from adoring and making my own.

*'This - is now **my** way: where is yours?' Thus I answered those who asked me 'the way'. For **the** way - does not exist!*

I shall keep this in mind, Nietzsche, if nothing else. Not all of what your Zarathustra spoke rings true to me, but you are one of the few who favored freedom over advice. For that, I am in your debt.

I am of today and of the has-been (he said then); but there is something in me that is of tomorrow and of the day-after-tomorrow and of the shall-be.

P.S. This particular edition was great. I have no clue about the quality of the translation, but the introduction and endnotes, endnotes that included all those untranslatable bits with as much explanation as possible, were indispensable.

Szplug says

How you liking *them* apples, Jede-fucking-diah?!

Thus spoke Barnaby Jones.

I read this book back around 2001 or 2002. I wasn't much concerned with writing reviews back then—and how weird is *that*?—but, deeming Nietzsche a pretty smart guy, I scribbled down a bunch of notes and quotes. Since I've not a single review by Friedrich N. at this place, I thought, in lieu of anything more insightful or intelligent, to copy those notes out below, verbatim. And after having done so, I'm not quite sure what I had hoped to accomplish with such a meager collection of peanut shells. [*Shrug*]. But what are you going to do? Perhaps someone, somewhere, somehow, will find something in 'em that makes *Zarathustra* more appealing than it might otherwise have been, and that would be just bully for me.

**Notes written on shit-brown paper and awfully damn hard to transcribe, 'cause I'm a southpaw and I write like I was being severely and cruelly electrocuted whilst running about and shaking.*

The Overman: That which man must become in order to overcome himself and/or nature.

The Creator is also an annihilator—he must be cruel to break old values and create new ones.

The Last Man is promised happiness—but who will lead and who will obey? Everyone is the same, and those who are different are *mad*. *The Last Man* invented *happiness*.

Man created God in order to look away from everything. God suffers too, and is thus imperfect like his creators. Man hated the body, and so created spirit. Man hated the Earth, and so created Heaven. *Doubt was sin. Knowledge shunned. The Ego* will reclaim man for the Earth.

You say to me "Life is hard to bear." But why would you have pride in the morning and your resignation in the evening? Life is hard to bear; but do not act so tenderly! We are all of us fair beasts of burden, male and female asses. What do we have in common with the rosebud, which trembles because a drop of dew lies on it?

True, we love life, not because we are used to living but because we are used to loving. There is always some madness in love. But there is also always some reason in madness.

Warriors of the Mind: Those with the courage to fight for their beliefs have helped mankind far more than priests who meekly accept the ideas of others.

You invite a witness when you want to speak well of yourselves; and when you have seduced him to think well of you, then you think well of yourselves.

Thus speaks the fool: "Association with other people corrupts one's character—especially if one has none."

One man goes to his neighbor because he seeks himself; another because he would lose himself. Your bad love of yourselves turns your solitude into a prison. It is those farther away who must pay for your love of your neighbor; and even if five of you are together, there is always a sixth who must die.

Using other people as a prop to make them feel virtuous. Groups of virtuous people feeling *very good* can do great evil to strangers whom they should love too.

Those who truly love are *creators*—and thus *annihilators* and *givers* and *esteemers*.

Do not let virtues, good and evil, limit your fulfillment as a *creator*. *Remain of the Earth* and do not get lost in the heavens seeking away from yourself and the body.

Verily, I have often laughed at the weaklings who thought themselves good because they had no claws.

Nietzsche says *God is dead* but he constantly refers to angels and magic creatures: is he creating a new religion of the *Overman*? Of *becoming*?

Nietzsche's Zarathustra has doubts about the future—he is worried about learning for learning's sake; education imparting a love of *collecting other people's creations*.

At bottom, these simpletons want a single thing most of all: that nobody should hurt them. Thus they try to please and gratify everybody. This, however, is cowardice, even if it be called virtue...Virtue to them is that which makes modest and tame: with that they have turned the wolf into a dog and man himself into man's domestic animal.

"We have placed our chair in the middle," your smirking says to me; "and exactly as far from dying fighters as from amused sows." That, however, is mediocrity, though it be called moderation.

Nietzsche also frequently mentions his *nausea*, which chokes him like a snake. It's always the ejection of that which sustains life brought about by life's own unsettling essence and energies.

Small virtues: Do not be more concerned with morals than with being men. Perfect safety and happiness makes for small minds and petty pursuits.

The old gods laughed themselves to death when the *Grimbeard God* proclaimed one god only. Laughter and prankishness are very important to Nietzsche—it keeps him from acting out of revenge.

The creator is not bound by the limits imposed by others. Their *evil* is so small: from small men with small virtues.

The great enemy of man is the *Spirit of Gravity*, which from birth holds men down with Good and Evil and Virtues. Man must soar his own way, making his own values. There is no correct *one* way or path for all men: that this is so is one of *Gravity's* lies.

The *Spirit of Gravity* is the old devil, and Zarathustra's enemy, for he brings constraint—statute—necessity—consequence, purpose and will, good and evil.

Good men never speak the truth. They give in—those who heed commands do not heed themselves.

The warring of despots and of democracy. The despot will distort the past to make it lead to *him*. The rabble will drown the past in shallow waters: forget the past after a pair of generations.

The Good and the Just must be pharisees. The good are always the beginning of the end. They want to crucify all creators; to the breakers of tablets, the Good sacrifice the future for *themselves*.

Zarathustra continues to be assailed by episodes of choking on the snake of nausea. All men, even the creator, must fight their nausea of the world.

