

The Secret Language of German Folktales



Werner von Buelow

Folk tale interpretations through runes

The Secret Language of German Folk Tales

A contribution to the study of the historical
Germanic Religion

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Foreword

Anyone who has experienced for themselves how grateful they are to their father or mother when they tell them folk tales, how their eyes light up, their cheeks glow and how not a word is lost, but how no deviation is tolerated in repetition, knows what treasures lie hidden in our German folk tales. Throughout the centuries, folk memory has been touchingly faithful in preserving the essential features of these delicious, fresh-from-the-source tales. In the twilight hours, the flock of grandchildren from German farms would gather around their grandmother, the youngest probably nestling close to her knees when the twilight brought the diligence of their hands on the distaff to a standstill, with the request: "Tell us a folk tale".

Thanks to the diligence of the Brothers Grimm, the German folk tales were saved from oblivion at the right time, before the thread of oral tradition broke. Other peoples in North and South, in East and West also have their folk tales, sometimes fantastic, sometimes instructive, many with strong echoes of the German folk tales. But nowhere else does the source of folk tales bubble up in such abundance and in such a healthy mixture of seriousness and cheerfulness, profundity and mischievousness. The reason is easy to find. The German interweaving of nature and warmth of spirit was a particularly favorable breeding ground for the creative forces of popular imagination. In more recent times, many a storyteller, skillfully imitating the folk tale, has let his imagination run wild, and many a graceful and cozy folk tale has been created in this way and is probably still being created. But none of them can hold a candle to the genuine German folk tales, they do not grow together with the folk soul. Why this difference? Genuine folk tales are infinitely more than mere figments of an artist's imagination. With a few exceptions, they contain a deeper meaning and not just a moral in the sense of an animal fable. This has probably been suspected, but without clearly recognizing the hidden connections. Philipp Stauff, with his excellent interpretations of folk tales, has already uncovered

the connections between folk tales and myths, but even he did not yet have the key.

When I now set out to strike hard rocks with the runic divining rod so that living water may gush forth from hidden depths, I do not conceal from myself that such a first attempt must give rise to many doubts. Much needs to be guessed and felt. With the sharp glasses of scholarship, it will certainly be possible to discover some contradictions. No exact proof can be given anywhere. The inner consistency must speak for itself. All possible objections weigh lightly against the one: "The folk tales are so beautiful, even without the deeper meaning that you want to conceal in them. Make sure you don't lose their enamel in the process." Of course, that would be a mortal sin against the spirit of the folk tale, and I would rather abandon all my ludicrous research and questions than be accused of such a crime. So I took heart and asked the folk tale itself for its opinion. Do you know what it answered me?

"Lirum, larum, spoon handle, old women ask a lot.

If you want to know, come and see.

Blind men have a hard time getting a woman."

Then it turned around and ran away. I laughed at the little rascal who had made such a fool of me. Then, as I thought about it a little, I realized that the answer was actually a very clever answer to my stupid question. For he who is able to interpret what others feel darkly with clear words, so that all the powers of the soul have a share in this realization, deepens feeling and willing instead of blunting them. So it has become clear to me: I can dare to attempt to extract the deeper meaning from a series of German folk tales with the aforementioned spoon handle.

What does this sense say? The same thing that every myth says, that underlies every religion and philosophy. The meaning of human life only becomes clear to those who know that behind the world of sensory appearances, that of spiritual being is concealed. The folk tale knows how to solve the deepest questions of the human breast with childlike laughter

and to open up a kingdom of heaven for us, of which it says: "Unless you become like children, you will not enter." But where did such powers of wisdom come from? Those who passed on the goods inherited from their ancestors unabridged to their grandchildren were certainly not in possession of such wisdom, hardly even suspecting the deeper meaning. The deeper meaning lies hidden in the key words and these are chosen in such a way that they are easily memorized. This is how what was later called "calcification" came about. The passwords can now all be traced back to the runic futhark. So anyone who has the runic key will also be able to interpret the deeper meaning of the folk tale. For the runes themselves come from those primeval times when people could still see into the spiritual world, as Goethe expressed so beautifully in the West-Eastern Divide:

"When they still received heavenly teaching from God
in earthly languages and did not rack their brains."

It is difficult to say when the folk tales took on the form we are familiar with today. I suspect that it happened between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries. For before then the language lacked flexibility, and after that the secret tradition dwindled. So we can place the creation of the folk tale in the period between the minstrels and the master singers. However, the folk tale draws its strength from a much older cultural layer that goes back thousands of years. In order to make this quite clear, I will present the folk tales I interpret in the order of the runes that best corresponds to their basic idea.

The author

✍ 1. The Tale of the Frog King, or Iron Henry

Who else is the enchanted Frog King but Freyr, the divine child to whom the gods gave Alsheim, the land of the unborn souls, the child-innocence-oil of golden purity as a godfather- as a gift? Humans are free sex (Fro-sk frog). Therefore friend Ade-bar (runic Od-bar, birth of the spiritual) fishes for himself popular folklore, he fishes the little children out of the frog pond. Once there was a golden age, followed by the silver, copper and iron ages, and each time an iron ring was placed around the chest of faithful Henry, the servant of the Frog King, to mark the pain of this enchantment. We will get to know him later. First we will let the folk tale speak for itself.

"In ancient times," the folk tale begins, "there lived a king, whose daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun himself, as often as she looked into her face, was astonished. Near the castle was a great dark wood, and in the wood under an old lime-tree was a well. When it was hot, the king's daughter sat down at the edge of the edge of the cool well: and when she was bored, she took a golden ball a golden ball, threw it up into the air and caught it again.

Once when the ball rolled into the deep well during such a game and the king's daughter was weeping and wailing louder and louder, a frog dived out of the water with his big ugly head and offered to retrieve the ball if the king's daughter would love him. I shall, he demanded, be your companion and playmate, sit at your sit next to you at your little table, eat from your golden plate, drink from your drink from your little cup, sleep in your little bed.

The king's daughter promised all this because she did not trust the simple-minded frog such a thing and ran away from him. But the next day, when the court was dining and she was eating from her golden plate, something came splish-splash splash, splash, splash came crawling up the

marble stairs and, when it reached the top, it knocked at the door and cried, "King's youngest daughter open the door for me," and then, however much she resisted, she had to keep her promise. But when the frog, having eaten his fill, demanded to sleep with her in her silken bed, she carried him up with two fingers, but put him in the corner. Then he came crawling up and demanded that she should lift him into her beautiful, clean bed. She became bitterly angry, took him up, and threw him against the wall with all her might. But when he fell down, he was no longer a frog, but a king's son who had been cursed by a wicked witch. And no one could save him from the well but she alone, and tomorrow they would go to his kingdom together.

The next morning a carriage came up, drawn by eight white horses, with white ostrich feathers on their heads and golden chains, and behind them stood the young king's servant, who was the faithful Henry. He had three iron bands put around his heart so that it would not burst from pain and sadness. On the way there was a crash, as if something had broken. The young king turned around and shouted: "Henry, the carriage is breaking. No, Lord, not the carriage, It is a bond from my heart, That lay there in great pain, When you sat in the well, When you washed a frog. So it crashed three times in a row until all three tires had jumped." This is the folk tale. Now for the interpretation!

Every birth of a soul from spiritual heights into earthly corporeality is like an enchantment by an evil witch. Here, however, we not dealing with a single birth, but with the descent of all mankind from the golden age, the realm of golden freedom, in which the Aesir played with golden tablets on the field of the Ida, into our iron age, whose hoops are wrapped around the heart of man like the three iron bands (the silver, copper and iron ages) of the Iron Henry. The lime tree in the dark forest is no other tree than the world ash tree and the fountain next to it is the Urda fountain. Both symbols bear witness to the fact that cosmic events are meant here.

The youngest daughter of the king, sunnier and more beautiful than

her older sisters – like the nine home dalmothers, an image of the older hierarchies – plays at the fountain with the golden ball, the golden age. She herself represents humanity in its original God-inspired purity. Humanity has lost the golden ball of this divine lineage in the course of becoming a world through its descent into matter. As a result, the individual human being has also lost his royal form and has become a frog. Just as he has to repeat the animal precursors in his embryonic development, so something animal, the frog nature, still clings to him until his redemption. Only the love of the king's daughter, of all mankind, can redeem him.

If we try to trace the images of the four objects back to the simplest line shapes, we get the 3rd cross (table), the 4th circle (plate seen from above), the 2nd urn (cup), the 1st pole (Bert lying down). But these are exactly the four signs on the table of the divine magician on the first tarot card') with the meaning: 3rd procreation, 4th child, 2nd mother, 1st father. Raised from the human womb into higher spiritual realms, these symbols coincide with the 1st spirit-man atma, 2nd spirit of life buddi, 3rd spirit itself manas, 4th self. The folk tale thus expresses that the king's son can only be disenchanted if he develops these higher forms of his spiritual divine essence within himself through the love of humanity, the youngest daughter of the king.

Now to the most appealing figure of the folk tale, Iron Henry, the faithful Ekkehard of mankind, the friend Hain, the Rik or Airikr of the Edda, Heimdall, the Eight, the cosmic man. The eight white horses in front of his chariot prove beyond doubt that there is no one else behind the faithful Henry. As everyone can read in the Grimnismal in the Edda, he lives in the eighth house of the gods of Himinbjörg, the castle in the sky. He owns the Gjallarhorn, the blaring horn, the voice of conscience. He guards

**) Note: Woldemar v. Uerküll, Mörchen, Noland-Verlag: "Eine Einweihung im alten Ägypten nach dem Buche Thvtke".*

the rainbow bridge that connects the spiritual realm with Mitgart, the human earth. The fact that he is saddened by the enchantment of man, his descent into matter, the realm of minerals, plants and animals, is understandable after what has been said. Only when regains his true royal form, when the three hoops of the three world ages that follow the golden one jump, will his heart be glad again.

Thus we see in this delicious folk tale that every image, every word is rich in meaning and reveals to us a deep connection, calling us into the miraculous world of the ancient faith.



ᚲ 2. Lady Holle

According to Eddic belief, the visible world was created from fire and ice, from the polarity of heat and cold. Between them gaped the yawning abyss (Ginnungagap). Just as the streams of ice meet the the sea of fire (Muspil-heim) approached, the cow Audhumbla licked the giant Ymir out of the ice, whose maiden and man grew out from under his hands, and whose one foot with the the Ser-headed son with the other. Ymir was born of the three Aesir, Bur's sons, who had sprouted from such a lineage. From his flesh they formed the earth, from his sweat the sea, from his bones the mountains, the trees from his hair, the sky from his skull the sky (Grimnis mark). This whole legend is to be understood symbolically which contains the secrets of primeval times, the sign of which is the primeval rune is the primordial rune, the image of the primordial bull.

The second dwelling of the divine Aesir is home to Uller, the god of ice and fountains and Ydallir or Bogental is the name of his dwelling. In the Christian legend, he became the holy Ullrich, whose ohm is called Adalar. Note the similarity of the names! The fountains are also wells are also dedicated to him. So Uller and the primal rune belong together. For the primordial rune also forms an arch, the entrance door to the world, as it is actually called. It is the primordial rune or the pool of creation of the world, the maternal principle of the universe. Thus she became the Urda-fountain from which all life springs forth and to which it returns in the icy rigidity of death. Urda is the eldest of the three sisters, who weave the fate of the world at the Urda Fountain, is the Norne of the past. past. Beneath the roots of the world ash tree lies the realm of Hel, the realm of the dead. Unlike the Christian hell, it is not a flaming realm of torment, not like the Greek Hades, a shadowy realm of unconsciousness, but a wintry calm into which the soul passes when it leaves the earth, and from which it returns to new life. That the Germanic tribes believed in this return is evident from various passages of the Edda. Their combativeness and contempt for death

is connected with this this belief, which of course should not be interpreted dogmatically, just as little as the realm of mothers, which Goethe created poetically in the second part of Faust:

"What once was, in all its splendor and glow,
It stirs there, for it wants to be eternal.
And you move it, all-powerful might
To the tent of day, to the vault of night.
The one seizes life's fair course,
The other the bold magician seeks."

Even today, when it snows in soft flakes, the vernacular says: "Lady Helle shakes out her berets," indicating that Hel appears to him as a motherly, friendly being who takes care of the departed souls and treats each one according to its merit. This is also the meaning of the folk tale of Lady Holle.

The beautiful and industrious stepdaughter of a widow was put inferior to her right-hand ugly and lazy daughter and had to do all the dirty work in the house. The poor girl had to sit down daily in the great street by a well, and had to spin so much that the blood leaped from her fingers. It happened once that the spool was quite bloody, so she bent down into the well and tried to wash it off, but it jumped out of her hand and fell down. The stepmother demanded that she should bring it back. Then, in anguish of heart, she jumped into the well to fetch the spool. She lost her senses, and when she awoke and came to herself again, 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, pull me out, otherwise I shall burn, I have been baked for a long time." So it came over and pulled out all the bread one by one. Then she went on and came to a tree that was full of apples and called to it: "Oh, shake me, shake me, we apples are all ripe together." Then he shook the tree so that the apples fell as if it were raining, and shook it till there were none left; and when he had gathered

them all into a heap, he went on again. At last she came to a little house, and an old woman was peeping out of it; but she had such large teeth, he was frightened and wanted to run away. But the old woman called after him: "What are you afraid of, dear child? Stay with me; if you want to do all the work in the house properly, you shall 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 Lady Holle." Now that she had served Lady Holle faithfully and diligently for a while and had a good life with her in return, she became homesick. Mother Hulda said, "I am pleased that you want to go home again, and because you have served me so faithfully, I will take you back up there myself." She then 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 Lady Holle, and gave him back the spool which had fallen into the 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 well and calling:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Our golden maiden is here again!"

Then he went in to his mother, and because he arrived so covered with gold, he was very well taken care of by her and his sister.

The mother, to whom the girl told everything, wanted to bestow the same happiness on her other ugly and lazy daughter. She had to sit down by the well and spin; 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 encountered everything like the other. But she refused to give the bread and apples the help they demanded, and she soon proved to be sluggish and useless in the service of Lady Holle. Lady Hoste soon grew tired and gave up her service. The lazy woman was well satisfied and thought that now the rain of gold would come; Lady

Holle led her to the gate, but when she stood under it, a large cauldron of pitch was poured out in front of her. "This is a reward for your services," said Mother Hulda, and shut the gate. Then the lazy woman came home, but she was all covered with pitch, and the cock on the well, when he saw her, called out:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Our dirty maiden is here again!"

But the bad luck stayed with her and would not go away as long as she lived.

This folk tale differs from others in that it lacks special keywords. And yet the profound meaning emerges clearly. It is the age-old doctrine of karma that has taken shape in this folk tale. Every man is the architect of his own fortune, and as a man makes his bed, so he lies. It depends on one's behavior on earth what fate Mother Hulda, as the mistress of the primordial, gives one on the way into a new life, gold for some and bad luck for others. We are all familiar with the term bad luck. No one should complain if they have bad luck. He has honestly earned it himself in a previous existence. Of course, everyone needs their fair share of suffering to perfect themselves and not all that glitters up here is gold. The qualities with which someone descends into the realm of Mother Hulda are also retained over there. Not everyone can become an angel immediately after death. Lady Holle is a friendly woman, despite her big teeth. She judges fairly. We do have a kind of password in our teeth. Because, as we will see later, ten is the number of judgment, according to Norse myth the house of Forsete, the judge of the world.

The well through which the two girls jump down into the realm of Hel is synonymous with the gate through which they are released back to the upper world. Both the (Urda) well and the (entrance) gate are images of the primordial rune, which in turn denotes the spiritual realm from which all life emanates and to which it returns, the womb of the world. Lady Holle is the mother of the dead, just as Lady Holda is the mother of the living and

both are basically one.

