

Waldgänger

Von Jürgen Bellers, Universität Siegen 2011



Waldmeister

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Dieses OPUS und das OPUS der UB Siegen

Ich veröffentliche nur noch in OPUS, weil ich eigentlich nicht mehr schreiben will, das aber nicht kann, zu sehr ist es mir beruflich in Fleisch und Blut übergegangen. Ich will nicht mehr, weil ohnehin kaum noch jemand zuhört und weil meine Aussage nicht in die Zeit paßt. Außerdem paßt Publizität nicht zum anarchischen Waldgängertum, das subsistenzorientiert und autark fern von Gesellschaft und Gemeinschaft lebt und sich deren oft unnötigen Zwängen und Kampagnen nicht unterwerfen will. Zudem ist ja unsere Gegenwart nicht derart schlimm, dass man kämpfen müßte. Andererseits will ich Zeugenschaft für spätere Generationen geben, dass es auch andere Meinungen gab. Daher die reduzierte Öffentlichkeit von OPUS, ein hierfür idealer Ort, für den der UB zu danken ist.

DER Waldgänger Ernst Jünger



www.vsh-horgen.ch/.../products/Waldgaenger.jpg

Wie ein Militär, der er auch war, sitzt Ernst Jünger da, in einer Lichtung des Waldes, in dem er auch mit seiner Frau eine einsame Hütte hat. Starr, stolz repräsentativ thront er unbeirrt auf dem Baumstrumpf, der von Moosen und Farnen umwachsen ist. Alles liegt in dämmrigen Schummer, nur über die kleine Lichtung dringen konzentriert gebünelte Strahlen hervor.

So war es seit Jahrhunderten, so wird es in hunderten von Jahren auch noch sein, und er wird mit der Zeit mit dem Stamm verwachsen und im ewig gleichen Naturkreislauf von Werde und Stirb übergegangen sein, der alles bestimmt. Die Märchen erzählen davon.

Die eilig hektische Welt ist weit draußen vor, in ihr gibt es nur Karrieren, Eitelkeiten und und Konkurrenzen, die den Menschen in den Hintergrund

treten lassen. Die "Gesellschaft" verliert sich im Materiellen und dem Immermehr davon, um so der selbstgemachten Angst oder Langeweile zu entgehen, die von den Medien zugleich geschürt und vorgeblich befriedigt werden. Der heilige Wald aber macht wirklich zu Frieden, er nährt mit dem Notwenigsten und verleiht innere Ruhe in seinem immer gleichen Takt, der tief beruhigt .

Es ist Ernst Jünger, der hier baumgewordene Gestalt geworden ist, in Kriegen gehärtet, fern von Mensch und Welt, die er nicht verachtet - das wäre zu viel des Gefühls -, er weiß nur keinen guten Grund, was er da soll, zumal er sich früher unheilvoll in ihr verstrickt hat, Versuchungen verfallend. Was er dort nur sieht, ist, dass dieser wesenlose Materialismus immer mehr auch den Süden der Welt erobert und die (Ur-)Wald- oder Wüstenseligkeiten verdrängt, um als faden Ersatz eine künstlich-lebensfremde Welt aus Technik und Medien zu produzieren.

Es gibt nur noch wenige Mitstreiter, die sich in die bestehenden und mentalen Wälder und deren Ersatzformen zurückgezogen haben. Derer gedenkt er im Alter.