For man is the cruelest animal. At tragedies, bullfights and crucifixions he has so far felt best on earth; and when he invented hell for himself, behold, that was his heaven on earth. Man is the cruelest animal against himself; and whenever he calls himself 'sinner' and 'cross-bearer' and 'penitent', do not fail to hear the voluptuous delight that is in all such lamentation and accusation.

Zarathustra, through love of nature, has accepted his love of eternity and the eternal re-occurrence. Now in Part IV, as he has overcome his nausea of the eternal re-occurrence, he faces his final trial: *pity*.

All great lovers are great despisers. All creators are hard, all great love is over and beyond pity. All great success has gone to the well-persecuted. All those who persecute well learn readily how to *follow*.

The small men ask only: *How is man to be preserved best, longest and most agreeably?* They are concerned solely with small virtues. The Overman wants not to *preserve* man, but to *overcome* man.

Nietzsche constantly stresses the need for laughter and to laugh at one self: to *dance on light feet*. The archenemy is always the *Spirit of Gravity*.

The greater the creator, the greater the evil. But wash off the stain after you have created. Birth is never pleasant.

Whosoever would kill most thoroughly, laughs—not by wrath does one kill, but by laughter.

Luís C. says

Friedrich Nietzsche establishes in his best-known book the bridge of man with his primary nature. More than a parody of the metaphysical imagery, the book states that man has undergone to an abstract force, invisible. Zarathustra reveals to man that life is ruled by chance and that the decline of human nature comes in the expectation that there will be something or someone directing it in life.

The teachings of Socrates are fought here because life for Nietzsche is a force, not an objective. The revelation of Zarathustra is precisely this: power, vigor and transit. Movements that bring back to human nature the desire that everything be sacred, everything revolves in an absolute circle, everything must be blessed. This book, poetic, brings us an enthusiastic Nietzsche, taken by his favorite god: art.

Lisbon Book-Fair 2017.

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"I'm going to go to the hospital," he said, "I'm going to go to the hospital."

I went to the hospital.

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## M. says

?nan?lmaz bir kitap! Belki de, ?imdiye kadar okudu?um en iyi kitaplardan birisi... Onu farklı yapan neydi? Okuyucuyu savurmas?yd? elbette o dü?ünceden o dü?ünceye... Ve bilmeyenler için söyleyeyim, Nietzsche'nin dü?ünceleri, sert kayalar gibidir deniz kenar?nda yalç?n yamaçlarda duran... "Sen uçuruma bakt???nda, uçurum da senin ruhunun derinliklerine bakar..." diyen Nietzsche'dir kar???nda duran ve sen onun kitab?n? okudu?unda, onun kitab? da senin ruhunun derinliklerini okur....

Böyle Buyurdu Zerdü?t'te Nietzsche, kendisini anlat?r. Zerdü?t kendisidir ve kitab?n ba??nda bir damla olarak tasvir eder kendisini. F?rt?nan?n habercisi ve bulutlardan dü?en ilk damla olarak tasvir eder. Yava? yava? dü?meye ba?larken tüm fikirlerini anlat?r, ele?tirir, yüceltir ve sorgular. Kitab?n sonunda dü?er ve yok olur...

Peki nedir bu f?rt?na? F?rt?na hayat?n amac?d?r. Üstinsand?r o. "Bütün tanr?lar öldü, b?rak?n?z bari üstinsan ya?as?n..." der Nietzsche, ona göre ya?am?n amac? üstinsand?r ve insanl?k ona köprü olmak için vard?r. "isteseydiniz bir tanr? yaratabilir miydiniz? Hay?r! Ama pekala bir üstinsan yaratabilirdiniz! Hiç de?ilse, onun babas?, dedesi olabilirdiniz..." der Nietzsche...

Ara s?ra, üstinsan?n kendisi oldu?una dair belirtiler sunar bize ama sonra hemen vaz geçer. Üstinsan 100 y?! sonra do?acaktır ona göre... O zamanki (1890) ko?ullar üstinsana uygun de?ildir...

"Kad?nlara m? gidiyorsun, k?rbac? unutma..." diyen de Nietzsche'dir... K?rbac? fenomenini çok s?k kullan?r... Ancak kad?nlara kar?? bir ac?ma vard?r kitapta...

"Canavarlarla sava?anlar, bunu yaparken, onlardan biri olmamaya dikkat etmelidirler..." diyen Nietzsche, ömrü boyunca canavarlarla sava?m??t?r. Görünmez canavarlarla ve yel de?irmenleriyle... Ama asla canavar olmam??t?r...

"Peki ya sonsuz hayat? Onlar için iyi, yeter ki hemen göçsünler..." sözlerini Tanrı'ya inananlar için kullanan da Nietzsche'dir...

O kitap, Alman edebiyatı'nın en güzel eserlerinden sayılır ama, onu farklı yapan aslında "tanrı öldü" sözüdür. Belki de gerçek anlamda tanrı'nın ölüp ölmemesi (ki öldü demek varlığını kabul etmek anlamına gelir) tartışmaya açık olsa da, insanlar'nın içindeki tanrı artık ölmüştü Nietzsche de böyle söylüyordu. Artık insanlar'nın kalbinde, cennet yerine zenginlik vardı... Kapitalizm vardı... O kapitalizm ki dinin en büyük düşmanıydı...

Nietzsche korktu?u ?ekilde can verene kadar pek çok eser yazd? ama, en güzeli bence Böyle Buyurdu Zerdü?t'tür. Çünkü o kitap "herkes ve hiçkimse için" yaz?lm??t? ...

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**Clint says**

It's like Jesus, but cooler.

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