Folktale Readings

Philipp Stauff

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BOOKS

Folktale Readings

The Meaning and Interpretation
of German Folktales

by

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Introduction and Dedication

For a long time, a movement has been underway to remove the German folk tale from children's education, and the most wonderful reasons are given for this.

There are people who know very well what they want to achieve with such endeavors. Everything that comes from the spiritual and historical homeland of our species is to be suppressed; for all that is feared by those who want to turn the peoples into a herd humanity equal to the world under their own secret supremacy, and for whom species-conscious Germanness always stands in the way.

Others follow these opponents of our indigenous German way of being, all "intellectualism." They don't know what they are doing. Perhaps some of them will become aware once they have read this book. Perhaps they will realize in what an unbelievable way they wanted to bring about an impoverishment of our nation and leave alone those who detest a strong Germanness in all its manifestations, because they see it as an obstacle to their intentions and perhaps even a perpetual silent threat to what they have already achieved...

Dear German Märchen, you noble goddess! Do all you want to do for yourself! They don't know that you shine even more beautifully, appear even higher and richer, the German people! And that you are. You let children's hands guide them, to take the grown-ups by the arm and lead them to heights to which the hurrying and acquiring and enjoying selfishness of this time cannot reach!

Dear German folktale, unveiled, in your inner being step in front of all the Christian folktale writers of our days and say: "Stop tearing me apart and sewing them together again and again in a different order; you all don't know what you're doing! I'm already here, you just need to understand me, then you won't keep creating me again and again, because what you manage to do is just schemes! You hang tinsel dresses around a wire frame like a shopkeeper puts a mannequin in a shop window, and that's supposed to be a folktale? Oh, my dears, first learn to see me as I am!"

Good story, go to the teachers too and tell them: "For God's sake, don't put me in the vice after I have shown myself to you! If you can once allow my real being to be seen in front of your growing flock of pupils in a quick reflection, so that a holy, high inkling of my being flashes through their minds, then I will be grateful to you. But don't turn me into a textbook of learning and questioning, otherwise you shall all be cursed to me by the great sorcerer behind the mountain where neither sun nor moon shines, and if you claim that you have seen me, then I will deny you! Woe betide you if you take the scent of my essence from me; I am forest-woven, not house-bound!"

And then, dear folktale, go to someone else and greet him for me; you have long since revealed yourself to him in all your splendor. I mean the Master Guido von List in Vienna, without whom I would not have seen much of your beauty. Pluck him by his long flowing Wuotan's beard and tell him that this book is also dedicated to him in grateful veneration, like my "poorhouses," and that he should not cease to proclaim his Germanism and his native glory for as long as the day will last. And you, dear folktale, obtain for him from

the third standard under the world tree an extension of his day, so that he may take nothing unspoken with him, and that he may experience how his present opponents among the people of German blood later express their gratitude to him...

But finally, dear folktale, turn around in front of the whole world and say: "I don't look at all like the writer of this book described me! I am in reality much more beautiful, much richer – can I help it that your eyes are so stupid?" If you don't speak so, some will go and make a dogma out of what is shown to them here, and won't rest until they have finished a real handle from which to pour the only real patented and privileged folktale interpretation soup into the country.

Oh, I ask a lot of you, dear folktale! But now it's over. Make everyone happy, and if you like, give me an audience again; I will value it higher than that of kings and emperors!

Berlin-Lichterfelde, November 1913.

I

Tales of the Sun

Our Germanic ancestors came from the far north. Actually, we find them sitting around the shores of the Baltic Sea in the earliest period to which the scientific gaze can safely reach back. But they must have originated further north, in the regions of the midnight sun. For only there could their mythology have originated. Guido v. List, to whom we owe such great and unexpected insights into our prehistory, searches for this original home in a lost land of Arctogea, which was located at the North Pole and was separated from all parts of the earth. Then, however, great shifts occurred in the shape of the earth's surface, and the Aryans had to move further south, to what is now Europe, due to the glaciation of the polar regions.

No matter how these questions are answered, our ancestors came from the far north, the land of the midnight sun. Because in the Baltic Sea regions – even in southern Sweden – the sun shines day after day all year round. And that does not fit in with our traditions, nor with the ancient healing sites, the Troy castles etc. that we have found. These sites all form the course of the sun in the far north in the spiral, which was a sacred symbol for the ancients and as such has been doubled in the form of the ram's horns and quadrupled in the form of the ancient sacred swastika up to our time. In our latitudes all these things could not arise, but

only where the sun rises all at once, after it has been night for long months, and remains above the horizon in spiral lines, and then descends again below the horizon in just such spiral lines, so that the long, long Nordic winter begins.

In such regions, the sun must have been the great, infinite wonder of the world far more than it is here. It created or generated all life in a few months as it circled above the horizon, rising and falling in its orbit. And when it disappeared, life died out; darkness settled over the lands for most of the year. Therefore it was only natural that our Aryan ancestors counted life not by years but by winters, the old Nordic deep winters, which were dimly lit only by moonlight and starlight, and they carried this custom of counting by winters down to our regions, where it no longer really made sense; for in our regions winter was not a night, not an uninterrupted night, even when there was still the great Hercynian forest, and summer has always been longer than winter with us.

Here, the sun does not spiral above the horizon either, because its path is interrupted every evening. The solstice festivals are also not as important here as in the far north, and we do not long for the sun, which rises every morning here – far too early for some late risers in summer – with such force as must be the case there, where one has to wait for the sun to rise seven to eight months of the year, its bright, warm glow cannot be seen at all in the sky. The sun was the savior from deep distress and darkness. But the darkness lay over the earth like a sluggish serpent, like a monstrous, sinister dragon or lindworm, as if asleep, and anyone who fell prey to it in the reefs and gorges and fjords and on the cliffs of the rocky Nordic landscapes easily lost his life. It was dangerous and

voracious, the dragon or lindworm of darkness; it demanded fine victims.

Where did the sun go when it disappeared from the horizon? It had been seen descending long before. Would it too be devoured by the dark dragon, the hideous lindworm? We know from the Hindus in India, in whose ancient fathers the same Aryan blood circulated, because they had also come from the north to the distant sun-hot east, that when the sun begins to descend, they come together and make a great noise; they drum and shout and – want to chase away the wolf, which according to their imagination is about to devour the sun. They do this especially when the sun is darkening because there is a solar eclipse. Whether the Hindu really imagine this in such a childlike way is a matter in itself. But this is probably how their forefathers thought of it many millennia ago, and the custom has survived from them to the present day, just as many a custom has survived from the ancient Germanic tribes – just think of the solstice or St. John's fire, for example.

So the idea that a large, dangerous, sinister beast swallows the sun must have originated in the far north, at a time when we know nothing more about the Aryans, and from there they traveled with the Aryans throughout the world, establishing themselves everywhere and passing into popular usage. Certainly the ancients only wanted to create an external conception, for there was a time in the history of mankind when it was believed that the mighty phenomena of world events could be mastered by depicting them externally. There are still remnants of this way of looking at things today. We have many primitive peoples in which no one wants to be portrayed or photographed, out of sheer concern

that whoever has the image also has power over the person depicted. Our African travelers know a lot about this superstitious mistrust of some Negro tribes.

And is this view actually as completely nonsensical as we like to make it out to be today in our pride of knowledge? If we want to work on something, to gain influence over it, then even today our first endeavor is to get to know this thing as precisely as possible. Don't we say of someone who knows a thing thoroughly that he has mastered it? We usually imagine what the ancients thought and did to be far too thick-skulled. The ancients knew, even thousands of years ago, that they were not talking about animals. They spoke of the "Midgard Serpent" and meant the sea, which they imagined as a serpent lying and coiling around the garden of mankind, around "Midgard." But we know that the ancient Aryans were already very capable seafarers; they could not really believe in the serpent! Otherwise they would have kept sailing around on a snake in their boats! So we must not imagine prehistoric people to be too stupid; they understood much more about heaven and earth than is usually assumed. But they liked to make spiritual images of it, symbols, and one such symbol is the Midgard serpent, the dragon, the lindworm and also the wolf when it wants to swallow the dear sun. These symbols were therefore not the real ideas of the ancients, but merely the poetic garments of their thoughts.

So, let's stick to these poetic dressings of celestial knowledge. When the sun turned back on its path in the sky so that it "fell," then the god had been shot with the arrow from the mistletoe that stood behind it and gave it power: the shining god Baldur. And when the sun disappeared below the

horizon, it had been seized by a symbolic monster (which always signifies darkness, eclipse), and this monster had dragged it away behind a great mountain, behind which it could no longer be seen, or had even swallowed it up.

Here we are already in the middle of a German folk tale. The sun – a beautiful princess, of course – is imprisoned behind a great mountain. An evil fairy has cursed her there, or a powerful sorcerer, and she is guarded by wild animals or something similar. Perhaps she has even been eaten by a wolf who, despite his sharp teeth, always has to swallow her in one piece and without biting. The folktale is not at all concerned with whether the wolf can do such a thing, whether he can, for example, swallow Little Red Riding Hood (who is the dear sun) with skin and hair so easily. You might think that the ancient Germanic tribes in the north were very ignorant of natural history because they thought the wolf was capable of such feats. But they knew wolves far better than we do, and they didn't need to go to the zoo, if they wanted to see such a predator. They even tamed wolves and bred the brave wolfhounds from them, which then became companions of the supreme god Wuotan in the mythical tale.

But why can't the grim wolf bite Little Red Riding Hood? Yes, that's quite simple. Because no matter how long winter lasts in the far north, the sun comes back again. And here it comes back much earlier; it only stays out for a single night. But the Little Red Riding Hood folktale obviously grew in Germany, not in the far north, and of course Little Red Riding Hood, as the dear sun, must not lie cut up and chewed up in the wolf's belly, because, like the sun, it must come out of the wolf's belly in all its splendor and all its charm; the sun must shine again when its time has come! We

are still talking about the folktale itself and do not need to go into more detail about the red-capped wolf story now. But we know that if the sun is eaten by some kind of monster, she has to stay that way. She simply lies in the belly of the beast without dying or anything like that, and in the end a friendly huntsman or a brave knight St. George comes along who kills the beast and cuts open its belly so that the pretty princess – the dear sun – can jump out unharmed and happy and make the whole world happy again.

And if she is not swallowed up, but held captive somewhere behind the mountains in the power of an evil sorcerer or a robber or something similar? Then she must be "redeemed"; the spell must be broken, the sorcerer possibly killed, the robber killed in a duel, so that dear Sun is free again and can shine for the children of men and awaken blossoms and fruit from the earth.

But it is not at all necessary for a tremendous physical force to drag the sun away or swallow it up. It can also be "cursed." Then it is the force of the spell that carries it away or takes away its power. And it is a spell that is purely spiritual, it is misused spiritual or mental power. Many a magician needs some kind of apparatus, an object in which his power is locked. He turns a key in a very special lock or has a divining rod. But some get the deed done without any aids, only through their wish. And so we must speak of how the wish has a lot to say.

The ancient people lived more spiritually than we do, because they did not fill their minds like this. We people of today have to cram a vast amount of knowledge and "interests" into us from a young age if we want to find our

way through the world. The spirit, the soul, is always – throughout our entire lives – heavily burdened and tense, and it gains an ever stronger connection with the things of the world, but not with its powers. Basically it is the same, because the things come from the forces. It is the forces that build, and the things are only the results, the things created by the forces. And because the ancients did not deal with things as closely as we do, they perceived and felt more of the forces. And they felt the moving forces more directly than we do. We always first deduce the forces from the things in logical trains of thought, and give names to the forces that we find or must surely assume to be present. Only then do we think we have grasped the forces, and we use them so that they become effective in our service.

In reality, however, we are far from knowing them because we have given them names. They are simply difficult or impossible to grasp in such a way that we could understand their innermost nature. Every scholar gives us calculations about heat and how it can be utilized, about the currents in magnets, about the speed of sound and light, about electricity, and now even about radioactivity and its effects. But if we ask the same scholar what sound and heat and light and magnetism and electricity and radioactivity actually are, he will at best give us an explanation in words that round themselves artfully, like a snake biting its own tail, but he cannot tell us what the forces actually are in their essence. Despite all our erudition, we perhaps know less about this today than the ancients did, who had no names for the forces, but had a good idea of their connections, of the transition from one to the other, who felt their whole existence permeated by the force that was their spirit. Or

soul, if you like, or both together. The ancients didn't care as much about certain words as we do, and they didn't put any obstacles in their way, and yet they used the powers – even technically, even at a time when we usually still think of them as inferior. This is demonstrated by the large granite waystones that they erected here and there thousands of years before our era; many of them are so heavy that we can only move them from their place with all the strength of our modern machines, and yet they are worked in such a way that such a stone begins to sway when a breeze blows on it or when a bird sits on it. There are still many such waystones or "heaving cradles" on earth; They can still be found in German Austria in particular. In the past, they were long thought to be natural formations, but this cannot be taken seriously. And then another example. In England there was an ancient temple made of large, heavy stones (today a place of ruins); this was the sun temple of Stonehenge (the name is of later origin); there are erected enormous stones 7 meters high. One such stone, which had fallen over in the course of time, has recently been erected again; it was a job that required all the aids of our new technology. And these stones all come from France; there are no such stones in England itself. The temple was built around 1680 B.C.; at that time the sea had not yet torn through the English Channel between England and France, so that there was a land route; but what a tremendous achievement those distant times have accomplished in spite of everything! We stand before it and can hardly comprehend the marvel! Also the ancients must have already had control over some of the forces that we have now "rediscovered" and named and systematically use in our technology. And this probably came from their greater

closeness to nature and their greater dependence on the natural forces surrounding them; their souls were inwardly full of sympathetic understanding, and life and nature were one to them. The ancient Roman Tacitus, who lived and wrote in the first century AD, tells us all about the great seers of our Germanic ancestors, Albruna and Veleda and others; they could see into the future and foretell future events, and they enjoyed almost divine veneration. Of course, this veneration would not have been accorded to them and nothing would have been made of their word if they would not have proclaimed the truth. So the gift of prophecy must have existed. What do we think about it today? Those people who consider themselves "enlightened" scoff at it and consider it impossible, only because we do not yet know the laws of such long-distance channeling, because the fundamental forces of nature and soul have not yet been researched. In our day, too, cases of such temporal or spatial remote phenomena occur not infrequently; but the scholars all know that this is the weak side of our whole understanding of the world (the weakest, in fact) and do not look at things so that they do not have to say that they do not understand these things and cannot explain them. The ancients could not explain these things either, but they saw their truth and rightness and listened more closely to the inner powers of their souls. And then they did not think that thought was nothing and desire was nothing; but they recognized thought and desire as forces, as quite general forces of the world. Action – we do not say that it is nothing. But the deed comes from the will, and if the will creates something, it must certainly be something itself; but the will arises from the wish, and if it is something living, the wish

must also be a living power, and in the same way thought rises again behind the wish as a separate, independently active power, which detaches itself from our inner being and unfolds its effectiveness. Today we experience the hundred wonders of suggestion; suggestion, however, consists in the fact that one person sends his own thoughts or wishes into the inner being of another, so that the other acts as the one wishes. These are things which all our courts know, because they are often enough occupied with them, and hypnosis is nothing else than such assertion of one's own will in a neighbor who is subject to this compulsion of will.

We rarely see how the wish or the will works for itself as a living force; for what it brings about we have become accustomed to calling "coincidence" – a word that should no longer exist! – out of embarrassment towards things. The reader has certainly not only once said to himself in the evening: "Now I would like to know how things stand with my friend in A, I haven't heard from him for so long!" And the next morning there is a letter from this friend on the table! The thought of the longing, the yearning, simply moved into the distance as a force, sought out the friend in I and slipped into his being and reminded him of the reader. Perhaps the friend did not quite understand exactly what the thought wanted to bring him; but he felt: "This came from my friend in such and such a way, I must think of him whether I want to or not, and so I will now write him a sweetbread." In reality, this explains the case that seems so astonishing only to us full-blooded people today, and which is a completely natural thing. When the mother thinks of her child in the distance, the child cannot help but think of the mother; this is the effect of the thought, which acts as an

independent force, just like the electric current in the telegraph wire. And now we have a telegraphy for which we no longer need a wire! The earth itself is the conductor of the current, of the force! And just as with this telegraphy, so it is with the transmission of thoughts from one person to another at a distance, which is scientifically called "telepathy" today. And the more finely a soul is organized in this direction and the less dependent it is on its actions from the substance of the body, the more it can do. It is usually most independent in sleep; there it can step straight out of the body under its own power and undertake worldwide wanderings at lightning speed; then we become aware of things that are happening somewhere in the world or that will happen later, or we read a letter in a dream that the letter carrier only hands us in the morning, and such things more. Some readers will deny all these things, but that doesn't help, because it doesn't get rid of them.

And we can also exert compulsion of will on inanimate objects. A pendulum that moves will immediately change direction or stand still if we have the firm intention that it should do so. Of course, the pendulum must not be too heavy for this, and – every human being may not be able to do it, even if he were otherwise so clever. In these matters, too, the abilities are distributed quite differently.

We created the word to communicate with animals and other people. The word is a magical means. In itself it is nothing; you cannot touch it, you cannot see it, you cannot weigh it. It is the will, the wish, the thought to which we have given a form, and now, when we hear it, the thought or the wish or the will that lives in us also comes to life in the other. If the farmer calls "Hott" to the horse, and the horse

has learned what this sound means, it will immediately go to the right. What is effective is therefore not the word, but our wish, our will; the word is only a mediator. And when we write, we even make use of two mediators: the concept of the word and the sign. But what is actually effective is always our wish, our will.

Thus the wish, the will, is a force that brings about fulfillment. Our own arms, too, only set themselves in motion to achieve a goal when our will commands them to do so, and often we also feel that the mere thought already produces the movement, and then it completely escapes us how the thought is transformed into will all by itself, without our further intervention, and almost simultaneously into action. He who is now to a very special degree master of his thoughts, his desire and will – so that he can also send out the thought free from the hindrances of his materiality, his body, he will be particularly powerful. He will accomplish things that look as if a law of nature (a rule; for all laws of nature are only rules, the usual course of natural events) had been broken, as if "a miracle" had happened, whereas in reality only the momentarily stronger spiritual power of man has always triumphed over the weaker spiritual power that dwells in things, or even over the weaker spiritual power of another man, so that the "miracle" is a quite natural thing. We call it a "miracle" when the Indian fakir can have his body spiked with needles without feeling any pain, and when he can be laid lifeless in a coffin for weeks, only to breathe again and wake up after a precisely defined time. In reality, this is just as natural a process as everything else in nature. It is therefore foolish for us to set out the laws of nature and claim that they cannot be broken and that "miracles" do not exist;

rather, we must say that all events take place according to the hierarchy of the forces that prevail in each case; that the strongest of these wins the victory in whole or in part and thus creates a phenomenon that is not compatible with the rules of nature that we have established is not a "miracle," but only shows us the inadequacy of our knowledge of nature. We see in every gathering of people that the one who can most strongly free his spiritual power and bring the other people under his control imposes his will; in reality this is nothing else; success is only achieved with mediating values, such as the word.

Now certain words had a different meaning in ancient times than they do today. Thus the wish was a wishful will, a strongly active wish, a wishful power. And this is explained by the fact that man regarded the world as a tremendous unity that had become an act, that had realized itself out of the fermenting wish. The World Spirit (and on another spiritual level: the Earth Spirit) Wuotan was not only All-Father, but also Wish-Father. It was he who had created the world through his wish or had animated the material. Where his wish faltered or was overcome, that was the end of life, that was death. Nothing was rejuvenated and nothing aged, for there was no will to live in things. It was the will of God, the power of desire, that was missing. And just as Wuotan was called Wishfather, he was also called Wuotfather: the father of rage. In ancient times, however, rage was not something like heightened anger, but the word denoted an impetuous, unrestrained will. Just as we speak of an angry wind, an angry storm, an angry army. The wind and the storm are not angry and the "wild army" or "furious army" also has no cause for anger; the word anger is merely used to describe the great

power, the unrestrained will. But he who can overcome obstacles by his will or desire and thus intervene in the sphere of life of other people without them being able to defend themselves against it, yes, without that they know it, he must have a very strong command of the divine power of desire and understand the will of God very well. He is therefore called to the highest place on earth: he is to be a helper of God who leads people to their salvation on the basis of his better understanding of God's will, as a magician, as a master of the "royal art." Today, this expression of the "royal art" has only been passed on to Freemasonry, which has spiritually grown out of those prehistoric layers, but has of course long since forgotten the importance of the old rules and secrets. A good magician, i.e. a person who uses his secret "superhuman" power in the service of good, in accordance with God's will, becomes a "master" in folktales or, even more frequently, a king, precisely because of the concept of the "royal art." The kings of folktales are for the most part such magicians of old in some fantastic exaggeration of their power.

However, the divine wishful power in man can also be used against the will of God, for selfish purposes. Then the person in question practices "black magic," he becomes a "sorcerer," and in folktales – let's say in the figurative popular imagination – he cannot appear in the good divine garb of man. For only the good is beautiful and bright; the bad, the evil, is dark and misshapen. The beautiful human form oppresses the one who is evil; he prefers to encapsulate himself in the form of a wild evil animal, and can only appear as a human being in exceptional cases, but then always ugly, repulsive and arousing suspicion. He can transform himself

into any animal that corresponds to his nature; for he has come backwards in his nature, downwards from the Godhead, as the animal is backwards from man; his nature has degraded through abuse of his power; he himself is cursed (the desire to ascend to the Godhead, into its pure spheres, is no longer active in him), and what he now does to other men can only ever lead to their misfortune; he wants to see everyone in the same downward state as himself and prevents the upward impulse in men, the desire for the nobler, so that they too are transformed into animals or plants or stones, into beings that stand below man. Thus he curses because he has cursed himself, and the train of thought behind the symbols and concepts is again quite natural. We know from our own experience how a wicked man seduces so and so many others to wickedness, to inner degradation through self-interest; this is also an imprecation, only this villain needs the magical means of communication of the sign or the word, of persuasion, whereas the black magician can seize the soul of the other directly through his will if it is unarmed and cannot resist him.

But even the soul thus subjugated, enslaved and deprived of the divine instinct finds help to be redeemed. While the good instinct slumbers within it, it may well fall prey to evil; but the good instinct is reawakened in it through memories (a bird comes flying and remembers, the wind reminds, etc.), and it is supported by good thoughts and wishes, which become the staff for climbing upwards and for freedom; the good powers of other people can also help towards redemption.

Let us look at the myth of the sun god Baldur. Baldur is dead through the shot of the blind Hödur; he is now without

desire, without life, without will, and comes to the subterranean realm of Hel, the goddess of death. But he cannot remain there, of course, for the sun must return after the winter night in the north. So the myth tells that the gods sent Hermod, Baldur's brother and Odin's (Wuotan's) son, to the subterranean castle of Helia; he rode through dark, deep valleys to the underworld and asked for Baldur's release. Helia, the goddess of the dead, replied that Baldur could return to earth alive if all beings, living and "dead," wept for him. Naturally, the creatures did so because they longed for the light of the sun, and so Baldur returned after the hard winter. Later this myth underwent changes, according to which Loki, the god of chaos, refused to weep and Baldur had to remain in the realm of the dead. But the reader can see for himself that this interpretation is due to later misunderstandings or – should be interpreted quite differently than it appears. And we will try to do the latter later, so that we do not stray too far here.

So the longing of the gods and humans and animals and plants and stones for Baldur brings him back and breaks the spell of his curse. Not pity; that is actually born of longing. But the longing is the wish. Through the wish, Baldur's imprecation is lifted. The thought, the wish has such power.

From this we have now gained a kind of archetype for many folktales, which we will come to. Let us also mention this: if the sun is to be cursed so that it must disappear for a long time, then of course this requires an unholy wizard of the world, whom the myth shows us in some forms as a monstrous beast, but in whom human knowledge lives with all the magical power used for evil. Such beings were as if made for the Christian era. If one had remained conscious of

the meaning of these things, enormous errors of long periods of time and many generations would have been avoided. But it was probably the wish of the world that mankind should come out of the former intuitive, almost unconscious vision of these deep world mysteries, which are, after all, basically the laws of nature, and more or less forfeit those faculties, in order later to regain these powers and faculties at a higher level through their own spiritual work and with full understanding. However, this should not be a doctrine that anyone has to believe. But it seems that even our early ancestors would have thought so, for that is the real meaning of the myth of the twilight of the gods and of the former return of the Aesir to the Idafeld.

There the Aesir gather
above the Worm
that winds around the Globe
Of what was once wrought
The memory awakens;
of meaningful Sayings
from ancient times

On Idafelde
to hold court,
encircled around.
Great works
they also interpret again
from the god of legends
tales told.

There they become again
golden roots
which in the beginning of time

the wondrous ones
found in the grass,
concerning the gods.

But it is the myth, not the folktale, that deals with the mighty events in the sky. The folktale dresses up the great world events in earthly, human terms. And when the dear sun becomes a beautiful princess, you no longer need a primeval

animal to "curse" her; an earthly magician does it, who is devoted to life and beauty and God's will, is hostile, and the overcoming of the spell of mischief through the spell of salvation is redemption.

We now have clarity about the folktale images of our ancestors that are linked to the course of the sun and clarity about the concept of wishing and cursing and redemption. The remnant that has come down to our days before "cursing" is the evil wish – we usually call it a curse. Cursing is also an imprecation, even if, fortunately, it rarely leads to its goal, and if we find ourselves in a situation today that does not correspond at all to our own wishes, we probably gnash our teeth and say in between: "Cursed!" And it is often a good thing that we are not magicians in the sense of the ancients, otherwise many a spell of mischief would be cast that would turn us away from our inner direction towards the divine. This is also the effect of cursing and swearing, where it cannot cause harm to others. It harms us inwardly, and therefore the one who wishes evil on the other always does himself the greatest harm. The old German folk tale also tells of this. And now let us leave the preliminaries and turn to the sun folktales themselves, of which we cannot, of course, cite and interpret all of them, but only some, but in such a way that the attentive reader will know how to help himself in relation to the others. We begin with one of the favorite folktales of our children's world, the most beloved "Sleeping Beauty."

Sleeping Beauty

I certainly don't need to tell the reader the folktale of Sleeping Beauty, because anyone who didn't know it almost by heart would be considered a pauper, even if he were a millionaire. And such poor millionaires are beyond help. But I must briefly mention the main events.

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Once upon a time there was a king and queen who would have liked to have a child and had none. Then the frog announced to the queen, while she was in the bath, that they would have a daughter, and this came true, and the child was so beautiful that the king arranged a great feast. To this he invited the wise women, who were to be favorable to the child. There were thirteen such women in his kingdom, but he had only twelve golden plates for them to eat from, so he passed one over at the invitation. The wise women came and each gave the child a gift: virtue, beauty and wealth, and whatever the earthly heart desires. Only one of them had not yet said her little saying. Then the thirteenth, who had not been invited, came in and wished: "The princess shall prick herself on a spindle in her fifteenth year and fall down dead." Now that was an evil saying. But the twelfth, who still had her wish left, was able to mitigate the disaster: "But it shall not be death, but a hundred years' sleep."

The king had all the spindles in his kingdom collected and burned so that nothing should happen to his child. But when she was just fifteen years old, she was all alone in the

castle and came to an old tower with a spiral staircase, where an old woman was sitting and spinning. The princess took hold of the spindle, which was dancing so merrily, and pricked herself. So the spell went and everything in the castle fell into a deep sleep, even the king and queen, who had just returned, and the roast on the stove stopped sizzling, and the cook stood still with his arm outstretched because he had just wanted to slap the scullion. And a hedge of thorns grew around the castle, through which no one could penetrate. Only when the hundred years were over did a prince come, who was not afraid, and before whom the hedge of thorns turned into nothing but beautiful flowers, so that he could pass through without being hurt, and he woke the princess with a kiss, and everything woke up again in the castle, the roast went on sizzling, and the cook slapped the boy in the face, and the maid finished plucking the chicken that she had had in her lap when she had fallen asleep. But the prince and Sleeping Beauty had a merry wedding.

* * *

Thus the folktale, in which there are many little mischievous things that decorate the whole, but which are meaningless here. What does this little story want to tell us?

The king is the sun and the queen is the moon. And the two have a child, a little daughter, who is the earth. (Perhaps this does not quite agree with our knowledge, for the earth must be older than its companion, the moon, but even the folktale enjoys so much poetic freedom that it can allow itself such a deviation from the results of high science). They have been swinging around in space for a long time until they got this lovely little daughter. Now there is a feast and the “wise

women" are invited; the fairies, twelve in number. These are the goddesses of the months, each of whom will bestow what characterizes her month, and all the months of the year are to be kind to the child, the earth. The year has twelve months, just as the king has twelve golden plates. But there were thirteen monthly goddesses. Because before the solar year was introduced and the year was divided into twelve months, there was the lunar year, which is easy to understand from the far north, because people there were much more dependent on the moon during the long winter nights than on the sun, which only shone for a few months. Now, however, the moon only needs 28 days to revolve around itself, and so the lunar year has 13 months. This explains the 13 goddesses of the months or wise women of the folktale. When the Germanic tribes moved into our regions, where the sun shines all year round and is so much more important than the moon, they established the solar year. Now one of the goddesses of the month had to fall, be "forgotten," or no longer get a plate at the king's banquet table. She was considered dead; that's where the popular superstition comes from today that one must die if thirteen are sitting at the table!

But this thirteenth, who now appears black and dark (like all dead things), comes uninvited and takes revenge for being passed over. Of course nothing but death can come from her, who is dead, and it is therefore death that she wishes for the king's child. The dark fairy also reveals the way in which she is to die: she will prick herself on a spindle. The spindle, however, is the characteristic instrument of the spinner, the Norn, the mother of destiny. So the dark fairy gives the little princess the universal fate of death. But the last of the kind, the wise, gentle white women (for the white color is symbolic

of wisdom) softens the spell: the princess shall be cursed to sleep for a hundred years.

So the earth sleeps, and the sun sleeps (its light is weak), and the moon and all the creatures of the earth, and the flowers wither, and the trees draw their branches sap back: everything sleeps. And a hedge of thorns grows around the castle, which is impenetrable. The thorn is clear in meaning; the word is connected with the Thorr rune, the magic symbol of the thunder god Thorr or Donar, which indicates the enclosed power, the hard constraint, which is why people also spoke of a thorn of death and the thorn of life (male organ) and had two different symbols for this, which we can still see today in old coats of arms or in the beams of our old half-timbered houses. The thorn hedge therefore means the hard winter with its snow and ice fetters. But when the right redeemer comes, Prince Spring, who wants to kiss Sleeping Beauty, then instead of the snow and ice fetters there are beautiful flowers around the castle and Prince Spring can awaken and redeem the beautiful princess. And the hundred years of the folktale are precisely the exaggeration required by poetic freedom. A hundred days are meant, and that is approximately how long winter will last in our regions. We can therefore conclude from the content of the folktale that it did not originate in the far north, but only when the Germanic tribes were already in our latitudes and had passed from the lunar year to the solar year. But if a scholar thinks that our "Sleeping Beauty folktale" is a rococo story from France, as has happened in recent years, we should laugh at him and tell him that the folktale itself is much cleverer than he is.

Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time there was a sweet little maid whom everyone loved." The grandmother also loved the child and gave her a little cap of red velvet, and because she always wore it, she was called Little Red Riding Hood. But the grandmother lived far out beyond the forest, and the Little Red Riding Hood once had to bring her a piece of cake and a bottle of wine because the grandmother had become ill and weak. And the mother gave the girl all sorts of good advice: to stay out of the way, so that she would not lose the cake or break the bottle, and to say "Good morning" to her grandmother and not to look in all corners of the room first, as curious children did. But as Little Red Riding Hood enters the forest, she encounters the wolf. The girl has good courage, because she doesn't know what an evil animal the wolf is. She talks to him, and the wolf asks Little Red Riding Hood where she is going, what presents she is bringing and to whom, and also where her grandmother lives. He then entices the girl to go and pick flowers in the forest so that he can bring her grandmother a bouquet, and in the meantime he jumps to her grandmother's house, pretends to be Little Red Riding Hood, and then swallows her grandmother when she has told him how to open the door. (There are some similar folktales in which the wolf first eats chalk so that he has a high-pitched voice and can deceive the grandmother all the more easily). Then he takes off his grandmother's clothes (which he must have swallowed as well – again, poetic folktale freedom), puts on her hood and lies down in her bed.

And now Little Red Riding Hood arrives with her presents and flowers and is frightened when he sees the door open, and feels anxious for his grandmother. Then he steps to the bed and pulls back the curtains and is quite astonished:

"Oh, Grandma, what big ears you have!"

"So that I can hear you better."

"Oh, Grandma, what your big eyes you have!"

"So that I can see you better."

"Oh, Grandma, what big houses you have!"

"So that I can grab you better."

"But, Grandma, what a horribly big mouth you have!"

"So that I can eat you better!"

And with that, the wolf jumps out of bed and devours Little Red Riding Hood by the skin and hair. Then he lies down in bed again and sleeps, snoring loudly. A hunter walks past and hears the snoring. He thinks something is wrong with the old woman, goes into the room and approaches the bed. He recognizes the sinner. He wants to put on the rifle, but does not shoot because it occurs to him that the wolf might have eaten the grandmother. He takes a pair of scissors and cuts open the sleeping wolf's belly (the fact that the wolf does not wake up is, like so much else, a piece of poetic license in the folktale) and sees the little red cap glowing, and soon the girl jumps out unharmed, and then the old grandmother, who can hardly breathe, is also freed. And Little Red Riding Hood quickly fetches large stones to fill the wolf's stomach, and when he wakes up and wants to jump out, he sinks to the ground, dead from the heavy weight of

the stones. So the huntsman can take off the wolf's fur, and the grandmother can eat the cake and drink the wine and get well again, and the girl decides not to be distracted by: ways and to be obedient to her mother.

* * *

This folktale is very sweet. So bold in its whole description; the wolf is like an empty skin; he can swallow people and does so in such a way that nothing happens to him (for evil may cause trouble for good, but can never permanently destroy good); he talks to Little Red Riding Hood like a good friend...

According to Guido v. List, this is the meaning of the word wolf, and it is in this role that the animal appears in folktales. It is one of the dark forces that lead people's thoughts astray. How surely, how beloved, Little Red Riding Hood makes her way across the sky: the shining sun, of which one sees nothing but the red cape! Little Red Riding Hood must go to her grandmother behind the great forest. But the forest here is merely a figure of speech and means the "Waltung," the world full of secrets. And behind this forest, the world, is the primordial, the chaos, the disordered darkness. There lives the grandmother, who is this primordial state herself. It is there, the folktale says, that the sun wanders. But between this primordial state and the realm of the sun, the wolf, the creator of woe, reigns in the forest, in the forest. For it is through the wilderness, which is of course fate (there is no fate in the primordial state), that we reach knowledge (the understanding of life and the divine will) through pain (experiences). This woe seizes all races and leads all the world through darkness to exaltation. In the same way,

the sun must allow itself to be buried in the belly of the wolf in the evening when it comes to its grandmother, and in the morning it springs forth again fresh and lively. How the folktale tells these things, so that all this inner deep meaning is preserved and that the purely pictorial effect of the childlike narrative still emerges is an art of the ancients that we cannot admire enough.

However, we will now also have another interpretation of the folktale of Little Red Riding Hood at hand, which is no longer connected to the sun. However, we do not have to deal with it in this section because it requires preliminary explanations.

The Jew and the Padlock

This folktale will be less well known as a whole, while individual motifs from it recur in other folktales. It is one of the last pieces in the collection "German folktales since Grimm," published by Paul Zaunert in 1912 and published by Eugen Diederichs in Jena. It is therefore necessary that we reproduce the folktale here.

* * *

There was once a strong young man who was traveling, and when he had been wandering for a while, he came to a wilderness. There he met a Jew who asked him where he was going. "I want to go out into the world and seek my kind in strength." – "Then go with me," said the Jew, "I will make you happy." The young man went with him, and they came to an old castle surrounded by a great old fence. They stood in front of it for a while, when suddenly an underground passage opened up in front of them. When the Jew saw this, he sent the young man inside to a lock hanging on an old door in the castle building. When the strong man was inside, he saw a maiden who asked him how he had got in. He replied that a man had sent him here to fetch a lock. "If you want to redeem me," said the maiden, "you shall have it."

He promised her at once and She asked him what he had to do to redeem her. "You must not sleep for three nights and you must stay in the same place where I have told you. On the first night, ghosts will come, on the second, snakes, and on the third, snakes again. They will all try to throw you

from your chair, but they must not succeed, otherwise I will be lost forever. But if you resist their violence, I will be saved."

The young man then promised her that he would resist all attacks with all his might, and on the first evening the maiden showed him his room, in which there was nothing but the chair. He had to sit down on it, and then the maiden left him. When eleven o'clock struck, the whole room was filled with ghosts, and one ghost still wanted to throw him out of the chair faster than the other. But he wavered and did not give way, and so the first night passed. The next day the maiden appeared, brought him food, praised him for having held out so bravely, and encouraged him for the future. On the second night the snakes appeared and coiled themselves around the legs of the chair as if they wanted to overturn it, but the boy sat firmly in his seat and would not be moved. At three quarters to twelve, a coffin suddenly rose up not far from him; the snakes all crawled inside and disappeared. The next day, when the maiden brought him food and drink again, she encouraged him once more and added that on the last night, when the last snake was in the coffin, he should quickly lift the lid and embrace what lay inside and kiss it three times. On the third night, the snakes were even more wild and boisterous than on the second, but at the stroke of twelve they all disappeared into the coffin. When he lifted the lid, he saw a monster in the coffin, which he embraced and kissed three times, and after the third kiss there was a loud cry of joy; the monster was gone, and in its place stood before him the maiden who had beckoned him into the castle, and that was a princess of blood; the whole cursed castle belonged to her, and the castle

was a royal palace, and the snakes were her servants and were now also redeemed. That was the flattery. The children were soon bustling about in the kitchen and pantry, and a lively fire rose up on the hearth, roasting a roast on both sides. On the tower the tower keeper blew his merriest pieces, for he was now also redeemed.

Now the Jew should have taken the lock from the old door and put it in his pocket, but he forgot it in his happiness and left it hanging. But the Jew was no longer waiting outside, but had long since gone away, for he believed that the strong man had perished, like the others he had sent into the castle before him.

The next day the princess and her deliverer were married, and now lived together as king and queen. And the king ruled over the whole wilderness through which he had once traveled, which was now a wide, rich land with lush meadows full of herds and shepherds and magnificent forests in which stags and deer and hunters roamed. He often went out hunting, for the castle gate, which had once been closed, now stood wide open, as befitted the gate of a royal castle.

One day, when he was once again out in the forest enjoying his hunting, the Jew came along the path, stopped in front of the castle and said to himself: "I have come this way so many times and have never heard the tower tower warden blowing his song." Curious, he went into the castle and asked for permission to see it. This was granted him, and now he let his eyes wander everywhere, and it was not long before he saw the lock still hanging on the old door; and as no one was paying any attention to him, he took it down. As he tinkered with the lock a little – for he knew its properties

very well – a crowd of spirits immediately arrived and asked for his orders. Then he said, "I want this castle to stand immediately behind the mountain, where neither sun nor moon shines, and that I may be alone there with the young queen. You spirits shall serve us when I conjure you up with the castle; but you shall lock up all the servants in the castle in the tower with bread and water.

"I will marry the beautiful queen and live with her behind the mountain, where neither sun nor moon shines. That will be a pleasure."

The spirits bowed low, and one, two, three, the castle was already behind the mountain, where neither sun nor moon shines. But the servants were locked in the castle dungeon with bread and water. The queen was sitting in her candle-lit room in a state of anxiety, when the Jew came to her and told her that she would never see her husband again, and that he himself wanted to marry her. Then the queen wept bitter tears and steadfastly refused to shake hands with the Jew. Day after day passed and the Jew did not cease to pester her with his requests. She continued to weep with shame and anger, and her face was red with tears.

Not long after the castle had been moved behind the mountain, where neither sun nor moon shines, the young king returned from the hunt. When he saw that the castle had disappeared with the queen, he threw himself on the ground and wailed and wept like a child. At last he recovered his strength and went out into the world at random to find out where his wife and castle were. He had not gone far when he saw a giant. The giant asked him where he was going and the king told him that he had redeemed a princess and a

castle not far away and that they had now both disappeared together. The giant replied, "I will see if I can't tell you where the castle has gone." He spoke and whistled on his finger, and all the animals came, the dog, the stag, the deer, the hare, and everything that runs and crawls, and all the birds too hopped and flew over, the eagle, the robin, the finch and all their names. The giant asked them if they did not know where the castle had gone; no, they all knew nothing about it. At last a wild cat came in after them, which the giant also asked, and it had just climbed into a tree opposite the castle when the Jew came, and it said, "The castle is behind the: mountains, where neither sun nor moon shines; the Jew has taken it from spirits. He is also there and wants to marry the queen, but the servants are imprisoned in the tower." Then the giant said to the young king, "We are our three giant brothers; I am the youngest. If you want to go to the mountain where neither sun nor moon shines, go first to my second brother, and from there to the eldest, who lives just outside the mountain." The giant gave the king a letter to the second brother, and then he went his way.

When the king was still some distance from the second giant brother's home, he came at him and wanted to tear him apart. But when he got to read the letter, he became quite friendly, showed him the way to the eldest brother and gave him another letter to take with him. It was just evening when he came to the cave of the third giant, who also received him kindly and accommodated him, and the next morning described to him how he could get over the mountain behind which neither sun nor moon shines. He also gave him pilgrim's clothes and a leaf and told him that if he put it in his mouth he would be invisible. Now the king began his

journey to the mountain, and when he had crossed over and was standing in front of the castle, the Jew > came out and asked him, "Who are you and what brings you here?" He said: "I am a poor pilgrim and have lost my way, and for God's sake, please take care of me!" Now the Jew was already bored there in the dark behind the mountain and with the queen, who was always weeping, so he took the pilgrim into the castle, brought him food and drink, and let him tell him something about the land beyond the mountain, He asked about the man in the moon as if he had been his best friend, and about the sun as if she had actually come from the Judengasse and had gone to Jewish school with him.

The Pilgrim answered all his questions and finally asked him how such a beautiful castle came to be here behind the mountain, where neither the sun nor the moon shone, and whether he lived in it all alone. Then the Jew immediately assumed a very serious expression again and said that yes, he was alone here, but he had an invisible band of servants who were very strong; he should eat his meal that was in front of him and make his way out. He liked to be always alone, and whoever he sent out to the house would not hurt a finger. Then the King made as if he would now go on his way, but put the leaf in his mouth, so that the Jew could no longer see him, and thought that the Pilgrim had really gone away. The young king, however, had to stand about in the castle all night, and did not succeed in getting to his wife.