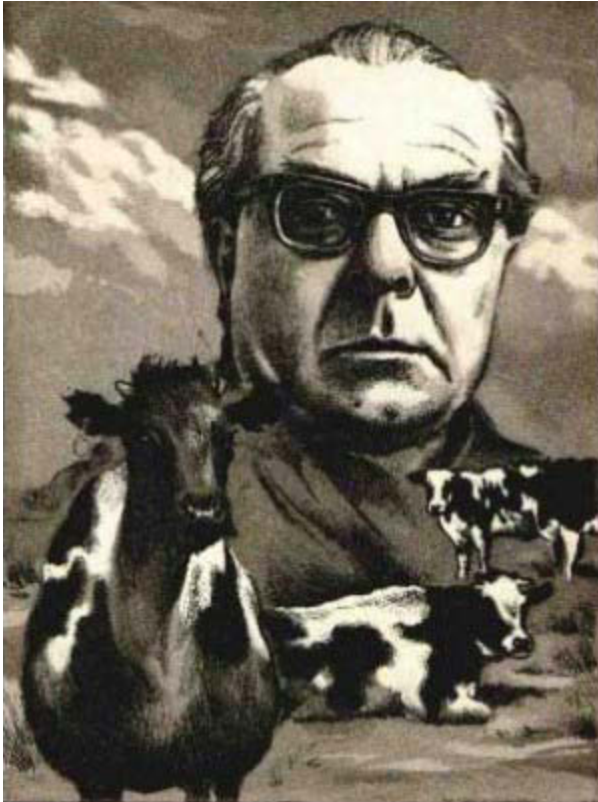


Waldeinsamkeit!

Du grünes Revier,
Wie liegt so weit
Die Welt von hier!
Schlaf nur, wie bald
Kommt der Abend schön,
Durch den stillen Wald

Die Quellen gehn,
Die Mutter Gottes wacht,
Mit ihrem Sternenkleid
Bedeckt sie dich sacht
In der Waldeinsamkeit,
Gute Nacht, gute Nacht! –
Joseph von Eichendorff

Arno, der Schmiedt



Keine höhere Auflösung vorhanden.

[KueheinHalbtrauer.jpg](#)

Karikaturisten zeichneten Schmidt oft als Felsen mit markigen Gesichtszügen in dürrtlicher Ebene mit trauernden Kühen (der Variation eines Titels seiner Erzählungen).

Seine Erzählungen und Romane sind von einer Verachtung der bürgerlich-merkantilen Gesellschaft geprägt, der ein elitäres Reich des Geistes gegenübergestellt wird. Schmidt wollte nicht mehr als 400 Leser seines Hauptwerkes "Zettel's Traum". Er lebte zurückgezogen mit seiner Frau in der Lüneburger Heide. Auf Schriftsteller-Tagungen (wie er es nannte) wirkte er wie abwesend. Natur war ihm bergendes Exil. Gesellschaft mit ihren Scheinproblemen konnte er nicht ertragen. Er war Waldgänger, der sich durch sein elitäres Verhalten allerdings noch zu sehr auf das, was er ablehnte, bezog. Echter Waldgang ist vollkommen jenseitig, so weit das hier auf Erden möglich ist.

Waldeinsamkeit

Waldeinsamkeit,
Die mich erfreut,
So morgen wie heut
In ewger Zeit,
O wie mich freut
Waldeinsamkeit.

Waldeinsamkeit
Wie liegst du weit!
O Dir gereut
Einst mit der Zeit.
Ach einzge Freud
Waldeinsamkeit!

Waldeinsamkeit
Mich wieder freut,
Mir geschieht kein Leid,
Hier wohnt kein Neid
Von neuem mich freut
Waldeinsamkeit.

Ludwig Tieck

Rübezahl



www.spar-mit.com/.../ruebezahl1.jpg

Der alte Mann und das Meer

Alle kennen wir ihn, die wir ihn als Jungen in unserer Jugend gelesen haben: Ernest Hemingway, wie er gegen den Stier um Tod und Leben kämpft, wie er stolz einen selbst harpunierten Riesenfisch senkrecht vor sich in die Kameras hält, wie er Löwen jagt und zwischendurch zwei Flugzeugabstürze überlebt. Ein Draufgänger und Abenteurer, so wie man ihn mag und auch in vielen Filmen bewundert.

Das war natürlich kein Waldgänger, aber die von ihm geschaffene Romanfigur des alten Mannes, der auf dem hohen Meer mit einem großen Fisch kämpft, hat davon. Über Wochen kämpft er um den Fisch, damit er nicht ohne was nach Hause kommt, kämpft mit den Elementen, ist einsam, will nicht aufgeben, und scheitert dann doch.

Ein großer Fischer, und auch ein großer Schriftsteller und Mensch, aber beide suchen direkt oder indirekt das Publikum und sind eitel und damit unfrei, daher: no woods crosser.



www.wettach-rene.ch/Der%20alte%20Mann

Prof. Dr. George P.K. E. Bellow, Victory, Gem-manie

Noch in hohem Alter gingen die Menschen, auch Bekannte, an ihm vorbei, als sei er nicht da. So scheu war und wirkte er, obwohl er korpulös und groß war. Sie ignorierten ihn nicht, sondern sie sahen ihn wirklich nicht, er war und ist unsichtbar, da die Menschen nur ihresgleichen erkennen, nämlich Gesellschafts- und noch lieber Gemeinschaftswesen in trübem Mief, und das war er nun wirklich nicht. Das war ihm auch recht, denn was wollte er von diesen? Er war nicht gegen sie, aber auch nicht für sie, zu viel hatten sie ihn in seinem Freiheitsdrang behindert - wenn auch letztlich erfolglos. Er hatte immer dem Schein nach nachgegeben, dann aber doch gemacht, was er wollte und für richtig hielt.