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Þ 3. The Tale of the Old Smock and the Kettle Cart

is one of those who escaped Grimm's collecting zeal. Philipp Stauff also tried to interpret

it. But he did not realize the relationship to the thunder god Thor, whose symbol is the third rune. And yet these relationships clearly emerge in the password "Kittelkarre", the kettle cart, or the thunder cart two goats in front and a sack of gold behind. Thor had taken over, as Hymiskvidha so vividly describes, the large cauldron, whose branches were used for the autumn harvest festival at Oegeir. He only got the cauldron when he had passed a strength competition with the giant. The two of them rowed out to sea, with the head of a strong black mountain bull as bait for the whales they wanted to catch. But Thor almost caught the Midgard serpent, which bit at this bait brought home as prey. But as a sign of his mighty strength, he carried the unmoored boat with the two whale fish he had killed alone through the mountain gorge to the giant's dwelling. There the giant set him the further task of smashing an unbreakable goblet. Only on the advice of the giant's wife that her husband's skull was harder than any goblet, he succeeded. Now the giant had to release the cauldron, which Thor put on his head so that the rings clinked against his heels. There is a subtle meaning behind all this, which I can only hint at here by saying that cauldrons (KS) are a word for the things that are connected with the sexus (SK). Does Thor, the strong conqueror of the giants, of the unslaughtered forces of nature, the physical world, brings this cauldron home, so that his chariot with two goats becomes a cauldron cart.

The folk tale of the cauldron cart, which is particularly valuable because it proves the entry of the Eddic myth into the German folktale world, has a more harmless meaning at first. It brings the childish fear of thunderstorms into a delicious expression. The dreaded man-eater, who comes, with the cry: "Norr, norr! Here is human flesh!" to the house where

the two children are hiding, turns out to be quite harmless when he tries to get his head out of the noose, gives them his kettle cart with two goats in front and a sack of gold behind, this is a clear allusion to the rich harvest blessing that follows the fertilizing thunderstorm. But let us first hear the folk tale in its context, as I take it from the collection of German folk tales since Grimm, published by Eugen Diederichs, Jena 1912 and edited by Paul Zaunert, Marburg. (S. 169.)

"Little brother and little sister went into the forest to look for berries. But then came a terrible storm, 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 storm had finally subsided and it was already completely dark, the little brother climbed a tree and looked around to see if he could see 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 from inside: "Who's there?" The drenched children begged for shelter and would not be turned away, although the old mother who opened the door warned them that her husband was a man-eater and would have to come back in an hour to eat them. Finally she hid the old woman in a hollow tree in the garden. Soon afterwards, the man-eater came home and immediately began to sniff 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 had given him; but when he had finished, he immediately started sniffing and humming again: "Norr, norr, here is human flesh!" and searched the whole room, under the bed, in the clock case, without finding anything, but always shouting: "Norr, norr, here is human flesh!" 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 through the whole house, and when he had finished, he opened the back door and wanted to go into the garrett; then the woman said: "Stay here, I only have

the calf's head hanging outside and the calf's feet and the fresh fur; there's nothing for you." But the man-eater went into the garren and cried, "Norr, norr, here is human flesh," and then he 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 little children wept very much, but the giant locked them up in the cellar, and there they had to sit all night, and did not sleep a wink for fear and sorrow.

In the morning the giant came and took them out. He had already made two nooses under the cock's helmet, in which they were to be hung 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, saying, "You must do it like this!" As the man-eater was holding his head in the noose, the little brother pulled away the ladder below and the man-eater hung under the rooster's 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 untie him again, and he did not want to harm them and implored them dearly; then the children said, "And what will you give us if we untie you?" Then said the man-eater:

"Min ole smock rock kaer
Me twe Buck daerfaer
und soben Sack Geld achterhaer."

Then the children untied him, and the man-eater gave them the cart with two goats in front and seven sacks of money behind. So the children got on and drove off, and the goats ran so fast that they had soon covered a long distance. Now they met a man who was out on his land, getting out

carrots.

They gave him a large handful of money and said: "If someone comes and asks for his oilskin coat with two goats in front and a sack of money behind it, you haven't seen anything". – "Well," said the man, "I don't want to betray you." Now they went on and met a man who was digging up roots on his land; they gave him two large handfuls of money and said: "If someone comes and asks for his old smock with two goats in front and a sack of money behind it, you won't see anything." "Well," said the man, "I won't tell you." Now they went on and found a man who was in his garden picking apples; they gave him three large hands full of money and said to him: "If anyone comes and asks for his oilskin coat, two goats in front and a sack of money behind, you won't be far away." This man also promised them that he would not tell them 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 seen my cart with two goats in front and a sack of money behind it?" The man replied: "This year, the cartridges are still cheap." The giant was terribly angry and hurried on. When he now came to the root digger and asked the same question, the man also replied: "The mortar still starts cheaply." 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 the same question as the other two. Then the man was so frightened of 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. So they drove down the mountain and quickly into a cave. "So," said Brother, "We want to stay here for the night and continue our journey tomorrow and the giant shouldn'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 up with them, you have come a long way," and then he fell asleep. But now he had lain down just on the cave where the children were with the goats, so that his body completely covered the entrance.

Then they had no other way of doing it than to kill the giant while he was asleep, secretly and without his realizing it. But now they could not roll the dead giant from the spot, and were in great distress, and suffered hunger and thirst, and the goats too, 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 with 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 saw their dear little children waiting for them again.

This folk tale contains such delightfully naive traits, such as the guilelessness with which the stupid giant puts his head in the noose, the trustfulness with which little sister addresses him "dear man-eater" and the caution with which he is killed "without him noticing", that it makes your heart laugh.

These little affectionate traits show that he is not actually an evil man-eater, but only pretends to be. Also that taking out the potatoes historically does not fit into an old folk tale should not bother us. In the beginning, a different crop may well have stood in its place. Such small features are

simply added from the narrator's perspective. The core of the folk tale is nevertheless ancient, as can be seen from what was said at the beginning.

Because the giant is none other than Thor, the thunder god himself. The story begins with thunder and lightning. So let us first follow the course of a thunderstorm in the folk tale. The giant hums and snorts violently and scares the children. When the bright lightning flashes, when it roars and rumbles, the frightened little ones flee to mother's apron and are hidden by her. But once the tension is released and the rain pours down on the thirsty earth, a rich harvest blessing follows. The children are allowed to bring it back to their parents' house as a gift from the evil and yet so good-natured giant. Of the three farmers, the first two turn a deaf ear and answer: "Yes, this year the potatoes (roots) are still cheap enough. A good harvest brings cheap prices. But once the storm has passed, it often returns, especially in narrow valleys. The thunderstorm giant chases the children. They have to take refuge in a cave, which becomes completely dark when the giant with his huge body, the heavy masses of clouds, lies in front of it. But finally they are freed by the sun eagle, who eats a hole in the dark masses of cloud so that the sky appears again. So this folk tale can be described as the story of overcoming a child's fear of thunderstorms.

But the folk tale also has a deeper meaning. The Thorrune is the sign of the great creation of the world, the balancing of tension between the positive male and negative female poles of the world, which is triggered by the leaping procreative spark. This is why Asathor is the three-headed and turning lord of the world, the divine master builder of the world with the hammer axe and as such he is also called Bar, the birth maker or Böl-Thorn, bulbous thorn.

When it first makes itself felt on the human level with its powerful primordial driving force, then it produces, whether it is the sap flow from the roots upwards into the stalk and leaf or the blood flow through the leaf and stalk. The veins are more lively, a thunderous mood, but also boisterous exuberance.

The soul oscillates between two extremes, exulting to death and agitated from the bottom up. So little brother and little sister must be frightened when they hear for the first time the natural sound Norr, Norr, which brings them into distress and with which the giant smells human flesh. They still manage to pull their heads out of the noose, and the giant has to buy his own way out of it with his kettle cart, two goats in front and seven sacks of money behind. Man has the great task of ennobling the natural instinct. Thor's cauldron serves as a brewing cauldron at Aegir's linen harvest festival and at the festival of the linen bride. His hammer consecrates the bride and groom. Marriage is sacred to him. Thus the six becomes the seven, the sexus (SK-KS), the gender, becomes the clan, i.e. the union of blood relatives united by sun-high goals. Rich blessings spring from such a union. Even if there are two goats pulling the kettle cart, the blessing of the sun follows sevenfold, guaranteeing perfection in this number. The three harvesting farmers represent three stages of human development, each lasting seven years: seven years the childlike tubers, fourteen years the youthful roots, 21 years the ripe apples of sexual maturity. Only the third farmer betrays the children to the following giant. His body imprisons them as if in a dark cave. It almost seems as if they are overwhelmed by that elemental force and completely enclosed in matter, the world of the senses. But a great bird of prey frees them. Through the world of instinct they see a wonderful new world of the soul shining through, the happiness of the family, the love of spouses, the faithful care of parents for their children. Thus the spirit of the great bird, the aar, the eagle and Aryan spirit, frees them from their captivity; returns them to the sun and even the goats need not starve.

Behind this second interpretation, a third already shines forth. The great kingdom of Asa-Thor, into which people are born, appears to the person awakening to consciousness like a great life-destroying monster. Everyone is doomed to die. No one escapes him. A reprieve is granted for a while. But then the giant with the thorn of death catches up with the escaping children. They already seem doomed to die. Then the Aryan

spirit, the Aryan belief in immortality, frees them and paves the way up to the light from the cave of death.

All three interpretations – each corresponding to a certain degree of maturity – are internally connected. The nature myth, the sex myth and the world myth form a unity that becomes apparent to us when the great world context is revealed to us in the light of the divine spirit. This brings us to the fourth rune of the spirit, the divine breath that weaves through this world.





The Goose Girl

𐌶 and 𐌷 4. The Tale of the Goose Girl

is perhaps the most glorious of all, I place in the fourth position, in Odin's sign, the O or Odil rune. I am determined to do this by the teasing magic verse with which the goose girl conjures the wind to take Kùrtchen's hat away, lest he disturb her in the making of her golden hair:

Woe, woe little wind,
Take away Kùrtchen's little hat
And let him chase me,
Till I have plaited and braided myself
And put it on again.

For this wind is the spiritual breath of the divine spirit. And the whole narrative revolves around the human soul regaining the gradually lost contact with the divine spiritual world.

Of course, this folk tale grows in the significance that the talking head of the slain steed for the course of the plot, far exceeds the far beyond the scope of a single runic sign. According to the St. Gallen ABC is written RA – OS (horse and rose) , UU = W , the unified signs of the fifth rune and the fourth rune OS. Both signs result in the letter W, corresponding to the two Drude feet, an image of consecration, of initiation.

Even the Romans called it sub rosa, under the rose to tell someone something when a secret was revealed to someone. That from RA-OS, the secret brotherhood of the Rosicrucians, as well as the rose has its name, proves the widespread use of this symbol.

In the eighth sign, in the Heimtaller saga, in the folk tale of the Machandel tree, we will learn about the talking head. The idea that horses speak, proclaiming the will of the gods, is attested by Germanic tribes through Tacitus. However, it dates back to pre-Germanic times. The

Greek Homer reports in his Iliad of talking steeds, which, significantly, belong to Diomedes, the mediator. But also in India, where the gods appear in the form of horses appear and the horse sacrifice (Acva-medha) was celebrated, we also encounter similar ideas. The name of the steed in our folk tale Falada=Veleda=Seeress emphatically points to this connection.

Before we let the folk tale itself speak, let's take a look at the title of the folk tale "Goose Girl" and the name of her playmate Kurt, so that the whole deep meaning of the folk tale will soon become clear to us.

The goose, called Adelheid or Allheit in the animal fable, is an image of the universe. The maid (MG) points to power, magic. Since the king's daughter in folk tales always represents the human soul, as Philipp Stauff has already pointed out, the title already reflects the entire content of the story. It depicts the fate of a king's daughter who, forced by the unfaithful handmaiden into a frenzy of roles, is repressed and degraded to the status of a goose-maid, only to be elevated to her original dignity once she has passed all the tests.

The human soul, called by the Creator (Kurt, KRT, creator Hropt) as his helper to be the guardian of the universe (goose), to whom the power (handmaiden) over the universe is given, must, before she learns such a royal art and matures into it, humbly walk a path of suffering, must not allow herself to be put off by trials and must never lose contact with the divine power from which she emerged. In all ancient initiations, in Egypt as in India, this path is precisely described as the path of Isis, as yoga.

But the soul has a second way to rise, to develop, which our German proverb summarizes in the rule of life: "Through harm one becomes wise" and which our folk tale quietly suggests in the punishment that befalls the unfaithful maidservant at the slough. In contrast to the king's daughter, this maid represents the lower selfish instincts of the human breast. She must pronounce her own judgment: Naked (birth and death), she is enclosed in a barrel (corporeality) pierced from the outside with nails (NG, genus, ink) in order to be dragged to death by two white steeds (Two white horses do

according to right knowledge, knowingly do the right thing) Go up, Go off (G. S., the divine ray soon approaching, soon moving away from it).

The two white horses, as controllers of their fate, would make no sense at all in this context if only a punishment of realistic cruelty were meant and not the belief in a series of reincarnations familiar to our ancestors. This second path is the longer and more painful one. For man, enclosed in his corporeality as in a barrel, must feel the consequences of his own mistakes in his own body until he recognizes the wrongness of his actions and, having reached the right understanding, becomes righteous himself.

Let us look at the first of the two paths in the simple story: a king's daughter, promised to a distant prince, is provided by her loving mother with a befitting outfit (endowed by Providence with delicious gifts), accompanied by a maid, and set on her way. The most precious gift she receives from her mother is a small white cloth with three drops of her mother's blood as a talisman to protect her against all the dangers of the journey, with instructions to keep it safe. Her mount, the noble Sture Falada, can speak, as can the trinity of blood drops.

What strange symbols these are: Drops of blood that speak, a horse that can speak! The symbol of three drops of blood on white snow also recurs in Wolfram's *Parzival*, there as a reminder of the mother's heartache. In our folk tale, too, the three drops of blood are connected with the mother of the king's daughter. What else can they mean than the awareness of the soul's descent from the triune divine origin of the world, which is given in the blood! As long as this consciousness lives in the soul, nothing bad can happen to it. "If God is with us, who can be against us?" But in order for the soul to mature into the freedom of a self-responsible personality, it must lose this delicious awareness of God. This also happened to the king's daughter. After the two had ridden together for a while, the king's daughter became thirsty and begged the maid to dismount and give her a drink from a golden cup. The maid defiantly refused to do so. The lower human nature tells the higher one to serve. So if the soul

wants to quench its thirst for its divine home – gold is always the sign of the land of the sun, the original divine purity – she must not rely on her lower nature, but must humbly descend and bow down to the source of life herself. Then the king's daughter let out a sigh: "Oh God!" and the three drops of blood replied: "If your murmurer knew that, her heart would burst in her body."

But the royal bride was humble and got back on her horse. When she was thirsty again after several miles, the same thing happened again. And as she drank thus, and leaned over the flowing water, the little flap in which were the three drops of blood fell from her bosom, and flowed away with the water. But the chambermaid waited and rejoiced that she would have power over the bride, for she had become weak and powerless because she had lost the three drops of blood. If the king's daughter had been comforted in her first trial by the awareness of her divine descent, she now loses this support. The lower instincts gain control over her soul and take over. The handmaiden forces her to dismount from her horse Falada, to rustle the royal robe with her and take on the form of a maiden. The baser instincts triumph. Apparently, success is on their side. They lead to power, prestige and external success. But Falada saw all this and took it well.

As they rode into the king's court, the false bride was received with royal honors. The real king's daughter had to remain downstairs. But the old king, who was standing at the window, would not be changed. He said: "I have such a little boy, the keeper of the geese, she may help him!" The boy is Kürtchen. What a fine irony! It is well known that herding geese is very easy work for the village youth. But we have already seen what lies behind this task. The folk tale often uses this trick of saying the opposite of what is actually meant. For what could be higher than being called to be the guardian of the universe? Is it not a paraphrase of Christ's words: "Unless you become like little children, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven?"

We must turn to the mysterious mare Falada. The false bride feared

that the talking steed might betray her and had the young king have his neck cut off. But the goose-maid bribed the drudge and had Falada's head nailed under the dark gate, where she had to pass through with the geese morning and evening. And early in the morning she said as she passed by: "O Falada, since you are hanging." Then the head replied, "O maiden queen, where you walk, if your mother knew that, her heart would burst." After the loss of the immediate awareness of God (three drops of blood), the soul had access to the spiritual world through the mouth of the prophets. But this gate is also barred. Worldly sense claims the head of the uncomfortable admonisher, as the Bible reports of John the Baptist, who fell victim to Salome. The Greek legend of Helena also points to these connections. The leader of the people, Menelaus, is abducted by the vain, self-important personality Paris-Bar-Is, the seeress Helen, Velen, Velda and brought to the tribal sanctuary (Troy's castle, holy city, as Homer calls Ilium). The relationship of Hektor's name to Hagen of Tronje also gives food for thought. – But the dark gateway, through which all living things must pass morning and evening, signifies birth and death.