The next morning, while the Jew was still asleep, but the Queen was weeping aloud in her chamber over her fate, her husband suddenly came to her and said, "God has sent me here to deliver you once more," and took the leaf out of his mouth so that it was visible to her: mouth, so that he became

visible to her. Then the queen fell on his neck, kissed him, and was full of joy. While they were still discussing how they could get rid of the Jew, he came into the chamber, for he had heard them talking together, and because he came so quickly, the King did not immediately have his leaf in his mouth. When the Jew saw him, he was very angry; but before he could reach for the lock in his pocket to summon the spirits with it, the strong man had already cleft his head with his sword. Now the king took the lock, turned it, and the spirits appeared. They asked what he wanted, and he ordered them first to free the servants from the tower and then to put the castle back where he had delivered them. Then he told them to bury the Jews behind the mountain, where neither sun nor moon shines, which they did. Then all who were in the castle fell into a gentle slumber, and in a few moments the spirits returned the castle to its former position. The king reigned for a long time with blessings and was held in great esteem.

* * *

The reader will probably have noticed the close affinity with a folktale from the Far East, which is collected in "One Thousand and One Nights" and usually runs under the heading "Aladdin and the Magic Lamp," but also appears under other titles, e.g. "The Castle in the Cave of Xerxes." Such western-eastern folktale affinities occur repeatedly, and we should no longer be surprised at them now that we have realized that the Aryan spirit from the north has also created the high cultures of the east, which we used to regard as original and maternal in relation to the west. This is by no means to say that the folktales themselves were brought to the

East in our version; the fantastic fervor that is inherent in the folktales of the East, even when they are based on ancient traditions, shows the Orient's own form. What comes from the North is merely the "motif," and it is not uncommon for these motifs to be combined quite differently in the East than in the European Germanic countries. In the present case we have the entire content identical in essence, although the folktale is apparently composed of two motifs; for we have first a redemption, then an imprecation and the redemption connected with it again. The folktale needs the first redemption in order to create a situation in which the reader or listener can develop his participation by getting to know those involved and taking sides.

The richness of the folktale's content in Eastern folktale literature alone shows the great age of these motifs. On the other hand, the version of our German folktale presented here is definitely medieval, perhaps even dating from the 16th or 17th century. First of all, it is not told in the proper old folk tale style, but is a rather dry factual report, similar to what we find in the Tages newspaper about some local incident. And there is no gap left in it; the narrator, from whom the form originates, tried to make the unbelievable folktale events particularly credible, which the real old folktale narrative never does. And then there is another immediate characteristic, so to speak: the placement of the Jew in the story. In the Indian versions of these folktales, as is well known, there is only talk of a powerful sorcerer who has the castle moved elsewhere and harasses the princess (in our case: queen) with his marriage proposals. It is also not doubtful that at the time when the content of the folktale may have originated, the Jew played no role at all in our

Germanic countries and was probably completely unknown. It was only after the establishment of Christianity in the Germanic countries that the Jews also came into contact with magic, and this, as we can nowadays assume with a fair degree of certainty with Guido v. List, was due to the fact that the old Armanic knowledge took refuge from the oppression of Christianity in the synagogue, first in Burgundy, and later again in Cologne on the Rhine. In the synagogue, however, it became the Kabbalah in two forms, which came from us. Even Jewish scholars recognize the Kabbalah as something quite un-Jewish, and even the word itself is probably nothing other than "Kala" (secret tradition), once again particularly concealed by the interposition of the b, just as children today often playfully like to express themselves in a "B-language" as a secret language, for example by saying: "Ibi abam abat hobome" instead of "I am at home." This intellectually very cheap secret language is certainly not invented by children, because nothing is invented in the purely intellectual field without a specific purpose.

Only the Kabbalah, whose spiritual foundations were completely foreign to Judaism, brought with it the distinctly Jewish magic of the Middle Ages. The Armanic laws of white magic, such as those used by the ancient Truths out of a pure high sense and with a full understanding of their roots, fell into the hands of those who used them as a means of satisfying their selfishness and thus practiced black magic. Of course, many things did not succeed, if only because they had been conceived too thick-cheeked, too material, and because the Jewish magician could not put behind them the spirit from which the things had originally arisen; but the

innumerable little scientific secrets (of the peculiar nature of certain stones, liquids, forms, etc.) were seized upon all the more greedily and used for centuries of swindling, which now understandably saw the Jew completely in the foreground. And our folktale in the German version must necessarily originate from these centuries.

The basic content of the folktale is resolved at various levels. The mountain, behind which neither the sun nor the moon shines, is easily explained. We have the same idea here as in the Little Red Riding Hood folktale, namely the primordial, the chaos that points back to the creation of the world, when the mists of matter were brewing and the life instinct only sought to reveal itself out of the unformed. And now we have also shown the way back to this primordial state: three giants show the king the way to the mountain behind which neither sun nor moon shines (i.e. to the time when the sun and moon did not yet exist), into the "Ginnungagap" of Germanic myth. As is well known, the Germanic and Armanic myths place the time of the Aesir (gods) and the Manes before that of the giants, to whom the realms of primeval fire (Muspelheim), primeval water (Audumbla), belonged to the primeval air (Niflheim) and were subjugated; Ymir, the giant of the primeval earth, was also a figure of the Edda, but he had to give way to the manes and Aeses; Thorr, the mighty hammer-wielder, defeated him, so that he is not to be counted in the folktale.

The princess or queen is, of course, the sun itself; when it disappears in the north, it is as if it sank into the primordial, and with it the whole universe, as if the world's development turned backwards through the phases of the formation of the giant empires into chaos. But this is where the sun has been

brought by the opposition to the will to develop, to the will to live, which in our folktale is the Jew, but presumably it is the backward, anti-order will in the universe, the counterpart of the Creator's work and to a certain extent its mirror effect, its opposite pole. For all movement in the world arises through polarity, and every will or desire awakens its opposite pole from within itself by polarizing itself. Thus it is the negative side of the power of development and the will to develop, the will to ascend to the divine, which is otherwise represented in folktales by the black magician, the sorcerer, and here in particular by the Jew.

An old door lock appears as a magic device. The lock is a device for opening and closing; the king keeps it open – he favors development; the Jew closes it, i.e. he puts obstacles in the way of world development as the opposite-polar world will. The stolen king, however, finally reaches the magnificent castle hidden behind the mountain and his wife; he is invisible. The noble, the aspiring is – as the folktale teaches us – easily sheltered, always sheltered, because the opposite is unable to understand it and therefore cannot believe in its higher nature and the power inherent in it. That is why all deceivers are ultimately deceived, because they misjudge the proportions of power, because they greatly underestimate the power of the positive will to develop in relation to its negative pole, which, according to the external, so to speak measurable magnitude, is indeed superior (5 : 3), but does not possess the same immanent power as the positive will.

And so our Jew is ultimately deceived not only for the hopes of his own person (the queen rejects him and is freed by her husband), but he is also deceived in his entire negative will direction; for he was the first cause that the king found

the queen and redeemed her for the first time, and this success then remains despite all adversities for the external, positive will. The Jew, who no longer has the castle or can no longer use it, can no longer create the negative state that existed at the beginning: the queen's imprecation. And now there is life of ascent in a place where there was none before, where the stasis of enchantment prevailed. The Jew (i.e. the negative will of the world) helped to bring this about in opposition to his own will. Thus the negative, backward will benefited the positive, forward will, as it is also a part of it, a polarization of the latter.

This folktale thus contains a good deal of profound understanding of the world and life, directly connected to the old Aryan myth. And it is not a minor matter, but a particularly characteristic feature that the Jew does not make use of the existing servants when he has the castle in his hands, but has them thrown into the castle dungeon with bread and water. He cannot use these servants, who correspond to the external will and belong to his opposite pole; they would be of service to him in a way that would contradict his intentions. This servanthood conceals the positive building forces of the world, of nature, of the spirit. He has to paralyze them; they should wither away with food of sorrow: water and bread. He makes use of the magic spirits, which are in the service of the negative will, the arbitrary elements of nature and the spirit. As soon as the king has his castle in front of the sun again and lives there in joy with his queen, these willful elements are abdicated and the servants of the positive will promote his good intentions.

The Old Smock Cart

This folktale (told by Zaunert, "German Folktales Since Grimm," published by Eugen Diederichs in Jena) reads as follows.

* * *

A little brother and little sister went into the forest to look for berries. But then the weather turned bad, it began to thunder and lightning, the rain poured down in torrents and soon it was night; the children lost their way and got further and further into the forest. When the weather had finally calmed down and it was already completely dark, the little brother climbed a tree and looked around to see if he could spot a little light. And sure enough, he found one, quickly climbed down from the tree and walked towards it with his little sister. The light came from a little house that was still in the middle of the forest. They knocked softly and a voice called out from inside: "Who's there?" The children answered: "Oh, it's us, brother and sister, and we're both worn out from the bad weather and are asking for shelter for the night." Then an old mother came to the door and said, "Children, please get away, I can't keep you, because my husband is a man-eater, and if he comes home and finds you, you'll die straight away." But the children begged so much that at last their mother let them in and told them to sit down by the fire for a while, to dry their clothes; she also gave them a little bread and salt and a drink of water. "But I cannot keep you," she said; "in an hour my husband must

come, and he will eat you." When the hour was nearly up, and the children had refreshed and warmed themselves, the woman said, "Now get yourselves sorted." Then the children began to cry and said, "Where shall we stay the night? It is dark outside, and we cannot find our way home," and they did not cease their entreaties. Then the old woman said, "If you dare to stay here, I will hide you in the hollow tree behind our house and show you the right way tomorrow; but if he finds you, I will not be to blame." So she led them both into the hollow tree, and soon afterward the man-eater came home and immediately began to snort and growl: "Norr, norr, here is human flesh!" – "Oh no," said the old woman, "I've just slaughtered a calf, come here and eat your fill." The man-eater was satisfied at first and ate the calf that the woman gave him before last; but when he had finished, he immediately began to snort and growl again: "Norr, norr, here is man's flesh!" and searched the whole room, under the bedstead, in the clock case, without finding anything, but always shouting: "Norr, norr, here is man's flesh!" But the woman said: "What are you looking for, there's nothing here, you should go to sleep." But the man-eater did not listen and searched the whole house, and when he had done so, he opened the back door and wanted to go into the garden; then the woman said, "Stay here, I have only the calf's head hanging outside, and the calf's feet, and the fresh hide; there is nothing for you." But the man-eater went into the garden, and "norr, norr, here is human flesh," cried he, and found his little brother and sister in the hollow tree. Now they were in great distress, and the giant said, "I knew there would be another roast for me; now I will lock you in the cellar, and tomorrow I will hang you up without the blood flowing, and

then I will eat you up." The children cried a great deal, but the giant locked them in the cellar and they had to sit there all night, unable to sleep for fear and gloom.

In the morning the giant came and took them out. He had already made two nooses under the cock-wood, in which they were to be hung up without any blood flowing. The little sister climbed up the ladder first, but when she came to the noose, she pretended that she could not get her head into it, and kept pulling the noose shut with her hands, saying, "I don't know how to do it, dear man-eater; why don't you climb up and show us?" So the man-eater climbed up, held the noose apart and put his head in it and said, "You must do it like this!" When the man-eater had his head in the noose, the little brother pulled away the ladder below and the man-eater hung under the cock-beam. "There, man-eater, you can hang there," said the children and wanted to leave. But then he began to beg and plead with them not to leave him hanging there and to unhook him again, he didn't want to harm them and implored them to do so; then the children said, "And what will you give us if we unhook you?" Said the man-eater:

"My old smock cart with two goats in front and two sacks of gold behind."

Then the children untied him, and the man-eater gave them the cart with two goats in front and seven sacks of money behind. The children sat down on it and drove off, and the goats ran so fast that they had soon covered a long distance. Now they met a man who was digging potatoes on his land. So they gave him a large handful of money and said, "If he pinches one and asks for his old smock with two bucks

and a sack of money behind him, you won't see anything." – "Nah," said the man, "I don't want to spoil it." Now they moved on and met a man who was digging up roots on his land; they gave him two large hands full of money and said, "If he gets a knack for it and asked for his old smock coat with two bows and a sack of money behind him, so you haven't seen anything." "Nah," said the man, "I don't want to tell you." Now they moved on and found a man who was picking apples in his garden; they gave him three large hands full of money and said to him: "If someone comes and asks you for your old smock with two pieces of cloth and the same bag of money behind it, you won't see anything." This man also promised me that he wouldn't tell me where they had gone.

But as soon as the children had gone, the giant was sorry that he had given them his cart with the goats and seven sacks of money. So he ran after them and wanted to fetch his cart again. When he came to the man who was taking out the potatoes, he asked him: "Have you got a cart with two bucks and two sacks of money?" The man replied: "This year, the potatoes are still cheap." The giant became terribly angry and hurried on. When he came to the root-raiser, he asked him the same question: "Have you seen my old smock with two bows and a sack of money?" The man replied: "The mortar is still cheap this year." Now the giant became even angrier and stormed off as fast as he could run; and so he arrived at the man who was picking the apples in his garden and asked him: "Have you just left my old smock with two bags and a sack of money?" The man was so frightened by the giant that he confessed where the children had gone. Now the giant hurried after them, and soon they heard it snorting and

snorting behind them. Then Little Brother said to Little Sister, "Look around, surely the giant is behind us." Sis looked around and called out: "Yes, the giant is behind us, very close." They had just driven up a mountain and it was already evening. Then they drove down the mountain and quickly entered a cave: "So," said Little Brother, "we'll stay here for the night and continue our journey tomorrow, and the giant won't find us."

Now the giant also came up the mountain and looked all around again and could not find the children with the cart and the goats anywhere. So he climbed down the mountain, lay down and thought, tomorrow you will catch them, you have come a long way today, and then he fell asleep, but now he had laid down just on the cave where the children with the goats were, so that his body completely covered the entrance. Then they had no alternative but to kill the giant while he was asleep, secretly and without his noticing it. But now they could not roll the dead giant from the spot, and were in great distress, and suffered hunger and thirst, and so did the goats, and they did not know how they were to get out of the cave again. But there arose in the night a great cry and flapping of wings, as of a bird of prey, and they realized that the bird was feeding on the giant. Now they quieted down and waited until the next night. And the bird came again, made a great cry, and flapped its wings, and ate of the giant, so that the next morning the day shone through. On the third night the bird came again, and pecked the hole still larger, and if he had not done so, the little brother and sister would never have got out, and would have died of hunger in the cave, and the goats too. But now the hole was so big that they could get through it, and so they drove home in the old cart with the

two goats in front and the seven sacks of money behind, and you can imagine how happy father and mother were when they finally had their dear little children back.

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Is this folktale also supposed to have something to do with the sun myth? It is old, and in true folktale style it does not abbreviate, but says the same little saying over and over again, because it wants the words to be memorized, and because such repetition of the same thing in ever slightly different circumstances creates a genuinely folktale-like atmosphere. This folktale doesn't care at all whether any details of the description are correct on closer inspection.

A critic might declare that it was impossible that the man-eater should speak when his neck was in the noose, and that it was incredible that the giant hurrying after him should meet the very path the children had taken, and it was still more improbable that the children could have killed him without his being aware of it, and that the bird should cut a hole through the middle of the corpse. The true folktale does not concern itself with such things; for the mental thread on which it is woven is far too taut for us to be aware of improbabilities as such.

The man-eater, who is first called by this name only a few times, is a giant, and later he is almost always referred to in this way. But we already know where the giants belong in the myth: on the path of development backwards, towards chaos, the primordial state, Ginnungagap. The man-eater here is the primordial giant, the dragon, the lindworm, in short: the negative principle of becoming, the demonic side of

everything that happens. And the little brother and little sister are the sun and moon, which set and thus fall into the hands of the giant. It is clear that the primordial giant cannot eat them, no matter how much he would like to. For both must rise again and shine in the firmament. It is delightful how the folktale puts the matter in this way, and it also makes a great deal of sense. The giant must not spill the children's blood' For in Aryan symbolism, blood is the lifeblood, and when a drop of it flows to the earth, it sprouts life again, as various folktales and legends show us. So he has to find a way of death for the children that does not cause them to bleed. And that's where he comes up with hanging on a cock's wood. The cock's wood is the gallows, as we immediately realize. But how the expression arises (the which is otherwise unlikely to have been handed down), we can perhaps make sense of it. In ancient Germanic times, the judge was the "Hun," and as an annual gift he received the "Huhn," also known as the "Rauchhuhn," from the inhabitants of his district. Smoke is the symbol of justice, which is why the Teuton could only take part in the court of law when he had his "own smoke"; in England today, the exercise of the right to vote is still linked to having one's "own smoke." The chicken must therefore have represented a sacrifice of rights as a gift to the Hun. The cockerel could also have played a role in this symbolism. Another possible explanation is suggested by the place name Hanover: Han means Hohen, or High (Hohen-ufer, or High banks). In this case, the wood of the cock would be the high wood. Whatever the case may be: the children should be hanged.

For all his apparent cleverness, however, the primordial giant is stupid, as the demonic principle always is. It believes

it is creating for itself and yet in reality only ever creates for the development of the world, as Goethe quite rightly describes his Mephistopheles as "a part of the force that always wants evil and always creates good." In this cleverness he is seized by the positive principle, in this case the brother and sister: he has to demonstrate how to put the noose around his neck, and in his greed, which is so rash, he falls into the trap. Then the little brother pulls away the ladder, and if the giant does not give in and even promise gifts, he must hang himself miserably. We have a similar case in the folktale of Hansel and Gretel, which will also be mentioned: there the witch has to demonstrate how to crawl into the oven. It is true that the representatives of good principle must deceive in such a case; but the folktale justifies this without special words, simply by the fact that it turns its attention to the children. And the man-eater is also so stupid that he lies right over the entrance to the cave where the children are. Of course, without knowing it, he makes it impossible for the children to escape. But it costs him his life. And because this does not yet give the children their freedom, as they cannot roll his corpse away from the entrance, a bird of prey comes to help them, apparently also out of self-interest, namely because it is hungry and wants to eat. But to understand the matter better, we only need to realize that the bird of prey, which can scream and flap its wings so violently, is none other than the eagle, the aar, which plays such an important role in the folktale. The aar, however, is the symbol for "the high Ar," namely for the bright spirit of God, after whom the leaders of the ancient Germanic tribes called themselves "Armanen," for whose sake the eagle also became the high heraldic animal, and according to which we also divide our

fields into "Ar" today, namely into "God's fiefdom parts." And brothers and sisters return home enriched; the sun and moon rise again with increased brilliance and triumph with even greater power over all darkness.

The hallmark of the primeval giant, who is now a "man-eater" because the sun and moon have been anthropomorphized into children, is the smock cart and the two goats in front of it. This may be a relatively late intervention in the folktale. The goats are the draught animals of the god Donar, and in many cases goat means god. Thus, the Maneater has something divine in his service – the goats are able to run quickly in front of his cart. This is also understandable, because the negative naturally draws its power from the positive as a pure counter-effect. The term "smock cart" is probably unclear; perhaps it consists only of folkloric onomatopoeia, like the sound "Norr," which the man-eater emits again and again, and which probably comes quite close to a grunt.

But the man-eater (primeval giant) is married; he has an old wife, and she is evidently not at all in favor of his man-eating; she is good to the children and does not want her husband to find her, and in the folktale she is confidentially called Mütterchen (little mother). Again, this is not incidental. For in the mythology of our ancient ancestors the "mothers," the primeval mothers, stood far above the mortal gods in age, to whom Goethe also sends his Faust in the second part of his great poem. According to the ancients, these mothers were the primordial elements of matter: Fire, Water, Air and Earth. Here a single old woman appears in this primordial maternal role and teaches that materiality is not bad in itself. It is only through the polarization of

movement, of God's will in it, that its negative will arises. And from this point of view, there is of course another interpretation of our folktale than the mythical one. But that is not the point here.

But we still have to mention the seven sacks of money. Seven is a sacred number in folktales, and it always refers to the sun, directly or indirectly. For the sunlight in its splitting (rainbow) produces seven colors, and these seven are one, namely the purer white light. So here we again have a sun-like ascension element in the possession, or rather in the essence of the primordial giant (the man-eater) himself, as it also corresponds entirely to natural law. For if power polarizes into 3 positive and 5 negative parts, then only one positive part has ever been carried away by the negative side; this now works with the negative as a whole, but within the negative side it has a positive effect and is a moving moment. The folktale has not studied science in our modern sense, but it knows these relationships. And the profit that the positive element of the negative part represents is always enriched by the will to escape after hardship and danger. And that is why, like the seven sacks of money behind in our folktale, the smock cart must remain with the children. Incidentally, it is likely that in this context the seven sacks of money also refer to the seven "planets" known to the ancients, which circle in the sky in the wake of the sun and moon.

Hansel and Gretel

This dear old folk tale is so well known that it certainly needs no retelling here. It is certainly a parallel tale to the one just discussed, except that the two children are led into the forest because of their parents' poverty and are abandoned there by their parents, and that they do not have to deal with the giant,' but with a witch. Moreover, the folktale is even more richly endowed with folktale accessories than the previous one.

The folktale interprets the abandonment of the children – thus probably the setting of the sun and the moon – as the poverty of the parents; the father, who refuses, is the spirit of world development, the good principle, and the mother is the corresponding demonium, the reversal of that principle into the negative. That is why she suggests that the children should be taken into the forest and left there; she makes the suggestion again and again, however much the father resists it, and even mocks him because he does not want to, and calls him a fool. So here is also grasps the positive principle as the masculine and the negative as the feminine, and if it seems to us that the primeval poet of the folktale underestimated the usually more conspicuous mother-love in comparison with the less obvious father-love, he can plead that he has only clothed in these narrow earthly relationships his more far-reaching insights which apply to other relationships.

The first time, the pebbles collected by Hansel help the

two little ones home. But the need takes hold again, and once more the demonic principle represented by the mother prevails over the father's greater moral vision. Hansel scatters bread on the path, but the birds peck it up and the two little ones' food supply becomes all the shorter. They can no longer find their way home, and, tired and hungry, they arrive at the witch's house of deception, which she has only erected to suck the children and lure them to her. The witch again represents chaos, the return of the will to live into nothingness, just like the giant in the previous folktale. Hansel is fattened up by her, and here again we have the stupidity of everything demonic. She wants to save the morsel and make herself fat, while the little girl has to work. So Gretel remains free during the day – the best indication that here she represents the sun, to which our language has also peculiarly given the feminine gender; Hansel comes into the dark cage, into the stable – of the night; he is the moon, which our language designates as masculine. And Hansel often has to stick his finger out through the bars so that the old woman can see whether he is fat enough. But Hansel always sticks out a little bone that he has found in the cage, and of course this bone is not covered with flesh. So Hansel will never be ripe for the slaughter, until one day the old woman just doesn't like it anymore. Then she sets her sights on the lives of both children at the same time, but she herself meets her doom in her oven, into which she wants to push Gretel and into which she herself is pushed, because in her greedy expectation she commits the stupidity of pretending to crawl into Gretel's oven.

So the two children become free and want to go home, to get out of the forest, to where there is peace for them. But

they come to a large body of water and cannot cross. There is no jetty and no bridge, and there is no boat to be seen. Nothing helps them out of the chaos and into the light of betting – but a white duck is swimming there. Should we say the name of this animal quite old? It would be "Wit Ant." And "wit" meant not only the white color to the ancient Germanic tribes, but also wisdom, and we still often find it used in this sense today as a shield color and in other ways. "Ant," however, is the past; one thinks of "ancestor" and "foreboding," and this is certainly also hidden in the folktale word. The duck carries the children across the river to their present. What is it that brings them across so that they can fulfill their task and shine again to the world? The "wisdom of the ancestors," the very old knowledge and thinking that was preserved when the ancients died, generation after generation. And so the folktale speaks for itself, testifies to its own high value, even if nobody wants to understand it and if the old people of the time think it is only a thing for the very young, the folktale quietly waits for the time that recognizes the princess in the robe of Cinderella.

The Twelve Brothers

(According to Grimm)

Once upon a time there was a king and queen who lived together in peace and had twelve children, but they were all boys. Then the king said to his wife, "If the thirteenth child you give birth to is a girl, the twelve boys should die so that his wealth will be great and the kingdom will fall to him alone." He also had twelve coffins made, which were already filled with wood shavings, and in each one lay the little body, and had them brought into a locked room, then he gave the queen the key and commanded her to tell no one.

But the mother sat all day and mourned, so that the youngest son, who was always with her and whom she called Benjamin according to the Bible, said to her, "Dear mother, why are you so sad?" – "Dearest child," she replied, "I must not tell you." But he gave her no peace until she went and opened the parlor and showed him the twelve chests already filled with wood shavings. Then she said, "My dearest Benjamin, your father has had these coffins made for you and your eleven brothers, for if I bring a girl to the womb, you shall all be killed and buried in them." And when she wept as she said this, the son comforted her and said, "Don't cry, dear mother, we will help ourselves and go away." – But she said, "Go out into the forest with your eleven brothers, and one of them should always sit on the highest tree to be found, and keep watch and look after the tower here in the castle. If I give birth to a son, I will put up a white flag, and then you

may come back; if I give birth to a daughter, I will put up a red flag, and then flee away as fast as you can, and may the good Lord protect you. Every night I will get up and pray for you, in winter that you may warm yourselves by a fire, in summer that you may not languish in the heat." So after she had blessed her sons, they went out into the forest.

One kept watch over the other, sat on the highest oak tree and looked up at the tower. When eleven days had passed and it was Benjamin's turn, he saw a flag being raised: it was not the white flag, but the red flag, announcing that they were all to die. When the brothers heard this, they became angry and said, "Should we suffer death for the sake of a girl! We swear that we will take revenge: wherever we find a girl, her red blood shall flow."

Then they went deeper into the forest, and in the middle of it, where it was darkest, they found a little cursed house standing empty. Then they said, "Here we will live, and you, Benjamin, you are the youngest and weakest, you shall stay at home and keep house, and the rest of us will go out and get food." So they went into the forest and shot hares, wild deer, roe deer and doves, and whatever they had to eat; they brought it to Benjamin, who had to prepare it for them so that they could satisfy their hunger. They lived together in the little house for ten years, and the time was not long for them.

The little daughter who had been born to her mother, the queen, had now grown up, was good of heart and beautiful of face, and had a golden star on her forehead. Once, when there was a big wash, she saw twelve men's shirts underneath and asked her mother: "Whose are these twelve shirts, they

are much too small for her father?" She replied with a heavy heart: "Dear child, they belong to your twelve brothers." The girl said, "Where are my twelve brothers, I have never heard of them." She replied, "God knows where they are: they are wandering around in the world." Then she took the girl and unlocked the room for him and showed him the twelve coffins with the wood shavings and the funeral caskets. "These coffins," she said, "were meant for your brothers, but they went away secretly before you were born," and told him how it had all happened. Then the girl said, "Dear mother, don't cry, I will go and look for my brothers."

Now he took the twelve shirts and went away and straight into the great forest. He walked the whole day and in the evening she came to the cursed cottage. Then she entered and found a young boy, who asked, "Where have you come from, and where are you going?" and was astonished that she was so beautiful, wore royal clothes and had a star on her forehead. Then she answered, "I am a princess, and I am looking for my twelve brothers, and will go as far as the sky is blue until I find them." She also showed him the twelve shirts that belonged to them. Then Benjamin realized that it was his sister and said, "I am Benjamin, your youngest brother." And she began to weep with joy, and so did Benjamin, and they kissed and embraced each other with great love. Then he said, "Dear sister, there is still one reservation: we had agreed that every girl we met should die, because we had to leave our kingdom for a girl." Then she said: "I will die gladly if it means I can redeem my twelve brothers." – "No," he answered, "you shall not die, sit down under this hut until the eleven brothers come, and then I will come to an agreement with them." So she did; and as night fell, the

others came from the hunt, and the meal was ready. And as they sat at the table and ate, they asked, "What's the news?" Benjamin said, "Don't you know anything?" – "No," they replied. He continued: "You have been in the forest, and I have stayed at home, and yet I know more than you." – "So tell us," they cried. He replied, "Will you also promise me that the first girl we meet shall not be killed?" – "Yes," they all cried, "that shall have mercy, only tell us!" Then he said, "Our sister is here," and lifted up the vat, and the princess came out in her royal garments, and with the golden star on her forehead, and she was beautiful, tender, and beautiful. Then they all rejoiced, and fell on her neck, and kissed her, and loved her dearly.

Now she stayed at Benjamin's house and helped him with his work. The elves went into the forest, caught game, deer, birds and pigeons so that they would have food, and the sister and Benjamin made sure that it was prepared. She looked for the wood for cooking and the herbs and put the pots on the fire, so that the meal was always ready when the elves came. She also kept the house in order and made the beds nice and clean, and the brothers were always happy and lived in great harmony with her.

For a time the two had prepared a nice meal at home, and as they were all together now, they sat down, ate and drank, and were full of joy. But there was a little garden by the cursed cottage, and in it were twelve lily flowers, which are also called students. Now she wanted to give her brothers a treat, so she broke off the twelve flowers and thought to give them each one as a present at dinner. But as soon as she had broken off the flowers, the twelve brothers were transformed into twelve ravens and flew away over the forest, and the

house with the garden had also disappeared. Now the poor girl was alone in the wild forest, and as she looked around, an old woman stood beside her and said, "My child, what have you done? Why did you not leave the twelve white flowers? They were your brothers, and now they have turned into ravens forever." The girl said tearfully, "Is there no way to save them?" – "No," said the old woman, "there is none in all the world but one, but it is so hard that you will not free them with it, for you must be dumb for seven years, you must not speak or laugh, and if you speak a single word, and there is only one hour missing from the seven years, it is all in vain, and your brothers are killed by that one word."

Then the maiden said in her heart, "I know for certain that I shall deliver my brothers," and went and sought a tall tree, and sat down on it and stretched herself, and neither spoke nor laughed. Now it happened that a king was hunting in the forest, and he had a great greyhound, which ran to the tree where the maiden was sitting on it, and leaped about, and shouted and barked up it. Then the king came and saw the beautiful princess with the golden star on her forehead, and was so delighted with her beauty that he called out to her to become his wife.

She gave no answer, but nodded her head a little. Then he climbed the tree himself, carried her down, put her on his horse and led her home. Then the wedding was celebrated with great splendor and joy, but the bride neither spoke nor laughed. When they had lived together happily for a few years, the king's mother, who was a wicked woman, began to slander the young queen, and said to the king, "It is a wicked beggar girl you have brought with you; who knows what wicked tricks she is playing in secret. If she is dumb and

cannot speak, she might laugh once, but he who does not laugh has an evil conscience." At first the king would not believe it, but the old woman went on so long and accused her of so many wicked things that at last the king was persuaded and condemned her to death.

Now a great fire was lit in the courtyard and she was to be burnt in it. And the king stood up at the window and watched with tears in his eyes because he still loved her so much. And when she was already tied to the stake and the fire was already licking at her clothes with red tongues, the last moment of the seven years had just passed. Then a whirring sound was heard in the air, and twelve ravens came up and descended, and as they touched the earth, it was her twelve brothers whom she had redeemed. They tore the fire apart, extinguished the flames, set their dear sister free, and kissed and caressed her. But now that she was allowed to open her mouth and speak, she told the king why she had been mute and had never laughed. The king rejoiced when he heard that she was innocent, and they all lived together in unity until their deaths. The wicked stepmother was brought to trial and put into a barrel filled with boiling oil and poisonous snakes, and died an evil death.

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This folktale also reveals that it is old: it does not avoid any improbability. The prefabricated coffins, the star on the girl's forehead, this sitting on the tree, the fact that the king meets a girl that he has just seen, and that he asks her from afar whether she wants to be his wife: all this is truly folktale-like and unconcerned. But what does this folktale want to say? The king and queen have twelve sons; these could be the

twelve months, but they could just as well be the twelve constellations of the zodiac, and both are basically the same, because the sun moves from one constellation to another from month to month for our eyes, and even our grandfathers (at least in the countryside) knew by heart which constellation the sun was in at any given time. Today, of course, hardly anyone knows where to find it in the calendar, and in some calendars you would search in vain, because business calendars have long been the fashion, and they don't care about the sky...

Now the king wants a girl, and he wants to make her rich without limits. The brothers are to die when the sister arrives. And indeed, the constellations in the sky disappear every morning when the shining sun rises: is this the sister? And the parental royal couple at the end in a naïve reversal of cause and effect: day and night? Even before the daughter is born, the sons move away from their parents' castle; in the forest, in the dark, they find a hut where they can live, and there they go hunting. But the little sister grows up and hears about them and goes out to look for them and finds them. So she stays with them. Once, however, she breaks off the lilies in front of the little hut, and they are the brothers themselves. But the lily itself was the symbol of the primal light for the ancients, so it is easy to understand why the constellations turn into lilies during the day. An old woman, Norm, approaches and tells the girl how she can redeem the brothers. For seven years she must not speak, not laugh. And the girl knows immediately: she can do it. For the task corresponds to her nature: the ray of the sun is sevenfold, and "si-bi-un" (seven) means: At the judgment of the sun! The 7th planetary sign, that of "Venus," is also formed from the

solar circle, the symbolic one, and the old magic square of this planet is 7 times 7. In contrast, the brothers have become ravens. The raven is explained as "rabo," hraban, i.e. the towering spell, the spell of Wuotan. The twelve constellations of the zodiac are thus held under the spell of Wuotan (think of Wuotan's ravens) until renouncing, self-sacrificing love frees them through its generous, sevenfold high nature. Should we now see in the sister the star Venus, the morning and evening star? The details of these folktales cannot always be resolved with complete certainty, and this is understandable. After all, they have passed through countless human memories until they have finally been distinguished for us. And the most important meaning of our folktale does not lie on this level either. Of course, the realization of her redemptive will brings the sister severe distress and danger; for the evil principle wants to counteract the redemption of the brothers from the spell. But it can only ever seek to hinder; the evil principle is not the master of life and death. That is why the princess is rescued from her liberated brothers while still on the flames, and all goes well. As the evening star, she emerges from the flame of the evening red, after having been set as the morning star from the pyre of the morning red.

We still have a great many sun folktales or Astral folktales in the treasures given to us by the Brothers Grimm. Other folktale writers, such as Bernstein and Andersen in particular, have almost completely forgotten this type of folktale nothing or nothing at all; they preferred completely different fields of vision. Provincial research has brought us a few more beautiful stories of this kind. For the present purpose, however, the above is sufficient; only one more of the well-

known Grimm folktales is quoted and briefly interpreted.

The Star Money

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose father and mother had died, and she was so poor that she had no little chamber to live in, and no bed to sleep in, and at last nothing but the clothes on her body and a piece of bread in her hand, which a compassionate heart had given her. But it was good and sweet. And because he was so forsaken by the world, he went out into the field, trusting in God. There he met a poor man who said: "Oh, give me something to eat, I'm so hungry." He handed him the whole piece of bread and said, "God bless you," and went on his way. Then came a child who was wailing and said, "My head is so cold, give me something to cover it with." So he took off his cap and gave it to him. And when he had gone on a little while, another child came and had no bodice on and was crying, so he gave him his; and still further on, another asked for a little skirt, which he also gave him. At last it came to a wood, and it was already dark, and another came and asked for a shirt, and the pious girl thought, "It is dark at night, no one can see you, you can give away your shirt," and took off the shirt and gave it away too. And as she stood there with nothing left, all at once the stars fell from the sky, and they were all hard, bright thalers; and though she had given away her shirt, she had a new one on, and that was of the finest linen. So she gathered the thalers into it, and was rich all her life.

* * *

This is how the folktale is told by Grimm. I also know it

with this ending: “And it has also received a new dress.” This reading is also undoubtedly old and justified. Who do you think we’re dealing with in this girl who loves to give? Our folktale is usually taken morally, as if the helpful girl were a model of helpfulness and self-expression in life. But such a moral conception has never been taught in reality, and if anyone wanted to practise it today, they would be considered mentally ill.

But let’s think of the dear earth beneath the girl. Father and mother have died – well, Baldur has also died as the sun god, because winter is approaching and the sun only shines weakly and powerlessly. And the moon is not warming either – the nights are getting cold, even though it walks in the sky. Here we have the death of father and mother. And now the girl gives away everything she has, for all the many supplicants come, all the creatures that live on the earth, and above all the people who gather the grain and the fruit, and the cattle that graze the mats. At the end, the earth has nothing on but the green shirt, the grassy ground. But because it is now in the forest (in the darkness of winter), it still gives off that too. Then the little stars fall from the sky in the form of the beautiful old snowflakes, which our folktale speaks of as nothing but hard, bright thalers, and then the earth gets a new shirt, which is certainly of the finest linen. And surely, it will also receive a new splendid dress, if only spring comes again.

So this would not be a sun folktale in the true sense of the word, but one from Earth. But likewise this is basically what we also found in Sleeping Beauty, and we therefore want to understand sun folktales as those that are based on the observation of the earth and the stars and their orbits. Of

course, we will encounter the Star Money folktale again in a different interpretation, which is perhaps even more plausible and makes the folktale even more appealing to us than the previous one.

II

Tales of the Soul and Knowledge

Human life, its goal and its path, its origin and its end, has always been the greatest mystery of mankind. The entire serious art of mankind somehow strives to solve this riddle, the whole of philosophy. But riddles remain, and when we have laboriously dug our way over long periods of time closer to the wall that holds the great secret, some fact that has been ignored suddenly teaches us that our efforts have been in vain. It seems that it was different with the ancients until their view of the world darkened in many ways, and the latter was probably the case only a few centuries before our era. It seems as if Aryan mankind had previously possessed a long-running chain of tradition that offered a world view as complete and self-contained and free of contradictions as the Vedic religion of the ancient Aryan Indians. It is not surprising, since the Indians also have Nordic origins and their tradition is obviously branched off from the common Aryan one.

The nature of this ancient faith cannot be explained here. The most appropriate teaching You can learn more about this from the works of the Viennese scholar Guido v. List (Guido v. List-Gesellschaft, Vienna XVIII/1, Schulgasse 30. 2. 14). Here are just a few of the most important things that are necessary in order to dispel long-standing misconceptions and prepare as much as the folktale demands.

As a rule, we consider our Germanic ancestors to be "barbarians" of a very low level of thought, having been completely misinformed at school. There is no more erroneous view than this. We know today that all the culture of the world originated from the Aryan race, that is, from the Germanic tribes and their primitive relatives, that they invented agriculture, so to speak, and carried it to all the lands of the ancient world, and we know of the temples they sensibly built many millennia ago, of their sun cult dance sites, the ancient whale castles and their whale journeys, of their artistic achievements from the Stone and Bronze Ages. But we also know that their high concept of God even influenced the ancient Romans and filled them with admiration, and that the learned and noble Tacitus, who wrote a book about the Germanic tribes, praised them as the most virtuous and moral people on earth. Tacitus also expressly mentioned – despite the many errors found in his work – that the Teutons did not perform their worship in the sacred groves outwardly, as other peoples known to him, but that they looked to the heavenly ones in reverence, and the Roman also reports of the celebrated Teutonic seers of his time, an Aurinia and Veleda.

As far as we know, the Germanic tribes had a whole heaven full of gods; we know Wuotan or Odhin and Ziu or Tyr, Donar or Thorr and Freya, Saga and Baldur and Hnikudr and Heimdall and Hödur and Froh and Loki and many others. But to the knowledgeable of our ancients, these were never special gods, but only different designations of the one divine principle, poetic expressions of their high knowledge. The multitude then gladly joined themselves to these more or less imaginable expressions and were thus able

to reach the divine essence with their souls more easily than without such help.

But the essence of life appeared divine to the ancients, and in his soul every human being carried a primal spark of divinity. This spark could become clouded, but it could not be extinguished; it is man's guide on the path to his full divinization. This path leads through numerous rebirths (individual lives) to ever purer heights of existence, up to the pure spirituality of the Godhead. Man, however, had to pave this path for himself inwardly, despite the ordinance of fate through the norms; he could also take downward paths leading to coarsening, to alienation from God, to torment, from which man must work his way up to his pure goal on quite circuitous paths, and in many more embodiments than the good man needs. According to the view of our ancient ancestors, which evidently arose from observation, rebirth usually took place within the framework of the same sex, where the most suitable physical framework seems to be given; for it is not for nothing that one speaks of the family character. The deity itself has evolved over endless periods of time from a purely spiritual existence into materialization, into time and space, and its path leads in circles to the return to the purely spiritual, matter-free state. The whole thing is then called a God-day and was expressed in mythology by the term "Surtur," i.e. 's Ur t' Ur, that is: From the Ur to the Ur. We can already see that in this way of looking at things a rough conception of the gods. There, everything becomes symbolic and carries with it profound insights, some of which are still alive in our rural population today, albeit heavily shrouded in custom, legend and tradition.

But the ancients, who did not lead such a relaxed life as

we do, who were more familiar with nature and also listened more to the development that took place within themselves, still knew various laws that have come down to us only distorted and as superstition, so that people consider it unworthy to think about them. But this is only because the connection with our own past has been broken for many centuries, and only now are we able to re-establish it.

Today we no longer know that the existence of the human soul cannot come to an end; anyone who denies the soul as a separate force and a permanent being in its own right considers himself scientifically enlightened. That is what mankind wanted: to arrive at a point in its life where it no longer has to be governed by points of reference that do not find their sole support in personal comfort. Admittedly, not all mankind wanted this, but those who today advise it with the loudest voices, who rule the cathedrals, the newspapers, the arts and the economy, want it. And time has fallen prey to these voices because such teachings are so convenient. Others, of course, fall prey to completely opposite currents; they have experiences from depths to which no one has led them, where no one has drawn their attention to the possibilities of error and the slippery slopes; they all too easily fall into superstitions of various kinds and consume themselves in the longing for the insights that make life worth living and which are not offered to them, to which they are not led. Let's give our old folktales the lead into this spiritual realm, into the realm of the deep knowledge of our ancestors.

The Star Money

Let's start again with the folktale that was told last time. What if we wanted to see the human soul in the girl, your joyful one, in whom we recognized the autumn-winter earth? According to our ancestors, the soul had seven shells that became thinner and thinner from the outer material body onwards. Accompanied by one or other of these sheaths, the soul can emerge from the body and does so, for example, in dreams or in a state of clairvoyance, rapture, etc. The theosophists have taken up some of these teachings again, even if some other things have also been involved. Everyone also has the experience that we feel the being of another body even before we collide with it; such experiences are very easy to gather, especially in darkness. It is then as if the being of the person next to us protrudes almost half a meter (the healthier the person is, the stronger) beyond his physical shell, and we feel something surrounding our body in the same way: these circles of outflowing suffering touch each other, and so the bodies themselves, which are now warned, do not collide even in the dark if they are not too excited to be able to perceive such things. Science also knows about this and speaks of radiation. The extent to which the term is accurate can be left open here; it cannot explain anything in itself. It suffices here, to know that the ancients had already made such observations, and that they ascribed to the soul a sevenfold shell, of which the folktale often speaks in disguise. Also that of the star talents. Let us consider what the child gives of himself one after the other: Bread, cap, bodice, skirt,

shirt. In the original version, the folktale probably counted seven objects. But the girl has died and her soul is now abandoned by the seven shells. This does not happen all at once, but gradually as the soul wanders. The departed soul remains on earth for a long time and can make itself known to its relatives, if they have the sense to do so, according to the old belief, which is by no means extinct. Only then does it ascend to purer layers in which it continues its perfection, gradually shedding the ethereal, radiant shells that cannot follow it into the higher, pure spiritual spheres. That is why the remark at the handing over of the shirt makes sense, that no one sees in the darkness of the forest. The forest is once again the surge, but this time on the spiritual plane, which the soul enters free of all earthly considerations. Now the stars descend to the soul. For our ancestors, however, the star was the symbol of the rebirth that beckons the soul, and if it is sufficiently free in its goal, it was even allowed to choose the circumstances of its reincarnation itself according to the old belief, as they seemed most favorable to its intentions. And the soul also received a little shirt again, i.e. a circle of sensation around itself, and this was now naturally finer than the one from its previous life.