Schon als Embryo kam er erst nach langen Wehen der armen Mutter auf die Welt, und wollte sich sofort wieder verkrümeln, zu grell war sie. Seit seiner frühesten Zeit fühlte er in sich eine tiefe, grundlose Angst, die ihn trieb. Bald fühlte er unbewußt, dass er sie durch Daueraktivität, vor allem nachts, bekämpfen konnte. Müdigkeit war das beste Antidepressivum, und so war sein Leben:

Dauerhektik, nie ruhen, immer lesen (was seinem Beruf zu Gute kam), in der Jugend waghalsige Klettereien in den Felsen seiner Bergischen Heimat bei Wuppertal (inklusive Absturz ins Krankenhaus). Dazu später nächtliche Autorennen durch die Stadt, das ihm zuweilen Aufenthalte in den Zellen der Polizeistationen einbrachte; unglaubliche Mengen Suff und Fressen; während seines Studiums und später setzte er sich einmal im Jahr kurzfristig in ein Flugzeug, um für 1 Woche in eine ferne Gegend zu fahren, dort durch die Slums zu streichen, sich über Schießereien zu freuen, nachts auf den Straßen zu schlafen, in Tempeln zu beten, usw. Hier hat er sein rechtes Auge verloren. Um die Fahrten zu finanzieren, hungerte er zuvor. Das machte ihn unangreifbar für Elend aller Art, auch seelisches, so dass es ihm nichts ausmachte, aus dem Abfall zu essen. Wer tief fällt, wird demütig und erträgt alles.

Lieber organisierte er eine Parteiveranstaltung alleine, um sich nicht mit den lästigen anderen abstimmen zu müssen. Eine feste Freundin konnte ihn nicht ertragen. Er studierte Internationale Politik, mußte aber schnell erkennen, dass er zum angestrebten Diplomatenberuf vollkommen unfähig war. Er war doch ein grober Keil. Nur Unis konnten ihn ertragen, wenn auch nur bei einigen Reibereien.

Seine Ehe 10 Jahre später brachte ihn in sicherere Gewässer, auch wenn

seine stets widerspenstige Frau ihn in den DDR-Widerstand involvierte und nach der Wiedervereinigung in Geheimdienstkreise, die Stasi-Männer jagten und vor Gericht brachten - auch so manchen Politiker. Nur so überwand er seine Ängste, indem man sie am Nacken packt. Nur wer schlimmste Angst erlebt hat - Todesangst -, hat sie überwunden. In dieser Angst ist man immer alleine, ganz alleine.

Mit 60 nun ist er vollkommen erschöpft, auspowert, leer, Ruheständler, desillusioniert, einsam, nun auch wieder ohne Frau, demütig auf den Tod wartend. Er hat mit allem abgeschlossen und geht alleine in den dunklen Wald, seine Bücher Publikationen den Hunden zum Fraß vorwerfend. Wohin sonst?



Melvilles Ahab

Wie ein starres und furchterregendes Gebirgsmassiv steht er fest mit seinem künstlichem Walfischbein in einem entsprechend großen Loch im Achterdeck, jede Schwankung des Schiffes im aufgepeitschenden Meere mitmachend. Herrisch blickt er in die Ferne, auf der manischen Suche nach seinem weißen Wal - Moby Dick -, der ihm einst das Bein abschlug und an dem er sich rächen will, Mann zu Tier, Tod oder Leben.