Now when the flock of geese had reached the meadow (knowledge), the goose girl opened her hair, which was like gold, and Kürrchen saw it and was pleased to see how it shone and wanted to pluck some out of it. Then she spoke as reported above:

Woe, woe, little wind...

Kürtchen was annoyed and complained to the old king: "In the morning, when we come through the dark gate with the herd, there is a horse's head on the wall and she talks to it." So he told the whole story. The king convinced himself that the story was true and in the evening he questioned the goose-maid, who refused to give any information but then complained to the stove

The soul can become aware of its divine descent (golden hair) when the divine breath (wind) removes the covering (Hur) under which the Creator hides behind the creation (Kurt). Then her hair is plaited (FL = light

creation, enlightenment), cut SK, secare (pruning of instincts) and set up (establishment of a spiritual, moral order of life through statutes). After passing all the tests and being found to be faithful, she is restored to her original dignity.

So in this folk tale, every word and every little move is significant. In colors of indestructible freshness, a great artist has woven a delicious tapestry of the finest fabrics, mysteriously interwoven with golden threads. Certainly the poet did not know the Indian archer's song (Bagavad Gita) and yet, how unerringly he has expressed the same teachings of the two paths leading to exaltation in vivid liveliness. So may this delicious German folk tale help the German to regain the deep and strong faith of his ancestors in the divine destiny of human life. For what appears red will rise again.



⌘ 5. The Tale of Little Red Riding Hood

is perhaps the most widespread of all German folk tales. It is certainly true that the sweet little girl with the red cap who is devoured along with her grandmother by the evil wolf, has been interpreted as the sun, which shines every evening in the belly of the night and every winter disappears below the horizon every evening in the belly of the night and every morning and every spring it reappears intact and whole. But if one looks more closely, some individual features seem to indicate that there is also another meaning that is of particular concern to us Germans, which particularly concerns us Germans, namely that the penetration of Roman law in Germany prompted the unknown folk-tale poet to give the old nature-mythical material its familiar form. That is why this folk tale is to be written in the sacred number five and in the sign of the Rita = or Rechitrune R.

No people have developed the idea of law with such consistency, but also the idea of state and power, as the Roman one and, unconcerned by the idea that the Greeks and the Romans had given the barbaric Germanic tribes the true culture, the question is examined more closely, whether the adoption of Roman ideas of state and law was a blessing for the Germans, one cannot suppress mild doubts. By the time Roman culture came into contact with Germanic culture, it was already aging and in decline. The capricious peasant, alienated from the land by the constant wars, was already showing signs of the time of the Gracchi. Those who later called themselves Roman citizens mostly the sons of freedmen from all over the world, a colorful mixture of races. The pride and dignity of Roman character was long gone by the beginning of the imperial era. One need only listen to the lamentations of the Roman poet Horatius Flaccus about the "auri sacra fames" "the accursed greed for money" and many other things, to realize that Rome was dominated by the most desolate materialism. Thus are entitled to think of the wolf that devours Little Red Riding Hood as well as of the materialistic greed for acquisition which, in

our own day and age which threatens to destroy German idealism, and from the course of the folk tale gives him the hope that he will one day be freed from this unworthy prison by the spirit man, for whom the folk tale consistently chooses the image of Jager.

Once upon a time there was a sweet little maiden, so the folk tale goes, who loved everyone who looked at her, but most of all her grandmother. She gave her a little red velvet cap. To this sick grandmother the mother sent the child with cake and wine, so that she might enjoy it, with the instruction to be nice, not to look in every corner, to say good morning and not to stray from the path. In the forest he met the wolf without suspecting what an evil beast it was. They greeted each other amicably, and Little Red Riding Hood told him where her grandmother lived: "Under the three oak trees there is her house, and below are the nut hedges, you will know that." Now, in order to catch both grandmother and Little Red Riding Hood, he had to gain time, and so, walking beside Little Red Riding Hood for a while, he said to her, "Little Red Riding Hood, look at the beautiful flowers all around, why don't you look around? I don't think you can hear the birds singing so sweetly? You are walking along as if you were going to school, and it is so funny out in the forest." So Little Red Riding Hood was tempted to pick a beautiful bouquet of flowers for her grandmother. In the meantime, the wolf swallowed her grandmother, lay down in her bed, put on her hood and drew the curtains.

When Little Red Riding Hood arrived late, he felt so strange, but he believed, even though he noticed the change, that his grandmother was lying in bed and asked her those famous questions that make children's hearts creep: "Oh, grandmother, what big ears do you have?" "So that I can hear you better." "Oh, Grandma, what big hands do you have?" "So that I can grab you better!" "But Grandma, what's that awful big mouth of yours?" "So that I can eat you better." And he jumped out of bed onto poor Little Red Riding Hood and devoured her. When the wolf had satisfied his craving, he lay down in bed again, fell asleep and began to snore loudly. This drew the attention of the hunter who had just passed by to the fact

that the old woman was missing something. So he discovered the wolf, cut open his belly with the scissors and freed them both. Little Red Riding Hood quickly fetched large stones and filled the wolf's body with them, and when he woke up he wanted to jump away, but the stones were so heavy that he sank down and sank to his death. The huntsman took the wolf's pelt; the grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine, and recovered. Little Red Riding Hood, however, thought, "You will never again run off the path into the forest alone for the rest of your life, if Murrer has forbidden you to do so."

This genuinely childlike moral of the story, as well as the whole naive freshness of the narrative, are so well suited to impress themselves on the childish mind. And yet the whole process contains such a painful experience of German history that it is high time, especially in these days of such incredible outwitting of the Germans by wolfish treachery, that the German people's oh so trusting eyes were opened. The masterfully chosen parameters should help us to do so.

First of all, there is the grandmother, the wise original mother law, whose traces we encounter at every turn in the Eddic sagas, who gave her granddaughter, the German people, a cap of red velvet: German law. The folk tale describes the nature of the law in four characteristic values: "wine, cake, oak, nut hedges". The wine corresponds to the fourth Od rune and denotes the revelation of the divine spirit. Ancient law did not originate from human arbitrariness, but from divine statutes and ancient sacred tradition (saga). In the oldest sacrificial services, the cake (kuk) was related to the life of love. In the folk tale it is supposed to indicate that the primordial maternal right is rooted in the strict sacred clan association. The grandmother, the primordial right, has already become ill and weak, but recovers through the consumption of wine and cake. If we want to recover, we must return to a divine law, born from the depths of the German soul in a living sense of law, instead of the paper law, the flood of which has become almost worse than the flood of paper money since the revolution is anchored in the firm foundation of the German clan concept. This law was

pronounced in the open air in the shade of the sacred oaks, from which Field Marshal Hindenburg took his real name Beneckendorff. In the oldest times the Thingplatz was surrounded by hazelnut hedges.

That the wolf is aiming at Rome, whose first kings were suckled by a she-wolf, the symbol of lust for power, needs no further explanation. It was only after the old German jurisdiction had been swallowed up by Roman law that German substantive law also came under attack. In this, Rome benefited from the natural immersion of the German mind. According to his whole disposition, the German actually only takes questions of ideology seriously. He likes to forget political and legal questions above the scent of flowers and birdsong, as our folk tale so masterfully depicts. Rome and its helpers knew this and exploited it to the full. For they have big ears and a long memory. The German forgets today what happened yesterday. The deception by which Roman law has replaced the Urarian clan law cannot last forever. The Roman wolf is recognized by its immense voracity, its selfish greed. If only the hunter (J.G.), the divine spiritual man, has awakened in the German, then he will free German law from the power of those whose goal is the belly, material enjoyment, who would like to enslave the whole world. For they cannot tolerate the stone enclosure of the German administration of justice.

Little Red Riding Hood had another sequel: another wolf tried to seduce Little Red Riding Hood in the same way and, when he failed, jumped onto the roof of her grandmother's house, waiting for Little Red Riding Hood to return home. The grandmother realized what he had in mind. She had Little Red Riding Hood carry water into a large stone trough in front of the house, in which she had boiled sausages the day before, until it was completely full. The wolf, greedy for the smell that had come into his nose, made his neck so long that he slipped and drowned in the large trough. This addition complements the main payment perfectly. It contains a comforting promise for the future. To the people who have now climbed onto our roof and are at the top will eventually be doomed by their own greed. They will fail shortly before reaching their goal. The German

will become aware of his origin, his original creation (UR-AST= Wurast – sausage) and will also revive the old consecrated legal forms (stone trough). Through this formal and material restoration of law, the Roman spirit of greed will perish.



6. The Jew in the Thorn Bush

The six-pointed star or sexual star, Magen David, which shines golden from all the synagogues, should justify moving this folk tale, which despite its cheerful tone does not lack a serious meaning, to the sixth place. For the sixth or Kun rune also denotes gender. Whoever follows the course of the plot from this point of view will have to admit that the violin, to which everything, young and old, noble and lowly, begins to dance as soon as the minstrel takes up his bow, is nothing other than the instrument of that divine archer so beloved by all peoples, of whom it is already said in a Sophoclean ode:

Eros, insurmountable one!
How you captivate the hearts of men!
How you slumber in the tender rosy cheeks of a girl.

Our folk tale tackles the gender problem less sensitively and more with crude comedy. Let us tell the story.

"Once upon a time there was a rich man who had a servant who served him diligently and honestly, was the first out of bed every morning and the last in at night, and if there was a sour job that no one wanted to do, he always got to it first. He never complained, but was happy with everything and was always cheerful.

For two years he received no wages. After three years, as he was driven to move on, the miser counted out three pennies one by one: "That is a large and ample wage, such as you would have received from few masters." The good servant, who knew little about money, pocketed his capital and thought: "Now you have plenty in your pocket, what do you want to worry about and toil longer with hard work."

So he went off, uphill, downhill, singing and jumping to his heart's

content. Now it happened, as he passed a bush, that a little man stepped out and called to him: "Where are you, Brother Lustig? I see you are not heavy with your troubles." – "Why should I be sad," replied the servant, "I have plenty to do, the wages of three years rings in my pocket." – "How much is your treasure?" the little man asked him. "How much? Three hard pennies, paid correctly."

"Listen," said the dwarf, "I am a poor, needy man, give me your three pennies, I can't do any more work, but you are young and can earn your bread easily." And because the servant had a good heart and felt pity for the little man, he handed him his three pennies and said, "In God's name, I won't want for anything." Then the little man granted him three wishes, one for each penny, and he wished firstly for a bird's reed that would hit everything he aimed at, secondly for a fiddle that everything must dance to when he stroked it and thirdly that no one should refuse him a request. So the little man reached into the bush and the fiddle and bird reed were already in readiness and he also promised to fulfill the third wish.

The servant moved on merrily, and soon after met a Jew with a long goatee, who stood listening to the song of a bird perched high up on the top of a tree. "God's wonder!" he exclaimed, "such a small animal has such a cruelly powerful voice! If only it were mine! Who could sprinkle salt on its tail!" – "If it's nothing else," said the servant, "the bird shall soon be down," and he struck it on the head, and the bird fell down into the thorny hedges. "Go, rascal," said he to the Jew, "and get the bird out for yourself." – "My lord," said the Jew, "let the boy go, and a dog will come running; I will pick up the bird, because you have hit it once," and he lay down on the ground and began to work his way into the bush. As he was now in the midst of the thorn, the good servant was plagued with courage, so that he took his fiddle and began to fiddle. Immediately the Jew began to lift his legs and jump up into the air, and the more the servant stroked, the better the dance went. But the thorns tore his shabby skirt, combed his goat's beard, and pricked and pinched his whole body. "My," cried the Jew, "what's the use of fiddling! Let the Lord stop the fiddling, I don't want to dance." But the

servant paid no attention, and thought, "You have maltreated the people enough, now the thorn hedge shall not do you any better," and began to fiddle again, that the Jew had to jump up higher and higher, and the shreds of his skirt clung to the spikes. "Oh, dear!" cried the Jew, "I'll give the master what he wants, if he'll only let me have a whole bag of gold." – "If you are so splendid," said the servant, "I will stop my music, but I must tell you that you are still doing your dance for me, that it is a kind of har." Then he took the purse and went his way.

The Jew stopped and watched him, and was silent till the servant was far away, and quite out of his sight; then he shouted with all his might, "You miserable musician, you beer-fiddler, wait till I catch you alone! I will tell you to lose the soles of your shoes; you rascal, put a penny in your mouth, that you are worth six pence," and went on ranting for all he was worth. And when he had done himself some good and given vent to it, he ran into the town to the judge. "Mr. Judge, you shouted! How a wicked man has robbed and maltreated me in the open country; a stone on the ground would have mercy on me; my clothes torn to shreds, my body pricked and scratched, my little bit of poverty taken with the bag, all the ducats, one piece more beautiful than the other, for God's sake, let the man be thrown into prison." Said the judge, "Mars, a soldier who has only done you his sabre like this?" "God forbid!" said the Jew, "he has not had a naked sword, but he has had a reed hanging on his hump and a violin on his neck; the villain is easy to recognize."

The judge sent his men after him, who found the good servant, who had moved on very slowly, and also found the bag of gold with him. When he was put on trial, he said: "I did not touch the Jew and did not take the money from him, he gave it to me of his own free will so that I would only stop playing the violin because he could not stand my music." – "God forbid!" cried the Jew, "he takes to lies like flies on the wall." But the judge didn't believe it either and said, "That's a poor excuse, no Jew would do that," and sentenced the good servant to the gallows because he had committed a robbery in the street. As he was being led away, the Jew

shouted to him: "You bearskinner, you dog musician, now you'll get your well-deserved reward." The servant calmly climbed the ladder with the executioner, but on the last rung he turned around and said to the judge: "Grant me one more request before I die." – "Yes," said the judge, "if you don't ask for your life." "Not for my life," replied the servant, "I beg you to let me play my violin one last time." The Jew raised a clamor: "For God's sake, don't allow it, don't allow it." But the judge said: "Why shouldn't I grant him this brief pleasure; it's granted to him and that's the end of it." Nor could he refuse him because of the gift that had been given to the servant. But the Jew cried out, "O woe! O woe! Tie me up, tie me up!"

Then the good servant took his violin from his neck, put it to rights, and as he struck the first stroke, everything began to shake and sway, the judge, the scribes and the court servants; and the rope fell from the hand of the one who wanted to bind the Jew; at the second stroke, everyone raised their legs, and the executioner let go of the good servant and prepared to dance; at the third stroke, everyone jumped up and began to dance, and the judge and the Jew were in front and jumped the best. Soon everyone who had come to the market out of curiosity was dancing along, old and young, fat and lean; even the dogs that had come along sat on their hind feet and jumped along. And the longer he played, the higher the dancers jumped, so that they bumped into each other's heads and began to scream miserably. At last the judge shouted, quite out of breath, "I'll give you your life, just stop playing the violin." The good servant was moved, put down the violin, hung it around his neck again and climbed down the ladder. Then he approached the Jew, who was lying on the ground gasping for breath, and said, "Rascal, now confess where you got the money, or I'll take my violin from your neck and start playing again." – "I stole it, I stole it," he shouted, "but you earned it fair and square." Then the judge had the Jew led to the gallows and hanged as a thief.

It is no wonder that the intellectual power that has made itself the monopoly administrator of our cultural assets is so the Jewish people are a thorn in the side of the folk tale and that they strive with all their might to

eradicate this very folk tale; for in this amusing rogue's tale the Jewish character is portrayed with much humor and without malice from the depths of the soul and yet so vividly that it must be unpleasant for those in whose eyes it is already a crime to use the word Jew in anything other than a laudatory way. This should not prevent us from using this folk tale to take a closer look at the character traits of the Jewish species that are so contrary to our own nature.