Is there a better way to put such thoughts on earth than in our folktale?

Gold-Mary and Pitch-Mary

Grimm tells this magnificent, fortunately very well-known folktale under the heading "Mother Holle." It reads as follows.

* * *

A widow had two daughters, one of whom was beautiful and hardworking, the other ugly and lazy. But she much preferred the ugly and lazy one, because she was her right daughter, and the other had to do all the work and be the servant of the house. The poor girl had to sit down every day in the great street by a well, and had to spin so much that the blood leaped from her fingers. It so happened that once the bobbin was all bloody, and she bent down into the well and tried to wipe it off, but it jumped out of her hand and fell down. She cried, ran to her stepmother, and told her of her misfortune. But she scolded her so severely and was so merciless that she said, "If you have let the spool fall down, bring it up again." Then the girl went back to the well, not knowing what to do, and in the anguish of her heart she jumped into the well to fetch the spool. She lost her senses, and when she awoke and came to herself, she was in a beautiful meadow where the sun was shining and there were many thousands of flowers. In this meadow she went away and came to an oven which was full of bread; but the bread cried, "Oh, pull me out, or I shall burn, I am already baked." So he came over and took everything out one by one with the bread scraper. Then he went on and came to a tree that was

full of apples and called out to him: "Oh, shake me, shake me, we apples are all ripe together." Then it shook the tree so hard that the apples were falling, as if it were raining, and kept on shaking until there were none left; and when it had gathered them all into a heap, she went on again. At last she came to a little house, and an old woman was looking out of it, but because she had such big teeth she was frightened and wanted to run away. But the old woman called out to her: "What are you afraid of, dear child? Stay with me when you have finished all your work. If you want to do things properly at home, you should do well. You must only take care that you make my bed well and shake it diligently so that the feathers fly, then it will snow in the world; I am Mother Holle." Because the old woman spoke so well to her, the girl took heart, consented, and went into her service. She did everything to her satisfaction, and always shook her bed so violently that the feathers flew about like snowflakes; in return she had a good life with her, not a bad word, and boiled and roasted food every day. Now she was with Mother Holle for a while, then she became sad and at first did not know what was wrong with her, at last she realized that she was homesick; even though she was a thousand times better off here than at home, she still had a longing to go there. At last she said to her, "I have such misery at home, and though I am so well-off here, I cannot stay any longer, I must go up to my mother's house again." Mother Holle said: "I'm so pleased that you're going back home, and because you've served me so faithfully, I want to take you back up there myself." She took her by the hand and led her to a large gate. The gate was opened, and as the girl stood just under it, a great shower of gold fell, and all the gold clung to her, so that

she was covered all over with it. "You shall have this because you have been so industrious," said Mother Holle, and gave her back the spool that had fallen into her well. Then the gate was shut, and the girl found herself at the top of the world, not far from her mother's house; and when she came into the courtyard, the cock was sitting on the brook and calling:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo,

our golden maiden is here again."

Then she went to her mother, and because she arrived covered in gold, she and her sister took good care of her.

The girl told everything that had happened to her, and when her mother heard how she had become so rich, she wanted to make the other ugly and lazy daughter as happy as she was. She tried to, and to make her spool bloody, she pricked her fingers and thrust her hand into the thorn hedge. Then she threw the bobbin into the well and jumped in herself. She came, like the other, to the beautiful meadow and went on along the same path. When she got to the oven, the bread cried out again: "Oh, pull me out, pull me out, I'll burn up, I'm already baked." But the lazy girl replied, "I don't want to get dirty," and went away. Soon she came to the apple tree, which called out: "Oh, shake me, shake me, we apples are all ripe together." But she replied, "You've come to the wrong place, one may fall on my head," and went on her way. When she came to Mother Holle's house, she was not afraid, because she had already heard of her big teeth, and immediately hired herself out to her. On the first day she worked herself hard, was industrious, and followed Mother Holle whenever she told her anything, thinking of all the gold she would give her; but on the second day she began to

be lazy, and on the third even more so, so that she did not want to get up at all in the morning. Nor did she make Mother Holle's bed as she ought, nor did she shake it so that the feathers flew up. Mother Holle soon got tired of that and told her to leave her job. The lazy girl was well pleased with this, and thought that now the rain of gold would come; Mother Holle led her to the gate, but when she stood under it, instead of gold, a large cauldron full of pitch was poured out. "This is a reward for your service," said Mother Holle and closed the gate. Then the lazy girl came home, but she was all covered with pitch, and the cock on the well, when he saw her, cried out:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo,

our dirty maiden is here again."

But the bad luck stuck to her and would not go away as long as she lived.

* * *

This folktale is one of the most beautiful that has ever come down to us, and it is also a whole, without a mixture of components that perhaps originally had nothing in common had to do with each other, and it teaches us in the most beautiful way to understand the concept of the spiritual journey in the Germanic way of thinking. First of all, we must know who the old woman Holle is, and there can be no doubt that she was the Germanic goddess of death, Hel or Helia or Holla. The "Hel corner" (often misleadingly called "hell" today) is still consecrated to her in German farmhouses, as is the elder tree that belongs to the house. As Freya in Germanic mythology receives the bodies of the

departed, which she unites in "Volkwang," while Wuotan collects the disembodied souls in Valhalla. However, everything that loses its life goes to her as the goddess of death and winter earth goddess; everything must pass through the gate of Hel. And that is why one of her tasks is to spread the wintry blanket of corpses over the earth; when her bed is shaken properly, the flakes fall to the ground.

Moreover, the folktale creates its own preconditions. The widow, who torments her stepdaughter with workloads and lets her own child laze around, is the lightly disguised Norn, fate. The stepdaughter must therefore also spin so that this relationship becomes quite clear. We don't usually think of spinning as such hard work, and the folktale could paint a much worse picture of the plague of the folktale. But where the Norn emerges, there is spinning; for it is she who spins the thread of fate, and whose characteristic accessory is therefore the spindle, on which Sleeping Beauty also pricked herself. The stepdaughter spins so eagerly that the blood runs from her fingers. In the old symbolism, however, blood is the lifeblood, and so the folktale wants to tell us that the girl is dying. But the folktale does not need death here; it needs clarity of meaning. Thus the harshness of fate is brought home to us: the widow orders the girl to fetch the spindle that has fallen into the well. It is quite significant that the stepdaughter has to spin at the well; usually this is done at home. But the well, the fountain, is also a symbol of the Norse; mythology speaks of Urda's fountain, and Urda is the first of the Norns, the one of the past. According to poetic folk tradition, the little children come from her fountain, and if in ancient times there was a special place of the Norn cult somewhere, there was also a fountain there from which the

children for the wider area came. Thus the little ones of the whole Franconian region are told that the stork fetches the babies from the "beautiful fountain" in Nuremberg (dialectally: Nörnberg); there is no question that Nuremberg was an old Norn cult site; this is proven by the city name itself and also by the city coat of arms, which depicts the Weibaar (wipare is also wibare, the weaver, i.e. the standard).

So the poor girl's spindle falls into Urda's well, i.e. the girl returns to non-existence, and to express this more clearly, the child has to jump into the well after the spindle. There she is now unconscious, as the ancients believed on the basis of their observations that the deceased needed quite a while to regain consciousness. The living soul is not immediately accustomed to abandoning its bodily shell, and it is not immediately adept in the use of its inherent faculties. But then – the girl awakens again. She finds herself in a beautiful meadow, where she always wanders off. Work awaits her there. Work that actually seems almost pointless; for when the bread in the hot oven and no one who lives closer cares about the apples that have escaped from the tree: what do these things concern the girl, whose hands have certainly not been spared in life? But the girl seizes them: she is accustomed to assimilate everything that comes her way, and so she takes advantage of all the opportunities for her perfection that present themselves to the free soul in the realm of Hel, of death, without pondering for long whether she is obliged to do so, and without seeking advantages. For the girl does not even eat of her bread and apples, nor does she take anything with her. She simply does work, work that benefits her fine soul. And now she ends up in the service of Mother Holle. There, too, the child proves herself and is

rewarded for this; she receives no bad words, has no self-reproach to bear, and when she enters earthly life again, she arrives in life covered in gold. For our ancestors, gold was a symbol of brilliance, nobility and inner value. So, with increased inner value the girl enters the new life; she will now have a more pleasant fate and will further increase the nobility of her soul; she has gained a path towards God, towards the blissful happiness of perfect selfhood.

Now, the lazy daughter is also to make her fortune. She throws herself into Urda's well after she has bloodied herself on the spindle and the thorn hedge – not by force of fate, but in the hope of undeserved advantage. So the lazy daughter also exudes the sap of life and dies, and everything happens to her that happened to the diligent one. But this daughter has not learned to work. She has never done anything to improve herself, never worked on her soul. So she has not created an outward drive in her life; she doesn't see what business she has with the baked bread or the ripe apples: bread could dust her clothes and one of the apples could fall on her head. She has excuses; she knows no moral duty that is alive in her. And that is why she is lax in the service of Mother Holle; she makes a brief attempt, but it does not last, and the girl lazes about until the time comes for her to return to earthly life. She expects her reward of gold at once; but Mother Holle is just: the girl is showered with bad luck under the gate to the upper world. Now the dear reader knows quite well what it means when someone claims to be "unlucky." Nothing really works out for him; things don't turn out the way he expects them to, his actions don't have the success he thinks they should have; he goes through the world disgruntled and sighing under a bad fate. It is the same for

the unlucky girl. If she previously had a good, comfortable life and did not use its opportunities to ennoble herself, but allowed the nobler instincts within her to die, to go out, then these instincts are also missing now: good will and good spirit. Her new life is not shining with gold, it is darkened and soiled with pitch. The work she has to do – which no human being can escape – must therefore be done under less favorable conditions and on a further path of development. But it can also be seen from this that the ancients did not hold the present belief that no one can "help his bad luck"; just as they taught that "every man is the architect of his own fortune," so they also said to themselves that everyone as he is today is the result of his own moral diligence or his moral indolence in previous embodiments and disembodied intervening times. He must not, therefore, reproach any deity for this, nor blame the "unrighteous" when he suffers the consequences of his own indifference, indolence, wickedness, omissions and evil deeds.

The realm of Hel, however, has become hell in Christian times, whereas in reality it would rather correspond to the concept of purgatory if this latter idea were spiritualized and elevated accordingly. Our ancestors did not know such a thing as eternal torment in hell, and the reader realizes of his own accord that such an idea would not have been compatible with their beliefs. There was only the upward development into the divine (the theonic) and the downward development into the ungodly (the demonic), but even the latter meant only a tremendous detour on the path to salvation and burdened this path with self-inflicted obstacles and torments.

The folktale of Mother Holle may be enough for our little

ones if it shows them the blessing of diligence on the one hand and, on the other hand, the so to speak automatic balancing of fate personified here. But young people growing up should learn to understand the folktale more deeply so that they do not fall victim to the disdain that in our day so readily portrays the folktale as a fantastically fictitious story that damages the sense of reality and thus wants to dry up this important, fresh-spring tradition from our people's youthful days.

One-Eye, Two-Eyes and Three-Eyes

(According to Grimm)

There was a woman who had three daughters, one of whom was called One-eye, because she had only one eye in the middle of her forehead, and the middle one was called Two-eyes. The youngest had three eyes; because she had three eyes, and the third was also in the middle of her forehead. But because Two-eyes looked no different from other human children, the sisters and the mother did not like it. They said to her, "You with your two eyes are no better than the common people, you do not belong to us." They pushed her around and threw her bad clothes and gave her no more to eat than what they had left, and did her heartache wherever they could.

It happened that Two-eyes had to go out into the field and look after the goat, but she was very hungry because her sisters had given her so little to eat. Then she sat down on a rock and began to weep, and to weep so much that two little streams flowed down from her eyes. And as she looked up once in his lamentation, a woman stood beside her, who asked, "Two-eyes, what are you crying for?" Two-eyes replied: "Should I not cry because I have two eyes like other people, my sisters and my mother can't stand me, they push me from one corner to the other, throw old clothes at me and give me nothing to eat but what they leave. Today they have given me so little that I am still quite hungry." Said the wise woman: "Two-eyes, dry your face, I want to tell you something, that

you should no longer go hungry. Only say to your goat:

"Little goat, meck; lay the table," then a neatly laid table will stand before you and the most beautiful food on it, so that you can eat as much as you like. And when you are full and no longer need the little table, just say:

"Little goat, meck; table away," and it will disappear before your eyes." Then the wise woman went away. But Two-eyes thought, "I must try at once whether what she has said is true, for I am very hungry," and said:

"Little goat, meck; lay the table," and as soon as she had spoken the words, there it was; a little table was laid with a white cloth, and on it a plate with a knife and fork and a silver spoon; the most beautiful dishes stood round it, smoking and still warm, as if they had just come from the kitchen. Then Two-eyes said the shortest prayer she knew: "Lord God, be our guest at all times, Amen," and took a bite and enjoyed it. And when she had eaten her fill, she spoke as the wise woman had taught her:

"Little goat, meck; table away."

The little table and everything on it soon disappeared again. "That's a nice trick," thought Two-eyes and was very happy and in good spirits. In the evening, when she came home with her goat, she found an earthen bowl of food that the sisters had put out for her, but he didn't touch anything. The next day she went out again with his goat and left the few morsels that were given to her. The first time and the second time the sisters took no notice of her, but as it happened each time, they noticed and said, "It is not right with the little Two-eyes, she always leaves the food and yet has eaten everything else that was given her; she must have

found other ways." But in order that they might discover the truth, One-eye was to go with Two-eyes when Two-eyes drove the goat to the pasture, and was to see what she was doing there, and whether anyone brought her any food or drink.

When Two-eyes set out again, One-eye came to her and said, "I will go with you into the field and see that the goat is properly herded and driven into the fodder." But Two-eyes realized what One-eye had in mind and drove the goat out into the tall grass and said, "Come, One-eye, let's sit down, I want to sing to you." One-Eye sat down, tired from the unfamiliar journey and the heat of the sun, and Two-eyes kept singing:

"One-eye, are you awake? One-eye, are you asleep?"

Then One-eye closed one eye and fell asleep. And when Two-eyes saw that One-eye was fast asleep and could betray nothing, she said:

"Little goat, meck; lay the table," and sat down at her little table and ate and drank until she was full; then she called again:

"Little goat, meck; table away!" and everything disappeared in an instant. Two-eyes now woke One-eye and said, "One-eye, you want to herd and fall asleep while the goat could have run all over the world; come, let's go home." So they went home, and Two-eyes again left her little bowl untouched, and One-eye could not tell her mother why she would not eat, and said in excuse, "I had fallen asleep outside."

The next day the mother said to Three-eyes, "This time you shall go with me and see whether Two-eyes eats outside,

and whether anyone brings her food and drink, for she must eat and drink in secret." Then Three-eyes came to Two-eyes and said, "I will go with you and see if the goat is being herded and fed properly." But Two-eyes realized what Three-eyes had in mind and drove the goat out into the tall grass and said, "Let's sit down there, Three-eyes, I want to sing to you." Three-eyes sat down, and was tired with the way and the heat of the sun, and Two-eyes began the previous song again, and sang, "Three-eyes, are you awake?" But instead of singing, "Three-eyes, are you asleep?" she sang out of carelessness, "Two-eyes, are you asleep?" and always sang, "Three-eyes, are you awake? Two-eyes, are you asleep?" Then Three-eyes' two eyes fell shut and slept, but the third, because it was not addressed by the song, did not fall asleep. Three-eyes did close it, but only out of cunning, as if she were also asleep with it; but it blinked and could see everything quite well. And when Two-eyes thought Three-eyes was fast asleep, she said her little spell:

"Little goat, meck; lay the table," ate and drank to her heart's content and then ordered the little table to go away again, but Three-eyes had seen everything. Then Two-eyes came to her, woke her up and said, "Hey, Three-eyes, are you sleepy? You herd well! Come, let's go home." And when they got home, Two-eyes wasn't eating again, and Three-eyes said to her mother, "I now know why the haughty thing doesn't eat; when she says to the goat outside, 'Little goat, meck, lay the table,' there is a little table in front of her, which is set with the best food, much better than we have here; and when she is full, she says: 'Little goat, meck; table away' and everything is gone again; I watched everything closely. She had put two of my eyes to sleep with a little spell, but the one

on the forehead had fortunately stayed awake." Then the envious mother called out: "Would you have better than us? You shall lose your appetite!" She fetched a butcher's knife and plunged it into the goat's heart so that it fell down dead.

When Two-eyes saw this, she went out full of grief, sat down in the field and wept his bitter tears. Suddenly the wise woman stood beside her again and said: "Two-eyes, what are you crying for?" "Shouldn't I cry," she answered; "the goat that laid my table so beautifully every day when I said my little spell, has been stabbed to death by my mother; now I must suffer hunger and sorrow again." The wise woman said, "Two-eyes, I will hasten to give you good advice, ask your sisters to give you the entrails of the slaughtered goat, and bury them in the ground outside the hall door, and it will be your happiness." Then she disappeared, and Two-eyes went home and said to the sisters, "Dear sisters, give me something of my goat, I ask nothing good, give me only the entrails." They laughed and said, "You can have it if you want nothing more." And Two-eyes took the entrails and quietly buried them in front of the stable door in the evening according to the wise woman's advice.

The next morning, when they awoke altogether and stepped outside the front door, there stood a wonderful, magnificent tree, with leaves of silver and fruit of gold hanging between them, so that there was probably nothing more beautiful and delicious in the whole world. But they did not know how the tree had got there in the night.

Only Two-eyes realized that it had grown up from the goat's entrails, for it was standing just where she had buried them in the ground. Then the mother said to One-eye,

"Climb up, my child, and break off the fruit from the tree." One-eye climbed up, but as he tried to grasp one of the golden apples, the branch slipped out of his hands, and this happened every time, so that he could not break a single apple, no matter how he tried. Then her mother said, "Three-eyes, climb up, you can look about you with your three eyes better than one-eyes." One-eye slipped down and Three-eyes climbed up. But Three-eyes was no more skillful and no matter how he looked, the golden apples always receded. At last the mother became impatient and climbed up herself, but she could not grasp the fruit any more than One-eye and Three-eyes and kept reaching into the empty air. Then Two-eyes said, "I will go up once, perhaps I will succeed sooner." The sisters called out: "You, with your two eyes, what do you want!" But Two-eyes climbed up, and the golden apples did not retreat before her, but let themselves down into her hand, so that she could pick them off one by one and bring down a whole apronful with her. Her mother took them from her, and instead of treating poor Two-eyes better, they were envious that she alone could pick the fruit, and treated her even more harshly.

It happened once, when they were standing together by the tree, that a young knight came along. "Quick, Two-eyes," cried the two sisters, "crawl under, that we may not be ashamed of you," and they hurriedly threw an empty barrel over poor Two-eyes, which stood just beside the tree, and pushed the golden apples, which she had broken off, under it. As the knight approached, it was a handsome gentleman who stood still, admired the magnificent tree of gold and silver and said to the two sisters, "Whose is this beautiful tree? Whoever would give me a branch of it could ask

whatever he wanted for it." Then answered One-eye and Three-eyes, the tree belonged to them and they wanted to break off a branch. They tried very hard, but they were unable to do so, for the branches and fruit always shrank away from them. Then the knight said, "It is strange that the tree belongs to you and yet you have no power to break anything off it." They maintained that the tree was their property. But while they were thus speaking, Two-eyes rolled out a few golden apples from under the barrel, so that they ran to the knight's feet, for Two-eyes was angry that One-eye and Three-eyes did not tell the truth. When the knight saw the apples, he was astonished and asked where they had come from. One-eye and Three-eyes replied that they had another sister, but she must not be seen, because she had only two eyes, like other common people. But the knight demanded to see her and called out: "Two-eyes, come out." Then Two-eyes came confidently out from under the barrel, and the knight was astonished at her great beauty and said, "Go, Two-eyes, surely you can break off a twig from the tree for me." "Yes," answered Two-eyes, "I will be able to do that, for the tree is mine." And she climbed up and with little difficulty broke off a twig with its silver leaves and golden fruit, and handed it to the knight. Then the knight said, "Two-eyes, what shall I give you for it?" "Ah," replied Two-eyes, "I suffer hunger and thirst, sorrow and need from early morning until late evening; if you would take me with you and redeem me, I would be happy." Then the knight mounted Two-eyes on his horse and took her home to his father's castle; there he gave her beautiful clothes, food and drink to her heart's content, and because he loved her so much, he had her blessed, and the wedding was held in great joy.

As Two-eyes was thus led away by the handsome knight, the two sisters envied her good fortune. “The wonderful tree remains with us,” they thought; “even if we cannot break any fruit from it, everyone will stop in front of it, come to us and praise it; who knows where our wheat will grow? It is still blooming!” But the next morning the tree had disappeared and their hopes were gone. And as Two-eyes looked out at her little chick, she stood in front of it to her great joy and followed him.

Two-eyes lived happily for a long time. Once two poor women came to her at the castle and asked for alms. Then Two-eyes looked them in the face and recognized her sisters One-eye and Three-eyes, who had fallen into such poverty that they had to wander about and seek their bread outside the doors. But Two-eyes welcomed them and did them good and cared for them, so that both of them heartily repented of the evil they had done to their sister in their youth.

* * *

That is certainly a strange folktale: three sisters, one of whom has only one eye, one two and one even three eyes! And the one with two eyes is overlooked by the others because she has nothing special about her. She has to work alone and gets nothing to eat; but she is helped by the friendly forces from the background in the form of a fairy or something similar, and the envy of her mother and sisters remains powerless, and they must even later be glad to be spared and fed by the mistreated one. By the eyes we must imagine something other than bodily organs; let us think of the mother as the primal power in the sense of the old maternal cult, and take the one-eyed child as the corporeality,

but the two-eyed child as the beingness of body and soul, and the three-eyed child as the beingness of body, soul and spirit. These are therefore three different heights of development with different possibilities of excluding impressions. Now this attempt here probably looks very arbitrary to the reader; but he will find it easier to go along with it when he hears that the eye was not only the symbolic image (as a tool) of perception for our ancestors, but also the symbol of emergence, as a symbol for the perception of the Godhead itself. A high and sacred sigil of the ancients was therefore the "dragon's eye," which has been adopted into Christianity and can still be found above the altar in countless churches today: an equilateral triangle with the point facing upwards or downwards, in which a radiant eye is set. Today, the figure is usually called the "Eye of God," and its meaning is thus quite well characterized.

In other words, the eyes of our folktale could be seen as the eyes of the deity. However, the deity is not presented in a childlike sense, as if it had eyes like mortal beings, but rather each eye represents a stage of development in the great evolution of the deity. Let us assume that the pure spirit of God, which was alone before creation and had no counterpart, but was completely one and self-contained within itself, also had no possibility of perception. He who is completely alone and apart from all things cannot perceive except in himself, in his corporeality. But the deity lacked such a corporeality before the creation, before the existence. It could therefore perceive nothing, had no eye.

Then she created an eye for herself by developing matter, the first one that was indeed made of her, but not herself, and which now stood opposite her. It was a great phase of

development: the first eye of the deity. Substance, however, is dead and motionless. There is no development from it. An impulse had to arise in it, it had to be animated. Thus the deity created the second eye, the animated substance, it became a two-eyed being. Now there was matter and an unconscious drive; becoming could begin. But the becoming was unconscious, born entirely out of the instinctual desire that did not recognize itself. Still only the Godhead itself could be the direct leader of the emerging mechanism, even if it left this leadership entirely to the soul, to the instinct of development that had been created. But this was something raw and not only awakened in the substance the movement towards ascent, but it also awakened the most exaggerated and one-sided desires for movement: the possibility of theonic (ascending) and demonic (descending) directions of movement was given. It is like an engine; the piston pushed by the steam can move to one side and to the other, but in between lies the dead point, and if the mechanical engineer wants to overcome it, he adds a "regulator" that maintains the momentum beyond the dead point and thus makes it possible for the steam to act on the piston alternately from both sides. This example, like all examples, is of course a bit of a limp, but let's think of it this way: the deity wanted to insert a directing force, which to a certain extent overlaps the two existing forces (matter and soul), and gave the spirit, the "intellect" into its creation. Thus life became independent of the deity to the extent that it now possesses all the powers – given to it by the deity – which it needs for the further development and self-regulation of this development. Life has become conscious with the third eye, and it has thereby (through this third eye (the spirit)) received the possibility of

decision and thus self-responsibility. Thus the universe itself now has the possibility of becoming perfect without any further direct divine influence, although all its guiding forces have come from God. Body (substance) and soul (will of the action) have received the spirit (intellect) as an apolar balance, and so the right development must necessarily lead, if it follows the right path, to the substance and soul entering into the apolar balance.

The time of the rising of the Spirit, i.e. the spiritualization of all life and thus the return of the whole universe as pure spirit into the Godhead, which is then again unrevealed and alone with itself. The ancients called this time a God's Day (the Aryan Indians: Kali Yuga) and their wise men calculated its duration at 4,320,000,000 earth years. How they arrived at this calculation, we can no longer or not yet again follow as precisely as would be desirable; but it is also irrelevant in our context here. According to these Armanic-Brahminic calculations, mankind on earth would have existed for 18,618,754 years; our prehistoric researchers are getting closer and closer to such a period with their bone finds. However, this should only be seen as an aside.

Mankind has often and for a long time searched for its own essence; all philosophy consists in this. As far as we can trace its spiritual path, it has never achieved lasting clarity. It has gone through times in which parts of its essence have been denied, the spirit, the soul, or even the substance. Today, people think in very material terms and prefer to deny the spirit as a special being, or the soul in particular, or both. For the spirit has so one-sidedly taken possession of the substance and is itself so one-sidedly entangled in the substance that the spirit could no longer come to a certain

awareness of the soul's self-existence; the spirit took its tools only from the substance and itself, insofar as it was active in research. Many educated people will laugh at us today if we raise the question as to which of the three divine eyes of the universe may be the most important, and in what proportion one should trust each of them. But in reality, this question has been the most important one as long as there has been a thinking human race and it will lose none of its importance before the goal of creation. For our whole activity and life, our whole direction of development, depends on how we solve it, and just as the relationships of the three forces in the universe are ordered (on which humanity itself has great influence), so also the development of the universe, which must end up in the Godhead, takes place in the pure spirit. And so our folktale also asks which of the three forces is the most important.

The one-eyed being represents the material principle, which is ruled only by sensual sensations and desires (resulting in the physical being). In a higher sense, death reigns there; for existence has no goal other than that of the moment, of sensual well-being and pleasure. The two eyes, however, represent that being which is composed of the first two eyes of God, the material and the spiritual. The spiritual principle is dominant, but it rules unconsciously and works, without wanting to, in the direction of its God-born nature. This is no merit and no self-life at bottom; it is a guided life, and we have it before us in the man who acts and lives in all things according to his conscience, according to his immediate spiritual feeling for God, without asking why or what for. The two-eyed man is in this position. The three-eyed one, however, represents the three-stage being, in which

the material and spiritual principles are joined by the spiritual principle and the latter grows to play the dominant role. And here the folktale perfectly illustrates what we have already hinted at: that the spiritual principle has entered into a close union with the material and the spiritual has been pushed aside through long and often repeated periods of human development. And just as this has taken place in the life of mankind, so it has also taken place in the individual human being. He is always in danger of not becoming aware of his spiritual side and of pushing it completely aside, because he adjusts his spiritual side completely to the material side and only allows these two to work together. When this happens, the guidance becomes very bad and wrong, and the development does not take place in the direction of perfection. And so we see in the folktale that the one-eyed and the three-eyed are both bad, selfish beings, and only the two-eyed is good and reaches great, even unrecognized or unsought goals, and high happiness.

The old primeval mother, in whom we may again see chaos and the chaotic will, just as in the primeval giants of whom we have already spoken several times, apparently favors the one-eyed and the three-eyed; that is, it often looks to us as if those who strive only for material pleasures and goods, even when their spiritual being is harnessed for this purpose, and forget those of the soul, are doing best. How helpless Two-eyes is in the face of the life practice of mother and sisters! But help comes to her, which is the "miracle"; for the soul, where it is the dominant thing in man, is the connecting link with the Godhead, unconscious of itself: it receives strength and help from there and reaches further than all the arts of the merely sensual and the merely

spiritual. The goat sets the table for the two-eyed being; the chaos-loving mother can kill the precious animal, but she cannot destroy the blessing it contains, because it can only be grasped in the soul, not seen in the body and not understood spiritually. Our folktale wants to tell us that the soul has a premonition of salvation, and Goethe told us this in another form: "The good man in his dark urge is well aware of the right path." Two-eyes demands the entrails (this means, according to Guido v. List's Kalic reading: "inspired, therefore inherent law.") of the slaughtered goat – the most worthless thing, so that the sisters scoff at such imprudence and out of arrogance grant the request, wrinkling their noses in contempt. But the feeling soul senses other values than the sensual (bodily) desire and than the clever mind (spirit); it feels where the indwelling power is located, and from the entrails of the goat arises a silver tree with golden fruits, whose branches and fruits are only pluckable for Two-eyes, but elude the other sisters. Our ancestors called silver "zilvar," and in their symbolism it sometimes meant wisdom, but mostly "destination"; gold, however, was regarded as the "shining" metal and always reminds us of something luminous and high. So for the two-eyed girl, the gift treated so disdainfully by the sisters is transformed into the "shining journey." No amount of deceit will help the sisters. The knight of perfection comes and takes Two-eyes into his sun castle, spurning the others; the sisters, however, only reach their destination after a long time and a great deal of wandering – as beggars, and now they live from the power of the bounty that Two-eyes can release for them: from the treasures of the soul, which they themselves had forgotten in their short-sightedness, because they only looked at the

material and also only made the spirit serve their material sense.

"A childlike mind practises in simplicity what no mind of understanding can see," a poet tells us, and words have been handed down to us from Jesus that resonate together: "Blessed are the (spiritually) poor," so Two-eyes must demand the entrails, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," and "Blessed are the pure in heart (that is the soul!), for they shall see God." This is how the greatest teachers of mankind taught us the wisdom of our folktale. The value of man is not in the stomach (material), nor in the head (spiritual), but in the heart (soul). Substance (body) and mind (spirit) are only given as aids to the right development of the soul, so that the direction of man becomes a longing for the pure, the high, the divine goal. Thus it is not the bodily interest that decides the direction, nor the intellectual cleverness, but the inner connection of the soul with its divine origin, so that it is guided and held from there, as it happened to the two-eyed man.

So this is a kind of message for the "spiritually poor," the quiet, the small, the humble, the God-led. But of course, there is no disdain for the material or the spiritual, as someone might think. The value of man and of time becomes much more certain in the divine, and how much more gloriously does it shine around him when he is no longer a mere creature, guided by the friendly fairy, but when he has become, so to speak, a creator in himself, by pushing his spirit for his soul and working on it, by not letting his spirit sink into the realm of material interests. Then the soul gains power of its own, and such a person will immediately fashion himself into a servant, a helper, an instrument of God, a co-

creator, and thus he will feel the very own delight of the Godhead within himself. Therefore: "To whom much is given, much will be required," and he who thinks he can deceive his soul deceives himself. All three eyes are God's, but together they can only behold the Godhead if they are placed in the right understanding. They should stand by each other and not support or exclude each other one-sidedly and wrongly. Otherwise One-eye, the poor one, and Three-eyes, the most capable and rich in pleasures, will arrive at the sun castle long after their sister, Two-eyes, broken and late and as beggars, dependent on the mercy of their sister, who was previously full of them.

The German folktale expresses these thoughts many times, and we will dedicate a special section to this folktale wisdom: "The folktale of the Pure Fool." First, however, we offer here a quite wonderful and quite generally known folktale of the soul, the content of which is roughly similar to the one just discussed: the folktale of The Glass Slipper or Cinderella, told by the Brothers Grimm, and spread throughout all German countries.

Cinderella

A rich man's wife fell ill, and when she felt her end approaching, she called her only daughter to her from bed and said, "Dear child, stay pious and good, and God will always help you, and I will look down on you from heaven and be with you." She closed her eyes and passed away. Then she closed her eyes and passed away. Every day the girl went out to her mother's grave and wept and remained pious and good. When winter came, the snow covered the grave with a white cloth, and when the sun had drawn it down again in spring, the man took another wife.

The woman had brought two daughters into the house, who were beautiful and white in appearance, but nasty and black at heart. That was a bad time for the poor stepchild. "Should the stupid goose sit with us in the parlor?" they said, "If you want to eat bread, you have to earn it: out with the kitchen maid!" They took away her beautiful clothes, dressed her in an old gray smock and gave her wooden shoes. "Look at the proud princess, all dressed up!" they shouted, laughed and led her into the kitchen. There she had to do hard work from morning till night, getting up early in the morning, carrying washers, lighting the fire, cooking and washing. On top of all this, the sisters made her suffer all sorts of heartaches, mocked her and poured the peas and lentils into the ashes, so that she had to sit and pick them out again. In the evening, when she had worked herself tired, she did not go to bed, but had to lie down in the ashes over the stove. And because she always looked dusty and dirty, they called

her Cinderella.

It happened that the father wanted to go to mass one day. He asked his two stepdaughters what he should bring them. "Beautiful dresses," said one; "pearls and precious stones," said the second. "But you, Cinderella," he said, "what do you want?" "Father, the first branch that hits your hat on your way home, break it off for me." So he bought beautiful clothes, pearls and precious stones for the two stepsisters, and on the way back, as he was riding through a green bush, a hazel-grain branch brushed against him and knocked off his hat. So he broke off the branch and took it with him. When he got home, he gave his stepdaughters what they had wished for and gave Cinderella the branch from the hazel bush. Cinderella thanked him, went to her mother's grave and planted the branch on it, and wept so much that the tears fell on it and watered it. But it grew and became a beautiful tree. Cinderella went under it three times every day, weeping and praying, and each time a white bird came to the tree, and when she made a wish, the bird threw down to her what she had wished for.

But it came to pass that the King arranged a feast which was to last three days, and to which all the beautiful maidens in the country were invited, that his son might choose a bride. The two stepsisters, when they heard that they were also to attend, were in good spirits, and called Cinderella and said, "Comb and brush our hair, brush our shoes and fasten our buckles; we are going to the wedding at the king's castle." Cinderella obeyed, but wept because she would have liked to go to the dance and begged her stepmother to let her. "You, Cinderella," she said, "are full of dust and dirt and want to go to the wedding? You have no clothes or shoes and you want

to dance?" But when she did not stop to beg, she finally said, "I have poured a bowl of lentils into the ashes for you; if you have picked them out again in two hours, you may go with me." The girl went through the back door into the garden and called out: "You tame little doves, you turtle-doves, all you little birds under the sky, come and help me pick, the good ones in the pot, the bad ones in the bowl. Then two white doves came in at the kitchen window, and after them the turtle-doves, and at last all the little birds under the sky flocked and swarmed in and settled around the ashes. And the doves nodded their heads and began: "Peck, peck, peck, peck!" And then the others started too: "Peck, peck, peck, peck!" and all the good grains were picked into the bowl. It was barely an hour before they had finished and they all flew out again. Then the girl brought the bowl to her stepmother, rejoiced and thought she could now go to the wedding. But she said, "No, Cinderella, you have no clothes and you can't dance; you'll only be laughed at!" As she wept, she said, "If you can pick two bowls of lentils out of the ashes for me in an hour, then you may go with me," and thought, "She can't do that any more." When she had poured the two bowls of lentils into the ashes, the girl went through the back door into the garden and called out, "You little doves, you turtle-doves, all you little birds under the sky, come and help me pick! Put the good ones in the potty, the bad ones in the dish." Then two white doves came in at the kitchen window, and after them the turtle-doves, and at last all the little birds under the sky flocked and swarmed in and settled around the ashes. And the doves nodded their heads and began to sing: "Peck, peck, peck!" and then the others started too: "Peck, peck, peck!" and they all picked good grains into the bowls.

And before half an hour had passed, they had already finished and they all flew out again. Then the girl carried the bowls to her stepmother, rejoiced and thought she could now go to the wedding. But she said, "It won't do you any good; you're not going, because you have no clothes and can't dance; we should be ashamed of you." So she turned her back on her and hurried away with her two proud daughters.

When no one was left at home, Cinderella went to her mother's grave under the hazel tree and called:

"Shake and shiver, little tree,

throw gold and silver over me!"

Then the bird threw her a gold and silver dress and slippers embroidered with silk and silver. She hurriedly put on the dress and went to the wedding. But her sisters and her stepmother did not know her, and thought she must be another princess, she looked so beautiful in the golden dress. They did not think of Cinderella at all, and thought she was sitting at home in the dirt looking for lentils from the ashes. The prince came to meet her, took her by the hand and danced with her. He did not want to dance with anyone else either, so he did not let go of her hand, and when someone else came to ask her, he said, "This is my dancer!"

She danced until it was evening, when she wanted to go home. But the prince said, "I'll go with you," because he wanted to see who the beautiful girl belonged to. But she slipped away from him and jumped into the dovecote. Now the prince waited until his father came and told him that the strange girl had jumped into the dovecote. The old man thought, "Could it be Cinderella?" And they had to bring him an axe and hoes so that he could break the dovecote in

two, but there was no one inside. And when they came into the house, Cinderella was lying in her dirty clothes in the ashes, and a dim little oil lamp was burning in the chimney, for Cinderella had jumped down quickly from the back of the dovecote, and had gone to the hazel-tree. She had taken off her beautiful clothes and laid them on the grave, and the bird had taken them away again, and then she had sat down in her gray smock in the kitchen with the ashes.

The next day, when the feast had begun anew and the parents and stepsisters had left again, Cinderella went to the hazel tree and said:

"Shake and shiver, little tree,

throw gold and silver over me!"

Then the bird threw down an even finer dress than on the previous day, and when she appeared at the wedding in this dress, everyone was astonished at her beauty. But the prince had waited until she came, took her by the hand and danced with her. When the others came and asked her to dance, he said: "This is my dancer!" When it was evening, she wanted to go away, and the prince went after her and wanted to see which house she was going to; but she jumped away from him and into the garden behind the house. There stood a beautiful large tree, on which hung the most splendid pears, and she climbed among the branches as nimbly as a squirrel, and the prince did not know where she had got to. But he waited till his father came, and said to him, "The strange girl has escaped from me, and I think she has jumped into the pear-tree." His father thought, "Could it be Cinderella?" He got the axe and chopped down the tree, but there was no one on it. And when they came into the kitchen, Cinderella was

lying there in the ashes, as usual, for she had jumped down from the tree on the other side, brought back the beautiful clothes to the bird on the hazel tree and put on her gray smock again.

On the third day, when her parents and sisters had gone, Cinderella went back to her mother's grave and spoke to the little tree:

"Shake and shiver, little tree,

throw gold and silver over me!"

Now the bird threw her a dress that was more splendid and shining than any she had ever seen, and the slippers were all gold. When the prince came to the wedding with her first dress, they all didn't know what to say out of astonishment. The prince danced with her all by himself, and when someone asked, he said: "This is my dancer!"

When it was evening, Cinderella wanted to go away, and the prince wanted to accompany her, but she sprang so quickly that he could not follow. The prince, however, had used a ruse, and had had the stairs covered with pitch, so that when she jumped down, the girl's left slipper got caught. The prince picked it up, and it was small and delicate and completely golden. The next morning he took it to the King and said to him: "No other shall be my wife than the one on whose foot this slipper fits!" The two sisters were delighted, for they had beautiful feet. The eldest went into the room with the shoe and wanted to try it on, and her mother was astonished. But she couldn't get in with her big toe, and the shoe was too small for her, so her mother handed her a knife and said, "Cut off the toe; when you are queen, you don't need to walk anymore!" The girl cut off the toe, squeezed her

foot into the shoe, forgot the pain and went out to the prince. Then he took her on horseback as his bride and rode away with her. But they had to pass the grave, where the two doves were sitting on the hazel tree and calling:

"Take a look, take a look; there is blood in the shoe!

The shoe is too small, the right bride is still at home."

Then he looked at her foot and saw the blood oozing out. He turned his horse around, brought the false bride back home, and said that this was not the right one, and that the other sister should put on the shoe. So she went into the chamber and got her toes into the shoe, but the heel was too big. Then her mother handed her a knife and said, "Cut off a piece of the heel: when you are queen, you won't have to walk anymore!" The girl cut off a piece of her heel, forced her foot into her shoe, bit off the pain and went out to the prince. Then he took her on horseback as his bride and rode off with her. When they passed the hazel tree, the two doves sat on it and called out:

"Take a look, take a look; there is blood the shoe!

The shoe is too small, the right bride is still at home."

He looked down at her foot and saw the blood oozing out of her shoe and all red from her white stockings. Then he turned his horse around and brought the false bride home again. "This is not the right one either." he said; "Have you no other daughter?" "No," said the man, "there is only a little Cinderella left from my late wife: she can't possibly be the bride." The prince said he should send it out, but the mother replied, "Oh no, she is much too dirty, she must not be seen!" But he insisted, and Cinderella had to be summoned. So she

first washed her hands and face, then went and bowed to the prince, who handed her the golden slipper. Then she sat down on a stool, pulled her foot out of the heavy wooden shoe and put it into the slipper. It fit like a glove. And when she straightened up and the king looked her in the face, he recognized the beautiful girl who had danced with him and cried, "This is the right bride!" The stepmother and the two sisters were frightened and turned pale with anger, but he took Cinderella on his horse and rode off with her. As they passed the hazel tree, the two white doves called out:

"Take a look, take a look; there is no blood in the shoe!

The shoe is not too small, he leads the right bride home!"

And when they had said this, they both came flying down and sat on Cinderella's shoulders, one on the right and one on the left, and stayed there.

When the wedding with the prince was to be held, the false sisters came and wanted to ingratiate themselves and share in his happiness. When the bride and groom went to the church, the eldest was on the right and the youngest on the left, and the doves pecked at them. Each took out one eye. Afterward, when they went out, the oldest was on the left and the youngest on the right. Then the doves plucked out the other eye of each of them, and so they were punished for their wickedness and deceitfulness with blindness for the rest of their lives.

