

Free Scientologists

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FS Bulletin vom 23. Dec 2004

Integrity on your LRH-Study – Frederic Schiller and his “Bread-fed-Scholar”

On May 26-27, 1789, Schiller delivered a lecture on UNIVERSAL HISTORY at Jena University¹, and a small part of it is quoted here.

I would like to recommend warmly this text of the famous Schiller to every Scientologist: a call for integrity, a call for truth, a call for loyalty to LRH. We should get rid of any instance of "Bread-fed-Scholarism" in ourselves, so that even in 100, no in 1000 years LRH's Bridge to Freedom will still be available and will not be sacrificed to "the many small compromises in the daily production".

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Here is now the original quote of Schiller:

... The course of studies which the scholar who feeds on bread alone sets himself, is very different from that of the philosophical mind. The former, who, for all his diligence, is interested merely in fulfilling the conditions under which he can perform a vocation and enjoy its advantages, who activates the powers of his mind only thereby to improve his material conditions and to satisfy a narrow-minded thirst for fame, such a person has no concern upon entering his academic career, more important than distinguishing most carefully those sciences which he calls 'studies for bread,' from all the rest, which delight the mind for their own sake. Such a scholar believes, that all the time he devoted to these latter, he would have to divert from his future vocation, and this thievery he could never forgive himself. He will direct all of his diligence to the demands made upon him by the future master of his fate, and he will believe he has achieved everything once he has made himself capable of not fearing this authority. Once he has run his course and attained the goal of his desires, he dismisses the sciences which guided him, for why should he bother with them any longer? His greatest concern now is to display these accumulated treasures of his memory, and to take care, that their value not depreciate. Every extension of his bread-science upsets him, because it portends only more work, or it makes the past useless; every important innovation frightens him, because it shatters the old school form which he so laboriously adopted, it places him in danger of losing the entire effort of his preceding life.

¹ "It was his first lecture in his new position as Professor of History, a post which Goethe had arranged for him (though without compensation), in January of that year. The young Schiller's reputation was already such, that, for his first lecture the classroom was filled to overflowing. A virtual march of hundreds of students occurred in the street, much to Schiller's amusement, to secure a larger classroom, before Schiller could begin." - Translated by Caroline Stephan and Robert Trout. Published on the Website of The Schiller Institute:
http://www.schillerinstitute.org/transl/Schiller_essays/universal_history.html"

Who rants more against reformers than the gaggle of bread-fed scholars? Who more holds up the progress of useful revolutions in the kingdom of knowledge than these very men? Every light radiated by a happy genius, in whichever science it be, makes their poverty apparent; their foils are bitterness, insidiousness, and desperation, for, in the school system they defend, they do battle at the same time for their entire existence. On that score, there is no more irreconcilable enemy, no more jealous official, no one more eager to denounce heresy than the bread-fed scholar. The less his knowledge rewards him *on its own account*, the more he devours acclaim thrown at him from the outside; he has but *one* standard for the work of the craftsman, as well as for the work of the mind—effort. Thus, one hears no one complain more about ingratitude than the bread-fed scholar; he seeks his rewards not in the treasures of his mind—his recompense he expects from the recognition of others, from positions of honour, from personal security. If he miscarries in this, who is more unhappy than the bread-fed scholar? He has lived, worried, and worked in vain; he has sought in vain for truth, if for him this truth not transfer itself into gold, published praise, and princely favour.

Pitiful man, who, with the noblest of all tools, with science and art, desires and obtains nothing higher than the day-labourer with the worst of tools, who, in the kingdom of complete freedom, drags an enslaved soul around with him. Still more pitiful, however, is the young man of genius, whose natural, beautiful stride is led astray by harmful theories and models upon this sad detour, who was persuaded to collect ephemeral details for his future vocation, so wretchedly meticulous. His vocational science of patchwork will soon disgust him, desires will awaken in him which it cannot satisfy, his genius will revolt against his destiny. Everything he does appears to him but fragments, he sees no purpose to his work, but purposelessness he cannot bear. The tribulation, the triviality in his professional business presses him to the ground, because he cannot counter it with the joyful courage which accompanies only the enlightened understanding, only expected perfection. He feels secluded, torn away from the connectedness of things, since he has neglected to connect his activity to the grand whole of the world. Jurisprudence disrobes the jurist as soon as the glimmer of a better culture casts its light upon its nakedness, instead of his now striving to become a new creator of law, and to improve deficiencies now discovered out of his own inner wealth. The physician is estranged from his profession as soon as grave errors demonstrate to him the unreliability of his system; the theologian loses respect for his calling as soon as his faith in the infallibility of his system begins to totter.

How entirely differently the philosophical mind comports itself! As meticulously as the bread-fed scholar distinguishes his science from all others, the latter strives to extend the reach of his own, and to re-establish its bond with the others—*re-establish*, I say, for only the abstracting mind has set these boundaries, has sundered these sciences from one another. Where the bread-fed scholar severs, the philosophical mind unites. He early convinced himself, that everything is intertwined in the field of understanding as well as in the material world, and his zealous drive for harmony cannot be satisfied with fragments of the whole. All his efforts are directed toward the perfection of his knowledge; his noble impatience cannot rest until all of his conceptions have ordered themselves into an organic whole, until he stands at the centre of his art, his science, and until from this position outward he surveys its expanse with a contented look. New discoveries in the sphere of his activities, which cast the bread-fed scholar down, delight the philosophical mind. Perhaps they fill a gap which had still disfigured the growing whole of his conceptions, or they set the stone still missing in the edifice of his ideas, which then completes it. Even should these new discoveries leave it in ruins, a new chain of thoughts, a new natural phenomenon, a newly discovered law in the material world overthrow the entire edifice of his science, no matter: *He has always loved truth more than his system*, and he will gladly exchange the old, insufficient form for a new one, more beautiful. Indeed, if no blow from the outside shatters his edifice of ideas, he

himself will be the first to tear it apart, discontented, to re-establish it more perfected. Through always new and more beautiful forms of thought, the philosophical mind strides forth to higher excellence, while the bread-fed scholar, in eternal stagnation of mind, guards over the barren monotony of his school-conceptions.

There is no fairer judge of the merits of others than the philosophical mind. Shrewd and imaginative enough to make use of every activity, he is also equitable enough to honour the creation of even the smallest contribution. All minds work for him—all minds work against the bread-fed scholar. The former knows how to transform everything around him, everything which happens and is thought, into his own possession—among thinking minds an intimate community of all goods of the mind is in effect; what is obtained in the kingdom of truth by one is won for all. The bread-fed scholar fences himself in against all his neighbours, whom he jealously begrudges light and sun, and keeps worried watch over the dilapidated barrier which but weakly defends him against victorious reason. For everything the bread-fed scholar undertakes, he must borrow incentive and encouragement from others; the philosophical mind, in his diligence, finds in his subject matter itself his incentive and reward. How much more enthusiastically can he set about his work, how much more lively will his eagerness be, how much more tenacious his courage and his activity, because for him work rejuvenates itself through work. Even small things become grand under his creative hand, because he always has the grand objective, which they may serve, in view, while the bread-fed scholar sees even in great things only that which is petty. It is not *what* he does, but how he treats what he does, which distinguishes the philosophical mind. Wherever he may stand and work, he always stands at the centre of the whole; and however far the object of his labours may draw him away from his other brothers, he is allied with them, and *near* them through a harmonically working understanding; he meets them where all enlightened minds find one another. ...

Friedrich Schiller