It is not enough for the Jew in the folk tale to enjoy the bird's beautiful song. He wants to possess it. As the servant shoots the bird down as a favor to him, he lies down on the ground and begins to work his way into the thorn bush. When it comes to acquiring possessions, no effort or humiliation puts the Jew off; no adversity or malicious mockery deters him from pursuing his goal with tenacity. His heart is set on gold. With what love he speaks to the judge of the ducats: "One piece more beautiful than the other." But he never forgets a slight. Resentful and vindictive, as soon as he knows that power is behind him and that he has nothing to fear for himself, he begins to rant and to let his hatred take the reins, and yet he is too cowardly to stand up openly for his opinion as long as there is danger involved. A handful of lies is not enough for him. A thief himself, he accuses others of theft. Has it not now gradually fallen like scales from the eyes of the German people who concocted all the lies that are to blame for our internal collapse and the Versailles lie of guilt? And when "German" women play the weapons into the hands of our enemies to maintain the lie of guilt, they certainly bear such Eastern names as Anita Augsburg or Gertrud Bär, just as Kurt Eisner alias Kosmanowski supplied our enemies with the forged documents to justify the Versailles slavery against us. But in the end, the Jew remains the stupid devil. Shortly before reaching his goal, he becomes overconfident and that brings him down. He has to confess where he stole the gold and suffers the well-deserved punishment. What an almost prophetic sagacity in this folk tale, whose poet was surely inspired by the fate that has come upon us through the Jewish spirit of lies! It is shameful enough that comrades of the people, out of supposedly Christian

sentiment protect the "chosen people" who have long since forfeited its mission. If now even a book published by the International Tract Society in 1919 "In the Footsteps of the Great Physician" finds it necessary to say that Christian parents allow their children to read folk tales, and fictitious stories, which are filled with so many falsehoods and supposedly nourish a desire for the unreal (p. 454), one can only exclaim: "O holy simplicity! Lord forgive them, for they know not what they do!" What a vivid, painfully alive reality is contained in the folk tale, I believe I have shown sufficiently. And yet the folk tale is far removed from anti-Semitism. The Jew is merely the antithesis of the hero of the story, the jolly fiddler.

He is characterized as a god of love by the three gifts that the little man gave him. Every soul (bird) falls victim to his shot (bird) falls victim to his shot, everything must dance to his fiddle and no one can deny him a wish. He is funny and in good spirits, always ready to help and he has no idea about gold and the value of money. He easily parts with the meagre wages he has earned hard enough without asking for retribution. For love does not seek its own. His opponent is the opposite of all this. But the image of the latter, we must now add another characteristic trait. He to whom love is something soulless should not be surprised that his body is bruised by thorns when the violin stroke of the fiddler forces him to dance.

Whoever gets caught in the thorny undergrowth of the world of the senses must necessarily suffer as a slave to his greed, freedom can only exist in the realm of the spirit, which is animated by love. This realm has been denied to the servants, of which the Jew is a typical representative.



✥ and 𐌺 7. The Seven Ravens.

The seventh rune is Hagal or Hagalk (healing chalice) also called Gilg (lily) and seven is also the sacred number of completion in the Bible. According to ancient belief, man with his five limbs (head, two arms, two legs) and his five senses (sight, smell, hearing, taste, feeling) have not yet reached the measure of their limit, but should, through the development of its soul powers, regain access to the higher spiritual world, to the sun, moon and stars. Only they shall give him the right life (R. B.). Already soon after its birth, the soul has lost these seven brothers as a result of an imprecation and, awakened to consciousness, must set out on an arduous journey to find them again. The folk tale of the seven ravens tells us about this.

"A man had seven sons and still no daughter, no matter how much he wanted one. Finally a girl was born to him. The joy was great, but the child was small and slight and was to have the emergency baptism. The brothers were hurriedly sent to the spring, to fetch water for the baptism, but in their eagerness they broke the jug and did not dare go home. In his impatience at the long delay, the father shouted angrily: "I want the boys all to become ravens!" No sooner had he finished speaking than he heard a buzzing in the air above his head, looked up and saw seven coal-black ravens flying up and away.

As the little daughter soon regained her strength and became more beautiful with every day, she learned from people's gossip about the disappearance of her seven brothers. In spite of the consolations of her parents, she daily conscience that she was to blame for the disappearance of her brothers and had no peace or rest until he secretly set out and went into the into the wide world to find and free his brothers somewhere, It would cost what it wanted. He took nothing with him but a ring from his parents as a souvenir, a loaf of bread for his hunger for hunger, a jug of water for thirst and a little chair for tiredness.

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

The girl took the leg, wrapped it in a little cloth, and went away again until she came to the glass mountain. The gate was locked, and she wanted to get the leg out; but when she opened the cloth, it was empty, and she had lost the gift of the good stars. Then she took a knife, cut off a little finger, put it into the gate, and unlocked it happily. A little dwarf, who came to meet her, told her to wait for the return of the ravens, and brought in their 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 put the little ring which she had taken with her. The seventh of the returned ravens recognized by the little ring that it was a ring from her father and mother, and said, "God grant that our little sister were here, so we were redeemed." When the girl, who was standing behind the door listening, heard the wish, she came forward, and then all the ravens regained their human form. And they hugged and kissed each other and went home happily."

If you compare this tale with other folk tales, you will notice that it contains phrases and images that are reminiscent of and perhaps taken from other folk tales. For example, the man-eating barbarian of the moon is reminiscent of the "Kittelkarre", the ordering of food for the seven ravens is reminiscent of the Snow White folk tale. The fact that the girl takes bread, a jug and a chair with her on her travels, in addition to the ring, also appears to have no deeper connection with the further course of the plot. And so in some of the features in this folk tale can be seen as decorative

coloring without any key meaning. Therein lies the difficulty of interpretation, always distinguishing from the context of the whole what is significant and what is incidental. The question can never be solved purely mechanically.

It seems to me, of course, that the hostile role played by the sun and moon points to hidden connections. However, to explain these would require such detailed explanations that it would go too far. Brief allusions could only confuse. I will therefore confine myself here to pointing out that the ring as a sign of perfection (*omne trinum perfectum rotundum*) and eternity corresponds well with the meaning of the number seven from which I started.

The Hinkelbeinchen, the gift from the Morgenstern that the girl lost, signifies the sacred, divine self (H-INK). It was destined to open the glass mountain. I see the archetype of the glass mountain, which shines out at us from many a folk tale, in the bright mountain, the castle of light, on which Menglöd, the joyfully adorned one in the Eddaliede *Fiölswinnsmal*, receives her beloved. Access to this mountain of salvation, the castle of light, which "sways for a long time on the tip of the spear", can only be bought through painful sacrifices, the cutting off of a phalanx.

The riddle song of the Edda with its *gamban-tein* (the thigh branch), with which the rooster *vid-ofnir* is to be killed and which the folk *Sinmara*, the sorceress of the world of deception of the senses – *Maja* is what the Indians call her – keeps locked away under nine bolts, could well reveal to us what is actually meant by this.

Here it is enough to know that man is destined to reach the highest perfection only through persevering loyalty and sacrificial love. Then the ravens will fade away that have climbed the *Kyffhäuserberg* and *Barbarossa-Heimdall-Tannhauser* will emerge victorious from this mountain. The eighth folk tale will tell us a little about this.





The Machandel Tree

† 8. The Tale of the Machandel Tree

best reveals the content of the Heimtaller-Tannhäuser saga and therefore belongs in eighth place. And all those who read this folk tale and hear its interpretation, I ask them to take all this into their hearts' secret and to pay attention to the deep secrets that I only dare to hint at quietly in a book intended for the public. For truly, a world-deep secret lies in this number, in the Heimtaller-legend and in the folk tale of the Machandel tree. All three encompass the fateful tragedy of the human race. Even the name Machandelbaum already hints at it. For the almond tree is the 15 sprouting runic tree – almond is still the German name for the fifteen – the humanity tree, the world ash tree, which according to Eddic belief, is to be consumed by the world fire (mut-spili). The curse of the evil deed of the unnatural mother and the fear of the flames of the world fire blaze towards the listener from the conclusion of the folk tale.

But just as the eight is the number of respect, – the Edda calls it directly with *atmaelis skor*, debt shoe – so is the eighth rune with its three names *naut*, *not*, *norn* flood, distress, fate is a sign of the consequence of a debt. And the god Heimtaller, who dwells in the eighth heavenly house of Himinbjörk – Tannhäuser is nothing more than his inversion, for house equals home and *tallr* is the Nordic name of the fir tree – the mead-drinker or meadwolf is that glorious son in whom Odin became a murderer in Sack-Mimir. Those verses of Grimni, hitherto so little understood in their unfathomable depths, Grimnismal 50, because they contain the key to the Machandel Tree folk tale:

Svidr ok Svidrir	Seider and Seiderer
ek het at Soeck mimis	were my names at Sack-Mimir's
ok dudda ek pann inn aldna Jötun;	and hurt old Giant so much.
Pa er ek Mjödvitnis vark ins	when I was the Meadwolf's
moera bura	glorious son,
ordinn einbani	I became a murderer.

With Mime's head, the talking head, which plays a major role in all secret teachings, Wotan murmurs after the Wala's message of the end of the world, and since Heimtaller is the mead drinker, he is the decapitated one. His symbol is the eighth, the rune of distress, the image of the decapitated tree trunk, which in the Tannhäuser saga has turned into the dry stick that is to grow green again when Tannhäuser has emerged from Venus' mountain and atoned for his guilt. German heraldry has illustrated the survival of these ideas in many coats of arms with the heraldic image of the tree stump sprouting again. And we Germans are particularly concerned that the Kyffhäuser legend also harbors the same secret. For head is head and head was called Heimtaller's sword according to the Edda. Shall I go one step further and point to the hole in the sky as the celestial image of the Kyffhäuser cave, to which the lance of the constellation Cepheus points? Those who believe in astrological connections may then calculate the not-too-distant point in time when Tannhäuser is to emerge from the Venusberg, his stick to grow green again and Heimtaller to find his sword, whose name is Haupt.

"A long time ago," the folk tale begins, "probably two thousand years ago, there was a rich man who had a beautiful, pious wife, and they both loved each other very much, but they had no children, but they wanted them very much, and the wife prayed so much for them day and night, but they never had any. In front of their house was a courtyard in which stood a Machandel tree, under which the woman once stood in winter and peeled an apple, and as she peeled the apple she cut her finger and the blood fell into the snow. "Oh," said the woman, and heaved a great sigh, and looked at the blood before her, and became very melancholy, "I wish I had a child as red as blood and as white as snow." And when she said this, she felt quite cheerful; she felt as if it would be something. So she went to the house, and a month passed, and the snow went away; and two months passed, and it became green; and three months passed, and the flowers came out of the ground; and four months passed, and they crowded into the wood as trees, and the green branches had all grown into one another: then the little birds

sang so that the whole wood resounded, and the blossoms fell from the trees; and then the fifth month was gone, and she stood under the Machandel tree, and when the sixth month was over, the fruit grew fat and strong, and she became very quiet; and the seventh month, when she reached for the machelder berries and ate them so enviously, she became sad and ill; then the eighth month passed, and she called her husband and wept, saying, "When I die, bury me under the machelder tree." Then she became very happy and rejoiced until the ninth month was over, when she had a child as white as snow and as red as blood, and when she saw it she was so happy that she died."

I am translating this first section of the folk tale literally into High German because it is fundamental. First of all, there is the important determination of time at 2000 years, which does not otherwise occur in folk tales and is to be taken strictly historically. The pre-Christian period of the Germanic religion is thus identified. By the time the Edda songs were recorded, the deeper meaning of the Heimtaller saga had already faded. Only fragments have been preserved. But these few fragments allow us to conclude that this divine figure represents man in the image of God in his original perfect form, like the Adam Kadmon of the Kabbalah, from whom the Freemasons derived their knight Kadosch. This God, the king (Airikr) and father of men – whom the Wala calls Heimtall's lineage – was born on the edge of the earth from nine giant girls and formed from three substances, from the power of the earth, cold ocean waves and the sacrificial blood of the atoning boar (sun), i.e. from earth, water and sun rays (warmth) or, in cosmic terms, from earth, moon and sun. The nine mothers, who esoterically have a much deeper meaning that can be derived from their traditional names, can be found in the folk tale in the vivid description of the nine months that pass until the birth of the boy. Those who are completely familiar with the runic system will find many connections between this depiction of nature and the religious significance of the runes. Admittedly, this equation is no longer clearly defined in the folk tale. Eating the berries that made the woman ill was dogmatically,

though not calendrical, already in the sixth sign. This is because, like Adam and Eve's eating of the apple, it is connected with the beheading (expulsion from paradise). Of the three substances from which Heimtaller was formed, only two remain in the folk tale: Blood and snow. Of course, it is reasonable to assume that snow combines the cold ocean waves (water) and earth in one image.

The folk tale then goes on to tell how the woman was buried under the Machandel tree and the man remarried after a while. The second wife, who had a daughter, soon became angry with her stepson and treated him badly. When her daughter had received an apple from her and asked for one for her brother, she was annoyed and took the apple away again, saying, "You shall not have one before your brother," and put the apple back into the box, which had a large heavy lid and a large sharp iron lock. When the little boy came home from school, she offered him an apple herself and told him to get one from the box. And when the little boy bent down into it, the wicked one rode her, and she smashed the lid so that the head flew off and fell under the red apple. Then she was overcome with fear, and thought, "If I could get this away from me!" So she put the boy's body on a chair in front of the door, tied the head with a white cloth and put an apple in the dead boy's hand. The sister, Marleenken, saw the brother sitting there and asked him to give her the apple. When he did not answer, she felt horrible and ran into the kitchen to tell her mother. She told her to go again, and if he would not answer, to hit him on the ears. As she gave this advice, her head rolled down. She cried and thought she had cut off her brother's head. Her mother tried to calm her down, chopped the little boy into pieces and boiled him in sour water. Marleenken's tears fell into the pot and they didn't need any salt.

When the father came home, the stepmother told him in answer to his questions that the boy had gone to relatives overland and would probably stay for six weeks. When he began to eat the black sour that had been served in the meantime, it tasted so good that he said, "Give me some more, you shall have none of it, it is as if it were all mine." And he ate and

ate and threw the bones under the table until he had eaten them all. The little sister fetched a silken cloth, picked up all the bones and laid them in the cloth under the almond tree in the green grass. Then all at once she felt quite light, and wept no more, and the almond tree moved its branches as if it too were rejoicing. Then a mist came from the tree, and right in the mist it burned like fire, and out of the fire flew a beautiful bird, which sang so beautifully and flew high up in the air, and when it was gone, the almond tree was as it had been before, and the cloth with the bones was gone. But Marleenken was quite light and happy, just as if her brother were still alive. Then she went back into the house to the table and ate.

If beheading is associated with the apple in this passage, then there must have been a similar relationship in the lost part of the Heimtaller saga. In the Edda, the apples of Iduna give the gods eternal youth and when they are stolen by the storm giant Thiassi, the father of those living in the sixth house of the gods (6 = *sexeus* = *Kun* = *sex*), the gods begin to age. Here, too, a secret connecting line leads from the apples to the sex and it is therefore not to be assumed that this folk tale is already of Christian origin. Of course, it is not a case of the fall of man in the biblical sense. It is not the boy who is to blame, but the stepmother. But the sour grapes are a nice touch. For ever since mankind was deprived of its supernatural abilities and had to descend deep into matter with its darkness, life on earth has become difficult and laborious. Despite his cheerful and light temperament, even Goethe had to confess:

"And as long as you do not have it, this:
'Die and become,'
you are only a gloomy guest on the dark earth."

The fact that the father wants to eat all the black sour alone is also a deeply mystical trait. According to an ancient idea, still found among man-eaters, the one who eats another incorporates his spiritual powers. So when the father, albeit unknowingly, consumes the body of his son, he also absorbs his spiritual being. In this context, this can only be understood to

mean that those powers which have been withdrawn from man through Heimtaller's mystical decapitation still rest hidden in the bosom of the Godhead.

The relationship of the boy to the Machandel tree requires some further explanation. This tree, the almond tree, Mimir's tree (mimameidr) is the world ash tree Yggdrasil in the double meaning of world ash tree and humanity tree. As a world ash tree or cosmos, it has a close spiritual relationship with the boy's real mother, as the first part of the story shows. These – in the myth the nine Heimtall mothers, in the folk tale the nine months – personified the cosmic forces through whose spiritual work humanity came into being. As the tree of humanity, she is virtually synonymous with Heimtaller, the cosmic man, who can therefore be described as a decapitated tree trunk, an Irminsul, which, as is well known, was the supreme sanctuary of the Saxons in Charlemagne's time.