Er ist ein Einsamer, trotz seiner Mannschaft, die er aber nur so behandelt wie auch die Segel, sie sind unentbehrlich, aber nur Instrumente. Oft verbleibt er tagelang in seiner Kajüte, und wenn er rauskommt, meiden ihn die Leute. Er ist körperlich und seelisch vom Leben gezeichnet, eine Narbe geht ihm vom Scheitel zur Sohle. Er hat nur einen Gott, die Rache, fixiert wie ein Sklave auf ihn, für ihn alles opfernd. Er ist zwar einsam, aber nicht frei und daher kein Waldgänger.



colophon.com/gallery/melville/ahab.gi

Der Waldflüchtige

Er konnte nicht einsam sein – selbst noch im Tod steht er zusammen mit Schiller. Sein Werther verwebt sich mit allen Fasern auf einer wimmelnden Wiese liegend mit seinem Allgott, der Natur. Er war ein großer und ständiger Liebender, der ohne das verschlingende Weib nicht auskam. Er musste gesellschaftlich angesehen sein, als Geheimrat, Dichturfürst und Minister. Er ließ sich selbst adeln. Und für seinen Ruhm sorgte er selbst durch geschickt organisierte Propaganda. Auch außerhalb des Waldes kann man Großes schaffen, wenn man sich über die Gesellschaft stellt, als deren Geistesfürst.



Goethe und Schiller

Walden

Kap 18, von H. Thourou



To the sick the doctors wisely recommend a change of air and scenery. Thank Heaven, here is not all the world. The buckeye does not grow in New England, and the mockingbird is rarely heard here. The wild goose is more of a cosmopolite than we; he breaks his fast in Canada, takes a luncheon in the Ohio, and plumes himself for the night in a southern bayou. Even the bison, to some extent, keeps pace with the seasons cropping the pastures of the Colorado only till a greener and sweeter grass awaits him by the Yellowstone. Yet we think that if rail fences are pulled down, and stone walls piled up on our farms, bounds are henceforth set to our lives and our fates decided. If you are chosen town clerk, forsooth, you cannot go to Tierra del Fuego this summer: but you may go to the land of infernal fire nevertheless. The universe is wider than our views of it.

Yet we should oftener look over the tafferel of our craft, like curious passengers, and not make the voyage like stupid sailors picking oakum. The other side of the globe is but the home of our correspondent. Our voyaging is only great-circle sailing, and the doctors prescribe for diseases of the skin merely. One hastens to southern Africa to chase the giraffe; but surely that is not the game he would be after. How long, pray, would a man hunt giraffes if he could? Snipes and woodcocks also may afford rare sport; but I trust it would be nobler game to shoot one's self.—

find "Direct your eye right inward, and you'll
A thousand regions in your mind
Yet undiscovered. Travel them, and be
Expert in home-cosmography."

What does Africa—what does the West stand for? Is not our own interior white on the chart? black though it may prove, like the coast, when discovered. Is it the source of the Nile, or the Niger, or the Mississippi, or a Northwest Passage around this continent, that we would find? Are these the problems which most concern mankind? Is Franklin the only man who is lost, that his wife should be so earnest to find him? Does Mr. Grinnell know where he himself is? Be rather the Mungo Park, the Lewis and Clark and Frobisher, of your own streams and oceans; explore your own higher latitudes—with shiploads of preserved meats to support you, if they be necessary; and pile the empty cans sky-high for a sign. Were preserved meats invented to preserve meat merely? Nay, be a Columbus to whole new continents and worlds within you, opening new channels, not of trade, but of thought. Every

man is the lord of a realm beside which the earthly empire of the Czar is but a petty state, a hummock left by the ice. Yet some can be patriotic who have no self-respect, and sacrifice the greater to the less. They love the soil which makes their graves, but have no sympathy with the spirit which may still animate their clay. Patriotism is a maggot in their heads. What was the meaning of that South-Sea Exploring Expedition, with all its parade and expense, but an indirect recognition of the fact that there are continents and seas in the moral world to which every man is an isthmus or an inlet, yet unexplored by him, but that it is easier to sail many thousand miles through cold and storm and cannibals, in a government ship, with five hundred men and boys to assist one, than it is to explore the private sea, the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean of one's being alone.

*"Erret, et extremos alter scrutetur
Iberos.
Plus habet hic vitae, plus habet ille
viae."*

*Let them wander and scrutinize the outlandish
Australians.*

I have more of God, they more of the road.