* * *

In this delightful folktale, Cinderella (the Soul) is treated as the first-born being, ahead of her two sisters (Body and Spirit). But she is oppressed by these two and their mother

and forced into hard, unhappy service. The demonic, chaotic self-seeking will becomes the stepmother here: Cinderella's own mother, however, has died; she was therefore a soul in the larger view – perhaps we might say: the world-soul. The folktale does not ponder the fact that all its characters dissolve completely into this meaning, but it grasps the conceptual core and clothes it in persons and processes and then behaves entirely as if it had not sprung from any other framework of thought than the one directly shown. But that it acts in this way is an inner necessity; otherwise it could never have become so dear to our people. In reality, of course, the world-soul or mother-soul has not died, but the human soul (Cinderella) has only broken its conscious connection with it; by being clothed in corporeality it has become a separate being, with only a more or less dim recollection of the mother-soul from which it sprang.

But now the stepsisters, body and spirit, oppress the soul, and the stepmother helps them. The dark memory of her own origins, of her real mother, remains alive in her soul, and while the sisters wish for precious clothes and jewelry from their father, who is going to the fair, Cinderella asks for nothing more than a memento in order to plant it on the grave of the mother. This is a hazel-branch; just remember that the hazel bush was an ancient sacred plant, consecrated to the goddess Freya, who is an embodiment of the world soul; Ha-sal or Hag-sal, i.e. home-heal, homeland salvation: this is how the name of the bush speaks to us. And the hazel branch, watered by the tears of the Cinderella, took root in the mother's grave: it restored the outwardly broken connection of the human soul with its origin, its divine mother home. Thanks to this connection, however,

Cinderella emerged from all oppression and hardship. White doves sit on the hazel tree; they were also dedicated to the goddess Freya and were, in a way, her messengers. They helped the girl to pick the lentils from the ashes and thus perform a task that seemed impossible; they donated the three splendid dresses from the tree (the three dresses of which the folktale tells many dozens of times under ever-changing circumstances), and they finally warn the king's bridegroom twice when the sister mutilates herself and tries to turn Cinderella's happiness to herself under deception. In this folktale, however, envy is punished even more severely than in the previous one: the doves peck out both eyes of the deceitful sisters on their way to and from the church, depriving them of their sight. And materiality and the abused spirit have thus become blind and incapable of reaching any goal for themselves, while the soul has reached a more beautiful goal than it dared to dream, through the help of the goddess, the connection with its original source, its homeland.

It is true that we often experience that materiality, that the intellect wants to make use of what the soul has gained, and that it does so by pushing the soul aside; in pain both forces seek the beckoning weight to win them over. But it does not incline towards them, for the doves sing: "Look, blood is in the shoe!" It is the soul that determines happiness; body and spirit must be its servants in the manner of a faithful Eckardt, but they must not make themselves an end in themselves and want to rule, otherwise the God-ordained development will be disturbed and the punishment will always – in folktales as in reality – come from the deed itself as its fruit. That is how deeply our ancestors had penetrated the nature of the soul

and its helpers in ancient times.

The folktale probably only received its final form in the Christian Middle Ages, although, as we have seen, it is certainly Wuotanistic and in particular seems to be closely linked to the cult of the goddess Freya. For the church referred to must be the Christian house of God, and the parting words of Cinderella's dying mother to her child also belong to the Christian imagination. This is no wonder; the folktale could only be preserved by the fact that it went along with popular thought in this way, because otherwise not even the outer structure would have been understood. Cinderella thus symbolizes the soul's connection to God and the power that lies in this bond; it is thus a true Germanic folktale of piety. And this is how true German nature has always been: that the earthly and the spiritual are helpers of the soul, but do not dominate or suppress it; for the goal is and remains the soul's shining home.

The New Soul

(Told under the title "The Prince and the Devil's Daughter" in "German Folktales Since Grimm")

Once upon a time there was a king who had lost all his battles one after another in a great war; his armies had all been destroyed, and now he was in despair of doing himself harm. Then, at that moment, a man appeared before him and said to the king, "I know what ails thee; take courage, I will help thee if thou wilt promise me "en noa sil" from thy house. After three times seven years, I will come and fetch what I have promised." The king did not know what was happening to him; he thought the foreign man meant a new rope (en noa sil, Transylvanian for rope or soul), and he promised such a small price without further ado. "After all," he thought, "you have plenty of such things in your storeroom." But the king had not had any children for a long time, and while he was at war a son was born to him, of which he knew nothing; but the strange man knew it, for he was the chief of the devils. As soon as the king had made the promise, the stranger moved a little out of his sight, took an iron scourge with four tails, and struck the four winds with it. Lo and behold, a large number of warriors poured in from all sides. With their help the king soon won one battle after another, so that in a short time his enemy had to ask for peace.

Then he went home to his kingdom, and his joy at the victory was even greater when he heard that a son and

successor had been born to him. Now he considered himself the happiest man in the world, for he was first of all a strong and feared king and was also loved by his subjects; and then he had a son who was without blemish in body and soul and grew more and more in strength and beauty. Three times seven years had soon passed since the great war, and the king had quite forgotten his promise; then suddenly one day the strange man appeared in the same guise as before and demanded "en noa sil." The king wanted to show his gratitude and had the longest new rope fetched from his storeroom. But the stranger rejected it with a scornful smile and cried, "I meant a new soul, and that is your son who was born then; he has now become a slave to me and must at once follow me to my kingdom!" Then the king was horrified, ruffled his hair, tore his clothes, wrung his hands and almost wanted to die of pain. But none of this helped. The prince, with his innocent, childlike heart, comforted his father and said: "Let it be well, father, this abominable prince of hell will not be able to do me any harm!" The Devil rose up angrily: "Wait, you young mirror of virtue, you shall pay for this severely!" With that, he grabbed him and led him through the air into hell.

Then there was great mourning throughout the kingdom: all the houses were hung with black pile, and the king shut himself up in the palace in his grief, and was as one dead among the living.

When the lord of hell had arrived with the prince in his kingdom, he showed him the infernal fire and said that he would now heat it seven times more, and that he would be thrown into this fire in the morning if he could not do what he asked him to do the following night. But there was a huge

pond nearby. The devil demanded that he should drain it during the night, turn it into a meadow, mow the meadow, make hay and put the hay in barns so that it could be collected in the morning. Then the devil shut up the prince in a lonely chamber. Then he became very sad and despondent, and bade farewell to life, for he could not even think of carrying out his mission. All at once the door opened, and the devil's daughter came in and brought food. When she saw the handsome prince with his weeping eyes, something stirred in her heart and she took pity on him and said, "Eat and drink and be of good cheer, I will see to it that everything my father has told you to do is done; only show a cheerful countenance in the morning. With that she went away. But the son remained sad. In the night, when all was asleep, the devil's daughter got up quietly, went to her father's bed, plugged his ears, then took his iron scourge with the four tails and went out in front of the palace and whipped all four corners of the world so that it reverberated a thousand times and the whole kingdom of hell trembled. Then the air roared and roared and the spirits of hell came from all sides and asked: "What is the order?" The devil's daughter gave them the order to quickly dry out the pond, turn it into meadow, make hay and put it in barns. For a while, they heard a violent roar, like a stormy wind, and a few heavy blows, but then it fell silent.

Early in the morning, when the prince looked out of the window, he saw, to his astonishment and joy, a quantity of haystacks in the place of the lake; he now took courage, and his face became cheerful. As soon as everything was finished, the devil's daughter took the plugs out of her father's ears again and laid the scourge beside him. When he awoke in the

morning, he rejoiced in his malice at how he would soon see the prince in the infernal fire. But how astonished he was when he came out and saw that his mission had been accomplished! Then he became even grimmer and went to the prince and said, "This time you have succeeded, but tomorrow you will still taste the hot embers for me! Look at that great forest up there on the mountain, you shall cut it down at night and lay the wood in casks so that it can be brought in tomorrow morning. In the place where the forest was, you shall plant a vineyard and the grapes shall be ripe enough to be harvested in the morning!" The door was then closed again, and the prince once more abandoned himself to grief, for he believed that this could not possibly happen. Then the devil's daughter came with the food, inquired about the new task and comforted him again; he took courage and became calm. But the devil's daughter did the same that night as she had done the night before; she stopped up her father's ears, cracked her whip four times in all the corners of the world, gave the devils the order, and all you could hear was a single bang and creak and everything was ready.

In the morning, the prince of devils was curious to see whether the simple child of man had carried out his second task well, and he was astonished to see that everything was as he had ordered. His anger was now at its highest. "This time, too, you have succeeded: but now I want to see whether your human wit will save you a third time! You shall build a church out of pure sand in the coming night, with a dome and a cross that will stand firm and hold together." The devil prince then closed the door and went away, but the prince was saddened and began to despair. When the Devil's daughter brought him food again, she immediately asked

him again why he was so sad, and he told her of his sorrow and told her of his new mission. "That," she said, "is a difficult thing, and I'm worried that I won't be able to accomplish it, but I will try; just don't close your eyes at night so that you can hear me when I call you." As soon as it was midnight, the devil's daughter, after plugging her father's ears, took the mighty scourge again and cried out to all four corners of the world. Then the servants came bustling over and asked what was to be ordered. But when the devil's daughter told them the order, they all shrank together and shouted: "Build a church! We can never do that, not even from stone or ice, let alone from pure sand!" The devil's daughter ordered everyone to go straight to work. So they hurried away and began to work so that their sweat ran and the sand piled up in lumps, but the work would not progress; several times they brought the church up to halfway, then it collapsed again; once it was almost completely finished, the dome was vaulted, only the cross was missing from the top, and when the devils wanted to put it on, the whole church collapsed again. When the devil's daughter saw that everything was in vain and that the time would soon be over, she released the devils and immediately went to the prince from the window and cried: "Come on, come on, I'll save you if you want to be saved! I will transform myself into a white horse; mount quickly and I will carry you home!" As soon as she had said this, there stood a white horse, and the prince mounted it, and away they went at a furious gallop.

When the old devil awoke in the morning, everything seemed so quiet to him; he reached for the whip to wake up his people, but it was not in its place. Then he opened his mouth and shouted so that all hell trembled, and the plugs

fell out of his ears, and now he heard that all the servants were already at work outside. He now thought of the prince, and went to his room; but when he came in, he saw the door open, and the prince was not there; he now looked quickly for his scourge, and at last he found it lying in a corner. He struck it at the four winds, and all the devils from his kingdom came and asked: "Lord, what are you ordering again? We've been working ourselves to death all night, won't you give us any rest?" – "Who told you to do it?" – "Your daughter did, on your orders!" – "My daughter!" shouted the prince of hell angrily, "Aha, the human-lover! Now everything is clear to me; she has stopped up my ears, she has done the business I asked her to do by means of my power for the sake of the wretched man and is now gone with him! Aha, wait, I will bring you both back in a moment!" With that he rose straight up into the air and looked after the fugitives and immediately caught sight of the white horse and the rider. He immediately shot down again and called out to his devils: "Come on, hurry out of there, the white horse you see and its rider, bring me here dead or alive!" Soon the sky turned black from the flocks flying by. When they heard the sound from afar, the white horse called out to its rider: "Look back, what do you see?" – "A black cloud." – "That's my father's army chasing us. We are lost if you don't do exactly what I tell you. I will turn myself into a great church and you into a priest; stand at the altar and keep singing and give no answer when anyone asks you." The prince promised to do everything like that. The army approached and was amazed at the large church; the doors were all open, but no one could cross the threshold, no matter how many people tried.

The prince stood at the altar as a priest and kept singing:

"Lord, be with us, Lord, shield us!" The devils listened to the wondrous song for a long time, and when the priest did not stop, they shouted for him to tell them whether he had not seen a white horse and a rider on it. But the prince heard nothing, and so they went on and traveled to the end of the kingdom of hell without seeing anything of a white horse and rider. When they returned home in the evening without having achieved anything, the devil sprayed flames of anger. The next morning he rose straight up into the air again and looked after the fugitives; he saw the church in the far distance and faintly heard the singing so that it pierced his soul. "That's them!" he said to himself; "now wait, you won't outwit me!" He shot down in a hurry, gathered an even larger crowd than before, and shouted, "Fly out, hurry to the church, destroy it from the ground up, and bring me a stone and the priest dead or alive!" But in the meantime the devil's daughter had turned back into the white horse and the priest into the prince on horseback and hurried on; but soon they heard another roaring and hissing behind them. The horse called to the rider: "Look back; what do you see?" – "A black cloud like the previous one, only bigger and more terrible!" – "That is a new army of my father. Do exactly what I tell you again, otherwise we are doomed. I'll turn myself into a great alder tree and you into a golden bird; just keep on singing and don't let anything put you off or frighten you!" The prince promised to do exactly the same. The devil's army soon arrived, seven hundred miles further than where the church had stood, but they found no trace of the church or the priest, nor of the white horse or the prince. When they came to the tall alder tree, they were greatly astonished, and stood still and looked out at the tree and the golden bird,

which sang in one way, "Fear me not! Fear me not!" – "If only the little bird would stop," they said, "so that we could ask it about the church and the priest, the white horse and the prince," but the bird sang on and on. So they went on to the end of the kingdom of hell, and returned in the evening without success.

The old devil spouted flames of wrath again; the next morning he rose straight up into the air again and looked after the fugitives. Then he caught sight of the tall alder tree and the golden bird twice seven hundred miles away only half distinctly, and the song sounded to him faintly so that it cut through his soul. "Aha, you shall not escape me!" At once he swooped down, gathered a much larger army than before, and cried, "Hurry away, and cut down the alder-tree you have seen, and bring me a chip of it; but catch the golden bird and bring it back alive or dead!" The army went away in a flash; meanwhile the alder tree and the golden bird on it had become horse and rider again and were soon seven hundred miles away from the place where the alder tree stood; then they heard a roaring and hissing. "Look back," said the white horse, "what do you see?" – "A black cloud, but even bigger and more terrible than the previous one." – "That is my father's army; do exactly what I tell you again, otherwise we are lost. I'll turn myself into a rice field and you into a quail; just keep walking through the field and singing, but all the time, and don't let any questions put you off!" The prince promised to do just that. The devilish army approached with a roar, and had already traveled three times seven hundred miles, and looked and peered on all sides, but found neither church nor priest, nor alder tree nor golden bird, nor horse and rider. When they saw the large rice field, they stood still

in amazement and saw the quail fluttering back and forth in the rice and heard its wondrous cry: "God with us! God with us!" – "If only the bird would stand still and stop singing, we could ask him!" But he did not do so, and so they traveled to the end of the kingdom of hell and returned in the evening unsuccessful.

Then the old devil's anger boiled over: the next morning he went straight up into the air again, saw the great paddy field like a gray streak, and heard the quail's call softly, and it went through his marrow and bones. "Aha, you are still in my power; you, my servants, up, all of you, hurry and mow the paddy field and bring me a sheaf and catch the quail! – But stop! Stay! Now I must go after them myself; for if they go beyond four times seven hundred miles, they can mock me; then my power will come to an end!" With that he rose in the air and went after them. The devil's daughter and the prince, as horse and rider, had already fled a good distance away, they were still only seven miles short of the earthly kingdom, when they heard behind them such a violent storm and roar as they had never heard before. The white horse said to its rider: "Look back, what do you see?" – "A black spot in the sky, even blacker than the night, with fiery lightning flashing from it!" – "Woe, woe, woe! That's my father; if you don't do what I tell you now, we're doomed. I'll turn into a big pond of milk and you into a duck. Always swim around in the middle and keep your head hidden; don't let any temptations tempt you to pull your head out of the milk or swim to the shore!" The prince promised to do exactly the same. Soon the old devil stood on the bank; but he could not harm the transformed man unless he first got hold of the duck; but it was swimming in the middle of the pond; he

could not reach it, it was too far; he dared not swim there, for the devil will drown in pure milk. So he had no choice but to lure the duck to him with words of flattery: "Dear duckling, why are you always wandering around in the middle; look around you, here where I am, how beautiful it is there!" The duckling did not see or hear for a long time, but gradually the desire to look out at least once stirred within him.

As the tempter continued to lure him, the duck looked up quickly; then the evil one had immediately robbed it of its face so that it was blind as a bat. The milk pond immediately became a little cloudy and began to ferment, and a plaintive voice came to the duck: "Woe, woe! what have you done!" He vowed not to be tempted by anything now. But the devil dived on the bank with malicious joy and shouted: "Aha, I'll soon have you!" He also tried to swim to the duck in the cloudy milk to grab her; but as he was still sinking, he immediately turned back. For a long time he tempted and teased the duck again to come to shore, but it remained calm and kept its head in the flood of milk, finally mocking the devil. Then the devil became angry and impatient; he transformed himself into a large goose and slurped up the whole milk pond together with the duck; then he slowly wobbled home. "All is well now!" said a voice from the milk to the duck, and the milk began to ferment and boil. The devil became increasingly sick and nauseous; he could only move with difficulty. "If only I were at home," he sighed, but it was in vain; the boiling milk had already puffed him up completely. He staggered away for a few more steps; suddenly there was a loud crash; he had burst and disintegrated, and there stood the prince and the devil's daughter in their youthful beauty. Now the prince went with the devil's

daughter to his father's kingdom; it was just the seventh day since the devil had abducted the prince when they arrived. There was great rejoicing in the whole land; the black pile curtains were taken down, green rice and flowers were strewn along the path, and the old king came out to meet the guests to the sound of pianos and trumpets. A splendid wedding was celebrated, and the old king entrusted his son with the government, and he ruled wisely and justly like his father and still rules today, if he has not died.

* * *

Certainly a strange folktale. We also encounter individual pieces from it elsewhere; even a folktale motif has found its way into the most diverse contexts. And here it is quite obvious that this story was only woven in Christian times; for before that nothing was known of a devil; the devil only emerged from the deposed Germanic god figures, just as the old Germanic priestesses only became the terrible "witches" at that time, who had to be persecuted by all means. When new gods come along, the existing ones always become devils; this was also the case in Germania and the people were probably not at all keen to transform the ideas of their old gods into the ecclesiastical idea of the devil. For the Teutons knew of no principle of absolute evil that would plunge into the human soul to corrupt it. Such an idea was far below the level of his knowledge (whereby, of course, he was thinking of the knowledgeable, the spiritual leaders). He only knew the polarity of all forces, as we can see again today in the natural sciences, a positive and a negative principle from the same cause, and he also knew what Goethe expressed in the clearest words in his "Faust," that the negative principle that pushes

towards chaos (i.e. the devilish principle), while it seems to want evil, always creates good. That is why the German devil also has his clan, whereas an absolutely negative principle is not allowed to create life itself. The German devil has his own grandmother, who is often mentioned in folktales and is not such a bad woman as it seems from the frequent sayings about her; but according to our folktale, the devil even has a daughter. And it is in her that the positive element strongly breaks through, out of the negative. For the negative must necessarily beget the positive. Thus the devil's daughter is a "human-lover"; with the help of her father's power, she saves the prince, who has already fallen into hell, and marries him.

The devil's (the chaotic principle's) claims on people are rarely serious. You can see it in our example: with the help of ambiguities the devil goes for the catch. Such rights, however, do not stand the test of time; the Evil One may well get a soul temporarily under his control in such a way that it has to prove its strongly positive ability and will. But if it proves this, then it gets away from him; he cannot hold it. Instead, this soul acquires its own power of the negative principle, i.e. of evil, just as in our folktale the devil's daughter steals the four-tailed scourge from her father in order to carry out her work of liberation. The fact that this scourge is four-tailed is neither coincidental nor irrelevant. It refers to the four regions of the world. The counterpart to this four-tailed devil is the divine quadruped, the ancient Fyrfos, the swastika, the ancient sacred Aryan tribal symbol. We probably also find the devil occasionally depicted in medieval drawings with a four-part tail, which is related to this.

In this folktale, however, we also have something comparable to the doctrine of original sin (at least as the term

is usually understood). As a child, the prince is assigned to the devil by his father, without his understanding. But the young man can later break free from this; he can shake off this inheritance if he finds the right help. The old armies of hell can do nothing against him. But, of course, he must not allow his adversary's thoughts and senses to gain influence over him; as a priest at the altar he must not stop singing, as a golden bird on the alder tree he must not be silent for a moment and must not listen to the calls and questions of the Devil's servants; as a duck in the milk pond he must keep his head in the white stupor of life, and when he raises it, it costs him the same eyesight. There is deep wisdom in this: you must not lend an ear to evil, otherwise it will triumph. And that is what our folktale wants to say.

The reader was probably also struck by the systematic use of the sacred number seven. The prince lives three times seven years before the devil claims him for himself; it then takes seven days for him to return home, and the journey from the devil's dwelling to the earthly kingdom is four times 700 miles. These numerical mysteries are often solved in the ways of the Kabbalah, which is for the most part not Jewish, but Ur-Germanic, as Jewish scholars themselves admit today. But these things are too difficult to be dealt with within the framework of these interpretations.

Cindersweep and the Dowsing Rod

This folktale told by Ludwig Bechstein is a variation of Grimm's "Cinderella" and deserves to be told for the sake of some good clarifications, but also as proof of how often the folk tale knows how to process the same motifs. Bechstein otherwise did not have the same sure feeling for the value of folktales as the Brothers Grimm, while Andersen almost completely lacks this understanding. So there will be little talk of these collectors here. Let us now listen to Master Bechstein.

* * *

Once upon a time there was a rich man who had an only daughter, whom he loved beyond all measure. His wife had died. The daughter was extraordinarily beautiful, and whatever she wished for, the father gave her, because he knew no greater happiness than to please his little girl, perhaps also because she was a wishful girl who had every wish. – "Give me a dress, Father, that is of silver, I will also give you a kiss for it," said the daughter to her father one day, and she received the dress. – "Give me a dress of gold, dear father," said the daughter, "and I will give you two kisses." The father also granted the girl this wish. – "Give me a dress made of diamonds, dearest father, and I will give you three kisses," the daughter asked again, and the father told her, "You shall have it, but you will make me poor."

The father took the dress, and the daughter threw her arms around his neck in gratitude, kissed him three times and

cried, “Now, dearest, dearest father, give me a lucky wand, and I will always be your golden child, and do everything I can see in your eyes!” – “My child,” said the father, “I don’t have such a wand, and it will be difficult to get one. But I will try my best to make you completely happy.”

Then the father went on a journey and took the last of his fortune with him and looked for a divining-glass, but no merchant had such a thing for sale. So the man went far away into a distant country, where he found an old magician and heard that he had a divining rod. The father, who was only too good, sought out this magician and told him what he wanted and asked how much the device should cost.

The old sorcerer said: “If people could buy wands with money, there would soon be no forest left on earth, even if every little tree and every little twig were such a rod. Whoever receives such a wand sacrifices his soul and dies three days later when he gives it out of his hand, unless he gives it to someone who also vows to sacrifice his soul for it and is prepared to do so. Then the owner’s soul goes free.”

“Good,” said the father. “For the sake of my child, I won’t shy away from the sacrifice. Give me the wand!” – The old wizard had the man write his name in a book and fulfilled his request. The long journey after the crop used up the last of the rich man’s fortune. But it didn’t matter to him, because his only desire and thought was to fulfill all his daughter’s wishes and see her happy. It is all right, he thought, to which I die; then she would be even more desirous, and if I could no longer fulfill her wishes, I would be very unhappy myself.

The daughter received the divining rod from her father’s hand with great joy and did not know how to thank him. But

after three days, the daughter had a new wish. She had heard of a very beautiful prince who lived in a distant land and was worthy of all love. She wanted to have him as her husband. But the father said: "My beloved daughter, I have given you everything I own, and for your dowsing rod I have given my life and limb, even my soul. I am parting from you, you create for yourself the privilege that you desire and live happily and love me." With these words, the father bowed his head and passed away. His daughter mourned him sincerely and painfully and said: "There has never been a better father!" And she was right about that.

When the father was buried, the daughter had no relatives, money or possessions left. So she put on her everyday dress, which was a crow's pelt, took her silver dress, her gold dress and her diamond dress, and hung all three over her shoulder. Then she took the dowsing-rod in her hand and swung it, and wished herself near the castle where the famous prince lived. Then it was as if a wind gently lifted her, and she floated, carried by the air, hurrying towards the distance and was soon in a parkland forest, near which she saw the prince's castle shimmering between the thick oak tree trunks. She struck the thickest of these oak-trees with her rod, and wished that there was a shrine inside in which she could hang out her clothes, and a little smock to dress herself in, and all this happened to me at once. She now changed her form into that of a boy, and entered the prince's castle dressed in a crow's pelt. The odor of hot food led her to the kitchen; there she offered her services to your cook as a parentless and homeless boy.

"Well then," said the cook, "you shall become my cinder-sweep, you shall clean out the mills early and maintain them

during the day and make sure that no ashes fall around; in return you shall eat your fill every day. But you must also brush out your master's skirts and clean and shine his boots." – The girl waited her turn as a boy, and after a few days saw the prince coming in from the hunt, walking along the kitchen corridor and throwing a bird he had shot into the kitchen to be roasted. The prince was handsome and splendid in figure and appearance, and Cindersweep soon felt a fierce love for him. She would have loved to marry him, but that was not to be. Then she heard that a princely wedding was being held over at a neighboring castle, which would last three days, and that the prince was the most distinguished guest there and would go over to the dance every day. All the people, and whoever was able to from the palace, ran over to see the splendor of the festivities. Then Cindersweep asked the cook to allow her to go over and watch the dew, because the kitchen was in order, every fire had been extinguished, every little fire was dead and the ashes were well kept. The cook allowed his servants to grant him the requested pleasure. Cindersweep hurried to her oak, clothed herself in the silver dress and transformed her boyish form into her own; then she struck a stone with her dowsing-rod, and it became a gala carriage, and she touched a few horse-bugs, which became stately, jet-black steeds, and a grass frog became a coachman and a green tree frog a livery hunter. Cindersweep sat down in the carriage, and heidi! off they went, as if they were flying away. The stately maiden entered the dance hall and everyone was dazzled by her beauty. The prince immediately took a fancy to her and asked her to dance; she danced delightfully and was very happy, but after a few rounds she disappeared from the hall, mounted her carriage, which was waiting

outside, swung her wand and called out:

"Behind me dark and in front only clear that no one can see where I'm going!"

No one saw where she was going, but the prince was very uneasy about the rapid disappearance of his beautiful dancer. But to all the subtle questions as to who she was and where she was from, no one could give any information, and so he spent the night in great anxiety, which turned on: In the morning it turned into a terrible displeasure and a bad mood.

The cook brought the prince's boots into the kitchen and complained about his bad mood, handing them over to Cindersweep to clean and shine. She took over this work and shone the boots so beautifully that the cat was pleased to see himself reflected in them and kissed his image in the mirror; the shine disappeared from the spot where he had kissed himself.

When Cindersweep now entered the prince's room in her boyish form and wearing a crow's pelt and put her boots in, the prince immediately caught the dull spot, took the boot, threw it at her and shouted: "You rascal of a cinders-weep! Will you learn to clean boots better?" Cindersweep picked up the boot, made it shiny again and kept quiet.

In the evening, the prince went to the dance again, and Cindersweep asked for another vacation. As Cindersweep had returned the previous evening and had not stayed out late, the cook granted her request again, and now Cindersweep went back to her shrine and chamber in the oak, put on the golden dress, made herself a new carriage, new horses, new servants, and drove over to the castle. The prince was already there, but he was discontented and disgruntled, for he looked

around in vain for the beautiful, wonderful maiden.

Then she entered, radiant as a queen. He hurried towards her full of joy and led her to the dance. Oh, how happy her charming smile, her witty conversation, her cheerful, mischievous banter made him! He had many questions to ask, including where she was from. Laughing, Cindersweep replied: "From Stieselschmeiß." – She suddenly disappeared from the hall, quickly sat back in her carriage and spoke her magic word:

"Behind me dark and in front of me clear, that no one can see where I'm going!"

The prince's eyes searched in vain for the beautiful stranger. Asking about her, he turned to this and that of the wedding guests; no one knew her. He asked his Privy Councillor, who had come with him as his companion: "Tell me, my dear Privy Councillor, where is the place or the castle of Stieselschmeiß?" – The Privy Councillor made a deep bow and replied: "Most illustrious Prince! Do you have the pleasure? Stieselschmeiß – oh yes, that lies – that lies – in – in – embarrassing, now I can't think where it lies at the moment. Should there really be a place or a castle with this strange name? Where should it be, Your Serene Highness?" – The prince turned his back on the speaker and muttered angrily through his teeth: "I pay this privy councilor a thousand pieces of gold a year, and now he doesn't even know where Stieselschmeiß is! It's horrible!"

From this it is self-evident that when the dawn of the next day rose rosy, the prince's mood was still not rosy. He had no rest, wanted to start early, put on his coat, which Cindersweep had brushed clean, discovered some serenades

on it, called for a brush and stamped his foot. Cindersweep hurried over in her crow's pelt with the brush, but the prince was so terribly angry that he snatched the brush out of her hand, threw it at her head and shouted at her that she should brush better another time.

On the last evening of the wedding feast, everyone ran over to the neighboring castle, and the prince went there again. Then Cindersweep asked for the third time for permission to watch. The cook shook his head very much that the boy was so curious, but he thought that youth has no virtue, and said, "Today is the last time, run along!" Cindersweep ran quickly to the park in the oak tree, put on her diamond dress, conjured up horses and chariots, coachmen and footmen and appeared at the feast like a living ray of beauty. The prince danced with her and asked her tenderly what her name was. Cindersweep smiled mischievously and replied: "Cinerosa Bürstankopf."

The prince found the first name very beautiful, especially as he did not understand Latin, but the surname quite strange. He had never heard this certainly rich and distinguished family called by that name. But he said, slipping his ring on her finger: "Whoever you may be, beautiful Cinerosa! With these: Rings, I betroth myself to you!" – With a beautiful blush on her cheeks, Cindersweep looked down to the ground and trembled. Immediately afterwards she moved away as the prince turned his eyes elsewhere for a moment. She quickly sat in the carriage, but the prince had given orders to drive his carriage close behind hers so that he could follow her. Cindersweep brandished her dowsing whip and spoke:

"Behind only dark and in front of me clear, that no one can see where I'm going!"

And there she rolled. – The prince quickly got into his carriage and rolled after her, but her carriage was no longer to be seen; nevertheless, its wheels were heard rolling, and so the prince's coachman followed their sound. The dance had lasted longest this time; the early morning was already dawning. The hour had already arrived for the kitchen work to begin; Cindersweep quickly whisked away her carriage and her servants but did not have time to change her clothes first; so she hurriedly hid her diamond dress under the crow's pelt and hurried into the kitchen. The prince, however, who had followed the carriage of the beautiful girl, was astonished to see himself close to his own castle and did not know what was happening to him. He was therefore again very discontented and almost sick with vexation.

"Our prince is not well at all," said the cook to Cindersweep. "He must have a little soup for strength – light a fire quickly." – The morning meal was hastily prepared, Cindersweep dropped the prince's ring into it, and the chef picked up the cup. The Prince drank and was astonished to find his ring at the bottom and hurriedly asked: "Who was in the kitchen so early?" "Your Serene Highness, no one but me and the cinder-sweep" replied the cook. – "Send this fellow in at once!" commanded the prince, and when Cindersweep came in, the prince looked at her sharply, but the crow's pelt concealed all her beauty. "Come, comb my hair, my barber is still in the feathers!"

Cindersweep obeyed; she came very close to the prince and brushed his full soft hair with an ivory comb. The prince

felt the crow's pelt; it was worn out in some places, and therefore somewhat friable and threadbare, and through the scraped threads it flashed as sparklingly clear as morning dew; that was the diamond-glitter of the splendid garment which Cindersweep still wore under her crow's pelt. "Now I'm going to kiss you, O love!" cried the prince, full of inexpressible joy. "Now you are mine, now I am yours!" And he embraced the bride and kissed her.

Shortly before the wedding, the beautiful bride asked for a favor from her beloved groom. The good cook, who had treated Cindersweep so kindly and graciously, received a knighthood from the prince and was elevated to the rank of heir-apparent. This suited him well, as he no longer had to cook the food as he usually did, but could help to eat it himself at the princely table in peace, and when the wedding was celebrated in splendor, he served the food to the princely couple with his own hand in the full splendor of his new dignity, adorned with a star and medal.

* * *

The reader will sense that the folktale's setting has relatively late influences. There are almost biblical expressions ("bowed his head and passed away"), and there is also talk of chariots and knighthoods and of the hereditary throne, all of which belong to the Christian Middle Ages. Even the idea that the divining rod can only be acquired by surrendering the soul is definitely from the Christian era, for it was only then that they became of devilish origin, whereas previously in the old Germanic cult they were part of the divine mastery. Of course, they were not acquired then, as the father of Cindersweep acquired them.

The meaning of the folktale is in itself very simple. An earthly daughter acquires the "royal art" in three returns, the outward expression of which the folktale has created in her marriage to a prince. In three incarnations, the girl becomes a magician and mistress of the forces of nature and life. Here (and in many other folktales), the silver dress, the golden dress and the diamond dress signify three different physical claddings of the soul through rebirth. For the ancients, silver was the symbol of "goal-directedness"; sometimes also of wisdom, namely when it simply represented the white color. In this way it already refers to life. Gold was the symbol of radiance; but often it was to be read as "or," and then in the secret language it meant "offspring," i.e. a new life. The demant (diamond), however, is the water-bright gemstone that shines colorless, like the stars. In most cases, the folktale also makes us aware of this, in which it speaks of a moon dress, a sun dress and a star dress, and we will get to know such a case shortly afterwards. The stars, however, symbolize the constant return (steor in the old secret expression), namely the purified one, with ever stronger spiritualization and with ever stronger withdrawal of the material, corporeal. Thus the three garments signify three phases of manifestation of the same soul, and in these phases the human soul matures for the "royal art" of magic. That is the meaning of the folktale.

Now there are still some expressions in the "Cindersweep" that remind us of the hidden tradition of Kalandom, of the actions of the people who strove to guide the transition from Wuotanism to Christianity in such a way that as much as possible of the old, albeit reinterpreted, was preserved in the new circumstances. Much was done with secret

interpretations of words, and our folktale gives some samples of quite external Kala, which are all the more conclusive for that very reason. The Prince is, of course, no Kalander, and therefore he does not understand it when the cinder-sweep tells him that she is from "Stiefelschmeiß" ("thrown boots"); he rather resents the fact that his privy councilor cannot indicate the location of a place or castle so named. And he thinks nothing of it when the girl tells him her strange name: "Cinerosa Bürstankopf" ("Ashy Brush-head"). After all, the prince had thrown the brush at the girl's head the previous morning and should have remembered it. He liked the first name Cinerosa, even though he didn't understand it. But we should actually read: "Sine Rosa," and that means: without a secret. This is a piece of ancient Germanic symbolism that has long survived into modern times and that we still have today in student customs. When the student brings the "flower" to the other (the "flower" is the rose, and the rose is the symbol of the secret), and he carelessly spills some of the drink, he apologetically says "ohne" or "sine" (which means the same in Latin), and by this he means: "without wanting to violate the secret of the brotherhood." He therefore means that he does not want to be as glib or careless with regard to the long-kept secret of the brotherhood, the remnants of which are still to be found in the drinking custom, as in the case of the drink, which was originally intended as a sacrifice.

So, "Without a secret: brush to head" is what Cindersweep called herself. But the prince didn't understand this, and even the youngest reader of Bechstein's folktales is better than him, because she easily understands the meaningful relationship in these words.

All-Sorts-of-Fur

(According to Grimm)

Once upon a time there was a king who had a wife with golden hair, and she was so beautiful that there was not another like her on earth. It happened that she lay ill, and when she felt that she would soon die, she called the King and said, "If after my death you wish to marry again, do not take anyone who is not as beautiful as I am, and who has not such golden hair as I have; you must promise me that." After the king had promised her, she closed her eyes and died.

The king could not be consoled for a long time and did not think of taking a second wife. At last his counselors said, "There is no other way, the king must marry again so that we may have a queen." Now messengers were sent far and wide in search of a bride who would be as beautiful as the deceased queen. But there was none to be found in the whole world, and even if there had been, there was none with such golden hair. So the messengers returned home informed.

Now the king had a daughter who was just as beautiful as her deceased mother, and also had such golden hair. When she had grown up, the king looked at her once, and saw that she resembled his deceased wife in everything, and suddenly felt a violent love for her. Then he said to his counselors, "I will marry my daughter, for she is the image of my deceased wife, and otherwise I can find no bride like her." When the councilors heard this, they were frightened and said, "God has forbidden the father to marry his daughter; nothing good

can come of the union, and the kingdom will be dragged into ruin." The daughter was even more frightened when she heard her father's decision, but hoped to dissuade him from his plan. So she said to him, "Before I can fulfill your wish, I must first have three garments, one as golden as the sun, one as silver as the moon, and one as brilliant as the stars; I also want a cloak made of a thousand different kinds of fur and suede, and every animal in your kingdom must give a piece of its skin." She thought, however, that it would be quite impossible to do this, and that I would thus dissuade my father from his evil thoughts. But the King did not desist, and the most skillful maidens in his kingdom had to weave the three garments, one as golden as the sun, one as silver as the moon, and one as brilliant as the stars; and his huntsmen had to catch all the beasts in the kingdom and take a piece of their skin from them; from this a cloak of a thousand kinds of fur was made. At last, when all was ready, the king sent for the mantle, spread it before her, and said, "Tomorrow shall be the wedding."

When the princess saw that there was no hope of turning her father's heart, she made up her mind to escape. In the night, while all was asleep, she got up and took three things from her treasures: a golden ring, a golden spinning-wheel, and a golden reel; the three garments of sun, moon, and stars she put into a nutshell, put on the mantle of all sorts of fur, and made her face and hands black with soot. Then she commended herself to God, and went away and walked all night until she came to a great forest. And because she was tired, she sat down in a hollow tree and fell asleep.

The sun rose, and she slept away and was still sleeping when it was already high daytime. Then it happened that a

king, who owned the forest, was hunting in it. When his dogs came to the tree, they sniffed, ran around and barked. The king said to the hunters, "Look what game is hiding there!" The hunters obeyed the command, and when they came back, they said, "In the hollow tree lies a strange animal, such as we have never seen before; on its skin is a thousand kinds of fur, but it lies and sleeps." Said the king: "See if you can catch it alive, then tie it to the cart and take it with you!" When the hunters touched the girl, she woke up in terror and called out to them: "I am a poor child, abandoned by my father and mother, have mercy on me and take me with you!" Then they said: "All-Sorts-of-Fur, you are good for the kitchen, just come with me and you can sweep up the ashes." So they put her on the cart and drove home to the royal palace. There they gave her a little room under the stairs, where there was no daylight, and said, "Rough little animal, you can live and sleep there!" Then he was sent to the kitchen, where he carried wood and water, tended the fire, plucked the poultry, loaded the vegetables, swept the ashes and did all the hard work.

All-Sorts-of-Fur lived in poverty for a long time. Oh, you beautiful daughter of the king, what is to become of you! But once it happened that a feast was being celebrated in the castle; so she said to the cook, "May I go out and watch for a little while; I will stand outside the door." The cook replied, "Yes, go ahead, but you must be back here in half an hour to collect the ashes." Then she took her little oil lamp, went into her hut, took off her fur skirt, and washed the soot from her face and hands, so that her full beauty was again revealed. Then she opened the nut and took out her dress, which shone like the sun. And when this was done, she went up to

the feast, and all stepped out of her way, for no one knew her, and did not think otherwise than that she was a princess. But the King came to meet her, and gave her his hand, and danced with her, and thought in his mind: "My eyes have never seen such beauty." When the dance was over, she bowed, and as the king looked around, she had disappeared, and no one knew where. The guards standing outside the castle were called and questioned, but no one had seen her.

But she had run into her little stable, had quickly taken off her dress, made her face and hands black and put on her fur coat, and was once more All-Sorts-of-Fur. When she came into the kitchen and wanted to go to work and sweep up the ashes, the cook said, "Leave that until tomorrow and cook me the soup for the king, I want to watch a bit upstairs. But don't let a hair of your head fall into it, or you won't get any more to eat in future!" Then the cook went away, and All-Sorts-of-Fur cooked for the king and made a bread soup as well as she could, and when it was ready, she fetched her golden ring from the little stable and put it into the bowl in which the soup was served. When the dance was over, the King had the soup brought to him and ate it, and it tasted so good that he thought he had never eaten a better soup. But when he came to the bottom, he saw a golden ring lying there, and could not understand how it had got there. So he ordered the cook to come before him. The cook was frightened when he heard the order, and said to All-Sorts-of-Fur, "Surely you have dropped a hair into the soup; if it is true, you will be beaten." When he came before the king, he asked who had cooked the soup? The cook replied, "I cooked it." But the king said, "That is not true, for it was cooked in a different way and much better than usual." He replied, "I

must confess that I did not cook it, but All-Sorts-of-Fur." Said the king, "Go and let her come up."

When All-Sorts-of-Fur arrived, the king asked: "Who are you?" "I am a poor child who no longer has a father and mother." He asked further: "What are you in my castle for?" He replied: "I am good for nothing but to have boots thrown around my head." He went on to ask: "Where did you get the ring that was in the soup?" It replied: "I don't know anything about the ring." So the king could not find out anything and had to send her away again.

After a while there was another feast, and All-Sorts-of-Fur asked the cook for permission to watch, as he had done the previous time. He replied, "Yes, but come back in half an hour and cook the king the bread soup he likes so much." Then she ran into her little room, washed herself quickly and took from the nut the dress that was as silver as the moon and put it on. Then she went up and looked like a princess, and the King met her and was glad to see her again, and as the dance was just beginning, they danced together. But when the dance was over, she disappeared again so quickly that the King could not see where she had gone. But she jumped into her little room and made herself into a rough little animal again and went into the kitchen to cook the bread soup. When the cook was upstairs, she fetched the golden spinning-wheel and put it into the bowl, so that the soup was spread over it. Afterwards it was brought to the King, who ate it, and it tasted as good to him as the previous time, and sent for the cook, who this time also had to confess that All-Sorts-of-Fur had cooked the soup. Then All-Sorts-of-Fur came before the King again, but she answered that she was only there to have her boots thrown at her head, and that

she knew nothing at all about the golden spinning-wheel.

When the king prepared a feast for the third time, it was no different from the previous times. The cook said: "You are a witch, you rough little animal, and you always put something in the soup to make it so good that it tastes better to the king than what I cook." But because she begged so, he let her go at the appointed time. Then she put on a dress that shone like the stars, and entered the hall. The King danced again with the beautiful maiden, and said that she had never been so beautiful. And while he was dancing, he put a golden ring on her finger without her noticing it, and commanded that the dance should last a long time. When he had finished, he tried to hold her by the hands, but she tore herself away and jumped among the people so quickly that she disappeared before his eyes. She ran as fast as she could to her little room under the stairs, but as she had stayed too long, and for more than half an hour, she could not take off her beautiful dress, but only threw her coat of fur over it, and in her haste she did not make herself quite sooty, but one finger remained white. So All-Sorts-of-Fur ran into the kitchen, cooked the king's bread soup, and, when the cook was gone, put the golden reel into it. The king, when he found the reel at the bottom, sent for All-Sorts-of-Fur; then he saw her white finger and saw the ring which he had put on her in the dance. Then he seized her by the hand and held her fast, and as she was about to get loose and jump away, the fur coat opened a little, and the starry dress shone out. The king seized the cloak and tore it off. Then the golden hair came out, and she stood there in all her splendor and could no longer hide herself. And when she had wiped the soot and ashes from her face, she was more beautiful than anyone had

ever seen on earth. And the king said, "You are my dear bride, and we shall never part from each other." Then the wedding was celebrated and they lived happily ever after.