The stepmother is an image of the material earthly world. For by descending into matter, man has forfeited his spiritual nature, har Heimtaller has lost his head. This also makes the nature of the stepsister, who is so devoted to her brother, Marleenchen, clear. We will encounter the name Lene again in the folk tale of the found bird. There I explain it as the light nature of the human soul, at the same time encompassing the runic knowledge (Fundr= 15). All that remains is to explain the first syllable of the name Mar. As we will see in the sixteenth folk tale, it is the common sign of the fifteenth and sixteenth rune. It encompasses life and death, the sea and motherhood and includes the entire content of the runic system (madr as I and as 15/16), the whole of existence as the great miracle (miraculum) and mystery. Maria-Lene or Marlene is therefore the human soul, which at the same time understands the soul of the entire cosmos within itself.

Let us follow the course of the folk tale: "The bird flew away and sat on a goldsmith's house and began to sing:

"My mother who slaughters me,
My father, who ate me,
My sister, the Marlenichen,
Search for all my names,
Tie them in a silk scarf,
Put it under the Machandel tree,
Kywitt, kywitt, that's good for the bird!"

The goldsmith wanted to hear the song again and had to give the bird a golden chain in return.

Then the bird flew to a cobbler and received a pair of red shoes from him for a pair of red shoes for repeating the same song. At last the bird came bird came to a mill, which went: "Cliff clank, cliff clank, cliff clank".

There were twenty mill boys sitting in the mill, chopping a stone and chopping: "Chop chop, chop chop, chop chop". Then the bird sat down on a lime tree that stood in front of the mill and sang the same song. Then one stopped, then two, then four, then only eight pecked, then five, then one. When he also stopped and asked for the song to be the bird demanded and received a millstone as a reward, which the twenty mill lads heaved up into the trees, and with which the bird, sticking its head through the hole as if it were a collar, easily flew away. He had the chain in his right claw and the shoe in his left, and so he flew away to his father's house."

To fathom this third part of the folk tale, you have to stick to the key words: golden chain, red shoe, millstone.

Gold is always a sign of the golden age. The golden chain is synonymous with the miraculous ring Draupnir, from which dripped eight others every ninth night and with the word of consolation that Odin said into the ear of the dead Baldur. It is the ring of rings, the gold ring of eternity. Heimialler lost this gold ring as a result of his lost this gold ring. It must be found again.

The red shoe, which also plays a role in the Cinderella folk tale, is just another name for the number eight, which in Eddic means atmaelis skor or guilt shoe, and like the eighth rune Not means entanglement in guilt (nodus in Latin means the knot and guilt is the name of the third norn). The task set for humanity is to break this entanglement of guilt, to wrestle its way through to purity in moral freedom.

The millstone is the grinding stone or judgment stone. To grind means to loosen (L) something solid (M) [conversely, to glue, to make something loose solid]. Having become completely entangled in matter, having reached the lowest point of materialism, it is now our task to go the other way round, to spiritualize the world, matter. During the time of materialization, it was the task of tradition, which lived in songs (melos) and some other signs, to keep the memory alive. The number of miller boys, and then those who are not yet listening, are highly significant for this. "First one stops chopping," that is to say: first the belief in the divine unity of the world organism was lost. Man became detached from the one divine source.

"Then two ceased," the connection with the primordial mother nature (UR the second rune) was lost. "Then four ceased." With this separation, the source of spiritual power (Od, the spirit rune is the fourth) dried up. "Now only eight were still chopping." For a while, the voice of conscience, Heimtaller, the eighth horn, morality, held humanity together. "Now there are five left." If a people is no longer internally bound, only the external legal order (Feme and the fifth or Rechit rune mean law) can stop the complete disintegration.

"Now one more," that means the rule of naked self-interest, complete anarchy. Humanity is ripe for judgment. The end of the folk tale is about this judgment:

"Father, mother and Marleenken were sitting at the table in the parlor. Father felt light and well, as if he were to see an old acquaintance again. The mother was quite frightened, as if a heavy winter came, her teeth

chattered and she felt it like fire in her veins and tore open her bodice to get some air. Marleenken, however, wept her cloth wet. Then the bird sat down from the Machandel tree and sang:

"My mother, who slaughters me,"

Then the mother covered her ears and shut her eyes, and would not see or hear it, but it roared in her ears like the most violent storm, and her eyes burned and flashed like lightning, and she felt as if the whole house were shaking and on fire. As the bird continued to sing, her father went out to see it close by, and it threw the golden chain round his neck. When the father came back into the parlor, the mother fell down for a long time and wished she was lying a thousand pounds under the ground, but Marleenken ran out and was given the red shoes by the bird and ran and jumped in. Then the woman stood up, her hair stood on end like flames of fire, and she cried, "I feel as if the world were going to fall!" and rushed out. Then the bird threw the millstone at her and crushed her. The father and Marleenken heard this and went out. There arose steam and flames and fire from the place, and when that was over, the little brother stood there and took them both by the hand, and all three were quite happy and went into the house to the table and ate."

The doomsday mood of the folk tale sluff is so clearly drawn that there is no doubt that it was intended to reflect the content of the fifteenth rune, which is expressed in the Eddic numerical name of the fifteen fundr. For this means meeting, battle, mutspilli, muspilli and denotes the doomsday battle.

It is clear from the above that the golden chain belongs to the father (Odin, the divine spirit). The red shoes are reminiscent of the shoe with which Widar, avenging Wotan, splits the wolf's jaws. Through this shoe, the human soul is freed from the curse and no longer needs to weep.

But the evil stepmother, the earth world, will be destroyed on the Day of Judgement (Ragnarök).

Only then will we be able to penetrate the meaning of this profound folk tale if we do not take it all as a half-faded legend, but as something that reveals to us the very real facts of a spiritual world that are just as true today as they were two thousand years ago and will remain true until the Strong One appears from above to put an end to all strife.



I 9. Fitcher's Bird

For the Romans and Germanic tribes, nine is the number of expiatory sacrifices and the ninth or ice rune signifies death, everything that is rigid and inflexible.

The rune system is of an astonishing consistency. The eighth or guilt rune must necessarily be followed by death and atonement. I place the partly gruesome and partly grotesque folk tale of Fitcher's bird in this number because it deals with the problem of death and shows us how to overcome the fear of death.

"Once upon a time there was a sorcerer, so the tale goes, who took the form of a poor man, went outside the houses and begged and caught the beautiful girls. No one knew where he took them, because they never reappeared.

One day he appeared at the door of a man who had three "beautiful" daughters, looked like a poor, weak beggar and carried a clog on his back as if he wanted to collect charitable gifts in it. He asked for a bit of food, and when the eldest came out and wanted to give him a piece of bread, he only touched her and she had to jump into his dumpling.

He then hurried into a dark forest to his house, which stood in the middle of it. Everything in the house was splendid and he gave her whatever she wanted. After a few days he gave her the keys of the house, but he forbade her to enter a chamber to which a small key fitted, under penalty of life. He also gave her an egg and said: "Keep the egg carefully and carry it with you all the time, for if it were lost, a great misfortune would result."

When he had gone, she looked at everything from top to bottom; the rooms shone with gold and silver and she thought she had never seen such

splendor. At the forbidden door she could not resist her curiosity and as she turned the key just a little, the door burst open. But what did she see when she stepped inside? A large bloody basin stood in the middle, and in it lay dead, hacked-up people; next to it stood a block of wood, and a flashing axe was lying on it. She was so frightened that the egg she was holding plopped into it. She took it out again and wiped off the blood, but in vain, it reappeared in an instant, she wiped and scraped, but she couldn't get it down. When she returned home, the man demanded her egg and key. She handed it to him, but she trembled as she did so, and he immediately saw from the red stains that she had been in the blood chamber, into which he now dragged her by the hair to dismember her. The same happened to the second sister, whom the sorcerer then fetched. The third, however, was wiser, she carefully stored the egg before visiting the house, and when she saw the dismembered limbs of her two sisters in the blood chamber, she gathered them together, and when none were missing, they began to stir and the two girls were alive again.

The man demanded the key and egg as soon as he arrived, and when he could find no trace of blood on them, he said, "You have passed the test, you shall be my bride." He now had no more power over her and had to do as she asked. "Very well," she answered, "you shall first bring a basket of gold to my father and mother, and carry it on your own back; meanwhile I will order the wedding." Now she put her two sisters into the basket, covered them completely with gold and told the sorcerer to carry it away. "But don't stop and rest on the way! – I'll look through my little window and take care." And as he was about to rest on the way, one of them called out from the basket: "I look through my little window and see that you are resting – will you go on at once!" Then he thought the bride was calling out to him and set off again.

At home, however, the bride arranged the wedding feast and had the wizard's friends invited. Then she took a skull with grinning teeth, put an ornament and a wreath of flowers on it, carried it to the top of the hole in the floor and let it look out. When everything was ready, she tucked herself

into a barrel of honey, cut open the bed and rolled herself in it so that she looked like a miracle bird and no one could recognize her. So she went out to the house and on the way some of the wedding guests met her and asked:

"You Fitcher's bird, where did you come from?" –

"I come from Fitze Fitcher's house" –

"What's the young bride doing there?"

"I swept from bottom to top of the house

And looked out at the floor."

She gave the same answer to the bridegroom, who was slowly walking back. Then he looked up and saw the polished skull; he thought it was his bride, and nodded to her and greeted her kindly. But when he and his guests had gone into the house, the bride's brothers and relatives, who had been sent to rescue her, arrived. They locked all the doors of the house so that no one could escape, and set fire to it, so that the sorcerer and all his company had to burn."

First of all, note that it is not so much the key that is important as the fact that the egg does not become bloody. For the egg, like the ninth, the Is-rune, is an image of the ego. He who knows that his ego is not touched by death overcomes the fear of death.

Anyone who jumps into the basket (Ker-b = vessel of life), i.e. is born, is doomed to death. Old German chrob, Latin corpus. is corporeality. What is mortal about it is the corporeality born from the blood. The purring-sounding name Fitcher was chosen with care. It is a code name for blood. It is that which works (F) within, (I) in secret (T), the life form or corporeality (cher- Ker= vessel).

What comes from the blood is doomed to death. But for those who do not take their egg, which contains the germ of new birth, their ego, into the blood chamber, death has lost its terror, even if they, curious like all three sisters, learn the hour of their death. Only the two older sisters, who do not

carry the awareness of their immortality within them, collapse under this experience. But they too are brought back to life by the prudent help of the youngest sister, over whom death has lost its power with its bloody horror. Hidden under gold, the symbol of eternity, the sorcerer has to carry them back to their parents' house in his birth basket. They are born again. The warlock must not rest on the way. The stream of blood, guaranteeing the continuation of life, flows unceasingly.

Now comes the second grotesque part of the story. A certain arrogance turns against the human cult of the dead and mocks it. We know from Egyptian excavations with what solemn seriousness people once treated their dead. From the way in which people treated the bodies of their leaders, how they buried them, prepared their burial sites, whether they embalmed them, left them to decompose, burnt them or fed them to the birds, we can draw important conclusions about the state of their souls and their ideas of the afterlife. Our folk tale clearly expresses the mockery of decorating the bones of fools and the preference for cremation. Those who have come to the realization of the immortality of their ego and the insignificance of the remains of the body may already make fun of it and profess the saying: "Let the dead bury their dead." But what might the honey and the feathers and the expression bird mean?

When we bake honey cake at Christmas, it naturally has a deeper meaning. Collected from pollen by industrious bees, honey, which has healing powers for throat and intestinal ailments, is a reflection of the power of the sun with its golden yellow color. The name confirms this. For the high is the sun and nig is new. Honey is an image of the rebirth of the sun, which takes place at Christmas time (Yule time). From the power of the sun, understood spiritually, the soul is reborn. According to the basic meaning of the first and third rune, the feather (Fe-dr = creative power) is an image of spiritual power, just as it represents this concept in the Egyptian hieroglyphs. Finally, as we have already seen in the folk tale of the Machandel tree, the bird is always an image of the soul. Goethe gave wonderful expression to this sentiment in Faust's Easter Walk:

"But it is innate to everyone,
that his feeling penetrates upwards and forwards,
when above him, lost in the blue space,
the lark sings its song;
when the eagle soars above rugged spruce heights
and the crane soars above lakes towards home."

Fitcher's bird is the soul liberated from corporeality and striving
towards its spiritual home in the power of the sun and the spirit.



λ 10. The Tale of Cinderella

The sign of death Is is followed in the Runic Futhark by the sign of judgment AR, like the mother of the dead Freya in the ninth house of the gods the gate judge Forsete in the tenth house of the gods Glitnir. The word ASK as ash signifies a beginning and as ash an end. This is how Cinderella and her sisters are judged. One of them is raised from lowliness to royal dignity, the others, who have blood in their shoes, are judged for their wickedness by the white doves that peck out their eyes will be punished for their wickedness and falsehood for the rest of their lives. The whole meaning of this folk tale is summed up in two verses:

"The good ones in the pot,
The bad ones in the fire."

The good, whom the king's son has chosen as his bride, may participate in the work and creation (PF) in the hidden (T) spiritual world, the bad, who are not suitable for this, are consumed and destroyed, to be transformed into new corporeality (kopf – chrob – corpus – body).

This folk tale is so well known that I can confine myself to presenting its its most essential features.

"A merchant's wife died, leaving him a daughter. His second wife, whom he married soon afterwards, and her two daughters from his first marriage were beautiful and white in appearance, but nasty and black at heart. They made the stepsister do all the hard and dirty work in the house, mocked her and made her sleep in the ashes beside the hearth. This gave her the name Cinderella. In her modesty, while her sisters asked for beautiful dresses, pearls and precious stones, she asked her father to bring her the first branch that would brush against his face on the way home. This she took – it was hazel branch – and planted it on her mother's grave. It grew and became a beautiful tree. Every day she went under it three

times, weeping and praying, and every time a white bird came to the tree, and when she uttered a wish, it threw down what she wished for.

When the king gave a feast and invited all the beautiful maidens in the land so that his son could choose a bride, Cinderella asked her stepmother to let her go too. She finally allowed her to go if she would pick out the lentils she had poured into the ashes in two hours. The girl went through the back door to the garren and called out: "You tame doves, you turtle doves, all you little birds under the sky, come and help me read, the good ones in the pot, the bad ones in the bowl.

Then the little birds came and helped her. But the stepmother did not allow her to do so yet, but demanded that she read two bowls full of lentils from the ashes in one hour. This, too, she accomplished in half an hour with the help of the birds. But again the stepmother said, "It won't do you any good, you can't go, for you have no clothes and can't dance; we should be ashamed of you." Then 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 out:

"Little tree, shake yourself and shake yourself,
throw gold and silver over me!"

Then the bird threw him a gold and silver dress and slippers embroidered with silk and silver.

She hurriedly put on the dress and went to the wedding. She looked so beautiful that her relatives did not recognize her and the king's son only wanted to dance with her. When it was evening and she wanted to go home, the king's son asked to accompany her to find out where she lived. But she eluded him and jumped into the dovecot. Now the king's son waited until his father came and told him that the strange girl had jumped into the dovecote. The old man thought, "Should it be Cinderella?" and

they had to bring him an axe and hoes so that he could break the dovecot in two, but there was no one inside. And when they came into the house, Cinderella, who in the meantime had brought the beautiful dresses back to the bird to the hazel tree, was lying in her dirty clothes in the ashes.

On the second day the bird gave Cinderella an even prouder dress and the same thing happened again, only this time the girl hid in a large pear tree. On the third day the bird threw her a dress that was more glittering and splendid than any she had ever had, and her slippers were all gold.

The king's son had used a trick to catch her that evening. He had had the whole staircase covered with pitch: when she jumped down, the girl's left slipper got stuck. The king's son picked it up, and it was small and dainty and completely golden. The next morning he went to the man with it and said to him, "No other shall be my wife than the one on whose foot the golden slipper fits."