It is not worth the while to go round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar. Yet do this even till you can do better, and you may perhaps find some "Symmes' Hole" by which to get at the inside at last. England and France, Spain and Portugal, Gold Coast and Slave Coast, all front on this private sea; but no bark from them has ventured out of sight of land, though it is without doubt the direct way to India. If you would learn to speak all tongues and conform to the customs of all nations, if you would travel farther than all travellers, be naturalized in all climes, and cause the Sphinx to dash her head against a stone, even obey the precept of the old philosopher, and Explore thyself. Herein are demanded the eye and the nerve. Only the defeated and deserters go to the wars, cowards that run away and enlist. Start now on that farthest western way, which does not pause at the Mississippi or the Pacific, nor conduct toward a worn-out China or Japan, but leads on direct, a tangent to this sphere, summer and winter, day and night, sun down, moon down, and at last earth down too.

It is said that Mirabeau took to highway robbery "to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society." He declared that "a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a footpad"—"that honor and religion have never stood in the way of a well-considered and a firm resolve." This was manly, as the world goes; and yet it was idle, if not desperate. A saner man would have found himself often enough "in formal opposition" to what are deemed "the most sacred laws of society," through obedience to yet more sacred laws, and so have tested his resolution without going out of his way. It is not for a man to put himself in such an attitude to society, but to maintain himself in whatever attitude he find himself through obedience to the laws of his being, which will never be one of opposition to a just government, if he should chance to meet with such.

I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one. It is remarkable how easily and insensibly we fall into a particular route, and make a beaten track for ourselves. I had not lived there a week before my feet wore a path from my door to the pond-side; and though it is five or six years since I trod it, it is still quite distinct. It is true, I fear, that others may have fallen into it, and so helped to keep it open. The surface of the

earth is soft and impressible by the feet of men; and so with the paths which the mind travels. How worn and dusty, then, must be the highways of the world, how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity! I did not wish to take a cabin passage, but rather to go before the mast and on the deck of the world, for there I could best see the moonlight amid the mountains. I do not wish to go below now.

I learned this, at least, by my experiment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

It is a ridiculous demand which England and America make, that you shall speak so that they can understand you. Neither men nor toadstools grow so. As if that were important, and there were not enough to understand you without them. As if Nature could support but one order of understandings, could not sustain birds as well as quadrupeds, flying as well as creeping things, and *hush* and *whoa*, which Bright can understand, were the best English. As if there were safety in stupidity alone. I fear chiefly lest my expression may not be *extra-vagant* enough, may not wander far enough beyond the narrow limits of my daily experience, so as to be adequate to the truth of which I have been convinced. *Extra vagance!* it depends on how you are yarded. The migrating buffalo, which seeks new pastures in another latitude, is not extravagant like the cow which kicks over the pail, leaps the cowyard fence, and runs after her calf, in milking time. I desire to speak somewhere *without* bounds; like a man in a waking moment, to men in their waking moments; for I am convinced that I cannot exaggerate enough even to lay the foundation of a true expression. Who that has heard a strain of music feared then lest he should speak extravagantly any more forever? In view of the future or possible, we should live quite laxly and undefined in front, our outlines dim and misty on that side; as our shadows reveal an insensible perspiration toward the sun. The volatile truth of our words should continually betray the inadequacy of the residual statement. Their truth is instantly *translated*; its literal monument alone remains. The words which express our faith and piety are not definite; yet they are significant and fragrant like frankincense to superior natures.

Why level downward to our dullest perception always, and praise that as common sense? The commonest sense is the sense of men asleep, which they express by snoring. Sometimes we are inclined to class those who are once-and-a-half-witted with the half-witted, because we appreciate only a third part of their wit. Some would find fault with the morning red, if they ever got up early enough. "They pretend," as I hear, "that the verses of Kabir have four different senses; illusion, spirit, intellect, and the exoteric doctrine of the Vedas"; but in this part of the world it is considered a ground for complaint if a man's writings admit of more than one interpretation. While England endeavors to cure the potato-rot, will not any endeavor to cure the brain-rot, which prevails so much more widely and fatally?

I do not suppose that I have attained to obscurity, but I should be proud if no more fatal fault were found with my pages on this score than was found with the Walden ice. Southern

customers objected to its blue color, which is the evidence of its purity, as if it were muddy, and preferred the Cambridge ice, which is white, but tastes of weeds. The purity men love is like the mists which envelop the earth, and not like the azure ether beyond.