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It is easy to see that this folktale is essentially the same as the previous one. Only in All-Sorts-of-Fur the interpretation of meaning is even sharper and more far-reaching, and there are things in it that point to high recognition. The girl has inherited the high, beautiful, bright nature of her mother – she is a pure representative of the blond race, of the most highly developed Aryans. In fact, just look at the role that blond hair and blue eyes play in the German folktale! The king can find no other being who has these characteristics in such a way, and who would therefore be worthy of him. So he makes the sacrilegious decision to marry his daughter. He believes and indeed he is in a bad situation. He is to marry for the sake of his kingdom; but he has made the promise to his deceased wife that racial knowledge demanded of her (for he is not to go back on the path of pure character-building, which leads lovingly through the careful observance of racial laws), and now, from this point of view, he can find no one who could be his wife except his daughter. It all depends on how he evaluates the different principles against each other. But the folktale does not want to split hairs, and does not want to teach legal doctrines, so it leaves the king with the bitter decision, which he has already made inwardly. The daughter eludes him. At first she tries unsuitable means; she makes demands of him that she considers unfulfillable. But they are not unfulfillable for him; he gets her the clothes she desires. There is nothing left for her but to flee.

The clothes are listed here in a different direction, or in a different order, than in Cindersweep. Sun, moon, stars is the sequence here. The meaning is no different from the previous folktale, and three embodiments are meant, one each under the time regiment of the sun, the moon and the stars, in an outward direction of development. When the girl receives these clothes, she remembers this completed course of development and thereby becomes strong and recognizes her task. But she wants to look even deeper into the depths of her origins. She demands a dress made from the furs of all animals. This is to say that all these animals once carried their souls in their bodies. We imagine that the theory of evolution, as it was once again sharply established by Darwin in our time, is a completely new achievement. But even the distant past has thought about these things and has understood them quite deeply. So the girl leaves her previous framework of existence and development and enters a new one, unknown to her; she comes into a great forest that she does not know, that is, into a different level of consciousness. A different king reigns there, who allows it to be discovered. But there, on the new plane, her soul wears a strange mantle: it appears as the "All-Sorts-of-Fur": she is recognized from what she has behind her, and she is assigned menial tasks. These tasks – as with Cindersweep – mainly revolve around the ashes (it is the same with Cinderella), and the ashes are the symbol of destruction, of passing away to become something new. This is already in the word itself, which comes from the same runic root as, for example, Ask (origin) or os, Äse (god), and reflects the same root on the third level of the Norns, that of destruction, which, however, never means a complete end, but always only a passing away to new

emergence. So All-Sorts-of-Fur, like Cindersweep and Cinderella, is about to give up her previous form of existence in favor of a new one, which she does not yet know herself, but which must necessarily result from its previous development.

All-Sorts-of-Fur has brought three things with her from her father's house, namely a ring, a small golden spinning-wheel and a reel. One by one she throws these things into the new king's soup, which she has to cook for him. The ring, however, is the symbol of eternity, and when the girl (the soul) throws the ring into the king's soup, she shows him that she has recognized the law of eternity of all things and of herself. The spinning wheel is a symbol of the Norn, and when All-Sorts-of-Fur throws it into the king's soup, he knows that the girl (the soul) has grasped fate and its meaning, its power, its purpose; for the Norn is the mother of destiny. The golden reel, however, is the symbol of newly emerging salvation: just as the finished yarn is made ready for use on the reel, so the soul makes itself available to the king for a new cycle in eternity, for new, higher tasks than the former ones. And the king of the new kingdom is a new level of the power of existence, who now draws the soul to himself, leading it towards deification at his level. But of the other king, the father, we learn nothing more; for the soul has left him far behind on the level it has overcome; its lot has become more glorious. Thus "All-Sorts-of-Fur" is also a folktale about the soul and its development upwards, toward divinity, and it is no minor matter that the girl proves so modest towards the new king and says that she is good for nothing but to have her boots thrown at her head. According to Guido v. List, the boot is the symbol of the old pervading

spirit, and with such words the soul places itself entirely under the rule of the Creator, just as the brush thrown at the head of Cindersweep in the previous folktale signifies the "thunder broom" and thus testifies to the transformation of evil into righteousness, of the demonic into the theonic. So even these apparently quite trivial symbols reveal what the folktales actually want to say about the soul's path to a higher level of existence, towards deification. All of this arises from the pre-Christian beliefs of our ancestors, and so it has come down to us in disguise – and not just in a small form – and from these strange children's tales we can now see in retrospect all the high wisdom of those who, just a few decades ago, were regarded even by German scholars as barbarians with little culture or thought: our ancient Germanic forefathers.

III

Tales of the Glass Mountain

As the reader will have seen, the classification of folk tales is by no means arbitrary: but not everything fits, and some folktales could just as easily be placed in another section than the one in which they are to be found. This is due to the ambiguity of many old folktales; but it is also due to the fact that the motifs are so strangely assembled and repeated that only in rare cases can we actually say: the folktale lies before us today as it grew out of prehistoric times. So it is only halfway justified if we make a group: the folktales of the glass mountain. The glass mountain also becomes the golden mountain, it becomes a glass coffin, a glass castle, a demantic castle and so on, but it always remains the same. To explain it, we must first go back to the ancient Germanic myths of the year.

We have already mentioned that the Germanic tribes recognized a special god for each month (in Sleeping Beauty these gods appear as women), but he was always the same, only in a different dress, in a different role and therefore under a different name. These are Allfather's (Wuotan's) transformations, and that is why he is called the "Changer." In Härtung (January) he introduces himself as "Allfather"; as the god of the month, however, he sits enthroned in Alfheim under the name Freyr (the Wane). He is also called Froh, and this refers to the newly risen sun. In Hornung (February) he

now appears as the Walvater himself, i.e. father of the dead, in his castle Walaskialf, i.e. Hall of the Dead, Wallhall, where he collects the disembodied souls in order to guide them through the "primeval state" of reincarnation; this still explains the Balfari rituals today (Guido v. List's "The Religion of the Ariogermans in the Esoteric and Exoteric" provides more detailed information about these things). The Sun enters the sign of Pisces, while in Hornung it is in the zodiacal sign of Aquarius or the Urn. In the Lanzmond or March, Saga reigns in her castle of the gods Söquabekr (torrent); the Sun enters Aries. The Ostermond (April) sees Wuotan under this name in Glastheim, his castle of the gods; the Sun is in Taurus, and Wuotan's castle is hence to be found there. Skadi (Schade) is the month god of May; she rules in Thrimsheim; the sun is in Gemini. The constellation or rather zodiac sign of Cancer signifies the decline; the sun therefore enters this sign with the summer solstice, in Brachet or June, and the dying, doomed sun god Baldur shines in his castle Breidablick (further view). The next month, Heuet or Heuert (July) sees the guardian of the gods, Heimdallr or Heimdold in Himingbiörg (Himmelsburg) as the god of the month and the sun is in Leo. During the harvest (Aust, August) Freya reigns in her castle Volkwang; the sun enters the sign of Virgo. The next month Forseti, the chairman, the judge of the gods rules in Glitnir (the sun is in the gliding); the sun is in the scales, and the scales are still regarded today as a symbol of justice or judgment. So this is the Scheiding (September). The Gilbhart (October) sees the sun in Scorpio; there Njord rules in his castle Noatun. When the sun enters Sagittarius (Laubris, Nebelung, November), Widar is the god of the month in Landwidi. Wuotan as Hangatyr is a self-

sacrifice in the tree Yggdrasil. And in Wihimanoth, Julmond or December, the new sun god Uller is born, who moves into his new castle Idallir (Eibentüler), while the sun enters the sign of Capricorn.

Thus we have become acquainted with twelve castles of the gods, each of which coincides with the position of the sun in one of the constellations of the zodiac. The thoughts which lie behind these mythological explanations are extraordinarily profound and attractive; but we cannot dwell on them here, lest our particular aim be lost to the reader's eye. Almost all the twelve numbers in folktales can be traced back to these castles of the gods and the gods of the months, and if we examine them in this way, their meaning becomes clear.

However, this is only an "exoteric" (external) matter; and for the spiritual realm, these castles of the gods themselves are of symbolic significance. The ascent of the soul is then compared to the ascent of the sun: the more ennoblement and inner height, the more sunlight. In this sense, every castle where a difficult, earthly, insurmountable obstacle has to be overcome becomes a stage on the path to the deification of the soul, to the final full re-entry into God. In this sense, the old song of Hildebrand is also full of the twelve toll-collectors who are camped in a castle and block the way; there is rarely a human child who wants to choose this straight path and has to fight with the toll-collectors. Hildebrand slays seven of the toll-collectors with his own sword and the rest with his master's sword, which gives him even more power than his own; i.e. the seven stages of knowledge and overcoming can take place in one's own soul; in one's own spirit, for which others need the master sword, the "royal art" of magic. And

he who cannot walk this straight path over mountain and toll-collectors' bridge must go far around to reach his goal, i.e. this soul needs many reincarnations to reach its goal, its happiness, and thus has to overcome far more evil and endure far more suffering than he who has the strength to walk the straight path.

This deep symbolism, too, can only be hinted at here to the extent that it has now happened. However, we should still refer here to: In connection with this, we would like to point out the sieves, some of which we have already discussed. The symbols in folktales also go back to their origins and are mainly related to the life of love, not primarily to the human love life, but to the mystical love life of the soul in a higher relationship. These stages explain the names of the seven ancient Germanic goddesses of love, the "Good Seven," and we follow Guido von List's explanations here with a short list:

The first of the maidens is Gefion (giver), and is the first to blossom. She endows the child, who grows up to be a virgin, with the honeydew of gracious character, which inspires man to love, and she takes all those who die as virgins into her retinue, in order to bring them back to love with renewed charms: to guide them to rebirth. Snotra, the second, gifted with feminine grace and the adornment of beautiful speech; she is the messenger of love in the service of Freya, in that she sends love spells into the hearts and shows the image of the beloved (or the lover) in dreamlike apparitions to those who are happy in their sleep. Sniofa, the third, ignites Snotra's love spark into a blazing fire in which the hearts of the lovers melt into one. Loba, the fourth, causes the maiden to give her chosen one the ring of Loba, the betrothal ring (in ancient times the rings were not

exchanged, but the bride gave the ring to the bridegroom, and only in this way did the custom have its true meaning, since the ring signifies Draupnir, the "dropper," the mystery of conception and childbirth). Wara, the fifth, keeps the oaths of fidelity in the hearts of lovers with flaming runes and avenges their breach. The sixth of these sub-goddesses is Syna, the contemplative one; she keeps the bars of the bridal chamber and avenges the abuse of love (the illicit sensual pleasure); but she also opens up the bridal chamber for the seventh, the sunny one, the lady Fene or Fane (the begetter, the one who gives birth), from whom our female name Fanny comes, and who is none other than the goddess Freya herself or "Venus," of course not the licentious Roman, but chaste Ario-Germanic.

So these are the seven helpers of love, and the "good seven" are also contrasted with the "evil seven"; these live even more than the others in popular speech, although their nature is no longer understood when we hear a woman say today that she is "an evil seven." The names of these auxiliary she-devils have not been preserved; just as the good ones lead upwards step by step, so the bad ones lead downwards step by step when they gain power over people.

And just as – with regard to the Twelve – man can gain in knowledge and power and value step by step, he can of course also fall. The toll-collectors, who appear in our folktale in a hundred different guises, can also overcome him instead of he them; and every return is an imprecation: from these, the one who has returned must first be redeemed before he can ascend. This also explains the cursing and enchantment in folktales. Evil figures, witches or sorcerers always do this, but in reality every soul curses itself; for the sorcerer or the witch

only ever gain power over the human soul when the will to ascend has become paralyzed in it, when it has lacked or become accessible to the decision to lack; when the "wish," namely the desire to ascend, can be taken from it, when it becomes entrenched in material things, in evil desire, or in turning away from good counsel; turning away from good advice. Redemption, too, always happens with the help of others, but the redeemer always has to break the outward spell in which the soul is held; inwardly the soul has already broken it, for in most cases it must first tell the approaching redeemer how to deal with the matter. This, however, presupposes the realization that the enchantment has certain causes, and furthermore the realization of these causes, and then the emergence of the wish that the causes be removed, and finally the will to remove them. Only then can the cursed child of man tell the coming redeemer what he must do to save it. And thus that soul which is redeemed at all has in reality already redeemed itself through the better inner direction which it has gained as a result of its knowledge, and through the nobler will which arose from it.

If this is the innermost thought of cursing and redeeming, then this thought has also been attached to the sky in a more external way; we know that the sun is cursed and redeemed and have already interpreted such folktales.

If the soul is cursed, then physical growth also comes to a standstill. Either the soul returns to an animal body, or it remains in its envelope, in which case time stands still for it, so to speak; it does not grow and does not age until its redemption comes. And so "desire" becomes the principle of life in general, as Schopenhauer saw the world as will and imagination. But the wish is still behind the will; it is the

rising life instinct, the father of the clearly grasped will, and so it is the life force, life itself. Life always proceeds on the same material or spiritual level on which the desires stand. If the desire in a person (in a soul) ceases, he no longer lives at all, and there is therefore no more vital thought than that man should kill his desire.

It is not surprising that desire appeared to the ancients as the divine principle; where it works, there is life, where it fails, there is death. The whole world became a wish of the deity, and the deity itself (or at least the symbolic manifestations of the individual gods, which are always only essentialized individual principles of the one eternal deity) was represented as endowed with the power of the wish. In this: Wuotan, Donar, Ziu or Tyr etc. may be addressed as "wishful deities," but not in the superstitious sense in which it is still commonly done today, even by men of science.

Incidentally, the matter also lives very much on level ground. If we say to ourselves that desire follows from knowledge and becomes the will to overcome obstacles (for everything is an obstacle to it, even the so-called natural laws) and thus brings about magic (power), then we see this value of desire realized in everyday life. He who recognizes his neighbor in all his characteristics, with his advantages and weaknesses, can "treat" his neighbor, i.e. use him, as he wishes. People express this realization in the phrase "You only have to know how to take people," or "If you only know how to take people properly, you have them in your pocket. So you acquire the powers of your neighbor, so to speak, if you know him. But the forces of nature are divine qualities; we learn to recognize and use them. And in nature, too, there is a hierarchy of forces; yet we don't really know it. One force

can become master over another without our knowing the victorious force or its relation to the other; then we think that something has happened which is against the "laws of nature," and since such a thing cannot logically happen, we speak of superstition in relation to it. But have we not seen that in recent years science has had to be very reluctantly convinced of the effectiveness of the divining rod in finding water sources? It will be the same with many other things from the old sunken world that were previously counted as superstition – it seems that the sidereal pendulum is already almost as far along. But this is by the way. The more one recognizes nature (and understands the laws of the spirit!), the more powerful he will become. Our natural science has always stuck to the so-called "laws of nature"; it has not wanted to recognize the spirit in things. But the ancients were different in this respect, and that is why they arrived at "magic," the "royal art," which the Freemasons still believe they serve today by tradition, while in reality they no longer know what this concept once concealed. And that is why, in the sense of our science, "miracles" still happen today; but they are only miracles for us, because we do not understand their inner laws: as soon as we understand them, they are merely effects and again primal things, like everything else that happens, and we no longer find anything wonderful about it.

It is certain that the ancient sages possessed a high level of knowledge and insight, and we must also conclude from many traditions that the "witches" (Hagedisen, the healers of the ancient Germanic tribes) and the "Truthen" possessed certain powers and insights that enabled them to provide very special help to their neighbors, as some seer women from

Germanic times are even known to us by name. But when Christianity became victorious and abolished and disgraced everything that was connected with the old traditional beliefs, the witches were also recast as evil beings, and it was said that they were in league with the devil, which was also true to a certain extent, since the old gods had been turned into evil creatures. The witches, like those of old who had knowledge of the ancient Germanic faith, were persecuted most bitterly, and what we then experience of witch trials from later centuries usually concerns women who were no longer witches, but who had come upon one or the other piece of the knowledge and the healing art of the ancient Hagedisen in oral tradition. Countless women were murdered without guilt simply because, as we say today, they had a certain "mediumistic ability" and were able to produce effects that were impossible and incomprehensible to others, or explain things that remained a mystery to other people.

The real witch of old, of course, was one of the wise women who put her life at the service of her "wish," namely the will to rise up spiritually and to help others to do likewise. This is the case with the sorcerers who are often mentioned in folktales. They did not emerge directly from the old Germanic cult administration, but followed on from the cabalistic period of the Middle Ages, when the old knowledge had largely died out and people were only looking for certain profitable arts such as the "philosopher's stone" in alchemy. It was at this time that the malicious practice of magic arose, which no longer cared about the righteousness of the new men in pursuit of selfish, ungodly goals, and for the most part the practitioners were Jews, a phenomenon which has already been explained earlier in this book.

Folktales like to attach their tales of curses to the figures of these sorcerers, but we shall now turn mainly to the glass mountain tales and explain curses only in so far as they play a role.

The King of the Golden Mountain

(According to Grimm)

There was a merchant who had two children, a boy and a girl, both of whom were still small and could not yet walk. But there were two richly laden ships of his on the sea, and his whole fortune was in them. And, just as he thought he would earn a lot of money, news came that they had sunk. Instead of a rich man, he was now a poor man and had nothing left but a field outside the city. To take his mind off his misfortune, he went out into the field, and as he was walking up and down, a little black man suddenly stood next to him and asked why he was so sad and what he was so worried about. Then the merchant said, "If you could help me, I would tell you." "Who knows," replied the black one. The little man said, "Perhaps I will help you." Then the merchant told him that all his wealth had perished at sea, and that he had nothing left but this field. "Don't worry," said the little man, "if you will promise me to bring here to the square in twelve years' time that which you have struck against your leg at home, you shall have as much money as you like." The merchant thought, "What else can it be but my dog?" But he did not think of his little boy and said "Yes," gave the black man his handshake and seal and went home.

When he came home, his little boy was so happy that he held on to the benches, wiggled over to him and grabbed him by the legs. Then the father was frightened, for he remembered his promise, and knew what he had promised;

but as he still found no money in his boxes and chests, he thought it had only been a joke on the part of the little man. A month later, he went to the ground and wanted to collect old tin and sell it, when he saw a large pile of money lying there. Now he was in good spirits again, made purchases, became a bigger merchant than before and God let the good man be. In the meantime, the boy grew up and became clever and wise. The nearer the twelve years approached, the more worried the merchant became, so that one could see the fear in his face. Once the son asked him what was wrong with him; the father would not tell him, but he persisted until at last he told him that he had promised him to a black man without knowing what he promised, and had received a great deal of money for it. He had put his signature and seal on it, and now he would have to hand him over when twelve years had passed. Then the son said, "O father, don't be afraid, it will be all right; the black man has no power over me."

The son had himself blessed by the clergyman, and when the hour came, they went out into the field together, and the son made a circle and stood in it with his father. Then the little black man came and said to the old man, "Have you brought what you promised me?" He remained silent, but the son asked: "What are you doing here?" Then the little black man said: "I have to talk to your father and not to you!" The son replied: "You have deceived and seduced my father, give me the signature!" "No," asked the black man, "I will not give up my right." Then they talked together for a long time, and at last they agreed that the son, because he did not belong to the hereditary enemy and no longer to his father, should put himself into a little boat that stood on a downward-flowing stream, and the father should push it

away with his own foot, and then the son should be left to the water. So he took leave of his father, sat down in a boat, and his father had to push it away with his own foot. The boat overturned, so that the lowest part was up, but the top was in the water; and the father, thinking his son was lost, went home and mourned for him.

But the little boat did not sink, but floated quietly away, and the youth sat safely in it, and so it floated for a long time, until at last it came to rest on an unknown shore. Then he stepped ashore, saw a beautiful castle lying before him, and went towards it. But when he entered it, he saw it was cursed; he went through all the rooms, but they were empty, until he came to the last chamber, where a snake lay writhing inside. But the serpent was a cursed maiden, and rejoiced when she saw him, and said to him, "Are you coming, my savior? I have been waiting for you for twelve years; this kingdom is cursed and you must redeem it!" "How can I do that?" he asked. "Tonight twelve black men will come, hung with chains, they will ask you what you are doing here, but keep quiet and give them no answer and let them do what they want to you; they will torture, torment and prick you, let everything happen, just don't talk; at twelve o'clock they have to leave again. And on the second night twelve more will come. Twenty-four on the third. They will cut off your head; but at twelve o'clock their power will be over, and if you hold out then and don't say a word, they will leave and I will be redeemed. I will come to you and have the water of life in a bottle, which I will sprinkle on you, and then you will be alive and well as before." Then he said: "I will gladly redeem you." Everything happened just as she had said; the black men could not force a word out of him, and on the third

night the serpent became a beautiful princess, who came with the water of life and brought him back to life. And then she fell on his neck and kissed him, and there was rejoicing and joy in the whole castle. Then their wedding was held, and he became king of the golden mountain.

So they lived happily together, and the queen gave birth to a beautiful boy. Eight years had passed when the king remembered his father, and his heart was moved, and he wished to visit him once. But the queen would not let him go, and said, "I already know that it will be my misfortune!" But he gave her no peace until she consented. At parting she gave him a wishing-ring and said, "Take this ring and put it on your finger, and you will soon be transferred to wherever you wish to go, only you must promise me that you will not use it to wish me away from here to your father." He promised her this, put the ring on his finger and wished himself home to the town where his father lived. He was there at the moment and wanted to go into the city, but when he came to the gate, the guards would not let him in because he was wearing strange and yet so rich and splendid clothes. So he went to a mountain where a shepherd was herding, exchanged clothes with him, put on the old shepherd's coat and entered the town undisturbed. When he came to his father, he made himself known, but he never believed that it was his son, and said that he had had a son, but that he had died long ago; but because he saw that he was a poor, lowly shepherd, he wanted to give him a plateful to eat. Then the shepherd said to his parents, "I am truly your son; do you not know any mark on my body by which you can recognize me?" "Yes," said the mother, "our son had a birthmark under his right arm." He pulled back his shirt, and

they saw the birthmark under his right arm, and no longer doubted that he was their son. Then he told them that he was king of the golden mountain, and that a princess was his wife, and that they had a beautiful son of seven years of age. Then the father said, "Now and never again is that true; that to me is a handsome king, who goes about in a ragged shepherd's coat!" Then the son was angry, and, without thinking of his promise, turned the ring round, and wished both his wife and his child to come to him. At the same moment they were there, but the queen, who lamented and wept, said that he had broken his word and made her unhappy. He said, "I did it carelessly and not with evil intent," and spoke to her; she also pretended to yield, but she had evil in mind.

Then he led her out into the field outside the town and showed her the water where the little boat had been launched, and then said, "I am tired, sit down, I want to sleep a little on your lap." So he laid his head on her lap and she listened to him for a while until he fell asleep. When he had fallen asleep, she first took the ring off his finger, then pulled her foot out from under him, leaving only the shoe; then she took her child in her arms and wished herself back into her kingdom. When he awoke, he lay there quite deserted, and his wife and child were gone, and so was the ring from his finger, but the shoe was still there as a sign. "You can't go home to your parents," he thought; "they'd say you were a sorcerer. You want to pack up and travel until you get to your kingdom!" – So he went away and finally came to a mountain where three giants were standing and arguing with each other because they did not know how to divide their father's inheritance. When they saw him passing by,

they called him and said that little men had a clever mind; he should distribute the inheritance to them. But the inheritance consisted of a sword that, when one of them took it in his hand and said, "All heads down but mine," all the heads lay on the earth. Secondly, a cloak that whoever put it on was invisible; thirdly, a pair of boots that if you had put them on and wanted to go somewhere, you were there in an instant. He said: "Give me the three pieces so that I can try them on to see if they are still in good condition." So they gave him the cloak, and when he had put it on, he was invisible and turned into a fly. Then he took on his form again and said: "The cloak is good, now give me the sword." They said, "No, we won't give it to you. If you were to say, 'All heads down but mine,' all heads would be down and you alone would still have yours." But they gave it to him on condition that he should try it on a tree. He did so, and the sword cut the trunk of a tree like a straw. Now he still wanted the boots, but they said, "No, we will not give them away, if you had put them on and wished yourself up the mountain, we would be down there and have nothing." "No," he said, "I will not do that." So they gave him the boots too. Now that he had all three pieces, he thought of nothing but his wife and his child, and said to himself, "Oh, if I were on the golden mountain," and immediately he disappeared before the eyes of the giants, and so their inheritance was divided. When he was near the castle, he heard shouts of joy, violins and flutes, and the people told him that his wife was celebrating her wedding with another man. Then he was angry and said, "The false one, she deceived me and left me when I was asleep." So he put on his cloak and went into the castle out of sight. When he entered the hall, there was a

large table set with delicious food, and the guests were eating and drinking, laughing and joking. But she was sitting in the middle on a royal throne in splendid clothes with a crown on her head. He stood behind her and no one saw him. When they put a piece of meat on her plate, he took it away and ate it, and when they poured her a glass of wine, he took it away and drank it; they always gave it to her, and yet she always had nothing, for plate and glass disappeared at once. Then she was dismayed and ashamed, got up and went into her chamber and wept, but he went after her. Then she said, "Is the devil behind me, or did my Savior never come?" Then he struck her in the face and said: "Did your Savior never come? He is behind you, you deceiver. Did I deserve this from you?" Then he made himself visible, went into the hall and shouted, "The wedding is over, the true king has come." The kings, princes and councilors who were gathered there jeered and ridiculed him, but he spoke briefly and said, "Do you want to leave or not?" Then they tried to catch him and came at him, but he drew his sword and said, "All heads down but mine!" Then all the heads rolled to the ground, and he alone was the lord, and was again king of the golden mountain.

* * *

This folktale, too, although based on ancient motifs, was only formed in this way in Christian times. We have already become acquainted with the first part almost immediately in the other folktale of the prince and the devil's daughter. Here it is a black man who represents the evil principle; white is always theonic and black demonic. The merchant's son here is not handed over to evil through his father's thoughtless promise. But he does have to redeem himself by fulfilling a

special task. This task is the redemption of the princess from the golden mountain, and he succeeds. He frees the "shining one" and thereby achieves great honor, of which he is not yet worthy, as he has not yet mastered his own self. The punishment for this follows on his heels; but of course the redeemed is now also missing. She regards herself as free, whereas she is not; she innately assumes that her husband will not find his way back to her, perhaps even that he will perish. This is a bad wish, and it takes its revenge on her. For the husband, who has been transferred, gets back to the golden mountain, and when he gets into trouble there, he says: "All heads down but mine!" The folktale does not explicitly say whether the wife and child are included, but we can assume so if they were in the same room. But be that as it may, it is not a high spiritual level that this folktale testifies to. The giants who fought over their inheritance were also cheated, even if this is glossed over in the folktale. For the folktale makes the king of the golden mountain completely forget that he has the things of the giants in his hands, makes the longing for a wife and child suddenly rise up in him, and thus forces the sigh onto his lips, which presents itself as a wish that finds fulfillment thanks to the properties of the giants' things. However, the giants are part of the demonic will of the world, and they do not always fare well in folktales, as they are usually man-eaters or other maliciously cruel creatures, and reducing or ending their power is a merit. But this folktale presupposes a good faith that is difficult to muster in the circumstances described.

In the enchantment, the maiden is a snake. We are not told why she became one. The snake is an ancient sacred animal, and mythically the Midgard serpent is the sea. The

words of the folktale could therefore mean that the maiden who is to be redeemed here belongs to the sea race, the Atlanteans, while the liberator belongs to the fifth human race, the Aryans. This would perhaps also make the events of the folktale appear more comprehensible. But the matter should not be taken too seriously, because once you have become sighted, there is of course always the danger of reading something into the old traditions that is not there. Symbolically, the snake is connected with the eternity ring, which also is often represented by a snake biting its own tail.

The strong use of the number twelve is striking. The boy is twelve years old when the little man demands him; but the maiden is also cursed in her castle for twelve years, and two times twelve demonic men and then another 24 (i.e. twice twelve) seek to thwart the young man's intention of redemption, so that one might almost assume that the folktale is intended to conceal a myth of years, for which, however, there is no further evidence.

The Singing, Springing Lark

(According to Grimm)

Once upon a time there was a man who was going on a long journey, and on leaving he asked his three daughters what he should bring them. The eldest wanted pearls, the second wanted diamonds, but the third said: "Dear father, I want a singing, springing lion's eagle (lark)." The father said, "Yes, if I can get it, you shall have it," kissed all three and left. When the time came for him to go home again, he had bought pearls and diamonds for the two eldest, but he had looked everywhere for the singing, springing lark for the youngest in vain, and he was sorry for that, for she was his dearest child.

Then the path led him through a forest, and in the middle of it was a magnificent castle, and close to the castle stood a tree, but at the very top of the tree he saw a little lark singing and springing. "Oh, you are just in time for me," he said, quite amused, and called his servant to climb up and catch the little animal. But as he stepped up to the tree, a lion jumped up underneath, shook himself and roared so that the leaves on the trees shook. "Whoever wants to steal my singing, springing lark," he cried, "I'll eat him up!" Then the man said, "I did not know that the bird belonged to you; I will right my wrong and buy myself off with heavy gold; just let me live." The lion said: "Nothing can save you but to promise me what you first meet at home. But if you want to do that, I will give you your life and the bird for your

daughter on top of that." But the man refused and said, "That could be my youngest daughter, she loves me best and always runs to meet me when I come home." But the servant was afraid and said, "Does your daughter have to meet you? It could be a cat or a dog!" So the man allowed himself to be persuaded, took the singing, springing lark and promised the lion what he would meet at home first.

When he arrived home and entered his house, the first thing he met was none other than his youngest, dearest daughter. She came running, kissed and hugged him, and when she saw that he had brought along a singing, springing lark, she was beside herself with joy. The father, however, could not rejoice, but began to weep, and said, "My dearest child, I have bought the little bird at a great price; I have had to promise you to a wild lion for it, and when he has you he will tear you to pieces and eat you," and told her all that had happened, and begged her not to go, for whatever might come. But she comforted him, and said, "Dearest father, what you have promised must be kept; I will go and appease the lion, so that I may come to you again in good health." The next morning she asked to be shown the way, took her leave and went confidently into the forest. But the lion was an enchanted prince, and was a lion by day, and with him all his people became lions, but at night they had their natural human form. On her arrival she was kindly received and led into the castle. When night came, he was a handsome man, and the wedding was celebrated with splendor. They lived happily together, keeping watch in the night and slept during the day. At one time he came and said, "Tomorrow there is a feast at your father's house, because your eldest sister is getting married, and if you feel like going, my lions should

take you there." So she said yes, she would like to see her father again, went there and was accompanied by the lions. There was great joy when she arrived, because they had all believed that she had been torn apart by the lion and had not been alive for a long time. But she told them what a beautiful husband she had and how well she was doing, and stayed with them as long as the wedding lasted, after which she went back to the forest. When the daughter was married and she had returned to the wedding, she said to the lion, "I don't want to be alone this time, you must go with me." But the lion said that this would be too dangerous for him, for if the ray of a burning light touched him there, he would be turned into a dove and would have to fly with the doves for seven years. "Oh," she said, "just go with me; I will keep you safe and protect you from all light." So they moved in together and took their little child with them. She had a hall built there, so strong and thick, in which he was to sit, to which the wedding lights would be lit. But the door was made of fresh wood, which dried and got a small crack that no one noticed. Now the wedding was celebrated with splendor, but as the procession came back from the church with so many torches and lights, passing by their hall, a ray as wide as a hair fell on the king's head, and as soon as this ray had touched him, he was changed, and when she came in and looked for him, she did not see him, but there sat a white dove. The dove said to her, "Seven years I must fly away into the world; but every seven steps I will drop a drop of red blood and a white feather; these shall show thee the way; if thou wilt follow this track, thou canst deliver me."

Then the dove flew out of the door and she followed it, and every seven steps a drop of red blood and a white feather

fell down and showed her the way. So she always went out into the wide world and looked and when the seven years were nearly over, she rejoiced, and thought they would soon be delivered, and was still so far from it. Once, when she was thus gone, not a feather fell, nor a drop of red blood, and when she opened her eyes, the dove was gone, and as she thought, "Men cannot help it," she went up to the sun and said to it, "You shine in every cranny and over every peak, have you not seen a white dove fly?" "No," said the sun, "I have not seen one, but I will give you a little box to open when you are in great need." So she thanked the sun and went on until it was evening and the moon was shining, then she asked him: "You shine all night and through all the fields and forests, have you not seen a white dove flying?" "No," said the moon, "I have not seen one, but I will give you an egg to break when you are in great need." So she thanked the moon and walked on until the night wind came and blew at her, then she said to him, "You are blowing away over all the mountains and under all the leaves, have you not seen a white dove fly?" "No," said the night wind, "I have not seen one, but I will ask the three other winds, they may have seen it." The East Wind and the West Wind came and had seen nothing; but the South Wind said, "I have seen the white dove; it has flown to the Red Sea, where it has become a lion again, for the seven years are over, and the lion is there in battle with a lindworm, but the lindworm is an enchanted princess." Then the night wind said: "I will give you advice, go to the Red Sea, at the right bank, there are big reeds, count them, and cut off the eleventh one, and hit the lindworm with it, then the lion can defeat him, and both will also get their human bodies back. Then look around and you

will see the griffin sitting on the Red Sea; swing yourself and your beloved on its back and the bird will carry you home across the sea. You also have a nut, when you are in the middle of the sea, let it fall, it will soon rise, and a great walnut tree will come up out of the water – and if it could not rest, it would not be strong enough to carry you over, and if you forget to throw down the nut, it will let you fall into the sea." So she went and found everything as the night wind had said. She counted the reeds by the sea, and cut off the eleventh; with it she struck the lindworm, and the lion subdued him, and at once both had their human bodies again. But when the princess, who had been a lindworm before, was free from the spell, she took the youth in her arms, sat down on the bird of prey, and led him away with her. There stood the poor far-wanderer, and was again forsaken, and sat down and wept. At last, however, she encouraged herself and said: "I will go as far as the wind blows, and as long as the cock crows, until I find him." And away she went, long, long ways, until at last she came to the castle where they both lived together; then she heard that a feast was soon to be held, where they were to be married. But she said, "God help me yet," and opened the little box which the sun had given her, and there was a dress in it as brilliant as the sun itself. So she took it out and put it on, and went up to the castle, and all the people and the bride herself looked at her with astonishment; and the dress pleased the bride so much that she thought it might make her wedding-dress, and asked if it were not for sale? "Not for money and goods," she answered, "but for flesh and blood." The bride asked what she meant. Then she said, "Let me sleep one night in the chamber where the bridegroom sleeps." The

bride did not want to, but she wanted to have the dress; at last she consented, but the chamberlain had to give the prince a nightcap. When it was now night and the young man was already asleep, she was led into the chamber. Then she sat up in bed and said, "I have followed you seven years, have been by the sun and moon and the four winds, and have asked after you and helped you against the lindworm, will you forget me altogether?" But the prince slept so soundly that it seemed to him as if the wind were rustling in the fir-trees outside.

When morning came, she was led out again and had to give up the golden dress. And when that did not help either, she became sad, went out into a meadow, sat down and wept. And as she sat there she remembered the egg which the moon had given her; she opened it, and out came a mother hen with twelve little chicks all of gold, which ran about and peeped and crawled under their mother's wings again, so that there was nothing more beautiful to be seen in the world. Then she got up and drove them along the meadow until the bride looked out of the window, and she liked the little chicks so much that she came down at once and asked if they were not for sale? "Not for money and goods, but for flesh and blood; let me sleep one night in the chamber where the bridegroom sleeps!" The bride said, "Yes," and wanted to deceive them, as she had done the night before. But when the prince went to bed, he asked his chamberlain what the murmuring and rustling had been during the night. Then the chamberlain told him all that he had had to give him a nightcap because a poor girl had been sleeping secretly in the chamber, and tonight he was to give him another. Said the prince: "Pour out the drink beside the bed!" At night she was

brought in again, and when she began to tell him how sad she had been, he immediately recognized his dear wife by her voice, jumped up and shouted: "Now I am really redeemed; it was only as if I had been in a dream, for the strange princess had bewitched me so that I had to forget you, but God took the bewitchment away from me at the right hour." So they both went secretly out of the castle in the night, for they were afraid of the princess's father, who was a magician, and sat down on the griffin, which carried them across the Red Sea, and when they were in the middle, she dropped the nut. Soon a great walnut tree grew up, and the bird rested on it, and then it led them home, where they found their child, who had grown up and was beautiful, and from then on they lived happily ever after.

* * *

Here, too, various motifs have come together, some of which we have already encountered. The beginning sounds like Cinderella, then we find the lion, who acquires a bride and guards the lion's eagle (the lark), of whom we then hear nothing more. The lion, however, is an enchanted prince who, when a ray of light falls from him, turns into a dove for seven years and then has to be redeemed by his wife, whereby he immediately falls into the hands of a disenchanted woman, and the three dresses play their part again.

First of all, the lion's eagle. This name for the lark is hardly to be found today; it is also questionable whether it has ever been common over larger areas. We have to go back to the old symbolic values (according to List) in order to explain it. The lion symbolizes life, and the oak as eok, ecker includes in itself lawful movement, excitement, ability. What

the third daughter demands of her father is therefore vitality, the art of living, and this is where we understand the epithets about the "singing, springing" lark. The art of living is, of course, more difficult to achieve than a singing lark in the open field, and we are no longer surprised that the father promises the lion (life) his daughter in return. This is only terrible in the immediate mind, but not in the sense that whoever wants to gain the art of living must surrender to life. The daughter does so, and gains great value from this union; the life that looks so dangerous is an enchanted prince (is God-ordained), and in our folktale the child signifies the gain. But this life is turned away from the day; only at night does the lion have its human form. We must now expand the terms day and night again into the old mystical sense; then this whole materialization of God into the world is a night state, contrary to the day state, in which it again dissolves all being into pure spirit. Thus the life we lead, which is bound to corporeality and which must always reach for materiality in order to exist and work, is in the sense of the folktale a night life. After all, the merchant's daughter finds it happy and is content with it. But then a ray of light reaches the lion (life) and transforms it into a dove. For the ancients, the dove was dedicated to the goddess Freya, Venus, the procreator, the birth-giver. The old word duve (as the dove was called) has probably not yet been clarified: it may contain the terms "up there" (perhaps also "open"). The color white always results in "wisdom." The light is also clearly connected with the "Weistum" (reward), and so the transformation into the white dove probably tells us: "Life, touched by divine light (knowledge), transforms itself into the wisdom from above," and indeed this happens over seven years (sunny heights).

The merchant's daughter cannot go along with this, and if she wants to get hold of the lion (life) again, she must give it back its former form. In the day of the folktale she is unable to live in God's light, in the sunny height. So she wanders, to redeem her husband. She comes to the sun, but it knows nothing of the dove; however, she gives her mistress a little box with a garment that was of her nature (that is sunny) and thus makes her more able to go into the day. She comes to the moon, and it does the same. Now the nature of the sun is masculine, positive, and that of the moon feminine, negative. It must unite the two natures in itself if it wants to ascend into the day of God. Then it comes to the night wind, which is obviously also the north wind, for it then only three other winds (east, west, south) come out. From high noon (south wind) she receives information; but midnight (north wind) brings her a nut. The nut is the symbol of fertility and at the same time that of "benefit," as the word relationship already shows. However, both fruit and benefit are "enclosed," are present in the seed; they come from the darkness, from that which is incomprehensible to us, which is why the night wind (north wind) gives them.

The woman is thus endowed with adept (positive) and mediumistic (negative) powers, and gifted with the enclosed germ, that which has the power to make use of the experiences, to apply them. This is how she arrives at the Red Sea, where the enchanted husband is staying. But the Red Sea means an "increase in rights." Her husband, who lives in the light and is godly, is now preoccupied with increasing the right and therefore wrestles with the lindworm. The lindworm is the same as the dwarf serpent, a deeply symbolic representation of water, as an era that was dominated by

water and in which people also created their cult from water. The gods of that water epoch were the Wanes; when the time of the fire and sun cult came, new gods emerged: the Aesir, who waged a long-lasting war with the Wanes for dominance, as the Edda tells us. In the end, most of the Wanes fell in the battle, and those who remained were reconciled with the Aesir and exiled in Valhalla. This is simply a poetic tradition of the world coming into being. As for the Lion; life struggles with the troubled water or the cult of water, but only overcomes them when the woman strikes the lindworm with the eleventh reed. The present is 10, the number of completion, and 11, the number of the first in the new cycle. Through the reed (Ruo-tha) again illustrates the right; thus with the first right, the first right movement from the new higher spiritual cycles, the woman overcomes the lindworm, or she weakens it so that life (the lion) becomes its master. Thus life casts off the stage of development behind it. But it does not let life go so easily; it still wants to influence it, still wants life to serve it, still wants to hold marriage with life. Therefore the maiden, now released from the lindworm, immediately takes the liberated life (the disenchanted lion) and hurries away with it, wanting to claim it for herself. She enchants him so that he forgets the others, and her father is a magician (the magicians of the past cult are always evil magicians, in reality as in folktales). So they both soar on the griffin, and the lindworm maiden takes the young lion away with her to her castle.

The griffin is really a creature of Aryan symbolism; in reality there has never been such a bird. It has – think of it! – a lindworm's body, dragon's feet in front, lion's feet behind, an eagle's head and wings and a serpent's tail. He is an

illustration of the realization that all five elements together build the universe and that they are all in one root; he "grasps" all these elements (fire, hence the dragon; water, hence the lindworm; air, hence the eagle; earth, hence the serpent; ether, hence the lion) within himself. And so at its root, the lion is nothing other than the lindworm, and the lindworm nothing other than the griffin: all the battles that have been described so far took place in one and the same unity, in the universe as a whole, and in its unified basic substances, in subtle cause. Consider the high spirituality of this symbolism!