Then the proud sisters, in order that the shoe might fit them, first cut off the toe of one, and then a piece of the heel of the other. But when the king's son took them, first one and then the other, on his horse and they rode past the grave, the two doves sat on the hazel tree and called out each time:

"Take a look, take a look, blood is in the Schuck (shoe);
The Schuck is too small,
The right bride is still at home."

Then he turned back and sent for the third daughter, and the slipper fitted her like a glove. When she stood up again from putting on the slipper, 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!" As he rode past the grave with her, the two white doves called out:

"Take a look, take a look,
No blood in the Schuck;

The Schuck is not too small,
The right bride, he leads her home."

And when they had shouted this, they both came flying down and sat on Cinderella's shoulders, one on the right, the other on the left, and remained sitting there.

When the wedding with the king's son was to be held, the false sisters came and wanted to ingratiate themselves and share in his happiness. So when the bride and groom went into the church, the eldest was on the right and the youngest on the left, and the doves pecked out one eye of each; then when they went out, the eldest was on the left and the youngest on the right, and the doves pecked out the other eye of each. So they were punished for their wickedness and deceitfulness with blindness for the rest of their lives."

This final sentence, in conjunction with what was said at the beginning, makes the meaning of the folk tale clear without further ado. It is about the judgment that takes place on the soul after death in the house of Glitnir – the tenth of the Edda – of Forsete, the presiding judge, the best of all judges. He is just and infallible, for he is the brother of the radiant, sunny Baldur, or Phol, as the Merseburg proverbs call him. That is why his sign, the tenth or AR rune, is also a sun sign. For according to the German proverb, the sun brings everything to light, all the secrecy of both the pure and the wicked heart. That is why his house Glitnir has the double meaning of the glittering, shining and gliding. He leads some to splendor and happiness, others he lets slide downwards and punishes them with blindness.

In the folk tale, the eagle, the sign of the AR rune, has become the two white doves that reveal and punish the two sisters' falseness. Interpreted runically, the dove signifies hidden (T) life (B). The soul awakens to full consciousness at death, sees itself as in a mirror and must judge itself. For white is the keyword for knowledge. But Cinderella does not make it easy for the king's son to lead her home. She escapes from him twice. The first

time she flees to the dovecote, the second time to the big pear tree on which many pears hang. The dovecote is, of course, the realm of the soul, the afterlife. The pear tree is the house of birth (bar), of rebirth into earthly existence. In the alternation of earthly life, death and rebirth, she first develops the powers that make her ripe to become a royal bride. Finally, the king's son uses a trick: he has the staircase covered with pitch. What is pitch, we already know from the second folk tale. It is only in suffering that true beauty of the soul. That's where the shoe sticks. If there is blood in the shoe, it is the guilty shoe. The golden shoe, the attainment of the golden innocence of the golden age, fits only the royal bride. The sisters try to fake the fitting of the golden shoe; one hits her toe, the other her heel. The cutting off of the toe, which is an image of two, as the Eddic numeral *ta* for two reveals, signifies the external righteousness of works, of which the heart knows nothing. The cutting off of the heel means the hypocritical deprivation of one's own conscience. For the heel is that part of the foot into which the scorpion, the evil conscience, stings. Now we still need to know what the hazel tree and the ashes from which the lentils are picked up actually mean. In the Little Red Riding Hood folk tale, the hazel hedges, the sign of the healing enclosure (Hag- sel), of the Thingstatte led us to the right interpretation. Here too confirms that this is a judgment, the judgment of the soul, the salvation of the soul.

As I said at the beginning, the ashes mean coming into being and passing away again. The soul must pass through death and birth if it wants to purify itself. This is also made clear by the keyword lens. Runic L is the light, N the water, the flood and S the sun, the salvation, the salvation of the sun. Lens can therefore almost be translated as soul-light-nature, which must pass through the waters of adversity in order to be purified. When the Germanic tribes switched from the burial at the gate to the cremation of corpses, this was probably not due to practical considerations, but from a reorganization of their religious beliefs, whether or not fire as having a special purifying power or believed that it could facilitate the soul's transition into the realm of light, and to give souls their cooperative help.

In any case, this transition is the sign of a spiritualization of the concept of the afterlife.

The name Cinderella itself or Cinderella's pot must still today evoke in us the idea of the cinerary urn that came into use with the fire. This wonderful folk tale takes us back to such.

4 11. Hansel and Gretel

Who sees the beautiful folk tale of the wicked witch who lures the little children into her gingerbread house to fatten them up for herself and then eat them, as merely an example of the church's demonization of the German concept of God or even the sober "You'd better not snack!" would be on the wrong track. It is true that the name comes from Hagn.se = Hain-goddess and was probably also an epithet of the priestesses of Freya-Niorun, Vanadis-Tanfana or other goddesses, and that this is why the creator of the folk tale found the creepy idea of witches part of the popular imagination. But how he managed how, despite the malevolent character that religious intolerance had given the mother of the dead, something of the deeper meaning of the pre-Christian conceptions of the afterlife is truly admirable. Admittedly, it was not easy for him, and it is difficult to grasp this hidden meaning, just as difficult as catching a mouse with your bare hands. For mice are caught with a trap; and if the mother wants to get her little mice into the trap, she has to tempt them with all kinds of tasty things. The folk-tale poet himself has pointed out these connections with the last seemingly incoherent brushstroke that he added to his lively painting like a light:

"My tale is over,
There's a Mouse running.
Whoever catches it gets to make a big,
big fur hat out of it."

So if we want to grasp the deeper meaning of this little mouse, we must pay close attention to certain inconspicuous details.

"In front of a great forest there lived, so the tale goes, a poor woodcutter who, when great famine came to the land, at the instigation of his wife, the stepmother of the little ones, decided to abandon his two children, Hansel and Gretel. The boy, however, was a bright lad and

thwarted the plan the first time by scattering white pebbles which he had secretly picked up the night before to mark the way home. He always had to look around and when his father admonished him not to stay behind, he said: "Oh father, I'm looking after my white kitten, she's sitting on the roof and wants to say goodbye to me." The woman said, "Fool, that's not your kitten, it's the morning sun shining on the chimney." They fell asleep in the forest and only at night by moonlight did they find their way back.

Not long after, there was again need in all corners and again they were to be abandoned. This time it was crumbs that Hansel scattered on the road and after his dove on the roof, he pretended to look around. But this time they could not find their way home, for the many thousands of birds flying about in the woods and fields had pecked away the bread.

At noon on the third day they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting on a branch, which sang so beautifully that they stopped and listened to it. Then it waved its wings and flew before them, and they followed it until they came to a little house, on the roof of which it perched, and when they came very near, they saw that the little house was built entirely of bread and covered with cakes, but the windows were made of light sugar. Now when Hansel broke off a little of the roof to try it, and Gretel was pecking at the windows, a fine voice called out from the parlor:

"Knupper, knupper, kneischen,
Who's clucking at my little house?"

The children replied:

"The wind, the wind, the heavenly children,"

and they continued to eat until the old woman, who was a wicked witch, came out, led them into the house and fed them kindly with milk, pancakes with sugar, apples and nuts. The next morning, however, she locked Hansel in a stable to fatten him up. He got the best food, but Gretel got nothing but crab shells. Every morning he had to stick out his fingers so that the old

woman, who had red eyes and could not see far, could feel whether he was getting fat. But he stuck out a knuckle for her. After four weeks she became impatient and decided to slaughter and cook Hansel, whether he was fat or lean. Before that she had the oven fired up and Gretel asked her to crawl in to see if it was properly heated. If Gretel was inside, she was to be roasted and then eaten. Gretel was clumsy, the witch wanted to show her how to do it, but then Gretel gave her a push and she went in so far that she had to burn miserably. For Gretel had quickly closed the iron door and pushed the bolt forward. She quickly freed her brother. The children filled their pockets and aprons with pearls and precious stones which they found in the house, and set out on their way home. After a few hours, they came to a large body of water with no bridge or footbridge and no boat to ferry them across. Only a white duck was floating on it. Then Gretel called out:

"Duckling, duckling,
Here stand Gretel and Hansel.
No footbridge and no bridges,
Take us on your white back."

The duckling approached and brought each child over individually. So they came home happy with their treasures. Then all their worries came to an end and they lived together in pure joy."

Before we turn to the interpretation of the folk tale, we need to look a little at the eleventh rune Sal, Sol, Sig and the number eleven (einlif English end-leofan i.e. one life, or spirit life). For eleven is the soul number and the Lol or sun, which is called the endi-sol or spirit sun by the St. Gallen ABC, is the light in the spirit realm. The Eddic name of the eleven aerir, which means messengers, angels, demons and corresponds with the German Elfen, and on the other hand with the Sol Kötlu synir or sons of the sun of the already Christianized. Solarljods, i.e. the Einheren going out into the ragnaröck battlefield. Odin's question to Wafthrudner is addressed to them.

You say the eleventh, since you know
the Tiwen reckoning completely, Wafthrudner:
What do the Einheren do at the Herenvater
until the Ragnarauken?

And the answer is that they will continue their fighting life there and then sit together reconciled. The meal is prepared for them by the cook And hrímnir in the cauldron Eld- hrímnir from the meat of the boar Soe-Hrímnir. Wind-And, fire-Eld and water-Soe are the elements of the Einheren. The goat Heidrun, who feeds on the foliage Laeradhr of the world ash, provides them with mead. Humans are the foliage of this ash tree. Traces of these ideas have found their way into the drinking customs of our time. For when the student joke states as the content of § II: "People continue to drink", this is a last echo of the drinking-filled existence of the Einheren in the realm of elves or spirits. In a children's folk tale, of course, there could be no talk of drinking and toasting, so it was replaced by the idea of cake and sugar, which makes the mouths of all childish gourmets water. This also makes it clear what the gingerbread witch actually is. It is the grave dise that Brunhild, who has taken on a life of her own, receives with the words:

Skaltu í gögnum ganga eigi
grioti studda garda mína

You should not hike the mountain-
supported Höllhöfe, my child

Our German Grat and Grotte are related to the grioti. There we have the echo of Grete! And Hansel? He reminds us of Hönir's Saal, from which our German friend Hain is derived. For Honir is the second god, the other Ase, of the Germanic trinity, who is iced to the Banes when peace is made between the Ases and Banes, and must descend into the realm of the dead, from which he only returns after Ragnarök, together with the wise Vanes.

That this is the case is hinted at by the folk tale poet through two small features. The children are shown the way to the witch's house by a white bird. In folk tales, the bird is always a symbol of the soul and the white color unequivocally indicates that it is a good, friendly and bright guide.

And the way back to earthly existence is also made possible by a white duck. But Ant or Ent means wind (pneuma) and spirit. The children bring pearls and precious stones back to life, which they find in the witch's house, the spiritual existence. But when they come to the river that separates the hereafter from this world, they have to translate individually. For the path of birth must be traveled individually.

What is the significance of the oven? We already got to know it in the folk tale of Mother Hulda. There, the loaves call out: "Pull us out, we've long been baked." According to the runic key, bread means Bar-od, birth of the spirit and, conversely, Od-bar, Adebar, stork. To be baked means to be ripe for rebirth. When the foolish mother wants to put Gretel in the oven, it means that she wants to make her ready to give birth again. And when Hansel is locked up in a stable for solitary confinement, this still echoes the fact proclaimed by the old secret teachings that the soul must undergo a state of self- reflection before it comes into closer contact with the spiritual world. So everything fits together wonderfully.

However, there are a number of other key words in the folk tale that point to another chain of thought, which we come closer to if we expand on the accompanying world of imagination. We have already become familiar with the elements of air, fire and water. The Einheren are chosen heroes whom Wotan has the Valkyries abduct from the turmoil of battle to help him in the decisive battle with the Fenris wolf. They must pass under the symbols of the eagle and the wolf that hang on Valhalla's Wesitor, i.e. they must be filled with ideal striving and have attained deeper knowledge through suffering. They are the true leaders of mankind. And so this wonderful folk tale also contains a lot about the requirements that someone must fulfill before he is worthy of becoming a leader of humanity.

Hansel appears to us from the very beginning as undaunted and prudent. He comforts his little sister and tells her what to do in every situation. This is the second meaning of his name: he is the Huno, the hero or leader of the herd, who leads his own to salvation. He loves his

homeland and the animals in his parents' house. To find the way home, he scatters white pebbles. This means that he is consciously holding on to the inherited forms of reverence, recognizing (gravel) the light (EL) that the stone enclosure of the sanctuary provides. All the great Germans, a Bismarck, a Hindenburg, an Emperor Wilhelm I were deeply religious and even the free spirit Frederick the Great knew how to respect the religious convictions of others, as Leuthen proves. On his second walk into the forest, he scatters bread, which we have already seen above as a cover word for spiritual birth. This stage of spiritual development, which grows beyond the framework of a particular creed and yet feels deeply connected to the divine spirit that blows through the universe, is characterized most succinctly by the name Goethe. To the first stage belongs the cat (KT = hidden grasp), the night animal that looks in the dark, for this kind of piety is rooted in the unconscious, in the blood, in feeling. The dove (TB = hidden life) belongs to the second level, as a symbol of the powers of personality (bar) that lift knowledge into the spiritual realm.

The moonlight makes it easier to return home for the first time. The moon is an image of MANU, or the leader of mankind, who maintains the connection with the spiritual world.

The other keywords Knupper (KN) and Kuchen (cake) point to the blood connections. For no one becomes a leader in whose lineage (KN, GN) certain characteristics have not been prepared through selection and enhancement. That's why Hansel is also the one who gorges himself on the cake that makes up the roof. Even the food served to the children does not lack a certain relationship to the conditions of leadership: Milk (ML-K = mal-Kun) tells of faithful adherence to tradition, pancakes (Fan-kuk) of conscious selection, sugar (S-K-R) of the salvation that lies in the cultivation of clan law, apples (afel = vitality) of proper physical exercise, nuts (NS = new salvation) of adaptation to the constantly changing conditions of life. This second leitmotif of the folk tale can even be heard in the conclusion of the folk tale from which I started. For the large, large fur hat also includes a large head, with a large brain capacity, as we would say

today, and a fur hat was still very popular in those times in which the folk tale was created, almost a badge of wealth and nobility, while the common man had to make do with a felt hat.

So everything fits together perfectly. And when our German people regain the right insight into the spiritual world, into the realm of the elves, then they will not lack the leaders to guide them to salvation and victory. Like the eleventh rune, the folk tale of Hansel and Gretel is about all this.





Snow White

↑ 12. Snow White

The twelfth place in the Tyr rune belongs to Snow White as a true resurrection folk tale. For the Tyr rune also deals with the resurrection, as those verses from the Havamal prove:

I have a twelfth, hanging from the tree
one strangled above;
I'll carve it with runes,
the man descends and talks to me.

That is why the letter T is the gallows wood on which Hanga-Tyr, the hanging god, i.e. Odin himself, hangs for nine eternal nights. The Eddic name of the twelve is *töglod*, mystery, to indicate that the resurrection from the dead is the essential content of the Ur-Aryan secret doctrine. That is why the twelfth god, who is called Landvidi, the turning and evergreen pasture land, is called Widar, the avenger of Wotan on the wolf, the silent Aesir, *tögl-as* and among the Saxons *teगतon*. The Saxon Liutpert, who was badly wounded in the battle of Notteln, was carried to his soft place to die in the certainty of resurrection. But according to this doctrine there are two resurrections, one in spiritual existence, whose signs are the eleventh rune Sol and the eleven number, and the other, which only comes after Ragnarök, the end of the world, in the sign of the twelfth rune Tyr and the number twelve. So the grains of gold of this knowledge are still evident in the German language, but no one picks them up. Nobody thinks about why the German does not continue to count one-ten and two-ten but eleven (*einlif*) and twelve (*tuleif*, the second or other life).

That is why Snow White, unlike the goose maiden, must also have black hair. Because black is the dark color of mystery. But Snow White is also the folk tale of the three temptations. It explains the way in which man, mankind, is doomed to death, to darkness, has lost the awareness of its immortality. In contrast to the Goose Girl, Snow White's natural and

mythical core still shines through.