Some are dinning in our ears that we Americans, and moderns generally, are intellectual dwarfs compared with the ancients, or even the Elizabethan men. But what is that to the purpose? A living dog is better than a dead lion. Shall a man go and hang himself because he belongs to the race of pygmies, and not be the biggest pygmy that he can? Let every one mind his own business, and endeavor to be what he was made.

Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. It is not important that he should mature as soon as an apple tree or an oak. Shall he turn his spring into summer? If the condition of things which we were made for is not yet, what were any reality which we can substitute? We will not be shipwrecked on a vain reality. Shall we with pains erect a heaven of blue glass over ourselves, though when it is done we shall be sure to gaze still at the true ethereal heaven far above, as if the former were not?

There was an artist in the city of Kouroo who was disposed to strive after perfection. One day it came into his mind to make a staff. Having considered that in an imperfect work time is an ingredient, but into a perfect work time does not enter, he said to himself, It shall be perfect in all respects, though I should do nothing else in my life. He proceeded instantly to the forest for wood, being resolved that it should not be made of unsuitable material; and as he searched for and rejected stick after stick, his friends gradually deserted him, for they grew old in their works and died, but he grew not older by a moment. His singleness of purpose and resolution, and his elevated piety, endowed him, without his knowledge, with perennial youth. As he made no compromise with Time, Time kept out of his way, and only sighed at a distance because he could not overcome him. Before he had found a stock in all respects suitable the city of Kouroo was a hoary ruin, and he sat on one of its mounds to peel the stick. Before he had given it the proper shape the dynasty of the Candahars was at an end, and with the point of the stick he wrote the name of the last of that race in the sand, and then resumed his work. By the time he had smoothed and polished the staff Kalpa was no longer the pole-star; and ere he had put on the ferule and the head adorned with precious stones, Brahma had awoke and slumbered many times. But why do I stay to mention these things? When the finishing stroke was put to his work, it suddenly expanded before the eyes of the astonished artist into the fairest of all the creations of Brahma. He had made a new system in making a staff, a world with full and fair proportions; in which, though the old cities and dynasties had passed away, fairer and more glorious ones had taken their places. And now he saw by the heap of shavings still fresh at his feet, that, for him and his work, the former lapse of time had been an illusion, and that no more time had elapsed than is required for a single scintillation from the brain of Brahma to fall on and inflame the tinder of a mortal brain. The material was pure, and his art was pure; how could the result be other than wonderful?

No face which we can give to a matter will stead us so well at last as the truth. This alone wears well. For the most part, we are not where we are, but in a false position. Through an infinity of our natures, we suppose a case, and put ourselves into it, and hence are in two cases at the same time, and it is doubly difficult to get out. In sane moments we regard only the facts, the case that is. Say what you have to say, not what you ought. Any truth is better

than make-believe. Tom Hyde, the tinker, standing on the gallows, was asked if he had anything to say. "Tell the tailors," said he, "to remember to make a knot in their thread before they take the first stitch." His companion's prayer is forgotten.

However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finder will find faults even in paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poorhouse. The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring. I do not see but a quiet mind may live as contentedly there, and have as cheering thoughts, as in a palace. The town's poor seem to me often to live the most independent lives of any. Maybe they are simply great enough to receive without misgiving. Most think that they are above being supported by the town; but it oftener happens that they are not above supporting themselves by dishonest means, which should be more disreputable. Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage. Do not trouble yourself much to get new things, whether clothes or friends. Turn the old; return to them. Things do not change; we change. Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts. God will see that you do not want society. If I were confined to a corner of a garret all my days, like a spider, the world would be just as large to me while I had my thoughts about me. The philosopher said: "From an army of three divisions one can take away its general, and put it in disorder; from the man the most abject and vulgar one cannot take away his thought." Do not seek so anxiously to be developed, to subject yourself to many influences to be played on; it is all dissipation. Humility like darkness reveals the heavenly lights. The shadows of poverty and meanness gather around us, "and lo! creation widens to our view." We are often reminded that if there were bestowed on us the wealth of Croesus, our aims must still be the same, and our means essentially the same. Moreover, if you are restricted in your range by poverty, if you cannot buy books and newspapers, for instance, you are but confined to the most significant and vital experiences; you are compelled to deal with the material which yields the most sugar and the most starch. It is life near the bone where it is sweetest. You are defended from being a trifler. No man loses ever on a lower level by magnanimity on a higher. Superfluous wealth can buy superfluities only. Money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul.