So the griffin carries away the two redeemed, and the redeemer has again not come into her own. But she does not renounce it, for she must gain life, i.e. the result, the content, the value of life! She therefore wants to go as far as the wind blows and the cock crows. The cock is the symbol of the powerful, the great, the judge; the wind is the symbol of speed (wint means fast, swift) and so the erring woman says that, despite her tiredness and discouragement, she wants to go through the whole world (and through all levels of the spiritual!) to find her husband and win him for herself. She finds the castle, where the two of them are staying and looking forward to their wedding. There the far-wanderer uses the gifts she received from the sun and moon, the dresses; she works with positive and negative forces towards her goal. At first she is deceived by the other, by the being who has stayed behind, but then providence comes to her aid and by the second evening life, the life instinct, has become aware. He remembers what had happened and that he has not overcome his defeated subordinate nature in order to surrender to it anew, but that he has to preserve the high

goods (the spirit) which he acquired. Thus the former lion and now human-formed son of the king recognizes his rightful wife, the soul, and lives together with her and rejoices in the fruits of this marriage, the fruits of the cooperation of soul and life.

This is not a "folk tale" invented by the grandmothers of the people. It is a deeply thought-out work of poetry, into which the wise men of the past built far-reaching, profound knowledge, in the hope that they would also work in this veil and one day be found again.

Of course, there is no mention of the Glass Mountain in this tale. But if the reader understands inwardly, he will realize why we have tried to explain it in this section. This folktale also reaches up into the luminous essence of divinity, of light, of spirit, and brings it down to earth in order to reach the goal of the intertwining of soul and life, which alone can make man a co-creator, a willing helper and promoter of the divine plan. And it is admirable how such folktales, always with the important words carrying the secret tradition, could be carried through millennia and centuries, so that we are still able to recognize the spiritual content. For ancient times, this presupposes not only an indifferent occasional telling of such tales, but also a training in which the main emphasis was placed on the Kala words where the inner meaning was not understood. We cannot admire enough the art and the strength of the view of life to which all this bears witness, and we have done them a bitter injustice with the foolish disdain we showed our Germanic ancestors until not so long ago. However, this did not take revenge on them, but on us. As a result, we have become part of the superficial life of today; we have focused our lives on

material pleasures, on comfort, on greed; It is we who live under false rights and allow the residues of humanity from far past periods of world development to influence us, which must necessarily lead downwards, backwards – just as the disenchanted lion voluntarily and foolishly surrendered to those whom he had previously overcome in the hot battle; it is we who do not come to use for ourselves the light that comes from the day of God, from the spiritual, into the night of God, shines down into the life of physicality in order to make ourselves ready for that day of God.

The Glass Coffin

(According to Grimm)

Let no one say that a poor tailor cannot go far and attain high honors; all that is necessary is that he should come to the right forge, and the main thing is that he should succeed. Once such a good and brave little tailor went on his wanderings, and came into a great forest, and not knowing the way, he lost his way. Night fell, and there was nothing left for him but to seek a camp in the dreadful solitude. He would certainly have found a good bed on the soft moss, but the fear of the wild animals left him no peace, and he had to decide to spend the night in a tree. He looked for a tall oak, climbed up to the top and thanked God that he had his flatiron with him, because otherwise the wind blowing over the tops of the trees would have carried him away.

After spending a few hours in the darkness, not without trembling and trepidation, he saw the glow of a light a short distance away; and thinking that there might be a human dwelling where he would be better off than on the branches of a tree, he climbed down carefully and followed the light. It led him to a little house woven of reed and cane. He knocked boldly, the door opened, and in the gleam of the light falling out he saw an old, hoary man wearing clothes made up of brightly colored rags. "Who are you and what do you want?" he asked in a croaking voice. "I am a poor tailor," he replied, "whom the night has overtaken here in the wilderness, and I implore you to take me into your hut until tomorrow." "Go

your way," the old man replied with "I will have nothing to do with tramps; seek lodgings elsewhere." With these words he wanted to slip back into his house, but the tailor held him by the scruff of the neck, and begged so movingly that the old man, who was not so angry as he pretended to be, was at last softened, and then ordered a very good night's lodging in a corner.

The tired tailor did not need to be weighed in, but slept gently until the morning, and would not have thought of getting up if he had not been startled by a deafening noise. A fierce scream and roar penetrated the thin walls of the house. The tailor, overcome by an unexpected moment, jumped up, hastily put on his clothes and hurried out. Then he saw a large black bull and a beautiful stag close to the cottage, engaged in a fierce fight. They went at each other with such fury that the ground trembled with their trampling and the air roared with their cries. For a long time it was uncertain which of the two would carry off the victory; at last the stag thrust his antlers into his opponent's body, whereupon the bull sank to the ground with a terrible roar and was completely killed by a few blows from the stag.

The tailor, who had watched the fight with astonishment, was still standing there motionless when the stag rushed towards him in full leap and, before he could escape, it simply picked him up with his large antlers. He couldn't think about it for long, because it ran off quickly over hill and dale, mountain and valley, meadow and forest. He held on to the ends of the antlers with both hands and abandoned himself to his fate. But it seemed to him that he was flying away. At last the stag stopped in front of a rock face and gently let the tailor fall down. The tailor, more dead than

alive, took a long time to come to his senses. When he had recovered to some extent, the stag, who had remained standing beside him, struck his antlers against a door in the rock with such force that it burst open. Flames of fire leapt up which was followed by a great steam that drew the deer's eyes. The tailor did not know what to do or where to turn to get out of this wasteland and back among people. As he stood there undecided, a voice came from the rock and called out to him: "Come here without fear, no harm shall come to you." He hesitated, but, driven by a secret force, he obeyed the voice and passed through the icy door into a large, spacious hall, whose ceiling, walls and floor were made of shiny, polished square stones, each of which was engraved with symbols unknown to him. He looked at everything with admiration and was just about to go out again when he heard the voice again, which told him: "Step on the stone that lies in the middle of the hall, and great fortune awaits you."

His courage had now grown so much that he obeyed the order. The stone began to give way under his feet and slowly sank down into the depths. When it was stable again and the tailor looked around, he found himself in a hall that was as large as the previous one. Here, however, there was more to look at and admire. Recesses had been carved into the walls, in which stood vessels of transparent glass filled with colored spirits or a bluish smoke. On the floor of the room, opposite each other, stood two large glass boxes that immediately aroused his curiosity. Stepping to one of them, he saw a beautiful building resembling a castle, surrounded by farm buildings, stables and barns, and a lot of other such things. Everything was small, but extremely carefully and delicately worked, and seemed to have been carved with the utmost

precision by a skillful hand.

He would not have taken his eyes off these rarities if the voice had not been heard again. It asked him to turn around and look at the glass case opposite. His astonishment increased when he saw a girl of great beauty inside. She lay as if in sleep and was wrapped in long, blond hair like a precious cloak. Her eyes were tightly closed, but the vivid color of her face and a ribbon that moved back and forth with her breath left no doubt that she was alive. The tailor gazed at the beauty with a beating heart when she suddenly opened her eyes and started in joyful shock at the sight of him. "Good heavens," she cried, "my deliverance is at hand! Quickly, quickly, help me out of my prison; if you push away the bolt on this glass coffin, I shall be delivered." The tailor obeyed without hesitation, and she immediately lifted the glass lid, climbed out and hurried to the corner of the hall, where she covered herself in a wide cloak. Then she sat down on a stone, bade the young man approach, and after she had pressed a friendly kiss to his lips, she said: "My long-desired liberator, the good heavens have led you to me and set a goal for my suffering. On the very day that they end, your happiness shall begin. You are the husband destined by heaven and, loved by me and lavished with all earthly goods, you shall sit down in undisturbed joy and listen to the story of my fate.

I am the daughter of a rich count. My parents died when I was still a tender youth, and in their last will and testament commended me to my elder brother, with whom I was brought up. We loved each other so tenderly, and were so united in our thoughts and affections, that we both resolved never to marry, but to remain together to the end of our lives.

There was never a lack of company in our house; neighbors and friends visited us frequently, and we practiced hospitality to the fullest extent. Thus it happened one evening that a stranger rode into our castle and, pretending to be unable to reach the next village, asked for a place to spend the night. We granted his request with courteous politeness, and he entertained us during dinner with his conversation and his stories in the most charming way. My brother had taken such a liking to him that he asked him to stay with us for a few days, to which he consented after some refusal. We did not get up from the table until late at night, the stranger was given a room, and I hurried, tired as I was, to lower my limbs into the soft feathers. I had scarcely fallen asleep when I was awakened by the sounds of soft and sweet music. As I could not understand whence they came, I tried to call my chambermaid, who was asleep in the next room; but to my astonishment I found that, as if a nightmare weighed upon my breast, I was deprived of speech by some unknown force, and unable to utter a sound. Then, by the light of the night lamp, I saw the stranger enter my room, which was locked by two doors. He approached me and said that he had used his magic powers to make the sweet music sound in order to wake me up, and that he was now breaking through all the locks himself with the intention of offering me his heart and hand. But my aversion to his magical arts was so great that I did not dignify him with an answer. He remained motionless for some time, probably with the intention of awaiting a favorable decision; but when I continued to be silent, he angrily declared that he would take revenge and find means to punish my arrogance, whereupon he left the room again. I spent the night in great agitation and did not fall asleep until

morning. When I awoke, I hastened to my brother to inform him of what had happened, but I did not find him in his room, and the servant told me that he had gone hunting with the stranger at daybreak.

I immediately suspected nothing good. I dressed quickly, had my Leibzelter saddled and rode, accompanied only by a servant, in full chase towards the forest. The servant rushed off with the horse and, as the horse had broken its foot, could not follow me. I continued on my way without stopping, and in a few minutes I saw the stranger with a beautiful stag, I saw the deer he was leading on a leash coming towards me. I asked him where he had left my brother and how he had got to this deer, from whose big eyes I could see tears flowing. Instead of answering me, he started laughing out loud. I was furious, pulled out a pistol and fired it at the monster, but the bullet bounced off his chest and into my horse's head. I fell to the ground and the stranger muttered a word that robbed me of consciousness.

When I came to my senses, I found myself in this underground tomb in a glass coffin. The black magician appeared again and said that he had turned my brother into a stag, my castle and all its possessions had been reduced in size and locked in the other glass box, and my people, who had been turned into smoke, had been banished into glass bottles. If I now wished to comply with his wishes, it would be easy for him to restore everything to its former state; he need only open the vessels and everything would return to its natural form. I answered him as little as I had the first time. He disappeared and left me in my prison, where I fell into a deep sleep. Among the images that passed by my soul was the comforting one that a young man came and set me free, and

when I open my eyes today, I see you and see my dream fulfilled. Help me to accomplish what happened in that vision. The first thing is to lift the glass box in which my castle is located onto a wide stone."

As soon as it was weighted down, the stone lifted up with the young lady and the young man and rose through the opening in the ceiling into the upper hall, where they could then easily get outside. Here the young lady opened the lid, and it was wonderful to see how the castle, houses and farmsteads expanded and grew to their natural size with the greatest speed. They returned to the underground cave and had the smoke-filled jars carried up by the stone. Hardly had the young lady had opened the bottles, when the blue smoke billowed out and turned into living people, in whom the maiden recognized her servants and retainers. Her joy was heightened when her brother, who had killed the sorcerer as the bull, came out of the forest in human form, and that very day, in accordance with her promise, the maiden took the hand of the happy tailor at the altar.

* * *

This is not a primeval tale, but a folktale that goes back no further than the magical Middle Ages, although it does seem to contain a faint reflection of the fate of the sun. If this folktale were not so precise and sober in its depiction, one might well think that the magician is the primeval giant who drags the sun (princess) into his wintry lair without being able to keep her there permanently. But on closer inspection, one is more likely to take this folktale purely on the basis of its depiction. Even the idea of the glass mountain or glass coffin is wrong here; this idea demands the cave as its space,

not a subterranean dungeon. But the symbolism doesn't add up either. The stag has been a symbol of the soul from time immemorial (even in the Old Testament, which is largely of Aryan origin, the psalmist sings: "As the stag cries for fresh water, so my soul cries out for you"), but it would not make much sense here to use the soul for the stag. It is noteworthy that the sorcerer is finally killed as a bull; the bull is like the Satyr as the demonic element of lust, sensuality, external hedonism. On this premise, the stag and bull fight becomes fundamental; but what does the sister mean then? Merely the object on which the bull lets off steam?

The glass mountain itself is the mountain where the dead go. It is modeled on the old cultic Walburgen, that were also fire-glazed (at least the outer walls), which is why the redeemers of the folktale find it so difficult to get up there. The Glass Mountain is Wallhall, and the coffin reinforces the impression of death. But the girl inside is breathing, even though her eyes are closed, and she is waiting for redemption. So she will come back to life in her own time. The great sorcerer has encapsulated his possession (to be taken spiritually), his ideas, in a vessel no larger than the coffin of the maiden. Does this mean that man's wishes, ideas and spiritual possessions remain with him in death and are resurrected with him? That would probably be an Armanic idea. But why does the folktale allow an apparently cowardly tailor to be the savior? Everything that is popularly said about this honorable profession is attached to this tailor; he needs the flatiron on the tree to be able to hold on, and he is constantly afraid until he knows for certain that nothing bad will happen to him. Now the word tailor (schneider) itself reveals the reason. "Snit-are," the one who cuts off a cycle of

the high must break the spell of death; to a certain extent the role of tailoring in ancient Germanic cult life also corresponded to this.

So we might have a folktale here that should say something. But both the content and the writing show that this folktale is not one of the pearls we have already pointed out.

The Seven Ravens

(According to Grimm)

A man had seven sons and still no daughter, however much he wished for one; at last his wife gave him good hope of having a child again, and when it was born, it was a girl. The joy was great, but the child was slight and small and was to be baptized in an emergency because of its weakness. The father sent one of the boys in haste to the spring to fetch baptizing water; the other six ran along, and because each wanted to be the first to draw, the jug fell into the well. There they stood, not knowing what to do, and none of them dared to go home. When they still didn't come back, the father became impatient and said, "Surely they've forgotten for a while, the godless boys." He was afraid that the girl would have to pass away unbaptized, and in his anger he cried, "I would that the boys all became ravens." As soon as he had finished speaking, he heard a whirring in the air above his head, looked up and saw seven coal-black ravens flying up and away.

The parents could no longer take back the imprecation, and as sad as they were at the loss of their seven sons, they were comforted to some extent by their dear little daughter, who soon regained her strength and grew more beautiful with each passing day. For a long time she did not even know that she had had any brothers, for her parents were careful not to mention them, until one day she heard people say from somewhere that the girl was beautiful, but that she was really

to blame for the misfortune of her seven brothers. Then she became very sad, went to her father and mother and asked if she had had any brothers and where they had gone? Now her parents could no longer keep the secret from her, but said that it was heaven's fate and that her birth was only the innocent cause. But the girl made a habit of it every day and believed she had to redeem her brothers. She had no peace or rest until she secretly set out and went into the wide world to find her brothers somewhere and free them, whatever the cost. She took nothing with her but a little ring from her parents as a souvenir, a loaf of bread for hunger, a jug of water for thirst and a little chair for tiredness.

Now she went on and on; far, far to the end of the world. Then she came to the sun, but it was too hot and terrible and ate little children. She ran away in haste and went to the moon, but the moon was too cold and also horrible and evil, and when he noticed the child, he said, "I smell, I smell human flesh." Then she went away quickly and came to the stars, who were kind and good to her, and each sat on his own little chair. But the morning star stood up, gave her a little chicken bone and said, "If you don't have the little bone, you can't unlock the glass mountain, and your brothers are in the glass mountain."

The girl took the little bone, wrapped it well in a little cloth, and went away again until she came to the glass mountain. The gate was locked, and she wanted to take out the bone, but when she opened the cloth, it was empty, and she had lost the gift of the good stars. What was she to do now? She wanted to save her brothers and had no key to the glass mountain. The good little sister took a knife, cut off a little finger, stuck it into the gate, and happily unlocked it.

When she had entered, a little dwarf came to meet her and said, "My child, what are you looking for?" "I am looking for my brothers, the seven ravens," he answered. The dwarf said, "The ravens are not at home, but if you want to wait here until they come, come in." Then the little dwarf brought in the ravens' food on seven little plates and in seven little cups, and from each plate the little sister ate a morsel, and from each cup she drank a sip, but in the last cup she dropped the little ring which she had taken with her.

Once he heard a buzzing and a whirring in the air, and the little dwarf said, "Now the ravens are coming home." Then they came, wanted to eat and drink, and looked for their little plates and cups. Then one after the other said, "Who has eaten from my plate? Who drank from my cup? This was a human's mouth." And when the seventh came to the bottom of the cup, the little ring rolled towards him. Then he looked at it and recognized it, that it was a ring from father and mother, and said, "God grant that our little sister may be here, and we shall be saved." When the girl, who was standing behind the door listening, heard the wish, she came forward, and then all the ravens returned to their human form. And they hugged and kissed each other and went home happily.

* * *

This folktale is one of the simplest, most naïve and most touching we have. The sub-motifs are also familiar here. The last-born girl brings misfortune to the six brothers here, as she does to 12 brothers in another folktale we have already dealt with. They are transformed into ravens, i.e. they fall under the spell; they die. But the little sister tries to free

them. She undertakes the difficult journey to the sun, which she cannot approach, and to the moon, which is cold and has something of a man-eater about it, and to the stars. A magnificent picture: each star sits on its own little chair. And the morning star gives the child the key to the glass mountain where his brothers are. The key is a chicken bone; in other words, the bone of a hen. The hen was a legal sacrifice in ancient times, so the child must make a legal sacrifice to gain access to the Glass Mountain. When she loses the strange key, she makes this sacrifice in a different way: he cuts off one of his fingers and uses it to unlock the gate to the glass mountain. She drinks from every little cup and eats from every little plate and shows the last of the brothers her origins and the common bond through the ring from her parents' house.

What is the folktale actually trying to say? Certainly it also refers to six stages of becoming, which find a new fulfillment in the seventh. We are thinking here of the Armanic law of progression, as established by Guido v. List: 1) cause (force), 2) will to express force, 3) ability as a consequence of the expression of force, 4) realization of the purpose in the deed, 5) the law according to which the order whereby the power that has become action works lawfully, in the spiritual interior. The brothers become ravens; we have already mentioned that this points to the lofty spell, i.e. to death. Symbolically, therefore, the raven is often shown with the signet ring, expressing that the ring (eternity) encloses the spell of Wuotan, i.e. death. The first six stages of the above law of progression encompass movement and action, but all this is still unfruitful because the result is missing. Only the number seven with its sunniness brings the gain, the increase.

It is this number that first redeems all our actions from the mountain of glass: the emerging order in the spiritual interior.

This is how the folktale could be interpreted; whether this is the real spiritual content is open to question. We cannot be expected to fully understand the folktale symbolism now that we have only just begun to see. Even the chicken bone and the cut-off little finger are obviously significant, and perhaps more clarity can be gained before a new edition of this book is published.

The Cursed Princess

(According to Zaunert: "Folktales Since Grimm")

Once upon a time there was a father who had a son, his name was Peter, who didn't like it at home, so he demanded his inheritance, which was 20 thalers, and went out into the wide world with it. But the lad had a compassionate heart, and felt what was right and wrong, and helped where he could. Once he arrived at a village where he found a dead man, and not far away a farmer was plowing. Peter went to the farmer and asked why the man would not be buried. The farmer replied that the dead man was poor, and that the village had not allowed him to be buried because it would cost money; that was why he had been brought there, and that sooner or later the birds and foxes would have eaten him so that he would be gone. This bothered Peter, and he immediately asked how much the burial would cost. The farmer replied: "About 20 thalers." So Peter went to the mayor, gave him 20 thalers, and ordered that the dead man lying outside the village should be buried with them. And this was done. He himself stayed in the village that long, accompanied the corpse, and then traveled on. As he had left the village and gone a short distance, a man came up behind him, struck up a conversation with him and said he wanted to walk with him. Peter was pleased to hear this, for the man looked so good and well-behaved that he immediately became fond of him and was glad to have found such a brave traveling companion. They had already traveled together for several weeks and had told each other everything they had in

their hearts, when they came to a town where all the houses were draped in black and a black flag was flying at the top of the castle as a sign of mourning. Peter asked why that was. The people replied that the dear good princess was bewitched by a mountain spirit, was silent and withdrawn all day long, but sometimes so wicked that she smashed and killed everything that came in her way; and especially that he was a child of death who dared to redeem her if he could not guess the riddle she was giving him. Many handsome princes had already met their death for her, and many another good boy had also lost his life through her, so that no one had been found for a year who would have redeemed her, and yet she had been such a beautiful and good girl, and still was. Then Peter said to his comrade: "Shall I try my salvation, what do you think? Should I dare? If I die, I die for a good cause; if I succeed, no greater happiness could befall her and me." His comrade said: "Do so, but I will stand by thee; and that thou mayest believe that I can do it, I will tell thee that I am not a man, but the spirit of whom you had buried there in the village; I know means enough for you to accomplish the purpose happily. So go to the king and say that you want to redeem the princess. He will be very glad to see it, and will give you a rich present if you accomplish it." So Peter went to the king, had himself announced and was admitted. When he said what he wanted, the king said: "My dear young man, you have undertaken a difficult task; remember, it will cost you your life if you do not succeed in saving my daughter. She will kill you on the spot if you don't solve the riddle she gives you." – "That doesn't matter," said Peter, "I'll try, and I'll have it my own way." – "So come back tomorrow," said the king; "I will tell my daughter." So Peter went back to his

inn, where his companion was waiting for him. When he told him the king's answer, his companion said, "Just let it be tonight at ten o'clock, then I'll do it. Until then, don't tell anyone what you're up to and be of good courage, you'll save the princess, let me see to that." – They now took it easy, went out together and looked at the town and all the curious things in it, inquired where the princess was staying and which windows were separated from her bedroom, then went back to their inn, ate their supper, and talked until it was ten o'clock. Then Peter's traveling companion fetched a bottle and a pair of large wings from his bag, and a rather slender iron rod. Peter had to undress, and the spirit put the ointment that was in the bottle on his shoulders, and put on the wings. Then he said, "Now fly to the princess's chamber window, and take care when she comes out; hit her with the rod incessantly, fly where she flies, and sneak in where she goes in. Then hide yourself away and listen to what the mountain spirit says. She will tell him everything and then ask him what he would advise her to do. Then pay close attention and be quiet." When Peter's wings had taken root, the spirit opened the windows and said: "You must follow the princess backwards, until she flies back into her window." Now Peter got the iron rod in his hand, flew out of the window, over the city and away to the princess's large window. There he saw her, also with wings, rushing to and fro in the room as if she were not very clever. He sat down on the ledge and waited for her to come out. As soon as it struck eleven, she opened the window and flew away. Peter followed and soon caught up with her, and began to beat her so miserably that it took her a long time. But it made no difference, he had to follow, even though his heart was

bleeding. At last they came to a high, large mountain, which opened up and they both flew into it. “But now I must be careful,” thought Peter and crept into the great hall, where there was a large altar by the door. He hid behind the altar so that he could hear everything and also escape immediately if things got bad or if it was time. The princess ran up to the mountain spirit and he took her in his arms. It was an old man with a snow-white beard and eyes in his head that glowed like coals of fire, and his whole being was so fierce and dangerous that Peter became really frightened and began to regret it. But he was not able to move; he could not go out again. The door was gone again, and a big rock lay where it had been. At last the mountain spirit said to the princess, “You have not been there for a long time, you have not killed anyone for a long time, you have not been able to rejoice in the blood of your saviors for a long time. So has another bird gone into the net?” – “Yes,” she replied, “there’s another one, but just an ordinary person, not a prince, count or nobleman. But there is a violent hailstorm outside; look here, my high spirit, how I am torn and shattered by the hailstones!” And the blood flowed down from her. “Do nothing,” said the mountain spirit; “the more you must torment your men, the more joy you will have in his blood, the more you must drink of it, the sooner you will clean my own for me.” – “But what shall I give him up for a riddle? What shall I think of?” said the princess. “Think of your father’s white horse,” replied the mountain spirit. “That’s fine.” said the princess, and begged, “Let me out, for it is three-quarters of midnight; I have still a long way to fly, you know midnight is coming soon.” The mountain spirit opened the door, the princess left again, and Peter followed. And out in the air the beating began again,

right up to the chamber window. The princess flew in, Peter went back home and took off his wings and went to bed. His companion was already asleep, but had told him beforehand to take off his wings carefully and put them back in the bag, but to take care not to bend a feather. Peter did so, and slept until morning. In the morning he got up, dressed himself nicely, had a good breakfast with his companion, and then went to the castle. There he was shown to the princess; she was sitting on a little sofa in a beautiful room, and looked rather sad, but was a very lovely girl. Her eyes were so gentle and kind, and she herself was not tall and strong, but fine and gracefully built; she was not at all sorry that she had already killed somebody, and yet nine men had already lost their lives through her. When Peter came into the parlor, she rose at once and came up to him, saying in a friendly tone: "So you want to save me? But do you know that it will cost you your life if you don't guess my riddle?" – "Yes," he said, "I will try, and if I have to die, I will gladly die for you. You are so beautiful and so good, and so dear, that I will gladly suffer death for you. So tell me your riddle." – "So be it," she answered sadly, and tears came to her eyes. She came closer and said: "You're keeping me waiting, but since you don't want it any other way, listen: tell me what I'm thinking about now!" – "That is not difficult to say," answered Peter; "Princess, you are thinking of your father's white horse now." The princess turned pale and said, "You have guessed it. May good fortune continue to favor you. Come back tomorrow. If you save me, you shall be royally rewarded." Peter bowed and left. He spent the day again with his traveling companion and was in good spirits, and in the evening things went just as they had the first time, except that this time Peter was

given two iron rods, one in each hand, with which he had to beat the poor princess. But when they came to the mountain and entered the hall, the room was more brightly lighted than on the previous evening, and in the center was the moon, which showered everything with its light, and on the altar lay a large, spiny fish. The night before, there were only a few stars on the ceiling and the altar was empty. When the princess stepped back inside and Peter had crept in behind her, the door closed; the princess approached the mountain spirit, who was sitting on a kind of throne, and said: "High spirit, the man has guessed our first riddle. What do you say to that?" – "This is not right. There is a secret power at work here that is against me and you. But this time he shall not guess it. This time you shall think of your father's battle sword." – "Good," said the princess; "the flight has cost much blood again: it hailed worse this night than the last, see how I bleed. But if he does not guess the riddle, he shall die by my father's sword, you may count on it!" – "Do so, my daughter; now go and do your duty well, but tell no one the riddle," and with that she went away, and Peter after her; on the way she got her regular beating again, until she came to the window, and her Peter flew home, took off his wings and went to bed. The next morning he went to the princess again and she received him just as she had the day before. This time, however, her father's sword was already lying on the table, still stained with blood. When he came in, she immediately asked: "What am I thinking of?" – "Your father's sword, my dear princess." – She sank back onto the sofa and stammered: "A guess! Come back tomorrow, may luck help you again, then everything will be fine." With that Peter went away again and told his companion that he had also guessed

the second riddle. They both had a good time until it got dark, then ate together, and Peter's companion said, as it was getting on towards ten: "You've still got a hard night ahead of you. This time you'll get two iron rods and a double-edged sword, with which you must cut off the mountain spirit's head. But be careful when you come into his hall that he does not see you, for this time it will be as bright in there as in the daytime and you will have trouble hiding from him. But I will accompany you and protect you if you are in trouble. Only have good courage. At last he will come out with you, but as soon as he has taken leave of the princess and wants to go back into the mountain, cut off his head and take it with you." Everything happened like this. Peter flew to the princess's chamber window; at eleven o'clock she came out; he followed her and beat her quite miserably all the way into the mountain. When they entered the great hall together, the sun was shining on the ceiling, and everything was as bright as in the daytime. On the altar lay the spiny fish and a fiery wheel, but behind the altar everything was dark, and Peter was hiding there. The princess went hastily to the mountain spirit, threw herself at his neck and said as if in despair: "He guessed again!" – "That's bad," he said, "so think of my head this time. No mortal can think of that, least of all a human being." – "Oh," said she, "how mangled I am this time by the dreadful hailstorm! Look at my back, my arms, my head, I am dripping with blood!" – "You are keeping me, poor child," said the mountain spirit. "This is a hard test; now go and bathe yourself in the blood of the shameful one. I will be with you, count on me; tomorrow I will be with you invisibly. This time he shall not succeed in guessing the riddle," and so he accompanied her out. As he was returning,

Peter struck off his head with a blow, seized it by the hair, and flew after the princess, and went recklessly through it once more to the window. Then he went home and lay down to sleep, rejoicing in advance that he had got his way. He slept splendidly again, and the next morning he dressed himself again, took the head of the mountain spirit, wrapped it in his handkerchief, and went to the castle. This time, when he came into the princess's room, the princess was pale with terror and knew She didn't know whether she wanted to tell him the riddle or not. Then Peter said: "My dear Princess, today I come to the last time. Tell me your riddle so that I can guess it or die." And the princess asked with trembling voice, as when her death or life depended on it: "What am I thinking about?" Without answering, he untied the handkerchief and placed the head of the mountain spirit on her table. Then the princess cried out: "My savior!" and fainted in his arms. He laid her on the sofa and rang the bell. Immediately, servants came, and the king was fetched and the doctors, and when the princess regained consciousness, the king gave Peter his daughter in marriage. Then Peter said that he must first go to his inn. A large carriage with six magnificent horses was immediately harnessed and Peter was driven there. His companion met him at the door, helped him out of the carriage and they went upstairs to their room, where the traveling companion said to Peter: "When you want to go to bed with your wife, let a large tub of water be placed in front of your bed without her knowing anything about it, and when she jumps up this night and wants to go away, let her jump into the tub of water, then dip her under at once, then a raven will come out of it and fly away, then dip her under again, then a dove will come out and sit on her

shoulder, then dip her again under the water, then the princess will come out of it in her former angelic beauty and piety, then kiss her three times and be happy with her, you will then become king after the death of the old king. Now farewell, now you no longer need me; I leave you now and the world. I believe I have now paid my debt to you. Farewell and be happy!" He then disappeared. Peter sat down in his carriage and was very sad to say goodbye to his comrade and then drove back to the royal palace. Here he faithfully obeyed everything his companion had told him, and everything turned out as it should; he became as happy with his wife as a king, and later he also became king and ruled his country well until his blessed end.

* * *

Here, the glass mountain has become the palace of a magician, and it is not death who lives there, but the will to die. Otherwise we have here the Turandot motif, and thus another piece of evidence for the far-reaching West-East folktale relationship. The princess is so cursed that she is hostile to people and especially to marriage; she kills her suitors. At death (by the spirit of Walberg) she receives advice for her riddles, which no one can guess. Only our craftsman guesses them, because he also receives advice and knowledge from death (through a dead man). He himself must dive into demonism in order to defeat world demonism; he must look behind the curtains of life in order to free life from the yoke of evil. Of course, this is basically a sun folktale; the princess sun has come under the influence of the wintry magic giant, becomes pale and hostile to life and sticks by him as long as she is under his spell; but secretly she longs for her

redemption and finds it and regains her radiant form. Spring's closing weather are the blows of the iron rod to which she must submit, and she herself draws attention to this interpretation in her conversation with the mountain spirit (the winter giant). Spring, however, must follow her with wings in order to free her. We can easily understand the wings to be the drifting clouds of spring. However, this folktale is mainly "occult" in character; life is cursed without divine understanding, i.e. when it is only recognized in its immediately tangible half, on the physical side. It then appears pointless, unjust, hard, hopeless. Here we have again the doctrine often and eloquently advocated by philosophers that the contemplation of visible earthly life is in itself. This alone must lead to "pessimism," which is hostile to life, because one recognizes many harms and injustices, many sufferings and evils that cannot be remedied if one only starts from this side of life. All means are inadequate, just as no doctor was able to help our princess. Only when we also get to know the other side of life, which is more or less hidden from our senses, do we understand the causes and effects, the great justice of balance in all existence and its high goal shine forth, and we also gain the possibility of mastering the undesirable in this corporeal life. But no scholasticism can lead us into this "otherworldly" life; sensory research is not enough. Peter, the Wanderer, alone can redeem the princess, because the knowledge of the life beyond and its powers come to his aid. But he achieved this by sacrificing all his treasure (all his own interests in existence) in order to have a dead person buried; and it was certainly a precondition that he made his sacrifice from a pure heart, without suspecting that it would be rewarded to him in such a tremendous way.

The fact that the dead man lies unburied is against the order of the world, the order of salvation. And so we can say that Peter has sacrificed all his existential interests to the divine world order; he had no higher goal than to be a helper to the Eternal. Peter gave twenty thalers for this; that too may be Kala and contain a meaningful number, but these things still seem too unbelievable today for us to go into them in detail. It is not generally known today that the numerical values of the ancients were also sacred and had certain metaphysical parallels among those in the know.

In any case, the folktale presented seems to say: whoever devotes himself completely to the conduct of life, to the divine order, he gains knowledge in relation to the other side of life and strength from it, so that he can remedy the pains of the corporeal existence turned towards us, indeed, that they partly disappear completely by themselves before his eyes, because he just observes the balance, and so he learns to understand purposes, which cannot be deciphered from the observation of the purely corporeal existence alone. The folktale shows the success of intuition, of spiritual vision, over all intellectualism and all scholasticism of thought. Those who are able to follow events spiritually are able to master them. This is the origin of the magical nature of the ancients, and the peculiarity of these things explains why we today regard as "superstition" many things that were sacred certainties to the ancients, and why individual pieces of the aids of the ancients must first laboriously earn recognition again in our time, e.g. the divining rod, hypnosis, television, the sidereal pendulum and the like. We have not yet recognized the inner laws of these things; but the ancient magicians were in possession of such science. And the fact

that this is so difficult for us is a result of the thoroughly material-oriented way of research and thinking of the time. In the old days the leadership of the people was linked more to the intuitive powers of inheritance than to external learning ability; that is why this realm, so closed to our time, was then open to the leaders of the people; today, however, it is mostly people who are active in the sciences who have a great talent for learning and can therefore pass tests of knowledge quite excellently, but who are not blessed with intuitive abilities and who, even if they had such abilities to a weak degree, lost this germ during the time of need of scholastic learning and thinking.

In this way, however, it can also be explained that all the great insights of our time are found outside the realm of scientific expertise, by men in whom the inner vision that opens up the connections of existence to them is strong and undiminished. Geniuses are not experts, and the great deed on earth is always accomplished by the genius. The German folktale always takes this fact into account, and we want to demonstrate this in more detail in a small special section; in the folktales of the pure fool. There it turns out that almost always the one on whom relatives and environment do not want to think anything at all is the chosen one of destiny, because he has the subconscious inheritance and the ability of deep vision and the right striving uninfluenced by earthly goals.

A folktale that could just as well be in this next section (of the pure fool), although it tells of the glass mountain, is reproduced here.

The Ride Up the Glass Mountain

(Zaunert, "Folktales Since Grimm")

A farmer had three sons, the eldest was called Fritz, the second Johann and the youngest Krischan; he was considered a bit stupid by his father and brothers and was therefore only called the foolish one. When the farmer came to die, he called his sons to his bedside and said: "Dear children, when I am dead, my coffin shall be laid open in the church and one of you shall watch over me every night, first Fritz, then Johann, then Krischan." Now that he had died and the first evening was approaching, Fritz said to Krischan: "Krischan, I dread the thought of watching over my father, you go and watch for me!" And so Krischan did. When the bell struck twelve, the dead man stood up and said: "Fritz, my son, are you here?" – "No, father," replied Krischan: "Fritz was afraid of you, I am Krischan." – "Here, Krischan," said the dead man, "take this black flute. When you leave here in the morning, blow on both ends and wait and see what happens." Krischan did so, and the next morning he blew on the right end first, when a beautiful black horse with rich saddlery and splendid clothes on his back stood before him. He put on the clothes, sat on the horse and rode around for a while. Then he dismounted, put his old clothes back on and blew on the other end, and the black horse was gone, along with its magnificent state. But Krischan put the flute in the churchyard wall and went home.

On the second evening, it was Johann's turn; he said to

Krischan: "I dread watching over father at night; go and watch for me!" And Krischan did so. And the night passed like the first, only this time he was given a brown flute. And when he blew on it in the morning, there was a beautiful brown horse, on which he rode around a little, then he blew at the other end and the brown flute had disappeared. He put this flute in the wall and went home.

On the third evening it was his turn, and this time his father gave him a white flute and said that now no one needed to keep watch over him. In the morning he whistled for a white horse, which was even more beautiful than the other two horses; and after he had ridden it, he let it disappear again, put the white flute with the others and went home.

After his brothers had spent the first two nights there, he had once again become the fifth wheel on the wagon. They wanted to be the masters of the house and treated him very meanly, gave him bad food and so little that he was never full; but they did not stint with beatings. He was hardly allowed to be seen in the parlor; most of the time he had to live in the stable. And foolish Krischan put up with everything, but did not tell his brothers a word of what had happened during the three nights.

Not long afterwards, word spread of a beautiful princess who lived on a high, steep glass mountain. The king, her father, let it be known that anyone who could ride up the mountain on horseback to pull the ring off his daughter's finger and take her handkerchief would have her as their wife. Many tried their luck at this, but none succeeded. Fritz and Johann also wanted to try; when Krischan heard this, he

asked if they would like to take him with them. "Oh," said the brothers, "you're far too stupid for that; you'll stay at home," and they tied his slippers to his stockings so that he couldn't follow them. When they were gone, Krischan took off his stockings and slippers, washed himself quickly at the well, went barefoot to the churchyard, took the black flute and played it, and when the black horse stood before him, he put on his beautiful clothes and rode straight to the Glass Mountain. When he came there, he could be heard from afar, and all the gold and silver on him tinkled and clinked, and there was a gleam that made all the people look after him. The sable came to the middle of the mountain, no one had ever come so far, but he could go no farther. Krischan turned back and chased off at a gallop, and all who were watching racked their brains as to who the fine prince might have been. In the evening, when the two older brothers came home, Krischan was all there, wearing his wooden slippers. The brothers talked long and hard about the handsome gentleman who had ridden halfway up, and Krischan listened to them silently; but at last he could no longer contain himself and blurted out, "You have seen; I have been!" Then they became angry, attacked him and beat him so badly that he turned green and blue.

The next day the brothers rode out again, and Krischan was behind them, this time on his brown horse, looking even more magnificent than on the first day. And when he almost reached the top of the glass mountain, they were all beside themselves with amazement. In the evening, the brothers returned home and sent Krischan before them; they told them again about the strange gentleman, and Krischan sat there for a long time without saying a word, but at last he

could no longer hold his tongue and said, "You have seen; I have been!" Then his brothers were furious and beat him so badly that he could hardly walk.

On the third day, Krischan rode up the glass mountain on his white horse in his most beautiful clothes and shone like the sun in the sky. This time he reached the top, took the princess's ring and handkerchief, rode down again quickly and galloped off. The king and all the other people would have loved to know who it was, but no one knew the strange prince.

When the two eldest brothers came home, they also went back and forth, saying one thing and then another; and foolish Krischan, who was wearing his clogs again, listened to them and remained silent. At last, however, he blurted out: "You have seen; I have been!" Then they beat him so badly that he lay still, and if he had had it bad enough with them before, now he was getting worse every day. But the king had the whole country searched for the one who had his daughter's ring and handkerchief. At last the messengers came to the brothers. When they had searched them in vain and were about to leave, someone said, "There's another one in the stable!" – "Ah," cried the brothers, "whether you search the stupid fellow or not, it certainly wasn't him!" But the messengers did not rest until foolish Krischan had also allowed himself to be searched; then the ring and handkerchief appeared, he had kept both under his vest on his chest. They took him to the king and presented him to the princess. "What?" cried the princess, "this dirty beggar is to be my husband?" The courtiers were also furious and soon foolish Krischan would have been in a bad way. But he remembered his fine flute in time and blew with all his

might; then the three horses came along with splendid clothes on their backs. Now a bath was prepared, and foolish Krischan was washed clean; then his hair was cut, and finally he put on the most exquisite clothes. Then he stood before the princess again as the beautiful foreign prince, and she gladly took him as her husband.

* * *

Some things here are reminiscent of Cinderella and her two sisters, and anyone who feels like it may always interpret this folktale in terms of the trinity: body, soul and spirit, whereby Krischan would have become the expression of the soul. Only the soul – generally the most despised of the three – is able to reach the "glass mountain" and take the ring and handkerchief from the princess; all the training, all the work of refinement that man consciously and unconsciously does on himself is basically for her alone; she alone lands on the heights of the godhead and is accepted there as equal.

But we want to give an interpretation that is more in the midst of human life and can thus address the individual. There are two brothers who are so attached to life on earth with all the fibers of their souls that they cannot bring themselves to spend a night watching over their dead father in the church. Perhaps they would do it if they absolutely had to; but even then they would try to avoid their father's demand out of horror and convenience. The foolish brother must now perform the service for them. And for him it is no performance; he watches three nights at the open coffin. He looks with wide eyes into the whole of existence, reverently, but without fear or horror. He is ready to take in whatever experiences and revelations come to him, or whatever

thoughts arise in his mind. He has no abhorrence of the sacrifice of death, but faces it with a sense of wonder that senses deep mysteries. These mysteries are as important to him as the affairs of external life, or more important. For he allows himself to be mistreated and abused by the brothers without getting upset, even though he feels the injustice done to him. And in all of this, a feeling of being singled out, of being special, grows inside him. During his father's awakening, i.e. while he devotes himself to the eternal riddles of existence, he becomes aware of means that lie completely outside the brothers' circle of vision and thought: the father gives him the three flutes, and Krischan tries them. He thus becomes aware of the knowledge he has gained and hides the flutes in the churchyard wall, telling his brothers nothing of the matter. He feels very keenly that he could not possibly be understood; there are insights which man can only acquire for himself if he wants to gain them, which cannot be communicated so that they become fruitful in others, and which anyone who has not gained them in himself will only mock. The brothers do not have the ability to accept Krischan's experiences; otherwise they would not have brought them upon themselves.

What kind of experiences are they? Krischan is given a black horse, a brown one and a white one, each with accessories and appropriate clothing for him. Black is the color of darkness, of the demonic in the whole and in the individual soul; in it is reflected the fear of the ruling powers, which one is unable to recognize in their essence. Just as that object appears black before us, which absorbs all the sun's rays and reflects none of them back, so our soul appears purely passive when it is incapable of coming to clarity,

volition and decision in the face of the impressions, thoughts and feelings assailing it, when it feels dependent on grace and disgrace from forces over which it has no influence and whose nature it does not recognize. This is the demonium of our soul, and this is what our folktale symbolizes in black. As described here, Krischan kept watch in front of his father's coffin in the church on the first night, and as this black mood conveyed to him: first he gained the realization that he was nothing in the midst of the forces that have an influence on life; then he gained the realization of his own weakness, of being subjugated, of helplessness, of being at the mercy of an incomprehensible fate. This is his apprentice stage on the way to the royal art. The horse, it should be noted, symbolizes the "Eternal Great Giver" in its name according to ancient symbolism; thus the horse represents the deity itself as its symbol. Powerful, fearsome, terrible and incomprehensible the deity appeared to Krischan on the first night of the guards.