What does nature do when it wants to save the sprouts of life through the evil snow and winter time into brighter, warmer days? She gives the germ, the nut with a hard shell. It encloses it in a glass coffin. This is exactly what happens to spiritual currents. They develop a language of forms and formulas through which the highest spiritual values can be passed on, even by the incomprehensible and the immature, until a generation grows up in which the germs can blossom into a new flower. The German folk tales themselves are an excellent example of this. This already reveals one meaning of the Snow White motif from the Glassage. Snow White harbors the knowledge of the soul's need for the sun (SN). Snow White has black hair, black as ebony, the goose's hair is golden. The difference is of course not realistic in terms of the box, but is to be understood symbolically. The ebony = Ewen wood is the key word. According to the world age doctrine of the primal religion, the golden age is followed by the silver, copper and iron ages. We are now in this, the Kali-yoga of the Indians.

Once they have expired after 432,000 years – a number common to India, Persia and the Edda – they are to be followed by the Wooden Age. The Edda sings of this:

"In Widar's wooded land,
tall grass and greenery grow."

Snow White's other colors, including the three red drops of blood, are the same as those of the goose girl. The difference in hair color clearly shows that the theme here is different. It is not the preservation of the divine origin (gold) that is important, but the reawakening to that second life of which our number twelve has enough to tell those in the know. Like the unfaithful maid in the Goose Maiden folk tale, Snow White's proud, vain, envious, malicious stepmother is the spiritual antithesis. She questions her mirror (self-consciousness):

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
who is the fairest of them all?

When her stepdaughter is described as a thousand times more beautiful, the huntsman is ordered to kill her. He takes pity on her, lets her go, stabs a young boar and brings the queen's lungs and liver as a symbol, which she has boiled in salt and eats. The huntsman appears more frequently in folk tales, for example in Little Red Riding Hood, where he also has a good and helpful effect. His identifiers are J and G, i.e. the ninth and eighteenth runes: I and Gelt. We are therefore not wrong to see in him the divine core of man, the spiritual man. He stabs a newcomer who is already characterized by his name as the son (ing) of FrohS. As is well known, Froh – Freyr rides on a golden-bristled boar and lives in Alfheim in the land of elves – from which our dear Adebar, the spirit-bearer, also fetches the little souls; for this is precisely what the frog kingdom means. If the spirit-man is to be born, the childlike state of innocence must be lost. The queen consumes the lungs and liver of the newborn. The lung is that which produces the breath and the spiritual consciousness (L-ung = son of light). The liver is connected to the flow of nourishing juices and is an image of the organic life of the body.

Like a vampire, the queen wants to take these powers from the supposedly reddened stepdaughter to heal her (salt) and render her harmless at the same time. In the meantime, however, she has been taken in by the seven dwarves. The seven dwarves are, of course, the seven planets which, according to the teachings of astrology and palmistry, are reflected in the character and fate of man and in the lines of his hand. I will try to make this probable through the seven questions of the dwarfs, although I am happy to admit that one can also arrive at a different interpretation.

The first asks: "Who sat on my little chair?" This is (St-ul) the wise Saturn, to whom the middle finger is dedicated. The second: "Who has eaten from my plate?" This is (TLR) the divider, Zwisterreger, Tuisto, Mars, to whom the palm is dedicated. The third: "Who has taken from my

roll?" This is (Bar Od) the Sun as the carrier of life, to which the ring finger corresponds. The fourth: "Who has eaten of my vegetables?" This is (GMS.) the money-making star Mercury, which rules the little finger as the "little vegetable". The fifth: "Who has pricked my little fork?" This is (GBL.) the generous Jupiter, to whom the index finger is dedicated. The sixth: "Who has cut my little knife?" This is (MSR) the timekeeper Moon, whose mountain dominates the ball between Mars and the thumb.

The seventh: "Who has drunk from my knowledge?" This is (B K) Venus, who always joins Bacchus, is herself characterized by the pelvis and rules the base of the thumb.

The child is found at the birtle of the seventh dwarf, Venus. The maiden has to keep house for the dwarves and is looked after by them. The stepmother tries to kill her three times, first with a lace that blocks her breath, the second time with a poisoned comb, and finally with a poisoned apple.

First, the mind is so constricted by concepts that the soul runs out of breath. Then the will is inoculated with poisonous germs of false selfish striving, and finally the emotional life, the very element of the soul, is seduced by sensual deception. Snow White succumbs to all three temptations. Not even the helpful dwarves, the astral cosmic forces, can make up for the last intervention. But the girl does not have to die either.

In this way, the dwarves can ensure that the lovely apparition, enclosed in the glass coffin, is preserved. They write her name on the coffin in golden letters and tell her that she is the king's daughter. Then they place the coffin on a mountain, and one of them always stands guard. And the animals also come and weep for Snow White, first an owl, then a raven, and finally a dove. The owl (UI) is the divine wisdom, the raven (R B) the right living thinking, which is divided into (Hugin) thinking and (Munin) remembering, and the dove (T B), the dark power of the blood, the organic instinctive subconscious. These three powers of thought maintain life even in torpor.

At last a king's son approaches and persuades the dwarves to give him the coffin. The bearers stumble over a bush, the poisonous apple falls out and the mock-dead woman awakens. Here, too, wickedness is punished. The stepmother has to dance herself to death at the wedding in red-hot shoes.

The apple is linguistically related to waste, just as the Latin *malum* means both apple and evil. The apple is therefore not only in the Old Testament narrative, the apple is linked to the Fall of Man, which always has an erotic element, but with its beautiful red, delightful but poisoned half it describes the deceptive world of the senses, which seduces the soul into becoming so involved with matter that it forgets the spiritual world and dies to it. But if the apple escapes from the mouth, if the soul is freed from the greed of grasping, then it can awaken again to the higher world and free the king's son. But the vain, arrogant mind must dance itself to death in iron, red-hot shoes. The frenzy of the sensual world destroys. The shoe becomes the shoe of guilt, the Eddic symbol of the number eight, of respect.

Red heat is the astral color of the lower passion. Iron marks the stepmother as the iron age. Black, white and red are also the colors of the German Empire, as founded by Bismarck, the storm flag of the World War, which still flies on the seas. Thus a special application of the three temptations of Snow White to the German soul may follow. The stepmother is all the evil foreign forces that want to destroy the German soul.

First, the German spirit was forced into the straps of foreign concepts. This began with the Roman character, continued with Judaized elements of faith and culminated in all kinds of international slogans and deceptive words. Then the sharp comb of foreign will ran through our hair. The Roman idea of empire distracted the German will to act from its actual goals. The German emperors who traveled to Rome condemned the German kingship to impotence. Roman law suppressed German freedom.

Material acquisition, elevated to an end in itself, finally dominated thought and action exclusively.

But the German soul will awaken again, spit out the poisonous apple, against which disgust is growing in many places, and awaken once more to its native glory. Perhaps the king's son will soon approach her. This is the comforting folk tale of the glass coffin.



⚡ 13. The Goose-herdess at the Well

With Widar's twelfth house close the divine dwellings that Grimnismal, the fire magic song of the Edda, reveals to us. With the twelfth constellation of Pisces, which is also found in the Edda as a code word for Widar, who appears when the Seer calls for fish in the rocks, the zodiacal pictures come to a close. With the sign of hope and salvation, a sign also originally closed the alphabet. But the realization progressed with the development. Gradually the darkness spread over the future darkness spread over the future. And just as when approaching a mountain range, which from a distance appears as a uniform massif, the individual peaks gradually become distinguishable, the same happened on the high path of mankind. It became obvious that with the Twelve the development had not yet completed, that it was the task of mankind to step out of the spell of the twelve signs of the zodiac, to free themselves from the spell of animalism. This moment occurred when the personality, the human ego, was born. Group souls reveal themselves in plants and animals. Only the human being can attain a clear consciousness of his individuality, his individual ego. With this, a tremendous task falls to him, like the burden of a mountain. His individuality enclosed by birth (bar) and death (stretcher) becomes that irreplaceable, unique way of which Nietzsche once spoke of. But he feels lonely, separated from the cosmic forces. The icy breath of loneliness surrounds him. He is cast out by his father into a dark forest and he must shed many tears. Once he has taken the burden upon himself, he can never go back. It is as if it has grown on his back and more and more is placed upon him. But there is no prospect of freedom. After all, he has lost his connection with the cosmic forces. Only now, cut off from the true meaning of existence, does he recognize the full force of death.

The animal does not have an actual reflective consciousness of death. Man recognizes the tremendous contradiction between the individual value of his personality and its seemingly complete annihilation in death. Thus

the thirteenth is not only the bearer of burdens (Bar), but also the one consecrated to death. In the number Thirteen, whose Eddic name is thyss (corpse wood), only become aware of their death. Hence the popular superstition that when thirteen are together, one of them must die. This belief has other contexts. Suffice it to point out the position of the thirteenth rune bar in the rune system.

How can man now get out of this depressing, almost desperate situation? But only by developing forces of knowledge within himself that lead him back to his origin, that show him how he is interwoven with the vast universe and thereby lift his isolation, his isolation again. He must return to the teaching of the great master of the Egyptian initiation of TOT – Hermes-Trismegistos, which is laid down in the *tabula smaragdina* and culminates in the following: "This is irrefutably true, that everything below is as above and above as below," that the macrocosm, the world, has created a true mirror image of itself in the microcosm, the human being. This is what our folk tale wants to say with the name Ganshirtin, which was already explained in the fourth folk tale, and with the emerald box that the young count receives from the old woman in the forest as thanks for his help. As this wonderful folk tale is little known, I must first give a brief outline of the plot.

"A very old mother lived in the wilderness with her geese, surrounded by the forest. It once happened that a young earl lost his way in this forest and met the little mother as she was struggling to carry home grass she had cut for the geese in a sling, together with a basket of apples and pears. As he had a compassionate heart, he offered to help her. She accepted this service with some reluctance. However, when he had taken on the load, which seemed almost too heavy for him, she did not let him go, and even jumped up onto the grass load herself, urging him on with the crop and mocking him. It seemed to him that the old woman was as heavy as any sluggish farmer's wife. When they got to the hut, there was another ugly old daughter there. The old woman, however, was now very kind, and as a parting gift, in gratitude for his service, gave him a little box cut out of an

emerald, adding, "Keep it well; it will bring you luck."

For three days he wandered around in the wilderness, then he came to a large city. There he let himself be led into the royal palace and, kneeling down, presented the little box to the queen. When she opened the box and saw a precious pearl inside, she fainted. When she regained consciousness, she let all the others go out and told the young count about her outcast daughter, whose tears had turned into pearls just like the ones in the emerald box. That was why the sight of them had touched her so deeply. When the king had wanted to distribute his kingdom to his three daughters, each of them had been asked to say how much she loved her father. One would have compared her love to the sweetness of sugar; the second would have said that she loved her father as much as her most beautiful clothes. The third would not have known what to compare her love for her father to, but as he had pressed her, she would have said that what people needed for all food, what they needed most, was salt, so she would have compared her love to salt. The father became very angry and distributed the kingdom to the two older daughters, but gave the youngest a sack of salt and then had her driven into the forest. He later regretted his anger. But no matter how hard they searched, they never found the child again. Now the search began anew in that forest and the young count separated from the king and queen.

While this was going on, the ugly daughter was sitting in the old woman's room at the spinning wheel, spinning. Then two fiery eyes of a night owl appeared at the window and it called out three times: "ulm." Immediately the old witch warned the young one that now was the time. So she went out to a well under three oaks, pulled a wrinkled skin from her face and washed it and the golden hair that appeared. The young count, who had just climbed a tree there to keep an eye out, saw her eyes shining and leaned forward to get a better look. A branch cracked. The girl ran off in a hurry and wanted to tell the old woman what she had seen. The old woman refused, saying she already knew, took a broom and began to sweep everything. When the girl asked her what that meant, she replied that she

would have to leave the house tomorrow, as her three years would be up. Then she sat back down at the Spinning wheel. Then there was a knock. It was the royal couple and the young count, who had met at the little house. The old woman called out kindly: "Come in!" There was great joy when the parents found their daughter again. The old woman gave the gooseherdess all the pearls to which her tears had turned, and before she disappeared, she touched the little goose so that it rattled in the walls, and suddenly it had become a splendid castle. The narrator concludes that her grandmother, from whom she got the folk tale, had already lost her memory and no longer knew the ending herself. The count probably married the king's daughter. But whether the geese were enchanted young girls – this is not meant to be an allusion to the prostitutes present – is uncertain. The narrator says that the old woman probably gave the king's daughter the gift of weeping tears that turned into pearls when she was born. Nowadays this no longer happens. Otherwise the poor could easily become rich."

This conclusion alone shows – perhaps the narrator's poor memory is only a pretext for this – that the key words cannot be decisive in this folk tale, but that only the main features of the story are important. However, this line of direction is so clearly worked out that the deeper meaning can no longer be in doubt after what was said at the beginning. In the three sisters, from whom the father demands a special expression of their love – a motif that Shakespeare has worked out so masterfully in *King Lear* – their way of thinking is to be characterized by the comparison they have chosen, without one having to look for anything special in the words sugar, clothes, salt. Only the salt could be interpreted as Sal = salvation. For the youngest daughter walks the path of salvation, which leads through suffering. The fact that all the tears she sheds are caught by a benevolent folk and turned into pearls is not only a reference to the belief still prevalent today that pearls mean tears, but in connection with the emerald box reveals to us a great cosmic law: the doctrine of karma.

Whoever is given a special task in life must fulfill it under all circumstances. If he does not persevere to the end, he must atone all the

more severely. This applies to the individual as well as to whole peoples. Fate is relentless. It takes on more than we think we can bear. But it is only through this compulsion that the highest tensile forces unfold. Then there is no lack of reward. It is the cosmos itself – seen in the folk tale in the image of the emerald box – that absorbs the beneficial effect of our suffering and stores it like a precious pearl. For suffering is necessary for higher development. It does not need to be sought out. It arises of its own accord.

Let this be your consolation, you German people, against whom the whole world has conspired to destroy you. Just hold out, they will not succeed. Heed what I called out to you back then, when your path of suffering began:

"Suffering only wears Tranen pearl jewelry.
Therefore, whoever is chosen for the deepest suffering -
Learn to understand this, German people, only rightly -
Is one day destined for the highest.
He is followed, purified by such adversity,
by the crown of exalted life."

But this elevated life consists in the fact that the gates of the spiritual world open to you, which exists beyond space and time for all eternity and of which the earthly world is only a parable.

We are only at the beginning of our knowledge of the vibrations orbiting the earth at the speed of light and their technical utilization. Is it too bold to assume that there are also vibrations in the spiritual realm that trigger certain resistances or chords in the spiritual cosmos, which is governed by moral forces? But the law of karma wants to say nothing else:

People, do not try too hard to avoid adversity, for whoever wants to rise higher can do so through suffering, cutting into the soul as well, as with sharp knives. He who created pain for others must mend it all. But he who has wrought salvation to make others happy, will one day pluck delicious

ripe fruit from the tree that grows through the world from the primordial crown. Eternal home's splendor shows, shining like the suns.

Do I need to emphasize explicitly what is meant by the fountain where three oaks stand and where the goose-herdess washes her face and her golden hair, what the golden hare and the goose-maid herself mean? Does the call of the night owl – that symbol of wisdom already known to the Greeks – have to tell us that now is the right hour to penetrate the secrets of the spiritual cosmos?

To turn the eyes that have been veiled by the gray fog of everyday life back to the eternal land of the sun and to show the German people that the sea of blood and tears through which they must pass does not mean an unfeeling burning danger – that is the special task that this folk tale has set me. The more clearly the German people see through these deep connections, the more inexorably the awareness of the high task of world history that the Almighty has placed on our shoulders will dawn. If we fail to recognize it, nothing can stop our downfall. If we recognize and solve it, nothing can deny us the final victory. Then the German people will truly be the chosen people.



† 14. The Tale of the Singing and Jumping Lion

The bar rune is followed by the laf rune, the thirteenth (thyss with dead threatening content) the fourteenth (fert = journey) the Siegfried number. Anyone who has read the interpretation of the previous folk tale with attention, not doubt for a moment which solution the dori knot challenges.