I live in the angle of a leaden wall, into whose composition was poured a little alloy of bell-metal. Often, in the repose of my mid-day, there reaches my ears a confused tintinnabulum from without. It is the noise of my contemporaries. My neighbors tell me of their adventures with famous gentlemen and ladies, what notabilities they met at the dinner-table; but I am no more interested in such things than in the contents of the Daily Times. The interest and the conversation are about costume and manners chiefly; but a goose is a goose still, dress it as you will. They tell me of California and Texas, of England and the Indies, of the Hon. Mr.—of Georgia or of Massachusetts, all transient and fleeting phenomena, till I am ready to leap from their court-yard like the Mameluke bey. I delight to come to my bearings—not walk in procession with pomp and parade, in a conspicuous place, but to walk even with the Builder of the universe, if I may—not to live in this restless, nervous, bustling, trivial Nineteenth Century, but stand or sit thoughtfully while it goes by. What are men celebrating? They are all on a committee of arrangements, and hourly expect a speech from somebody. God is only the president of the day, and Webster is his orator. I love to weigh, to settle, to gravitate toward that which most strongly and rightfully attracts me—not hang by the beam of the scale and try to weigh less—not suppose a case, but take the case that is; to travel the only path I can, and that on which no power can resist me. It

affords me no satisfaction to commerce to spring an arch before I have got a solid foundation. Let us not play at kittly-benders. There is a solid bottom everywhere. We read that the traveller asked the boy if the swamp before him had a hard bottom. The boy replied that it had. But presently the traveller's horse sank in up to the girths, and he observed to the boy, "I thought you said that this bog had a hard bottom." "So it has," answered the latter, "but you have not got half way to it yet." So it is with the bogs and quicksands of society; but he is an old boy that knows it. Only what is thought, said, or done at a certain rare coincidence is good. I would not be one of those who will foolishly drive a nail into mere lath and plastering; such a deed would keep me awake nights. Give me a hammer, and let me feel for the furring. Do not depend on the putty. Drive a nail home and clinch it so faithfully that you can wake up in the night and think of your work with satisfaction—a work at which you would not be ashamed to invoke the Muse. So will help you God, and so only. Every nail driven should be as another rivet in the machine of the universe, you carrying on the work.

Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me truth. I sat at a table where were rich food and wine in abundance, and obsequious attendance, but sincerity and truth were not; and I went away hungry from the inhospitable board. The hospitality was as cold as the ices. I thought that there was no need of ice to freeze them. They talked to me of the age of the wine and the fame of the vintage; but I thought of an older, a newer, and purer wine, of a more glorious vintage, which they had not got, and could not buy. The style, the house and grounds and "entertainment" pass for nothing with me. I called on the king, but he made me wait in his hall, and conducted like a man incapacitated for hospitality. There was a man in my neighborhood who lived in a hollow tree. His manners were truly regal. I should have done better had I called on him.

How long shall we sit in our porticoes practising idle and musty virtues, which any work would make impertinent? As if one were to begin the day with long-suffering, and hire a man to hoe his potatoes; and in the afternoon go forth to practise Christian meekness and charity with goodness aforethought! Consider the China pride and stagnant self-complacency of mankind. This generation inclines a little to congratulate itself on being the last of an illustrious line; and in Boston and London and Paris and Rome, thinking of its long descent, it speaks of its progress in art and science and literature with satisfaction. There are the Records of the Philosophical Societies, and the public Eulogies of Great Men! It is the good Adam contemplating his own virtue. "Yes, we have done great deeds, and sung divine songs, which shall never die"—that is, as long as we can remember them. The learned societies and great men of Assyria—where are they? What youthful philosophers and experimentalists we are! There is not one of my readers who has yet lived a whole human life. These may be but the spring months in the life of the race. If we have had the seven-years' itch, we have not seen the seventeen-year locust yet in Concord. We are acquainted with a mere pellicle of the globe on which we live. Most have not delved six feet beneath the surface, nor leaped as many above it. We know not where we are. Beside, we are sound asleep nearly half our time. Yet we esteem ourselves wise, and have an established order on the surface. Truly, we are deep thinkers, we are ambitious spirits! As I stand over the insect crawling amid the pine needles on the forest floor, and endeavoring to conceal itself from my sight, and ask myself why it will cherish those humble thoughts, and bide its head from me who might, perhaps, be its benefactor, and impart to its race some cheering information, I am reminded of the greater Benefactor and Intelligence that stands over me the human insect.