The second night brings him the brown horse. The color brown, however, meant sacrifice to our ancestors, offering one's life for sacrifice, and thus, for example, the monk's habit is brown in color as the dress of the monk who renounces his life and also earthly pleasures for the sake of his descendants and consecrates his life to the highest, i.e. sacrifices it, just as we also have regions in which the confessional dress of female confirmands is brown today. The parents of a confirmand in Franconia do not always find it easy to dress their daughter in two new dresses at once, namely the brown one for confession and the black one for the first communion and confirmation the following day. But it is done as it had to be done, and the necessity lies in the ancient symbolic custom,

the meaning of which, of course, only very few people still know. So the brown horse means that now Krischan faces the deity in a completely different way; from the realization that he is nothing and that our life is under the control of higher powers, the spirit of sacrifice came to him; the only salvation from that realization lies in the fact that the human soul now surrenders itself without will to the higher powers which it felt, that it puts its life at their service, that she sacrifices herself to them. So that's where Krischan is after the second night; that's when he became a journeyman.

And on the third night, he gets the white horse. The color white symbolizes divine wisdom; Krischan thus gains great wisdom from his devotion to the deity and his will. This is the wisdom to which no more dross adheres, the pure wisdom! for purity is also included in the white color. He has gone through fear, through the shower of knowledge and then through devotion, self-sacrifice. Thus wisdom (the reward) is not withheld from him. But this is not a wisdom that exalts itself, for it cannot be proclaimed in words so as to offer something to others; it can only be practiced in deed, witnessed in action. Thus Krischan does not speak to his brothers about his experiences, which they could not grasp.

And now comes the culmination of these experiences. The princess of the glass mountain beckons; this is divinity itself, towards which the human soul is to grow and to which it is to climb. When the path of her perfection has come to an end, she returns to divinity and is herself of divine essence. This is the meaning of the ancient Arian doctrine of beatitude, which originally also prevailed in Christianity, into which it had passed, and the Arians still advocated it at the Council of Nicaea (note: Arians, Arianus!), but Rome then

banned and suppressed this ancient Germanic view, which we can follow through many centuries. But the glass mountain is steep. (It has already been explained that the old Walburgen with their fire-glazed walls served as a model for it). It is hardly even possible for a child of man to climb it; in this folktale he cannot do it on foot at all, but only on horseback, i.e. on the back of the "Eternal Great Giver," so with the help of the deity himself, when he has grasped its essence. All the others try in vain, only Krischan succeeds on his third, the white horse. But he does not know this himself beforehand; he first tries with the black one; but fear and trembling do not carry him to God, but only a little towards him. The feeling of his own nothingness, of his own powerlessness, does not in itself lead to action; that is the reason. But even the brown horse does not bring him to the heights; a sense of sacrifice and self-giving are therefore not enough to achieve what the Bible calls the "crown of eternal life." Only wisdom, the precursors of which are fear and devotion, leads to the goal. It brings Krischan to the top of the glass mountain, and he snatches the ring and the handkerchief from the princess, then returns to his brothers, who tried in vain, and remains silent.

What do the ring and handkerchief mean? Well, of course, in folktales these devices serve as proof that the rider really did get to the top of the mountain. But they too are just symbols. The ring indicates the eternal cycle, eternity. When Krischan grabs it, the secret of divine eternity and the eternity of all being has become clear to him. The handkerchief, however, represents the fyrege (for the Freemasons: tapis and master's apron), i.e. the crossing and thus, according to the old symbolism, the "leadership."

Today, our master builders still call this quadrangle the "crossing," and in the secret of the old Armanic lodge buildings, the guide was also part of it. So, Krischan has become aware of eternity and of divine guidance. Thus he has reached the goal of the human soul: he is taken to the glass mountain and becomes the husband of the princess; he sheds his beggarly clothes and appears purified, spiritualized, the perfect divine core of his own being.

No one else can achieve this happiness. When Krischan says to the brothers from the depths of his soul: "You have seen; I have been!" he has actually done too much and is rewarded with a good beating every time. The brothers don't believe him, the foolish one, and if they had to believe, envy would eat away at their hearts. And yet wickedness always suspects something of the better, because envy shows it the value where it really is. Thus, Krischan's brothers are always secretly afraid that in the end it might be true that the foolish brother was the successful rider. But they will never ride up the glass mountain. On endless paths that always lead in circles (in perpetual rebirth and very slow perfection under hardship and suffering) they will one day reach the mountain from which they must also come out before the ring of God's day is completed and all that has been created or become returns to the Primordial...

This folktale thus teaches the three-stage perfection of the human soul; the ancient sages, however, had an even deeper knowledge of this process of perfection, and the following folktale told by Grimm bears witness to this, along with many others.

Mount Simeli

There were two brothers, one rich, the other poor. But the rich man gave nothing to the poor man, and he had to support himself miserably from the grain trade; he was often so poor that he had no bread for his wife and children. Once he was driving his cart through the forest when he saw a large, bare mountain to one side, and because he had never seen it before, he stood still and looked at it in amazement. As he stood there, he saw twelve wild, tall men coming towards him, and thinking that they were robbers, he pushed his cart into the bushes, climbed a tree and waited to see what would happen. The twelve men went to the front of the mountain and shouted: "Mount Simeli, Mount Simeli, open yourself up." Immediately the bare mountain opened in the middle, and the twelve men went in, and as soon as they were inside, it closed. But after a little while it opened again, and the men came out carrying heavy sacks on their backs, and when they were all in the daylight again, they said, "Mount Simeli, Mount Simeli, close yourself up." Then the mountain closed up, and there was no longer any entrance to it, and the twelve went away. When they were quite close to him, the poor man climbed down from the tree and was curious to know what was hidden in the mountain. So he went before it and said, "Mount Simeli, Mount Simeli, open yourself up," and the mountain opened up before him. Then he entered, and the whole mountain was a cave full of silver and gold, and behind it lay great heaps of pearls and glittering precious stones, poured out like grain. The poor man did not know

what to pick up, or whether he could take any of the treasures; at last he filled his pockets with gold, but left the pearls and precious stones behind. When he came out again, he also said: "Mount Simeli, Mount Simeli, close yourself up." Then the mountain closed and he drove home in his cart. Now he no longer needed to worry, and with his gold he was able to buy bread for his wife and child, as well as other things, and he lived happily and honestly, giving to the poor and doing good to everyone. But when the money ran out, he went to his brother, borrowed a bushel and got some more; but he did not touch any of the great treasures. When he wanted to get something for the third time, he borrowed the bushel from his brother again. But the rich man had long been envious of his wealth, and the beautiful household he had set up for himself, and could not understand where the wealth came from and what his brother was doing with the bushel. So he thought up a trick and spread pitch on the ground, and when he got the measure back, a piece of gold had stuck to it. He immediately went to his brother and asked him: "What did you measure with the bushel?" "Grain and barley," said the other. Then he showed him the gold piece and threatened him that if he did not tell the truth, he would sue him in court. So he told him everything that had happened. But the rich man immediately had a wagon hitched up and drove out, wanting to make better use of the opportunity and bring other treasures with him. When he came to the mountain, he called out: "Mount Simeli, Mount Simeli, open yourself up." The mountain opened up and he went inside. All the riches lay before him, and he did not know where to reach first, but at last he loaded up as many precious stones as he could carry. He wanted to take his load

out, but because his heart and mind were full of the treasures, he had forgotten the name of the mountain and called out, "Mount Semsi, Mount Semsi, open yourselfup." But that was not the right name, and the mountain did not move and remained closed. He was frightened, but the longer he pondered, the more confused his thoughts became, and all the protection he had was of no use to him. In the evening the mountain opened, and the twelve robbers came in, and when they saw him, they laughed and cried, "Little bird, we have got you at last; do you think we did not notice that you came in twice? We could not catch you, but you shall not go out again for the third time!" Then he cried, "It was not I, it was my brother!" but plead as he might for his life and say what he would, they still cut off his head.

* * *

This folktale is actually less well-known than the same one from "One Thousand and One Nights," i.e. in its oriental form: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." As always, the Eastern version is more polished, more fantastic. We read therefore that the mountain is called "Sesame" instead of twelve. "Sesame, open up!" And the false, greedy brother finally no longer knows how to find the word either; but since he knows sesame as an oriental type of grain, he tries all types of grain: "Wheat, open up! Barley, oats, rice, open up!" But it doesn't help him; the gate of the mountain remains closed, the greedy man is caught by the robbers and hung quartered at the gate entrance as a deterrent.

Otherwise, both forms are quite similar, and here again we have proof of how Aryan folktales migrated with the Aryans to the Far East in ancient times and found their own

form there, in which, of course, some of the original meaning seems to have been forgotten. For it is the twelve robbers who are correct, not the forty. They are the guardians of the golden treasure chamber (the glass mountain), the sun. And they represent the twelve constellations of the zodiac. However, this is only the astral interpretation. In a higher sense, the robbers' cave, the mountain "Simeli" or "Sesame," is the mountain of God's wisdom, the height of God, and the twelve robbers signify the inner stages of man's development, which he must cover if he wants to take the shortest path to perfection – not the other, which leads through infinite reincarnations with their suffering and hardships. These twelve stages are described even more clearly in legend, namely in the old Song of Hildebrand. However, we do not want to extend our remarks here to this area, all the less because it is a piece of ancient wisdom that is not easy to understand today. It is striking that the name of the mountain in our German folktale sounds similar to the Eastern one: Simeli – sesame. Both names seem to derive from the doubling of the sun rune, and thus point to the spiritual sun, to the spiritual cause of all that exists, i.e. to the Godhead. The poor brother comes close to the treasures of the mountain by "chance" and takes some of them, even several times; i.e. he gains some divine knowledge on his earthly path, which enables him to lead a good life. But the rich brother, in blind greed, now wants to have some of it too, and when he gets into the mountain, his mind becomes so confused with covetousness that he forgets the password for the gate of the mountain and does not come out again. In his embarrassment he addresses the mountain as "Simeli"; the reader realizes quite naturally that this contains the word

simili, i.e. similar, which we usually use to describe a counterfeit or imitation. And so the rich man did not get to the real essence of the treasure mountain, he did not grasp "that" inwardly; envy and greed were overpowering in him, so that he perceived the essence of the place of salvation wrongly and lost all his gain and his life. Admittedly, even in this way, the cladding is still external, and the voice of the folktale is completely reversed if we use the right values. Then we are dealing with a man (one of the poor) who occasionally gains higher insights and then seeks to gain them further according to his pressing needs. It is enough for him to know how he can utilize them in life in order to shape it beautifully. That is why he never stays in the mountain; he always comes out into his daily life. But the other, the rich man (rich in desire for the divine treasures of knowledge and understanding) is overwhelmed by what he sees; he loses his connection to the earthly, which now becomes "Simili" to him, and he is held fast in the mountain, which is his goal. The robbers cut off his head in the German, but in the Eastern folktale he is quartered, and there the meaning comes to light correctly: he receives (Fyr tel) "leadership share" and has thus reached the goal on the short, unique path, which the other, unconscious of himself, must often and circuitously steer towards, because he is not animated by the lively, strong desire like the "rich man." Thus a folktale can also follow the external events in its mood and be completely reversible for the person who understands it in this mood.

IV

Tales of the Pure Fool

The motif is present in many folktales that it is precisely the brother or son to whom this has been "sung in the cradle" the least, and who was considered the least qualified for it in his environment, who is lured to honor and wealth (wisdom). "Stupid people get lucky," a saying that is true to the teachings of many of our folktales. For by what does the world usually judge whether you are stupid? Anyone who is more clumsy than others when it comes to earning money; anyone who doesn't want to take any surreptitious routes to enrich himself is considered stupid. No one asks for inner wealth; the whole world pretends that man should have no higher aim than to provide himself with treasures for this short earthly life. And so one does not see into the inner nature of those of a different kind, those who secretly trust in God, and those who only ever look at the practical side of things. If he has the affairs of life before his eyes, his eyes are not at all suited to recognizing and appreciating spiritual things in others.

But it is precisely these "stupid" people in life, who are more inward-looking, who are the chosen ones of the folktale. They are the chosen ones in every conception of God, including the old Aryan and Christian ones. Or didn't Jesus say in the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven?" This is the

same term, that of "spiritual poverty." It refers to those who feel poor inside because they do not know their origin or their destination. But they listen into themselves and into the world with their powers, and then they realize that the world and life is not a random construction, not a blind confusion and chaos, but that there is purpose and direction, help and comfort and support and guidance in it, and they then entrust themselves to it like a child to its father or mother. There they attain the inner certainty that they are not alone and that they are not without purpose in life, but that they have a destiny. They do not know this destiny, but they surrender to it and willingly allow themselves to be guided; thus they see the miracle, so to speak, but it is not a miracle to them, as it is to other people, but it is a completely natural thing to them, and they reach their goal of human perfection by the shortest route.

We have taken the concept of the "pure fool" from "Parsifal," and this motif is par excellence that of Germanic redemption. It often includes the characteristic of the hero that he fears nothing; but this fearlessness applies only to bodily, earthly things; for no one attains to inner knowledge who has not passed through the fear of his soul before the powers to whom he then entrusts himself. These two types of fear must not be confused. But to him who has thus become a sibling to the powers of destiny, evil forces can no longer harm him, and old good ones must support him; the powers grow to him from within himself and from all sides; he uses them playfully and reaches his goal, which he himself knows as his goal only in the rarest of cases, because it lies beyond human comprehension. Often, of course, his "intuition," his inner vision and knowledge come to him, so that he

recognizes his path and goes to the end with knowledge.

This nature of the "pure fool" also means that the person is truthful and honest. He cannot use means that do not belong to this cause, for he does not even think of such means. Nor does he want to cheat fate in his favor, for he is on the best of terms with fate and has complete trust in it. Everything is pure in his mind and spirit, and so all his actions are pure, even if he is so off the mark that we have to laugh at his behavior. And everything turns out well for him. All others, however, who are filled with envy or contempt, are punished alongside him out of their own nature. German folktales offer plenty of examples of this, and we can only offer a brief selection of them here.

The Two Brothers

(According to Grimm)

Once upon a time there were two brothers, one rich and one poor. The rich one was a goldsmith and wicked of heart; the poor one made his living by making brooms, and was good and honest. The poor one had two children; they were twin brothers and were as alike as two drops of water. The two boys went into the rich man's house from time to time, and sometimes got something to eat from the refuse. It happened that when the poor man went into the forest to fetch brushwood, he saw a bird which was quite golden, and more beautiful than any he had ever seen before. So he picked up a small stone, threw it at the bird, and hit it luckily, but only a golden feather fell, and the bird flew away. The man took the feather and brought it to his brother, who looked at it and said, "It is pure gold," and gave him much money for it. The next day the man climbed a birch tree and wanted to cut down a few branches. Then the same bird flew out, and when the man searched, he found a nest, and an egg lay in it, which was of gold. He took the egg home and brought it to his brother, who said again, "It is pure gold," and gave him what it was worth. At last the goldsmith said, "I should like to have the bird myself." The poor man went into the forest for the third time and saw the golden bird sitting on the tree again, so he threw a stone and knocked it down and brought it to his brother, who gave him a great pile of money for it. "Now I can help myself away," he thought and went home satisfied.

The goldsmith was clever and cunning and knew well what kind of bird it was. He called his wife, and said, "Roast me the golden bird, and see that nothing gets away from it; I have a mind to eat it all by myself." The bird, however, was not an ordinary one, but so wonderful that whoever ate its heart and liver found a piece of gold under his pillow every morning. The woman prepared the bird, put it on a spit and had it roasted. Now it happened that while it was standing by the fire, and the wife had to leave the kitchen for other work, the poor broom-maker's two children ran in, stood in front of the spit and turned it a few times. And just as two pieces fell from the bird into the pan, one of them said, "We will eat the few bits, I am so hungry that no one will notice." Then they both ate the pieces, but the woman came up, saw that they were eating, and said, "What have you eaten?" "A few pieces that fell out of the bird," they answered. "That was the heart and liver," said the woman, quite frightened, and that her husband might not miss anything and be angry, she quickly slaughtered a chicken, took out the heart and liver, and put it with the golden bird. When it was cooked, she served it to the goldsmith, who ate it all by himself and left nothing. The next morning, however, when he reached under his pillow and thought to take out the piece of gold, there was as little as ever to be found.

But the two children did not know what good fortune had come to them. The next morning when they got up, something fell to the ground and rang, and when they picked it up, it was two pieces of gold. They brought them to their father, who was astonished and said, "How could this have happened?" But when they found two more the next morning, and so every day, he went to his brother and told

him the strange story. The goldsmith realized at once how it had come about, and that the children had eaten the heart and liver of the golden bird, and to revenge himself, and because he was envious and hard-hearted, he said to the father, "Your children are with the evil one. Do not take the gold and do not tolerate them any longer in your house, for he has power over them and will bring you to ruin yourself." The father feared the evil one, but as difficult as it was for him, he took the twins out into the forest and left them there with a sad heart.

Now the two children were wandering around in the forest looking for the way home, but they couldn't find it and kept getting lost. At last they came across a hunter who asked: "Whose children are you?" "We are the poor broom-maker's boys," they replied, and told him that their father no longer wanted to keep them in the house because every morning a piece of gold lay under their pillow. "Well," said the huntsman, "that's not a bad thing, if you stick to it properly and don't just lie on your backsides." The good man, because he liked the children and had none of his own, took them home with him and said, "I will be your father and bring you up." They learned to hunt with him, and the piece of gold that each of them found when they got up he kept for them in case they needed it in the future.

When they had grown up, their foster father took them into the forest one day and said: "Today you are to take your test shot so that I can release you and make you hunters." They went with him to the stand and waited a long time, but no game appeared. The hunter looked above him and saw a string of snow geese flying in the shape of a triangle, so he said to one of them, "Now shoot one from each corner." He

did so and made his test shot. Soon afterwards another chain came flying up and had the shape of the number two; then the hunter told the other one to bring one down from each corner as well, and he also succeeded in his test shot. Now the foster father said: "I release you, you are trained hunters." The two brothers then went into the forest together, talked to each other and arranged something. And when they had sat down to eat in the evening, they said to their foster father, "We will not touch the food or take a bite until you have granted us a request." He said: "What is your request?" They answered, "We have now learned, we must also try ourselves in the world, so allow us to go away and wander." Then the old man said with joy, "You speak like good hunters, what you desire has been my own wish; go forth, it will be well with you." So they ate and drank together merrily.

When the appointed day came, the foster-father gave them each a good tin and a dog, and let each take as much as he liked of the gold he had saved. Then he accompanied them a little way, and when they parted he gave them a shining knife and said, "If you ever part, thrust this knife into a tree at the crossroads; one of you can use it when you come back, see how his absent brother has fared, for the side to which he has gone rusts when he dies, but as long as he lives it remains bare." The two brothers went on and on, and came to a forest so large that they could not possibly get out in a day. So they stayed there all night and ate what they had put into the hunter's bag, but they went on for the second day and did not come out. As they had nothing to eat, one of them said, "We must shoot something, or we shall go hungry," and loaded his rifle and looked around. And when an old hare came running along, he stopped, but the hare

called out:

"Dear hunter, let me live, I will also give you two young."

They jumped straight into the bushes and brought two young; but the little animals played so lively and were so well-behaved that the hunters could not bring themselves to kill them. So they kept them with them, and the little hares followed at their heels. Soon afterward a fox crept by; they wanted to shoot it, but the fox called out:

"Dear hunter, let me live, I will also give you two young."

He also brought two kit foxes, and the hunters did not like to kill them either, gave them to the hares for company, and they followed them. It was not long before a wolf came out of the thicket and the hunters set upon him, but the wolf called out:

"Dear hunter, let me live, I will also give you two young."

The hunters took the two wolf cubs to the other animals and they followed them. Out came a bear who wanted to keep running around longer and called out:

"Dear hunter, let me live, I will also give you two young."

The two bear cubs joined the others and there were already eight of them. Finally, who came? A lion came and shook his mane. But the hunters left. They were not frightened and aimed at him, but the lion also spoke:

"Dear hunter, let me live, I will also give you two cubs."

He also brought his cubs, and now the hunters had two lions, two bears, two wolves, two foxes and two hares to follow them and serve them. However, their hunger was not satisfied, so they said to the foxes: "Listen, you sneaks, get us

something to eat, you are cunning and sly." They replied: "There's a village not far from here where we've already got many a chicken; we'll show you the way there." So they went to the village, bought themselves something to eat and fed their animals and then went on their way. The foxes, however, knew the area well, where the henhouses were, and were able to show the hunters the way.

Now they wandered about for a while, but could find no place where they could stay together, so they said, "There is no other way, we must separate." They divided the animals, so that each got a lion, a bear, a wolf, a fox and a hare; then they took their leave, promised each other brotherly love until death, and plunged the knife which their foster-father had given them into a tree, whereupon one went to the east and the other to the west.

The youngest, however, came with his animals to a town that was covered all over with black cloth. He went into an inn and asked the landlord if he could accommodate his animals. The innkeeper gave them a stable where there was a hole in the wall. The hare crept out and got himself a cabbage, and the fox got himself a hen, and when he had eaten that, the cock too; but the wolf, the bear and the lion could not get out because they were too big. So the innkeeper had them taken to where a cow was lying on the grass, so that they ate their fill. And when the hunter had taken care of his animals, he first asked the innkeeper why the town was hung with mourning flags. Said the innkeeper: "Because tomorrow our king's only daughter will die." Asked the hunter: "Is she gravely ill?" "No," replied the innkeeper, "she is young and healthy, but she must die." "Why is that?" asked the hunter. "There is a high mountain outside the town, and a dragon

lives on it who must have a pure maiden every year, otherwise he will devastate the whole country. Now all the maidens have already been given away, and there is no one left but the princess, yet there is no mercy, she must be handed over to him, and that will happen tomorrow." Said the huntsman, "Why is the dragon not killed?" "Ah," answered the innkeeper, "so many knights have tried, but have all lost their lives. The king has promised his daughter in marriage to the one who defeats the dragon, and he shall inherit the kingdom even after his death."

The hunter said nothing more, but the next morning he took his animals and climbed Dragon Mountain with them. There was a small church at the top, and on the altar were three filled cups, with the words: "Whoever drinks the cups will be the strongest man on earth and will wield the sword that lies buried on the doorstep." The hunter did not drink, went out and searched for the sword in the ground, but was unable to move it from the spot. So he went and drank the cups, and was now strong enough to pick up the sword, and his hand could easily guide it. When the hour came for the maiden to be delivered to the dragon, the king, the marshal and the courtiers accompanied her out. She saw the huntsman from afar at the top of Dragon Hill, and thought the dragon was standing there waiting for her, and would not go up, but at last, because the whole town would have been lost otherwise, she had to make the difficult journey. The king and the courtiers returned home in great grief, but the king's marshal was to stand still and watch everything from afar.

When the princess came to the top of the mountain, the dragon was not there, but the young huntsman, who

comforted her and said he would save her, led her into the church and locked her in. It was not long before the seven-headed dragon came with a great roar.

When he saw the hunter, he was astonished and said: "What are you doing here on the mountain?" The hunter replied: "I want to fight with you." The dragon said, "Many a knight has lost his life here, I want to deal with you too," and breathed fire from seven mouths. The fire was meant to set the dry grass alight so the huntsman would suffocate in the embers and steam, but the animals came running and kicked out the fire. Then the dragon came against the hunter, but he swung his sword so that it sang in the air, and cut off three of his heads. Then the dragon became even more furious, rose into the air, spat out flames of fire at the hunter and tried to pounce on him, but the hunter drew his sword again and cut off three of his heads. The beast became weak and fell down, but wanted to attack the hunter again, but he cut off its tail with his last ounce of strength, and because he could fight no longer, he called his animals over and they tore it to pieces. When the fight was over, the huntsman unlocked the church and found the princess lying on the ground because she had lost her senses from fear and terror during the fight. He carried her out, and when she came to herself again and opened her eyes, he showed her the slain dragon and told her that she was now redeemed. She rejoiced and said, "Now you will be my dearest husband, for my father has promised me to the one who kills the dragon." Then she unhooked her necklace of corals and distributed them among the animals to reward them, and the lion received the golden lock from it. But she gave her handkerchief, on which her name was written, to the hunter; he went and cut out the tongues from

the seven dragon heads, wrapped them in the cloth and kept them safe.

When this was done, because he was so tired and weary from the fire and the fight, he said to the maiden, "We are both so tired and weary, let us sleep a little." So she said, "Yes," and they lay down on the ground, and the hunter said to the lion, "You shall watch, so that no one may attack us in our sleep." and both fell asleep. The lion lay down beside them to watch, but he was also tired from the fight, so he called the bear and said, "Lie down beside me, I must sleep a little, and if anything comes, wake me up." Then the bear lay down beside him, but he was also tired, and called the wolf and said, "Lie down beside me, I must sleep a little, and if anything comes, wake me up." Then the wolf lay down beside him, but he was also tired and called the fox and said, "Lie down beside me, I must sleep a little, and if anything comes, wake me up." So the fox lay down beside him, but he was tired too, and called the hare and said, "Lie down beside me, I must sleep a little, and if anything comes, wake me up." So the hare sat down beside him, but the poor hare was also tired and had no one to call to watch over him, so he fell asleep. So the princess, the huntsman, the lion, the bear, the wolf, the fox and the hare all slept soundly.

But the marshal, who had been watching from afar when he saw the dragon not fly away with the maiden, and all was quiet on the mountain, took heart and climbed up. There the dragon lay on the ground, torn to pieces, and not far away lay the princess and a huntsman with his animals, all of whom had sunk into a deep sleep. And because he was wicked and ungodly, he took his sword and cut off the huntsman's head and seized the maiden in his arms and

carried her down the mountain. Then she awoke and was frightened, but the marshal said, "You are in my hands, you shall say that it was I who killed the dragon." "I cannot," she replied, "for a huntsman with his beasts did that." Then he drew his sword and threatened to kill her if she did not obey him, and forced her to promise. Then he brought her before the king, who could not help rejoicing when he saw his dear child alive again, whom he thought had been torn to pieces by the beast. The marshal said to him, "I have killed the dragon and freed the maiden and the whole kingdom, therefore I will take her as my wife, as promised." The king asked the maiden, "Is what he says true?" "Oh yes," she replied, "it must be true; but I ask that the wedding will not be celebrated for a year and a day," for she thought she would hear something from her dear huntsman in the meantime.

On the dragon's mountain, however, the animals were still lying next to their dead master and sleeping, when a large bumblebee came and sat on the hare's nose, but the hare wiped it off with his paw and slept on. The bumblebee came a second time, but the hare wiped it off again and slept on. Then she came a third time and stung him in the nose so that he woke up. As soon as the hare was awake, he woke the fox, and the fox the wolf, and the wolf the bear, and the bear the lion. And when the lion awoke and saw that the maiden was gone and his master dead, he began to roar terribly and cried, "Who has done this? Bear, why didn't you wake me up?" The bear asked the wolf, "Why didn't you wake me up?" and the wolf asked the fox, "Why didn't you wake me up?" and the fox asked the hare, "Why didn't you wake me up?" The poor hare alone knew nothing to answer, and the blame remained on him. Then they wanted to attack him, but he begged and

said, "Don't kill me, I want to bring our Lord back to life. I know a mountain where a root grows, and whoever has it in his mouth will be healed of all sickness and all wounds. But the mountain is two hundred leagues from here." Said the lion: "In twenty-four hours you must have run there and back and brought back the root." So the hare jumped away, and in twenty-four hours he was back, bringing the root with him. The lion put the hunter's head back on, and the hare put the root into his mouth, and immediately it put everything together again, and the heart beat, and life returned. Then the hunter awoke and was startled when he no longer saw the maiden, and thought, "She must have gone away while I was asleep to get rid of me." In his great haste, the lion had turned his fine master's head upside down, but the lion did not notice it in his sad thoughts of the princess, and it was only at noon, when he was about to eat something, that he saw his head sticking out, and could not understand it, and asked the animals what had happened to him in his sleep. Then the lion told him that they had also all fallen asleep out of fatigue, and on waking they had found him dead with his head cut off; the hare had fetched the root of life, but he had held his head upside down in his haste; but he wanted to make amends for his mistake. Then he tore the huntsman's head off again, turned it round, and the hare healed it firmly with the root.

But the huntsman was sad, and went about the world and made his animals dance before the people. It happened that after a year he came again to the same town where he had delivered the princess from the dragon, and this time the town was all hung with red scarlet. Then he said to the innkeeper, "What does that mean? A year ago, the whole

town was covered in black pile; what's with the red scarlet today?" The innkeeper replied: "Last year our princess was to be delivered to the dragon, but the marshal fought with him and killed him, and tomorrow her marriage is to be celebrated; that is why the city was then covered with black cloth for mourning, and is now hung with red scarlet for joy."

The next day, when the wedding was to take place, the huntsman said to the innkeeper at midday, "Do you think, Mr. Innkeeper, that I will eat bread from the King's table here with you today?" "No," said the innkeeper, "I will bet a hundred pieces of gold that it is not true." The huntsman accepted the wager and bet a bag with as many gold pieces. Then he called the hare and said, "Go, dear hopper, and fetch me some of the bread that the king eats." Now the little hare was the smallest and couldn't ask anyone else to do it, but had to go on his own two feet. "Oh," thought he, "if I run through the streets alone like this, the butchers will be behind me." As he thought, so it happened, and the dogs came behind and wanted to lick his fine fur. But she jumped, and fled into a sentry box without the soldier noticing it. Then the dogs came and wanted to get her out, but the soldier was not amused, and struck them with the butt of his rifle so that they ran away screaming and howling. When the hare realized that the coast was clear, he jumped into the castle and straight to the princess, sat down under her chair and scratched her foot. Then she said, "Will you go away?" thinking it was her dog. The hare scratched her foot a second time and she said again, "Will you go away?" thinking it was her dog. But the hare would not be dissuaded and scratched for the third time, then she looked down and recognized the

hare by the coral on its collar. Now she took him on her lap, carried him into her room and said, "Dear hare, what do you want?" He replied, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here and has sent me to ask for a loaf of bread like the king eats." She was delighted and sent for the baker and told him to bring her a loaf of bread like the king ate. Said the little rabbit, "But the baker must carry it to me too, so that the butcher's dogs will not hurt me." The baker carried it to the door of the inn, where the hare stood up on his hind legs, immediately took the bread in his front paws and brought it to his master. Then the hunter said, "Look, innkeeper, the hundred pieces of gold are mine." The innkeeper was surprised, but the hunter continued: "Yes, innkeeper, I have the bread, but now I also want to eat the king's roast." The innkeeper said, "I'd like to see that," but he didn't want to bet any more. The hunter called the fox and said, "My little fox, go and get me some roast meat like the king eats." The red fox knew the trick better, went round the corners and through the nooks and crannies without a hound seeing him, sat down under the princess's chair and scratched at her foot. Then she looked down and recognized the fox by his collar, took him into her chamber and said, "Dear fox, what do you want?" He replied: "My master, who killed the dragon, is here and has sent me to ask for a roast like the king eats." Then they sent for the cook, who was obliged to prepare a roast such as the king ate, and carry it to the fox's door; then the fox took the roast from him, wagged away with his tail the flies that had settled on it, and then brought it to his master. "You see, landlord," said the hunter, "there is bread and meat, and now I will also eat vegetables as the king eats them." So he called the wolf and said, "Dear wolf, go and get

me some vegetables like the king eats." Then the wolf went straight into the castle, for he was afraid of no one, and when he came into the princess's room, he plucked her by the back of her dress so that she had to look round. She recognized him by his collar, and took him into her chamber and said, "Dear wolf, what do you want?" He answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and I am to ask for some vegetables like the king eats." Then she sent for the cook, who had to prepare vegetables like the king ate, and carry it to the wolf; then the wolf took the vegetables from him and brought them to his master. "You see, landlord," said the hunter, "now I have bread, meat, and vegetables, but I will also eat pastries like the king eats." He called the bear and said, "Dear bear, you like to eat something sweet, go and get me some pastries like the king eats." Then the bear trotted off to the castle, and every one avoided him; but when he came to the guards, they held out their guns and would not let him into the royal castle. But he lifted himself up and gave a few slaps with his paws to the left and right, so that the whole guard fell down, and then he went straight to the princess, stood behind her, and growled a little. Then she looked backwards and recognized the bear, and bade him go with her into her chamber, and said, "Dear bear, what do you want?" He replied, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and he wants me to ask for some pastries like the king eats." Then she sent for the confectioner, who had to bake pastries like the king ate, and carry it to the bear at the door; and the bear first licked up the sugar-peas which had rolled down, then he stood upright, took the bowl and brought it to his master. "Look, innkeeper," said the hunter, "now I have bread, meat, vegetables and pastries, but I also want to drink wine like the

king drinks it." He summoned his lion and said: "Dear lion, you like to drink yourself intoxicated, go and get me some wine like the king drinks." So the lion walked along the road, and the people ran before him, and when he came to the guard, they wanted to block his path, but he only roared once, and they all ran away. Then the lion went to the royal chamber and knocked at the door with his tail. Then the princess came out and was almost frightened at the lion, but she recognized him by the golden lock on his collar, and bade him go into her chamber with her and said, "Dear lion, what do you want?" He answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and he asks for wine, such as the king drinks." So she sent for the cupbearer to give the lion wine like the king drank. Said the lion, "I will go with you and see that I get the right one." So he went down with the cupbearer, and when they came below, the cupbearer wanted to draw him some of the ordinary wine, as the king's servants drank it, but the lion said, "Stop! I will try the wine first," drew half a measure for himself, and swallowed it down at once. "No," he said, "that's not the right one." The cupbearer looked at him askance, but went and wanted to give him some from another barrel, which was for the king's marshal. The lion said, "Stop! I will try the wine first," drew half a measure and drank it. "It is better, but not yet the right one." The cupbearer got angry and said, "What a stupid animal trying to understand wine!" But the lion gave him a blow behind the ears so that he fell to the ground roughly, and when he had got up again, he led the lion quietly into a special little cellar where the king's wine was kept, which no one else got to drink from. The lion first drew half a measure and tasted the wine, then he said, "This may be of the right

kind," and ordered the cupbearer to fill six glasses. Now they went up, but when the lion came out of the cellar into the open, he swayed to and fro and was a little drunk, and the cupbearer had to carry the wine to his door, when the lion took the basket in his mouth and brought it to his master. Said the huntsman, "Look here, innkeeper, I have bread, meat, vegetables, pastries, and wine, just like the King has, and now I will have a meal with my animals," and he sat down, ate and drank, and gave the hare, the fox, the wolf, the bear, and the lion also food and drink, and was in good spirits, for he saw that the princess still loved him. And when he had finished his meal, he said, "Mr. Innkeeper, I have now eaten and drunk as the king eats and drinks, and now I will go to the king's court and marry the princess." The innkeeper asked: "How can I do that, since she already has a bridegroom and the wedding is being celebrated today?" Then the huntsman pulled out the handkerchief that the princess had given him on the dragon's mountain, in which the seven tongues of the beast were wrapped, and said: "What I am holding in my hand will help me do this." Then the innkeeper looked at the cloth and said, "Even if I believed everything, I wouldn't believe that, and would be willing to stake my house and farm on it." The huntsman took a bag containing a thousand gold pieces, put it on the table and said, "I'll bet this against it."

Now the king said to his daughter at the royal table, "What did all the wild animals want that came to you and went in and out of my castle?" She answered, "I must not tell you, but send for the master of those beasts, and you will do well." The King sent a servant to the inn, and had the stranger invited, and the servant came just as the huntsman

had wagered with the innkeeper. Then he said, "You see, Mr. Innkeeper, the king has sent a servant to invite me, but I am not going yet." And he said to the servant, "I will ask the king to send me royal clothes, a chariot with six horses, and servants to wait on me." When the king heard this answer, he said to his daughter: "What shall I do?" She said, "Send him what he asks, and you will do well." Then the king sent royal clothes, a chariot with six horses and servants to wait on him. When the huntsman saw them coming, he said, "Look, Mr. Innkeeper, now I am being fetched as I requested," and put on the royal clothes, took the cloth with the dragon's tongues and went to the king. When the king saw him coming, he said to his daughter, "How shall I receive him?" She replied, "Go to meet him, and you will do well." So the king went to meet him and led him up, and his animals followed him. The king gave him a place beside himself and his daughter, and the marshal sat on the other side as bridegroom, but he no longer knew him. Just then the seven heads of the dragon were put on display, and the king said, "The marshal has cut off the seven heads of the dragon, so today I am giving him my daughter as his bride." Then the huntsman stood up, opened the seven jaws and said, "Where are the dragon's seven tongues?" The marshal was startled, turned pale and didn't know what to answer, but finally, in fear, he said, "Dragons don't have tongues." Said the huntsman, "Liars should have none, but the dragon's tongues are the emblem of the victor," and unwound the cloth, and there lay all seven on it, and then he put each tongue into the maw where it belonged, and it fitted exactly. Then he took the cloth on which the princess's name was embroidered, and showed it to the maiden, and asked her to whom she had given it, and she

answered, “To him who killed the dragon.” Then he called his animals, took the necklace from each of them and the golden lock from the lion and showed it to the maiden and asked to whom it belonged. She replied: “The necklace and the golden lock were mine, I distributed them among the animals that helped defeat the dragon.” Then the huntsman said, “When I was tired from the battle and sleeping, the marshal came and cut off my head. Then he carried off the princess and said it was him who killed the dragon, and that he lied, I have proven with the tongues, the cloth, and the necklace.” And then he told how his animals had cured him by a miraculous root, and that he had wandered about with them for a year, and had at last come back here, where he had learned of the marshal’s deceit from the innkeeper’s story. Then the king asked his daughter, “Is it true that he killed the dragon?” She replied, “Yes, it is true; now I may reveal the marshal’s shameful deed, because it came to light without my doing, for he made me promise to keep silent. For this reason, however, I have held out for the wedding to be celebrated in a year’s time.” Then the king summoned twelve councilors to pass judgment on the marshal, and they decided that he should be torn to pieces by four oxen. So the marshal was judged, but the king gave his daughter to the huntsman and appointed him ruler of the whole kingdom. The wedding was celebrated with great joy, and the young king sent for his father and foster-father and lavished them with treasures. He did not forget the innkeeper either and sent for him and said to him: “You see, Mr. Innkeeper, I have married the princess and your house and farm are mine.” Said the innkeeper, “Yes, that would be right.” But the young king said: “It shall be with mercy. You shall keep your house

and farm, and I'll give you the thousand pieces of gold as well."

Now the young king and queen were in good spirits and lived happily together. He often went out hunting, for that was his delight, and the faithful animals would accompany him. But there was a forest nearby which was said to be dangerous, and once someone had got into it, he could not easily get out again. But the young king had a great desire to hunt in it, and gave the old king no peace until he allowed him to do so. So he rode out with a large company, and when he came to the forest, he saw a snow-white doe in it and said to his men, "Stay here until I come back, I want to hunt the beautiful doe." And he rode after it into the forest, and only his animals followed him. The people stopped and waited until evening, but he did not come back; so they rode home and told the young queen: "The young king chased after a white doe in the enchanted forest and has not come back." She was very worried about him. But he had kept riding after the beautiful doe, and could never catch up with it; when he thought it was ready to shoot, he immediately saw it leaping away again in the far distance, and at last it disappeared altogether. Now he realized that he had got deep into the forest, took his horn and blew, but he got no answer, for his men could not hear him. And when night came on, he saw that he could not come home that day, so he dismounted, made a fire by a tree, and prepared to spend the night. As he sat by the fire, and his animals had also lain down beside him, he felt as if he heard a human voice. He looked around but could not see anything. Soon afterwards he heard another groaning as if from above, then he looked up and saw an old woman sitting in a tree, moaning all the time: "Hu, hu, hu,

how I'm freezing!" He said, "Come down and warm yourself if you are cold." But she said, "No, your animals will bite me." He replied: "They won't hurt you, old mother, just come down." But she was a witch and said, "I will throw you a rod from the tree, if you hit them on the back with it, they won't hurt me." So she threw him a little rod, and he struck them with it, and immediately they lay still and were turned to stone. And when the witch was safe from the animals, she jumped down and touched him too with a rod and turned him to stone. Then she laughed and dragged him and the animals into a ditch where more such stones were already lying.

But when the young king did not return at all, the queen's fear and worry grew ever greater. Now it happened that just at this time the other brother, who had wandered to the east at the separation, came to the kingdom. He had sought a service and found none, and had then wandered to and fro, and had let his animals dance. Then he remembered that he wanted to look for the knife that they had stuck into a tree trunk when they parted to find out how his brother was doing. When he got there, his brother's side was half rusted and half bare. Then he was frightened and thought: "A great misfortune must have befallen my brother, but perhaps I can still save him, for half of the knife is still shiny." He went west with his animals, and when he came to the city gate, the guard met him and asked if he should report him to his wife; the young queen had been in great fear for a few days about his absence and feared that he had perished in the enchanted forest. The guard thought he was the young king himself, for he looked so much like him, and had seen the wild beasts behind him. Then he realized that they were talking about his

brother, and thought, "It is best that I should pretend to be him, so that I can save him more easily." So he had the guard accompany him to the castle and was received with great joy. The young queen thought it was her husband and asked him why he had stayed out so long. He replied: "I had lost my way in the forest and could not find my way out again." In the evening he was brought to the royal bed, but he put a two-edged sword between himself and the young queen; she did not know what it meant, but did not dare to ask.

He stayed there for a few days and meanwhile investigated everything about it. At last he said, "I must hunt there once more." The king and the young queen tried to talk him out of it, but he insisted and went out with a large escort. When he had come into the forest, he was like his brother, he saw a white doe, and said to his people, "Stay here and wait till I come again, I will hunt the beautiful game." He rode into the forest and his animals ran after him. But he could not catch up with the doe and got so deep into the forest that he had to spend the night there. And when he had lit a fire, he heard groaning above him: "Hu, hu, hu, how I'm freezing!" Then he looked up, and there was the same witch sitting up in the tree. He said: "If you are cold, come down, old mother, and warm yourself!" She replied: "No, your animals are biting me." But he said, "They won't hurt you." Then she called out, "I will throw you a rod, if you hit them with it, they won't hurt me." When the hunter heard this, he did not trust the old woman and said, "I will not beat my animals, you come down or I will get you!" She called out: "What do you want? You haven't got me yet!" But he replied: "If you don't come, I'll shoot you down!" She said, "Go ahead and shoot; I'm not afraid of your bullets." Then he started and shot at

her, but the witch was firm against all lead bullets, laughed so loudly that it rang out, and cried, "You shall not hit me!" The huntsman knew what to do, tore three silver buttons from his coat and loaded them into the rifle, for her art was in vain, and when he pulled the trigger she fell down with a scream. Then he put his foot on her and said, "Old witch, if you do not confess at once where my brother is, I will seize you with both hands and throw you into the fire!" She was in great fear, begged for mercy and said: "He lies petrified in a grave with his animals." Then he forced her to go with him, threatened her and said: "Old witch, now you will bring my brother and all the creatures lying here to life or you will be thrown into the fire." She took a rod and touched the stones, and his brother and the animals came back to life, and many others, merchants, craftsmen and shepherds got up, thanked him for their liberation and went home. But when the twin brothers met again, they kissed each other and rejoiced with all their hearts. Then they seized the witch, bound her and threw her in the fire, and when she had burned, the forest cleared up of its own accord and was light and bright, and the royal castle could be seen three leagues away.