There is an incessant influx of novelty into the world, and yet we tolerate incredible dulness. I need only suggest what kind of sermons are still listened to in the most enlightened countries. There are such words as joy and sorrow, but they are only the burden of a psalm, sung with a nasal twang, while we believe in the ordinary and mean. We think that we can change our clothes only. It is said that the British Empire is very large and respectable, and that the United States are a first-rate power. We do not believe that a tide rises and falls behind every man which can float the British Empire like a chip, if he should ever harbor it in his mind. Who knows what sort of seventeen-year locust will next come out of the ground? The government of the world I live in was not framed, like that of Britain, in after-dinner conversations over the wine.

The life in us is like the water in the river. It may rise this year higher than man has ever known it, and flood the parched uplands; even this may be the eventful year, which will drown out all our muskrats. It was not always dry land where we dwell. I see far inland the banks which the stream anciently washed, before science began to record its freshets. Every one has heard the story which has gone the rounds of New England, of a strong and beautiful bug which came out of the dry leaf of an old table of apple-tree wood, which had stood in a farmer's kitchen for sixty years, first in Connecticut, and afterward in Massachusetts—from an egg deposited in the living tree many years earlier still, as appeared by counting the annual layers beyond it; which was heard gnawing out for several weeks, hatched perchance by the heat of an urn. Who does not feel his faith in a resurrection and immortality strengthened by hearing of this? Who knows what beautiful and winged life, whose egg has been buried for ages under many concentric layers of woodenness in the dead dry life of society, deposited at first in the alburnum of the green and living tree, which has been gradually converted into the semblance of its well-seasoned tomb—heard perchance gnawing out now for years by the astonished family of man, as they sat round the festive board—may unexpectedly come forth from amidst society's most trivial and handselled furniture, to enjoy its perfect summer life at last!

I do not say that John or Jonathan will realize all this; but such is the character of that morrow which mere lapse of time can never make to dawn. The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.

Holzfäller Brecht

Die Linke diffamiert stets die Gegenwart angesichts einer angeblich besseren Zukunft. Dabei pickt sie stets das Negative heraus, ohne zu wissen, dass es immer eine Quote von Negativem gibt. Auf dem Weg zur Zukunft wird jedoch zusätzlich bergende Tradition zerstört, die Menschen werden entwurzelt hinterlassen, um sie dann zur Beute der linken Rattenfänger machen zu können. So Brechts Galilei in seinem Lob der Wissenschaft.

Hier lieber kein Bild.

Stifters Waldgänger
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Leviathan Fortschritt







psychictruth.info/Sadhu_1.jpg

Auf einer ökonomischen Konferenz von Mönchen, Sadhus und Derwischen in Kalkutta im April 2005 wurde vereinbart, die weltabgewandte Innerlichkeit der Religionen zu stärken, um deren Reinheit zu wahren, ohne die Notwendigkeit kirchlicher Sorge für die schwachen und nicht isolationsfähigen Gläubigen zu leugnen. Das Leben sei auf ein Null zu reduzieren, um Gelüste zu unterdrücken. Tod.

Welthistorischer Waldgang

Mein englischer Kollege Lord Thouthoutha erzählte mir kürzlich, dass er zwei neue Theorien entwickelt habe und darauf ganz stolz sei: Erstens führte er die Erfindung des englischen Industrialismus und Empirismus auf die Skurrilität der Insel- Bewohner zurück, eine nebelbedingten Isolation der Menschen, wofür er doch der beste Beweis sei. Denn wer kann sonst schon so etwas Komisches erfinden? Weiterhin sei er der Meinung und begründeten Überzeugung, dass die jeweiligen Unterschichten einer Zeit Überbleibsel der vorherigen, untergegangenen Epoche sind, die noch durch größere Freiheit gekennzeichnet war. Denn das einzige, was wir in der Weltgeschichte feststellen, ist die ständige Zunahme an Regulation: Felder statt Wälder, und es sind gerade die weniger integrierten Unterschichten, die sich dem widersetzen, indem sie z.B. die Inklusion ins Bildungssystem verweigern, zu Recht! Die Freiheit ist immer unten. Es lebe die Wüste und deren Tuaregs!