Now the two brothers went home together and told each other their fates on the way. And when the youngest said that he was lord of the whole land instead of the king, the other said, "I have certainly been for when I came into the city and was esteemed for you, all royal honor was done me: the young queen took me for her husband, and I had to eat at her side and sleep in her bed." When the other heard this, he became so jealous and angry that he drew his sword and cut off his brother's head. But when the latter lay there dead and he saw his red blood flowing, he was very upset: "My brother

has redeemed me," he exclaimed, "and I have killed him for it!" and he wailed aloud. Then his hare came and offered to fetch the root of life, jumped away and brought it in due time, and the dead man was brought back to life and noticed nothing of the wound.

Then they went on, and the youngest said, "You look like me, you have royal clothes on like me, and the animals follow you like me: let us go to the opposite gates and arrive at the old king from two sides at once." So they parted, and at the same time the guard came to the old king from one gate and the other, and reported that the young king with the animals had arrived from the hunt. Said the king, "It is not possible, the gates are an hour apart." But then the two brothers came into the castle courtyard from two sides and both climbed up. Then the king said to his daughter, "Tell me, which is your husband? One looks like the other; I do not know." She was then in great fear, and could not tell; at last she remembered the collar which she had given to the animals, and looked for and found her little golden lock on one of the lions, and cried gleefully, "He whom this lion follows is my true husband." Then the young king laughed and said, "Yes, that is the right one," and they sat down to table together, ate and drank, and were merry. In the evening, when the young king went to bed, his wife said, "Why did you always put a two-edged sword in our bed the night before? I thought you wanted to kill me." Then he realized how faithful his brother had been.

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This folktale is one of the most magnificent we have. A whole series of motifs are interwoven, but in such a way that

a unity is created which also makes sense as a whole. From the beginning, the two brothers are, as they say, at the mercy of fate. And yet everything falls to them, for they are pure and good and do the right thing in every situation without much deliberation or inner struggle. As children, when they eat the golden bird's liver and heart, they do go astray. But their hunger must excuse this, and fate needs their little misdeed to undo the goldsmith's attempt at deception. The two older brothers are already characterized by their trade. The art of blacksmithing comes from the dwarves, i.e. from the demonic regions, which is why the blacksmiths are mostly wizards. The broom, however, as a "thunder broom" (do justice to the evil) is a sacred glyph of the god Donar, and the broom maker therefore represents the ascending, theonic principle. The golden bird is the "luminous generative power" according to the ancient secret meaning of words, i.e. the union of life and soul. The demonic principle would like to make use of this power; the ascending principle (the broom maker), however, does not know this power at all, because only envy is so powerful. And so the two sons of the poor man, the broom-maker, must absorb life and soul by eating the liver and heart of the bird. Every day they are overcome by a pleasant feeling, a blessed thought. But the goldsmith deceives the father about the cause and the boys are banished to the forest (the realm), i.e. to the outer, earthly life.

A hunter trains them: he encourages their knowledge, their power of judgment. When he sets them the task that is to be the test piece, no one is missing. And the foster father gives them a "knife" (namely a tool of measure, of their fate), by which they are to recognize the signs of the offence. This

means that he awakens such delicate feelings in their souls that one feels it when the other is doing badly; he binds the souls together through mutual understanding. And now the brothers, because they suppress their hunger and respect the creatures' will to live, are joined by all kinds of animals – in pairs. There are five species. Five means the old fem, and fem means law, the finding of law. So, the animals help the brothers to achieve justice through their characteristics. First there is the hare, the sacred animal of Freya, which brings a sense of home. Then comes the fox (Vos, fos), the procreator. Then comes the wolf, which, according to ancient symbolism, brings the knowledge born of pain. Then comes the bear, dedicated to the god Donar, as a symbol of power and strength, but also, as his name suggests, of birth. Finally, there is also the lion as a symbol of majesty, of royal aptitude. Thus endowed, the brothers separate. At first we only hear about one of them. He now appears as St. George, the conqueror of the dragon. All the maidens of the kingdom have been sacrificed to the dragon except for the royal princess. The dragon is once again the hostile, chaotic, negative principle, the devilish being in the world, the negating one. The maiden is the young procreator; the dragon wants to kill life. But the one brother, followed by his animals, possesses all the qualities of life and overcomes the dragon: life is victorious. (This is the winter-spring myth.) The sun rises. But only now that it has turned does winter really set in; it mocks the victorious power. Then the marshal sees the favorable opportunity and strikes off the dragon slayer's head. But of course he mustn't stay dead, otherwise the evil one will kidnap the redeemed princess back to his winter palace. Then the hare jumps in – he knows the root of

life. This is a very special thing about the hare, that he knows it and can fetch it from the home, the enclosure; he wins the root of life, and he heals the dragon slayer.

The innkeeper is, so to speak, a spectator of fate. He does not believe in the strange things that are happening before his eyes. He believes that fate cannot overcome the gaps that it creates – not without purpose. He is the realist. So he bets his house and farm. But the animals fetch royal food for their master: the qualities they embody come to life in him, and he gains the power to take up his reign alongside the princess. He exposes the marshal, the villain. And the princess helps; she is not allowed to reveal anything immediately, even though the game is about her happiness; she has been sworn to secrecy by the marshal. If the secret does not come out from her tongue, then it's alright. Thus the spring sun finally overcomes the post-winter and becomes the earth's spouse. And so soul and life triumph over death and the spell of death in the spiritual realm.

But even this happiness does not last forever, for there is the enchanted forest (the counter-guard, the demonic guardianship). The fearless new king falls into it when he chases after a snow-white doe. The doe embodies the pure, uninfluenced spiritual ideal that the king strives for without paying attention to the external constraints of life. The pure idealist easily stumbles over a root on the ground and falls because he forgets to reckon with factors that are present and assert themselves. But then he is also left behind when the will is becoming strength, the healthy instinct, the inner knowledge. This is what happens to the young king; he allows himself to be moved to beat his animals with the rod handed to him by the witch and they are all turned into

stones, including himself. His royal qualities weaken and his work comes to a standstill. But then the distant brother realizes how things stand with his brother, and he still has in his blood the unspoiled guidance of destiny that saves him from the witch's snares and thus makes him the redeemer of his brother. Before he accomplished this work of redemption, he took the place of the royal brother in order to make the task easier for himself. And when he now admits to his brother that he has even slept in his bed, he is seized by jealousy and cuts off his redeemer's head. He has not yet found his inner balance. But that's not so bad in our folktale, because the hare is there to fetch the root of life. And then the slain man comes back to life and the two brothers enter the city at different gates. The redeemed man only learns how faithful his brother has been to him when his wife, the queen, asks him about the sword he has put in his bed. This, however, was a piece of ancient law and good knightly custom: whoever was forced or induced by circumstances to rest with a woman who was not his own, placed an exposed sword between them as a sign that he would respect her chastity and preserve her integrity. This is what happened here too, and the queen did not understand the meaning of the matter, because she believed she had her lawful husband next to her. For the ancients, the sword symbolized the ray of the sun, the divine, which is why oaths were sworn on the sword. And so here, too, it looks like an oath taken. But the witch of the forest was killed, consumed by fire. The sacred fire banished all demonic powers for the ancients, as their entire cult life shows.

So the forces of ascension, which have become a mutually helping duality (life and soul), are ultimately victorious over

all obstacles, over all magic spells, over all demonic forces. Because they entrust themselves to the fate that guides them. They find their goal, happiness, because they do not resist it, because they do not want to create it for themselves in opposition to the divine guidance of fate, in other words: because they are "pure fools." And so the lesson of this folktale, like many others, is that nothing can happen to those who trust in fate, the devoted "pure fools," that could permanently damage their course of development; they must always be victorious and achieve their divine goal. It is no different when it says in the Sermon on the Mount that those who are pure in heart see God, and another Bible passage has no other meaning either: "All things must work together for good to them that love God." The pure fool is the conqueror of the world, and everything that hinders his ascent must give way to him, or at most can hinder him temporarily, so that he may prove his innate virtue.

The Golden Bird

(According to Grimm)

Once upon a time there was a king who had a beautiful pleasure garden behind his castle, and in it stood a tree that bore golden apples. When the apples ripened, they were counted, but the very next morning one was missing. This was reported to the king, and he ordered that a watch should be kept under the tree all night. The king had three sons, of whom he sent the eldest to keep watch, but when it was midnight, he could not help sleeping, and the next morning another apple was missing. The following night the second son had to keep watch, but he fared no better; when twelve o'clock had struck, he fell asleep, and in the morning an apple was missing. Now it was the third son's turn to keep watch. He was also ready, but the king did not trust him much and thought he would do even less than his brothers; but at last he allowed him to do it. So the youth lay down under the tree, woke up, and did not allow sleep to master him. When twelve o'clock struck, something rustled through the air, and he saw a bird flying along in the moonlight, its plumage all shining with gold. The bird alighted on the tree and had just picked an apple when the youth shot an arrow at it. The bird flew away, but the arrow had hit its feathers and one of its golden feathers fell down. The youth picked it up, brought it to the king in the morning and told him what he had seen during the night. The king gathered his council and everyone declared that a feather like this was worth more than the entire kingdom. "If the feather is so precious,"

declared the king, "just one will not satisfy me, but I want and must have the whole bird."

The eldest son set off, relying on his wisdom, and thought he had already spotted the golden bird. When he had gone some distance, he saw a fox sitting at the edge of a forest, pulled out his rifle and took aim at it. The fox called out: "Don't shoot me, I'll give you some good advice. You are on your way to the golden bird, and tonight you will come to a village where two inns face each other. One of them is brightly lighted, and it is a merry place; but don't stop there, but go to the other, even if it looks bad." "How can such a silly animal give me sensible advice," thought the prince, and fired off, but he missed the fox, who stretched his tail and ran quickly into the forest. He then continued on his way and arrived in the village in the evening, where the old inns stood; in one there was singing and dancing, the other had a miserable, sad appearance. "I'd be a fool," he thought, "if I went into the lousy inn and left the nice one behind." So he went into the merry one and lived there in luxury, forgetting the bird, his father and all good teachings.

When some time had passed and the eldest son had not come home again and again, the second son set off to look for the golden bird. Like the eldest, the fox met him and gave him good advice, which he did not heed. He came to the two inns, where his brother was standing at the window of one of them, from which cheers were ringing out and calling to him. He could not resist, went in and lived only to his heart's content.

Again a time passed when the youngest son of the king wanted to go out and try his salvation. But the father would

not allow it. “It is in vain,” he said, “he is even less likely to find the golden bird than his brothers, and if a misfortune befalls him, he will not know how to help himself; he lacks the assets.” But at last, when there was no peace anymore, he let him go. The fox sat again outside the forest, begged for his life and gave him good advice. The young man was good-natured and said: “Be calm, fox, I won’t do you any harm.” “You won’t regret it,” replied the fox, “and to help you get away faster, climb onto the back of my tail.” And as soon as he had mounted, the fox began to run, and off he went over hill and dale, so that his hair whistled in the wind. When they came to the village, the youth dismounted, followed the good advice, and, without looking back, returned to the little inn, where he spent the night quietly. The next morning, when he came into the field, the fox was already sitting there and said, “I will tell you what you have to do. Go straight on, and at last you will come to a castle with a whole crowd of soldiers lying in front of it, but don’t worry about them, for they will all be asleep and snoring; go straight through and enter straight into the castle, and go through all the parlors; at last you will come to a chamber where a golden bird hangs in a wooden cage. Next to it is an empty gold cage for display, but be careful not to take the bird out of its bad cage and put it into the splendid one, or you will have a bad time.” After these words the fox stretched out his tail again and the prince got on. Then he went over hill and dale, so that his hair whistled in the wind. When he arrived at the castle, he found everything just as the fox had said. And the prince came into the chamber, where the golden bird was sitting in the wooden cage, and a golden one stood beside it. But the three golden apples were lying around in the room.

Then he thought it would be ridiculous to leave the beautiful bird in the mean and ugly cage, so he opened the door, grabbed it and put it in the golden one. At that moment, however, the bird gave a piercing cry, the soldiers woke up, rushed in and led him to prison. The next morning he was brought before a court and, as he confessed everything, sentenced to death. But the king said he would give him his life on one condition, namely if he brought him the golden horse, which ran faster than the wind, and then he would also receive the golden bird as a reward.

The prince set off, but sighed and was sad, for where was he to find the golden horse? Then he suddenly saw his old friend, the fox, sitting by the road. "You see," said the fox, "this is what happened because you didn't listen to me. But be of good cheer, I will take care of you and tell you how to get to the golden horse, you must go straight on and you will come to a castle where the horse is in the stable. The grooms will be lying in front of the stable, but they will be asleep and snoring, and you can lead the golden horse out to yourself, but you must be careful of one thing, put the bad saddle of wood and leather on him and not the golden one that hangs with it, otherwise it will be bad for you." Then the fox stretched out his tail, which the prince got on, and went on over hill and dale, so that his hair whistled in the wind. Everything happened as the fox had said, he came to the stable where the golden horse stood, but when he wanted to put the bad saddle on him, he thought, "Such a beautiful animal will be spoiled if I do not put the good saddle on him that he deserves." But as soon as the golden saddle touched the horse, it began to neigh loudly. The grooms woke up, seized the young man and threw him into prison. The next

morning he was sentenced to death in court, but the king promised to give him his life and the golden horse if he could fetch the king's beautiful daughter from the golden castle.

The young man set off with a heavy heart, but luckily he soon found the faithful fox. "I should only leave you to your misfortune," said the fox, "but I pity you and will help you out of your misery once more. Your path leads you straight to the golden castle; in the evening you will lie there, and at night, when all is quiet, the beautiful princess goes into the bathhouse to bathe. And when she goes in, jump up to her and give her a kiss, then she will follow you, and you can carry her away with you, only do not let her say good-bye to her parents beforehand, otherwise it will go badly with you." Then the fox stretched out his tail, the prince got on, and so they went over hill and dale, his hair whistling in the wind. When he arrived at the golden castle, it was just as the fox had said. He waited till midnight, when all was in a deep sleep, and the beautiful maiden went into the bath-house, when he sprang out and gave her a kiss. She said she wanted to go with him, but begged him imploringly and with tears that he would allow her to say goodbye to her parents first. At first he resisted her pleas, but when she wept more and more and fell at his feet, he finally gave in. But no sooner had the maiden stepped to her father's bed than he and all the others in the castle woke up, and the young man was arrested and put in prison.

The next morning the king said to him, "Your life is forfeit, and you can only find mercy if you remove the mountain that lies outside my window and beyond which I cannot see, and you must accomplish this within eight days. If you succeed, you shall have my daughter as your reward."

The prince began digging and shoveling without ceasing, but when after seven days he saw how little he had accomplished and that all his work was as good as nothing, he fell into great sadness and gave up all hope. On the evening of the seventh day the fox appeared and said, "You do not deserve that I should take care of you, but go and lie down to sleep, I will do the work for you." The next morning, when he awoke and looked out of the window, the mountain had disappeared. The youth hurried joyfully to the king and told him that the condition had been fulfilled, and whether the king liked it or not, he had to keep his word and give him his daughter.

Now the two of them set off together, and it was not long before the faithful fox came to them. "You have the best," he said, "but the maiden from the golden castle also needs the golden horse." "How am I to get that?" asked the young man. "I will tell you," replied the fox, "first bring the beautiful maiden to the king who sent you to the golden castle. There will be unheard-of joy, they will gladly give you the golden horse and will show it to you. Get up at once and shake hands with all of them, last of all with the beautiful maiden, and when you have seized her, pull her up with a swing and run away, and no one will be able to catch you, for the horse runs faster than the wind."

Everything was accomplished happily, and the prince led the beautiful maiden away on the golden horse. The fox did not stay behind and said to the young man, "Now I will help you to the golden bird too. When you are near the castle where the bird is, let the maiden dismount, and I will take her into my care. Then ride with the golden horse into the castle courtyard; there will be great joy at the sight, and they will bring out the golden bird for you. As you have the cage

in your hand, chase back to us and fetch the maiden again." When the plan had succeeded and the prince wanted to ride home with his treasures, the fox said, "Now you shall reward me for my help." "What do you want in return?" asked the young man. "When we get into the forest there, shoot me dead and cut off my head and paws." "That would be a fine form of gratitude," said the prince; "I can't possibly grant you that." Said the fox, "If you will not do it, I must leave you; but before I go away, I will give you some good advice. Beware of two things, don't buy any gibbet meat and don't sit by the edge of any well." With that he ran off into the forest.

The young man thought: "That's a strange animal with strange ideas! Who would buy gibbet meat! And I've never felt like sitting on the edge of a well before." He rode on with the beautiful maiden, and his way led him again through the village where his two brothers had stayed. There was a great commotion and noise, and when he asked what was going on, he was told that two people were to be hanged. When he came closer, he saw that they were his brothers, who had been up to all sorts of nasty tricks and had squandered all their possessions. He asked if they could be set free. "If you want to pay for them," the people replied, "but why do you want to hang your money on bad people and buy them off?" But he did not change his mind, paid for them, and when they were released, they continued their journey together. They came to the forest where they had first met the fox, and as it was cool and pleasant there, and the sun was burning hot, the two brothers said, "Let us rest a little here by the well, and eat and drink." He consented, and while they were talking he forgot himself, sat down at the edge of the well, and nothing went wrong. But the two brothers threw him backwards into

the well, took the maiden, the horse and the bird and went home to their father. “We have not only brought the golden bird,” they said, “we have also taken the golden horse and the maiden from the golden castle.” There was great joy, but the horse did not eat, the bird did not whistle, and the maiden sat and wept.

However, the youngest brother had not perished. Fortunately, the well was dry, and he fell onto soft moss without being harmed, but was unable to get out again. Even in this distress, the faithful fox did not leave him, came jumping down to him and scolded him for forgetting his advice. “But I can’t leave it alone, I want to help you back into the daylight.” He told him to grab his tail and hold on to it tightly, and then pulled it up. “You are not yet out of danger,” said the fox, “your brothers were not sure of your death and have surrounded the forest with guards, who will kill you if you let them see you.” There sat a poor man by the road, with whom the youth exchanged clothes, and in this way reached the king’s court. No one recognized him, but the bird began to whistle, the horse began to eat, and the beautiful maiden stopped crying. The king asked in astonishment: “What is the meaning of this?” Then the maiden said: “I don’t know, but I was so sad and now I am happy. I feel as if my real bridegroom has come.” She told him everything that had happened, even though the other brothers had threatened to kill her if she revealed anything. The king ordered all the people who were in his castle to be brought before him, and the youth came as a poor man in his ragged clothes, but the maiden recognized him at once and fell on his neck. The wicked brothers were seized and executed, but he was married to the beautiful maiden and

made heir to the king.

But what happened to the poor fox? A long time later, the prince went into the forest again, where the fox met him and said: "You have now everything you could wish for, but there is no end to my misfortune, and yet it is in your power to save me, and again he begged that he would shoot him and cut off his head and paws. So he did. And as soon as he had done so, the fox turned into a human being and was none other than the brother of the beautiful princess, who was finally released from the spell that had been cast on him. And now nothing was missing for their happiness as long as they lived.

* * *

How marvelous this story is, how genuinely folktale-like in tone through the many repetitions of the same thing in the same wording! And what more is there to say about this? First of all, we again have the three essences, as in Cinderella, which we have already become acquainted with many times, and only one essence is called to permanence and happiness, namely the soul, not the spirit (cleverness), not the body as the material shell. It is the third, the soul, to which the golden bird becomes visible, which does not sleep through its coming. Although the brothers think nothing of this third party. This means that when the soul has become aware of its independence from matter and spirit, and has further become aware of the divine guidance that lies within it, then it will be able to resist the slumber and see the golden bird, which is a luminous realization. The third person has shot a feather from the bird, i.e. a lightning-like recognition of its task has flashed through it (the soul).

The fox comes forward as an advisor when the king sends his sons out in turn to capture the golden bird. The fox, in Reinecke's animal fable, was the animal consecrated to the god Loki because of its cunning and slyness. In Reinecke, however, the Kalic Vos refers to procreation as the will of the world; we can therefore take him here as the life instinct in the universe. This fox gives every son the advice to enter the small guest-house, not into the fine one with its lust. The symbolism is clear: whoever wants to reach the golden bird (i.e. whoever strives for knowledge) must not indulge in external pleasure and lose himself in it; he must not believe that he will find strength and an increase in life in such pleasure, for it emasculates him and deprives him of the memory of his high goal. With the two older brothers (spirit, matter), however, the fox's advice does not work; indeed, the two still shoot at the animal which, in their opinion, gives them such bad advice. Thus they lose themselves in the pleasures of the world and do not reach their goal. Only the third, the foolish one, takes the fox's advice into account and therefore does not lose sight of his goal, and because he does not seek to harm the fox, i.e. respects the will to live of creation, he is carried towards his goal by it. But he still only saw a modest goal, a first stage of knowledge. And when it comes to gaining this, he fails; the spirit plays a trick on him by comparing the inner and the outer and not heeding the fox's advice. In the process, of course, a higher, more luminous goal is revealed to him, a knowledge of a higher degree, and now he is sent out after it – his life depends on his attaining it. He has almost won it and once more succumbs to the wrong weighing that comes from without, not from within, and he disregards the fox's advice. But again

a higher goal is revealed to him: the maiden of the golden castle. His life depends on his winning her. This is the highest attainable level of knowledge, but because he again goes against the advice of the fox – it is fate here that he must go without, for a split in the mental instincts themselves deprives him of the strength to follow the path advised to him – he still wins this highest prize, but he must first test his ability in magical work. And because he recognizes his inability to fulfill the task, the faithful fox carries it out: the will to live itself takes the burden from him, and now the soul can reap the goods intended for it, which it had previously only passed by. The debt was not great, not heavy, and it was a necessity. So this folktale teaches us to use our own mistakes as tools for climbing higher: use your destiny instead of resisting it, and it will take you higher than you previously suspected!

The golden steed or horse and the beautiful maiden therefore signify higher levels of magical knowledge, and the fact that the third son has to remove the mountain so that the king of the golden castle can have a clear view is equally clear; the mountain has "saved" the last knowledge; the king can now ascend into the Godhead, he has reached his goal. The third son, on the other hand, must first make use of the knowledge he has gained; knowledge gained is not yet used. The success of the soul now also sweeps the spirit and body up with it (the third frees the two brothers from the gallows), but they cannot lose their original nature, their own kind, and they want success for themselves, as a commodity that can be utilized by them, although they are not capable of gaining it. Again, the Third has spurned the Fox's advice, and that he had to spurn it is a matter of fate. He could not

abandon his brothers, however inferior they are to him. But they kill the third (as they think) and thus enjoy the goods he has won for them. But the Fox – the will to live in the world – overcomes death in the Well of Urd, and the Third arises again. As he returns (re-enters life), he is immediately recognizable: although he comes in rags (i.e. now when he is equipped with sufficient awareness of himself and his past), the golden bird sings to him, the golden horse feeds, and the maiden ceases her weeping. Only now does he live a life in which he makes use of the previous gain, and there he reaches the highest goal, which is indicated here by the earthly happy life.

But the brothers cannot avoid their fate; the truth becomes known and both are executed, i.e. they are no longer there and will not rise again. They have gone. But the third, the foolish one, the soul, is resurrected: the soul in itself is, as mentioned, the "pure gate" when it has come to the ancestor, to whom the highest is granted, because it attains it itself – even under errors and mistakes – in pure, clean volition and always continues to rise above ancestors and knowledge.

Many more folktales of such inner content could be cited, but we will now move on to the more naïve folktales of the pure fool and mention two of them without further explanation: "The Strange Marriage" and "Puss in Boots," which also appears as the "Feather King" and under other headings. However, the same lesson becomes downright bizarre and ironic in Doctor Know-It-All and similar folktales, which we offer here in a wording based on Zaunert (Folktales Since Grimm).

How the Farmer Became a Doctor

Once upon a time there was a farmer who rode his brown horse to the mill, and to make it easier for the good animal, he took the rye sack on his back. A craftsman came along the road and said: "Hey, farmer, the sack is heavy enough anyway. You could walk nicely alongside, then the horse would have an easier time."

"You speak as you understand," replied the farmer, "the corn is not carried by my horse, I carry it." Then the craftsman realized how many times the bell had struck, and after inquiring where the farmer's farm lay, he made his way into the village. When he entered the farmyard, the farmer's wife was standing at the door feeding the hens. "Mother," said the craftsman, "your husband sends you his love, and he'd be sick of playing the farmer any longer and bothering with farmhands and maids. He wants to go out into the wide world and try his luck. But so that you don't remain single and the farm has a master, I want to be your husband."

The woman looked at the young craftsman, who was young in years and handsome in figure; then she thought of the old, grumpy farmer, and she did not think twice, shook the boy's hand and led him into the parlor.

"Mother," said the cunning fox when they were inside, "I will take you, as I have promised the farmer; but I won't marry out of the yard as it is now. The two big lime trees to the right and left of the gate must be cut down, and that today."

"I have wanted that for a long time," replied the farmer's wife, for she was afraid that if she said no, the craftsman would get tired of her. So the craftsman sent the servants out to fell the trees, and it was not long before the work was done.

In the meantime the miller had ground the corn, and the farmer took the sack on his back again, mounted his fine brown horse, and rode home. It was already dark when he reached the village, but he could see that the horse had turned into the wrong courtyard, for there were not two large lime trees in front of a fine gate. So he turned the horse round and said to him, "Heda, brown one, look out! Don't you know your own stable anymore?" The bay looked longingly over to the stable once more, then he had to follow the reins and carry his master down the village street. He looked right and left, there were plenty of farms, but one with two lime trees in front of the gate was nowhere to be seen. He turned back, rode along the village street once more, and finally a third time; but when he could not discover his farm there either, he said to himself, "It is a village like ours, and yet it is not ours. I have gone astray, I don't know how." And then he left the village behind him.

He rode and rode all night long, and when morning came, he arrived in a village he did not yet know. There he stopped at the inn, brought the bay horse to the stable and had the innkeeper serve him food and drink. And after he had eaten and drunk his fill, he pondered how it was that he had not been able to find his farm again.

As he was looking and pondering, a man stepped into the inn and said to the innkeeper: "Father, would you know how

to help me? My young chestnut gelding is lying in the stable and is stretched out on all fours."

"What do I know about horses?" replied the innkeeper. "I haven't learned to doctor, but that old man there by the tables looks as if he knows something."

"Father," said the man and turned to him, "come with me to the stable and help my horse!"

The farmer didn't need to be told twice and followed him. When they were in the stable, he seized the gelding by the ear, and whispered into it, "If you have no desire to live, dogs are enough to eat you; but if you have a desire to live, grass will grow for you, and you will be satisfied." But the colt was only lazily sick, and when it heard that it was to be slaughtered and its flesh given to the dogs, it jumped up quickly and was as healthy and lively as before. His master, however, opened his mouth and nose, and exclaimed, "What a man he is, that he can cure horses by talking alone!" And because the foal was so dear and valuable to him, he gave the farmer twenty hard, bright thalers as a reward. With this he went back to the inn and left something there.

It wasn't long before the nobleman was told about the doctor who had brought a half-dead chestnut gelding back to health just by talking. A few days earlier, two beautiful carriage horses had been stolen from him, and no one knew who the thief was. When the master heard about the miracle man, he immediately sent for him and had him brought to him.

"Would you be able to get my horses back for me?" he asked politely as the farmer stood in front of him.

"Why not?" replied the farmer.

The nobleman was very happy and treated him to the best food and drink. But the farmer was not used to the good life. So it happened that he often had to go out at night. And when he went out again before daybreak, the two horses were standing at the door, for they had escaped from the thieves and had found their way home alone. When the farmer saw them, he made a great noise, so that the nobleman jumped out of bed, tore open the window and looked out in his nightcap.

"What's wrong with you?" he called out in astonishment.

"Here are the horses!" cried the farmer. "I've been out so often in vain, but they had to come, that's for sure. They came late, for the road was long."

The nobleman almost fell on his back in astonishment and held the farmer in high esteem as a miracle doctor, and gave him a hundred thalers from the chest because he had done such a good job. The rumor of the farmer now spread throughout the country, and even the king heard about it. But he was in need of a miracle doctor, for his wife was seriously ill. She was supposed to give him an heir who would wear the crown in the land after his death, but her hour would not and did not come, and the doctors despaired of her life. He therefore sent a messenger to bring the peasant to him.

When he stood in front of him, he asked him: "Who are you?" "I am the Doctor All-Knowing," replied the farmer, "I can cure all diseases and nothing is hidden from me."

This pleased the king, that he spoke so confidently, and

he said to him, "Doctor, if you can cure all diseases, you can also make my wife well again; and if you will not do it, you have practiced medicine for the last time, and I will have your head cut off."

When the farmer heard these words, he did not feel well; but what was the use of it, he had brought the soup on himself and must now eat it. The King led him to the Queen's bedside and left him alone to begin his cure. There he sat in his anxiety, muttering to himself:

"If you don't come, I will go; if you don't come, I will go!" The sick queen thought the matter was ridiculous, and she laughed and laughed and gave birth to a little prince while laughing. This caused great rejoicing throughout the land, and the miracle doctor was honored as if he were a rich prince, and lived in the castle and dined at the king's table.

Once he was walking up and down the garden in front of the palace, and as it was a hot, sultry day, and there was a thunderstorm in the sky, the little gnats and biting flies buzzed about in clouds, and sat on his nose and forehead, and he had to ward them off with his hand. The King, who was sitting not far off in the bower, saw this, and as he thought that the Doctor All-Knowing was about to give him good advice, and beckoned him to come to him, he got up and went out of the bower.

Then a bolt of lightning came down from the sky straight onto the chair on which the king had just been sitting and smashed it into a thousand pieces.

"Is that why you beckoned to me, good sir?" the king cried, delighted and frightened at the same time.

"Why else?" replied the farmer. "I couldn't possibly let the weather strike you dead!"

Then the fame of the miracle doctor became even greater, and the king held him like his father and gave him half the castle to live in. There he lived for many years in happiness and peace; and if he has not yet died, he is still alive today.

V

Calendar Tales

We have seen that the components of most German folktales are so old that they go back far beyond the Christian era. Some of course are more recent and have Christian elements in them. Today, however, we know that Christianity was by no means welcomed with open arms by the Germans at the time, but that bitter battles were fought over it. These struggles were not only expressed in battle and war (Charlemagne against the Saxons under Witukind, against the Bavarians under Thassilo, the crusade against the Stedinger, etc.), but they also took place within, in apparent peace, beneath the surface. After the victory of Christianity, so-called Kaland guilds and Kaland brotherhoods were formed from the ranks of those who were interested in preserving the old religious traditions; they set themselves the task of protecting the old sanctuaries from desecration and devastation to preserve the old teachings as much as possible into the new doctrine, to maintain the old Germanic cult year in a Christian reinterpretation and much more. If these bodies were to be effective, they naturally had to be in contact with the church authorities, and so bishops and priests joined the Kaland societies. Gradually they gained the upper hand and then, of course, the effectiveness of the guilds or brotherhoods largely came to an end.

The Kalanders got their name from the Kala (the

concealed tradition) and from the term anders, to change. So they were the concealed changers, and it didn't matter that they interpreted the term differently for the public; they had their good reasons for doing so, and the main reason was probably the threat of the stake, to which the church knew how to bring all the people it suspected of "heresy," i.e. those who showed that they still held to the old faith. This is how the Kalanders interpreted their name from the Greek word calaenden (beginning of the month) and the opinion arose that they always had their meetings on the first of the month. However, this is wrong; the Kalanders held their meetings (2-4 per year) on the days when the "great unbidden Things" of the ancient Germanic tribes took place. We have documentary proof of this today. Of course, the Kalanders, especially in the beginning, consisted mainly of those to whom the old religious knowledge had come. And they were also able, through the system of the "Kala," to bring information about their struggle into the popular tradition without the Church having understood these things; for the Kala did not know the Church. They only knew the "Armanes," the sun healers of our ancients, and those to whom they passed on their knowledge after the establishment of Christianity by secret means. Our scholars still know nothing of these "Armanes" (also Salmannes, i.e. men of salvation), because they still regard the "Hermiones" or "Irmiones" of Tacitus as a tribe, whereas in reality they were a class of knowledgeable people, a ruling class, the leaders of the people and, so to speak, the nobility. The terms Arman, Armon, Armin, Irmin, Armin, Hermann therefore mean the same thing: a member of this knowledgeable class, to which both the "Irminsul" and the still existing "Armansberge" refer.

And after the establishment of Christianity, this class endeavoured to Germanize it, to pour the old knowledge in new forms into the new faith, which was achieved to a quite astonishing degree. folktales tell of this in many ways, e.g. the little play "The Lord's and the Devil's Animals" told by Grimm tells us that the Lord God, having created the animals, chose the wolves as his dogs. Of course, we are actually thinking of Wuotan with his dogs Geri and Freki. And the goat (the billy goat was the draught animal of the old thunder god Donar) became the devil's animal; he once gouged out the eyes of all the goats and put his own in them in anger, so that now all goats have the devil's eyes. We have many such things (also, for example, about the origin of the apes), which are hidden in the old Germanic tradition and reinterpret and rebuild it in Christian terms. However, we only want to offer one example here of the actual battle between the Church and Armanendom; this can be found in the folktale "Old Hildebrand," also told by Grimm, and the author of this book came across it through Mr. Wilh. Scheuermann in Berlin-Lichterfelde, a classical piece of the Kala. It is reproduced below.

Old Hildebrand

There was once a farmer and a farmer's wife, and the parish priest liked the farmer's wife in the village, and he always wished that he could just spend a whole day with her, and the farmer's wife was just fine with that. So, he once said to the farmer: "Hey, my dear baker, now I've worked out how we could have fun together all day. You know what, you lie down in bed on Wednesday and say you're sick, and you're lamenting and you're just sick, and that goes on until Sunday, when I hold the sermon, and then I'll preach that whoever has a sick child, husband, wife, father, mother, sister, brother, or whoever comes after him, and who makes a journey to the Göckerliberg in Switzerland, where he gets for a kreuzer a metzen (bushel) of bay leaves, then his sick child, husband, wife, father, mother, sister, brother, or whoever comes after him, will be healed on the spot."

"We'll do that," the farmer's wife said. Then, on Wednesday, the farmer's wife lay down in bed and coughed and lamented as if she was sick, and her husband did everything he knew, but it didn't help. The farmer's wife said when Sunday came: "I'm miserable, as if I'm about to pass away, but I'd like to hear his sermon in the parish priest's office, which he will hold today." "Ah, my child," said the farmer, "don't do that, you'll be worse if you start. Look, we're going to go to the preacher and we'll take good care and we'll give you back everything the Lord has given you.

"No," the farmer's wife said, "so just go and pay attention

and tell me everything you've heard." So, when the priest went to preach, he said that if someone had a sick child, husband, wife, father, mother, sister, brother, or whoever comes after him, at home, and they made a journey to the Göckerliberg in Switzerland, where the bushel of bay leaves costs a kreuzer, the sick child, husband, wife, father, mother, sister, brother, or whoever comes after him, will get well on the spot, and whoever wants to go on the Ras (journey) should come to him after mass, where he will give him the bay leaf sack and the kreuzer. There was no one earlier than the farmer, and after mass he went straight to the parish priest, who gave him the bay leaf sack and the kreuzer. Then he went home and was already shouting at the front door: "Juchheja, dear wife, now it's as if you were healthy. The parish priest preached today that anyone who has a sick child, husband, wife, father, mother, sister, brother, or whoever comes after him should make a journey to the Göckerliberg in Switzerland, where the bushel of bay leaves costs a kreuzer, his sick child, husband, wife, father, mother, sister, brother, or whoever comes after him will be healthy on the spot; And now I've already fetched the bay leaf sack from the parish priest and the kreuzer and we'll set off on our journey so that you'll be all the healthier"; and then he left.

But he was barely gone when the farmer's wife was already up, and the priest was already there. But now we leave the two of them on the side and walk with the farmer. He's going off to the Göckerliberg, and as it happens, he meets his godfather. His godfather was Armon (egg man), and he had just come from the market, where he was selling his eggs. "Good to see you," says his father, "Where are you going so fast there, godson?" "For eternity, godfather," says the farmer,

"my wife fell ill, and I heard his sermon in the parish, and there he preached that if someone has a sick child, husband, wife, father, mother, sister, brother, or whoever comes after him, and he makes a journey to the Göckerliberg in Switzerland, where the bushel of bay leaves costs a kreuzer, the sick child, husband, wife, father, mother, sister, brother, or whoever comes after him, is healthy on the spot, and there I got the bay leaf sack and the kreuzer from the parish priest, and I was told to go on a journey." "But dear godson," the godfather said to the farmer, "are you so stupid that you can believe something like that? Do you know what it is? The parish priest would like to have a good time with your wife all day long, so he tied you so tightly that you can't get your feet out!" "No," said the farmer, "I want to know if that's true. "So," said the godfather, "what you can do, put yourself in my armbasket, I'll carry you to her, and you'll see it yourself." So, that's what happened, and the farmer's father put him in his basket and carried him home.

The way they got home, holla, it was a lot of fun. The farmer's wife had already cut almost everything that was in his yard and baked pastries, and the priest was already there and brought his violin. And then the godfather knocked and the farmer's wife asked who was outside. "It's your godfather" said the godfather, "why don't you give me a place to stay tonight, I've not sold my eggs at market, and now I have to carry them home again, they're too heavy, I can't take them away, and it's already dark." "Yes, my godfather," says the farmer's wife, "it's the wrong time. But because there's no other way, you can come in and sit down on the stove bench." So the father sat down on the stove bench with his humpback basket. But the priest and the farmer's wife were

quite amusing. Finally, the priest starts and says: "Oh, dear baker, I can't do it. You sing so beautifully, sing it out for me." "Ah," says the farmer's wife, "now I can't sing anymore; yes, in my younger years I could, but now it's already over." "Ei," says the priest again, "sing it here, just a little bit." So, the farmer's wife starts singing:

"I have sent my man well

on the Göckerliberg in Switzerland."

Then the priest sings:

"I want him to stay there for a whole year,

why do I ask for the bay leaf bag? Hallelujah!"

Now the godfather starts at the back and sings (but I have to tell you that the farmer Hildebrand hated it), so the godfather sings:

"Oh you, my dear Hildebrand,

what are you doing on the stove bench? Hallelujah!"

And now the farmer sings inside the basket:

"Now I can't stand the singing any more,

now I have to get out of my humpback basket,"

and gets out of the basket and beats the priest out of the house.

* * *

This folktale is told in the Upper German dialect and thus has its home in southern Germany, probably in Swabia and Allemannia. It also needs the dialect, otherwise the Brothers Grimm would probably have told it in High

German. For the Arman (the knower of the old faith) has to be disguised here as an Armon (better: Oarmon), i.e. an egg-man. He is the godfather of the farmer Hildebrand, i.e. the godfather of his children, and it used to be the case, at least in the German south, that the godfather had a certain influence in the house in which he was co-guardian of the child he had raised from the baptism. So let it be said: the Armanes watched over Germanism. But the Roman Church had taken up residence in Germanism, and the priest courted the German soul, wanted to win it over for himself and deceive the Armanes, the representatives of the Germanic world of thought. So the priest cleverly sent the farmer Hildebrand (which means: hot fire) pilgrimages to the Göckerliberg in Switzerland. There, the cost of a metzen (a hollow measure) of bay leaves is one kreuzer, i.e. honor is cheap there. Because bay leaves are a symbol of honor. Hildebrand is therefore sent where honor is cheap. In southern Germany, however, the Göckerli is a cock, a young rooster. So we can just as well read: the priest sends Hildebrand to the cuckold mountain, and honor is certainly cheap there. The peasant, the German, is to become a cuckold by the priest winning the soul of Germanness for himself.

But this is prevented by the "Armon," the guardian, the Armane. He watches over things and informs the German, Hildebrand, about the priest's deception, and secretly (covertly) brings the deceived man back home in his basket, so that he can witness the whole spectacle on the stove bench, unseen, and sweep his house clean of the priest. This basically tells us the story of the origins of Kalanderdom. The old knowledge heals itself, sits in the basket of the Arman

(gathers in the Kaland guilds and building lodges and orders) and thus returns home again, unseen and unrecognized, while the boorish priest imagines this German spirit to be on the Göckerliberg in Switzerland, where it goes on pilgrimage, i.e. where it hides and denies itself. And this Göckerliberg is, of course, the Vatican, where the Pope lives. Thus the folktale reveals that Germanism has not fallen victim to the Roman priesthood and its intentions, but still rules in its own house, that despite the external victory of Roman Christianity, the Armanic spirit has remained inwardly master and determines life. The basket in which Hildebrand is carried home, however, is also it is the symbol of inclusion and rejection. That's why we still say today that a rejected suitor has been turned down.

It is quite striking how systematically our folktale repeatedly mentions family relationships: child, husband, wife, father, mother, sister, brother. This results in the sacred number seven of the clan; the priest abuses it in order to achieve his goal without suspicion. But he still fails because he has forgotten the eighth (the high sacred secret eight), the Arman, the Armanenship, which has taken German life into its care.

In the long run, the Armanenship did not succeed in keeping German life German and warding off foreign influences and foreign thoughts, no matter how often the farmer Hildebrand secretly came into his house and disturbed a fling. The paramour, who was often beaten, always returned, and Hildebrand's beatings never helped for all time. But perhaps they will help once again, and only then will the time really begin when our German folk tales will be revived because they will find new understanding, and when our

people will long to reach the sources of knowledge and understanding of the world from which the spirit of the old folktale flowed. And perhaps there are also egg-men who watch over Hildebrand and the honor of his house, and enlighten him when he is on his way to the Göckerliberge in Switzerland, where the metzen (this expression is, by the way, also means: fine woman!) of bay leaves costs only one Kreuzer. We should also point out the linguistic connection between this coin, the Kreuzer, and the cross; our mocking folktale could very well mean that you can only get laurel leaves by the metzen on the Göckerliberg for crucifying (for the pious hypocrisy expressed in crucifying oneself), even though the kreuzer as a coin was once really valid in the southern German lands.

* * *

Thus the author bids farewell to the kind reader this time with the remark that only a simple suggestion could be given here, but not a complete reappraisal of the spiritual content of our folktales. There are also spiritual relationships to be found in them which are far more difficult to make clear than what has been presented, and the present book is intended first of all to prove that the necessary sympathy for the meaning of the German folk-tale is available for a more in-depth study of these buried treasures. As long as the folktale is nothing more than philological material at best for our time, it cannot awaken to its true life. It wants to take root again in the popular mind, understood and cared for like the potted flowers on our balcony. Then a wonderful German life value will grow out of it. Hag-sal, German folktale world!

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