Bar and Laf stand in opposition to each other, although they both mean life. Bar is the burden, the heaviness, the mountain, the task; Laf is the light, lightness, fluidity over which the heaviness no longer has control. The nonsense of the world, the realization of which threatens to overwhelm the soul, as I described in the previous folk tale, must give way to the world-sense. It is into this sense that enlightenment, initiation and Siegfried is the Germanic initiate, like his Persian cousin Feridun, a dragon-slayer and a driver into the realm of the dead. Therefore, the Eddic name of the fourteen, while Sigi = Sol = Sal, as we saw in the Elf, denotes the realm of the dead, just like dun (Greek thanatos, Eddic Thund), the second syllable of the name Feridun.

That is why the folk tale of the lion's eagle, which contains its whole meaning in its title, belongs in the sign of the Laf rune and in the Siegfried number fourteen. You shouldn't look for this strange little animal in any zoology book and yet it is most closely related to the lark, the Low German Lewark. For like the lark in the blue room lost, singing its song of joy, that is how the soul feels, that has entered the eternal kingdom of light. Erft this is life, this alone, but it is hidden from human eyes, therefore Lew-ark, the Arcanum (Greek arxos) of life.

Does the modern city dweller in his haste and restlessness feel anything at all of this natural, unaffected cheerfulness of the heart that is like a singing and sounding, a dancing and jumping in the bliss of May? The pure naive child of nature has it in its original beauty. The pondering, brooding

man, weighed down by the burden of his responsibilities has lost it. He who is immersed in the glorious kingdom of light finds it again. Our folk tale tells of losing and finding the initiation again: "A father was asked by his youngest and dearest daughter to bring her a singing and jumping lion cub on her return from a journey. He searched in vain for a long time. At last he found one sitting high up on a tree in a castle courtyard. But when he wanted to take it with him, a fierce lion refused because it was his property. At the father's request, he gave it up on the condition that he would be brought whatever the father came across first when he returned home. The father made this promise, but was not a little startled when his youngest daughter was the first to jump out at him on his return home.

When she learned of the difficult condition, she was not at all frightened and dared to deal with the lion. She was right to do so, for the lion was not a terrible beast of prey at all, but a prince enchanted by a witch together with his comrades. During the day they had to be lions, but at night they regained their human form. So they always slept during the day and woke up at night. The girl married the princely lion and was happy with him. When her eldest sister married, her husband gladly allowed her to attend the wedding. But when the second married, she even knew how to get her dear lion to come along. After all, she wanted to show hers how happy she was. Of course, he attached a condition to his consent: no rays from the wedding torches and church lights should fall on him, otherwise he would be bewitched. In order to fulfill this condition, a thick, windowless hall was built around him. Unfortunately, fresh wood was used for the door, which shrank. This created a hair-thin gap that nobody noticed. A ray of light fell on him through this gap and he immediately turned into a white dove for seven years and had to fly away. But so that his wife would not lose him completely, he dropped drops of blood and a white feather every seven steps. Once this stopped, and in her distress she ran to the sun, the moon and the night wind and asked them where the dove had gone. She received a small box from the sun, a golden egg from the moon and a nut from the night wind, which also told her what he had learned

from the south wind and where she should look for her husband. He had become a lion again and was fighting a lindworm on the Red Sea. He told her to cut off the eleventh rod from the shore and beat both animals with it. Then they would be transformed. She was to swing herself onto the griffin with the prince, her husband, but so that he would carry her safely across the sea, she was to throw the nut into it, from which a nut tree would quickly grow, on which the griffin could rest. She followed the instruction, but the maiden, daughter of a witch, into whom the lindworm had been transformed, was more agile than she, swung herself and the prince onto the griffin and carried him off.

After a long search, the abandoned wife found the castle where the two lived and freed her beloved from the witch's daughter. She was helped by the gifts of the sun and moon. For in the box was a wonderful dress, which the kidnapper coveted, but only received in return for permission to sleep in the prince's chamber for one night. But it was of no help to her that she lamented her sorrow and tried to awaken the memory in him, for the witch's daughter had given him a sleeping draught. Now the loving seeker opened the golden egg, the gift of the moon, and out came twelve lovely little golden chicks. The false woman liked them so much that she gave her permission once more to possess them. This time the prince was warned, so he poured away the sleeping draught, awoke from his stupor, and escaped with his regained wife on the back of the griffin. The nut, the gift of the night wind, did the service he had predicted.

For those who approach the interpretation of this story using what was said at the beginning and remembering the interpretation of the earlier folk tales, it offers no difficulties whatsoever. The lion is life in the light of the spiritual world, in initiation. Our daytime consciousness has lost this connection; only at night does our soul plunge into the realm that we call the unconscious, but which has a thoroughly positive content. The folk tale expresses this change of consciousness through the regaining of human form by the lion in the night. The second transformation of the lion into a white dove, i.e. the withdrawal into the realm of hidden (T) life (B) and the

powers of the soul (bird), is an effect of the church candles. It goes back to a certain development in German church history. The church itself lost the esoteric core, which every true religion has, more and more, became rationalistic, externalized. Therefore, the tradition of the old initiation could not flourish in its care. However, the memory of it was not completely lost. From time to time, mystics such as Master Eckehard, Angelus Silesius and Jakob Böhme appeared again and again, using their lifeblood to draw spiritual powers from the primordial grounds. This is what the drops of blood and the white feathers (F Dr = spiritual power) mean, which the white dove dropped every seven steps. For this is something sacred (Hagal = 7).

The soul, which has become rare, finally loses its way completely, so it had to turn to the cosmic forces (sun, moon and night wind). The night wind shows her the right way. Night is connected with adversity and wind is an image of the spirit. This has undoubtedly been fulfilled in our days. The consciousness of the spiritual world has awakened in the German people in the terrible time of need in which we live, and we now know the path on which we can rediscover a spiritual life. The eleventh rod to be broken off is obviously the eleventh rune Sol, the midnight or spiritual sun. With its help we disenchant the lion, our life. But life still faces a difficult battle with the lindworm on the Red Sea. The desert spirit of those from the Red Sea must be overcome. This spirit is extraordinarily agile. There is a great danger that it will take possession of us once again. Then we have to search anew and make use of the help of the spirits of light, the cosmic forces. The sun, the sun spirit, gives us a new radiant robe. Deep powers lie hidden within us, which we only need to develop in order to completely transform the appearance of our soul. The gift of the changing moon are the cosmic powers of the twelve constellations, each of which corresponds to a particular limb of our life.

Finally, the nut holds a new salvation in its two runic colors N and S, which should turn our misery (N). With vigor it is therefore necessary, briefly determined to reshape the outer order of life from the inside out in

this turning point in the world, otherwise the griffin, the guardian of the gold hoard (his name echoes Greipa, the second of the Heimdall mothers), would end up tiring on his journey across the Red Sea.

In one of his most brilliant Reichstag speeches, the most rhetorically significant of Bismarck's successors once coined the phrase:

"What does not belong to Moses and the prophets
tends to drown in the Red Sea."

One look at the devastating atrocities of the Bolshevik reign of terror in Russia is enough to realize that this word has long become a gruesome reality. Let us not allow ourselves to be lulled into careless optimism: The danger of drowning in a sea of blood is not yet over for Germany either.

The path we have to travel until our dear lion is released from all enchantment is long and arduous, surrounded by dangers.

Let us therefore call upon the gifts of the spiritual forces of the world for help, let us awaken to a clear awareness of our task, then our soul will rediscover the lost life and the true joy of the heart, of which the folk tale so meaningfully reports in the images of the lion and the singing and jumping lion eagle.



‡ 15. The Founding Bird

The German name of the number fifteen Mandel corresponds exactly to the fifteenth or madr rune, which represents the image of a man with his arms raised to the sky, or a tree with three branches, the world ash tree. However, since this in turn, as Mimir's tree (mima meidr) is also an image of man, the two images coincide perfectly. The almond tree, which the folk tale turns into a machelder tree is at the same time the runic tree with fifteen shoots, which comprises the whole Futhark from 1-15. This is clear from the fact that the Eddic name of the number one is also madr. As far as the fifteen is a final number – this is the origin of the masonry custom still practiced today at the end of the working day, significantly in Yiddish pronunciation – but it also has the additional meaning of world judgment, Ragnarok and as the doctrine of the end of the world, which follows it, is part of the essential content of the secret code, the fifteen is the almond, as can be seen in medieval symbols, the fifteenth rune, a mystery sign. The Eddic name of the fifteen is now fundr and the name Fundvogel therefore means the content of the secret doctrine that fills the soul. The folk tale describes the origin of the German secret doctrine and the transformations that it had to undergo in order to save itself from persecution.

The persecution came from the Church in particular, which, in order to facilitate the introduction of Christianity, according to Pope Gregory the Great, initially showed itself to be extraordinarily tolerant of the German wisdom and broad-mindedness, but later proceeded with great severity. However harsh Charlemagne was against the followers of the old faith in conquered Saxony, he had a collection of Germanic heroic songs compiled. Only his weak-willed son Louis, who was known as "the pious" because of his accessibility to ecclesiastical influences, destroyed these songs. But, even if the Germanic folk religion very soon gave way to Christianity, which was superior in many respects and supported by state power, its esoteric core was preserved under various protective cloaks and even permeated Christian

ideas, as can be seen in the old Saxon Heliand and in the writings of Albertus MaZnus and Master Ekkehard. A secret language was developed for this concealment, the elements of which were present in the runes from time immemorial. The best proof of how well this concealment succeeded is the fact that even today renowned scholars simply deny this meaning of the runes and fiercely defend themselves against anyone who dares to challenge the truth of their doctrine, which places the origin of the runes in the third century after the birth of Christ and seeks to distinguish them from the Roman and Greek alphabets.

The folk tale knows better. It says: "Once upon a time there was a forester who went hunting in the forest, and as he entered the forest he heard a cry as if it were a small child. He followed the cry and finally came to a tall tree: a small child was sitting on top of it. But the mother had fallen asleep with the child under the tree, and a bird of prey had seen the child in her lap; so he had flown to it, taken it away with his beak, and placed it on the high tree – that is, he had not carried it to his starving brood in the nest. The forester took it down, brought it home, had it reared together with his light and called it the Founding bird. Both girls loved each other so much that when one didn't see the other, it was sad."

The Founding bird is nothing other than the ancient runic knowledge. The mother, the motherly primal right, the primal mother right has fallen asleep, so a bird of prey (the sun-arrow) had to come and rescue it to the top of a high tree, the world ash tree. There the spirit man (hunter) finds it, takes care of the child and gives it to his daughter Lene, the light nature of the German kind, as a dear playmate. The German soul recognizes in the runic being something inwardly related to him.

But the forester had a cook called Anne, which is the sensual type (S. N. Sonnen-Nacht) that is attuned to the gross sensual and wants nothing to do with the high spiritual being, materialism. She told Lenchen: "Tomorrow morning, when the forester is out hunting, I'll boil the water, and when it boils in the kettle, I'll throw the found bird into it and boil it."

Who doesn't think of the witch trials, under the guise of which the last remnants of the old Aryan faith, even if it had gone wild in the meantime, were to be put to death? "Early the next morning, the two children vowed not to leave each other and fled. The cook sent three servants after them. Then the children, in order to escape pursuit, turned themselves first into a rosebush with a rose on it, then into a church with a crown in it, and finally into a pond with a duck. As the old cook got to her feet and wobbled up behind the three servants, wanting to drink up the pond, the duck came swimming up, grabbed her by the head with her beak and pulled her into the water, and the old witch drowned. The children went home together and were very happy; and if they did not die, they are still alive today."

The three transformations are so clearly marked that there can hardly be any doubt. The rose bush with the rose on it is of course the femrose. In the sacred Feme – none is five, the number of the Rechit or legal rune – namely in Westphalia, which held its Thingtage on sacred red earth, on the ground of ancient law, the German legal consciousness resisted the intrusion of Roman law. In Bavaria, this became the Haberfeldtreiben. The church with the crown in it is the medieval building lodge, which has concealed much ancient wisdom in the symbolism of German cathedral buildings and in their forms of craftsmanship and consecration. The heirs, hardly aware of such origins, have become the Masonic orders.

Finally, the duck swimming on the pond denotes the spirit. The St. Gallen ABC, for example, designates the eleventh or elven rune Sol as Endi-Sol, spirit sun. Considering that AR or eagle is the heraldic sign of this "spiritual science", which is used both in the Heraldic art, as in every secret sign art, thus also in German legends and folk tales, created incomparable monuments for itself, one will have to admit that the collective name ARMANE gives the ruse for this is quite happily chosen. The pond is reminiscent of Tök dark, but also of lacus, lagu primordial water, primordial law. Aryanism has understood how to preserve the knowledge of primordial laws in veiled forms.

But the primordial law is not able to drink up the cook (materialism), the German spirit (duck) will grab her by the head and pull her into the depths of the spiritual being. For the German soul (Lene) and the runic wisdom (Founding bird) have not yet died. They are still alive.





The Ragamuffins

λ 16. The Ragamuffins

The fifteenth rune ki and the sixteenth ending R together form a unit and there is also a common sign for them, the Tvimadr turning horn *. In a sense, the final R, the sixteenth rune, is only an appendage to the fifteenth, the M.

If the sixteenth rune Yrr denotes error, then the Tvimadr sign must express the doctrine: "Through error the path leads to truth" and to the truth" and "through overthrow a new upswing is prepared."

In recent years, the German people have gone through the signs of error and upheaval. It is up to us, through creative reconstruction that a new upswing follows the upheaval, that the promises of the fulfill the promises of the turning horn, that it becomes a horn of salvation.

I cannot exhaust the full content of this double syllable in the context of folk tale interpretation. The double syllable MR, which is truly inexhaustible like the sea sea, encompassing motherhood and death and including the highest miracle. I would just like to end with a little satire that ends with the lesson: "Harm makes you wise" and "Don't trust the wicked, vile person."

The subject of the satire, written in a foolishly exuberant tone is the un-German court system. Anyone who has ever had to deal with know what a thankless thing this is, that the costs and the costs are grossly disproportionate to the ultimate aim of securing justice. As Fritz Reuter so wittily described in his journey to Belligen, just as exuberant, but also fierce, is the satire that the folk tale "Ragamuffins".

"The chicken said to the hen: "Now is the time when the nuts are ripe. Let's go up the mountain together and eat our fill before the squirrel takes them all away." Rooster and chicken are signs of jurisdiction. The Nussberg

means, like the nut hedge at Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother's house makes it clear, the old place of justice. Chickens and hens do not regard jurisdiction as a sacred administration of justice, but as a feeding trough.

"Whether they had eaten themselves so fat or had become overconfident, they did not want to walk home. Chicken had to build a small wagon of nutshells, but did not want to hitch himself to it, as Chicken demanded.

A duck came quacking along and went after the intruders in their mountain of nuts, but was overcome and had to be harnessed to the cart as punishment."

What is left over from the court business is intended to enable this type of court personnel to get on comfortably. How often do the parties fight in court over the empty shells when the process has long since devoured the material core. The duck, the spirit, defends itself against the intruders, but is defeated and still has to provide the formal court business (Ihring called it conceptual jurisprudence). How much legal acumen must be applied to the formal side of the legal process!

"On the way, they took two scrawny journeymen tailors, a pin and a sewing needle with them on the wagon, in exchange for the promise not to step on Chicken's feet." – The two, who were late for their beer, are characterized by this small procession as drifters and good-for-nothings who, easily slipping through the cracks of the legal system themselves, hurt honest people.

"In the evening they knew how to beguile an innkeeper with sweet speeches so that he would take them in on the promise that he could keep the egg that the hen had laid on the way, as well as yours, which lays one every day.

But in the morning, when everything was asleep, they pecked open the

egg themselves, threw the shells on the stove, stuck the sewing needle into the innkeeper's chair cushion and the pin into his towel and flew away, while the duck, who liked to sleep in the open air, heard them purring away, perked up and found a stream to swim away on. The innkeeper, however, was the victim of the mischief played on him by the ragamuffins. First the pin pricked him in the face as he was drying off, then the eggshells popped into his eyes as he tried to light a pipe at the stove, and finally, as he sat down glumly in his grandfather's chair, the sewing needle pricked him again worse, and not in the head. So he swore not to take such ragamuffins into his house again."

The bruised and fooled landlord can probably only refer to the German sovereigns who supported Roman law because of the advantages they expected it to bring. But the new jurisdiction cost more than it brought in, eating up the egg that had been laid. The hoped-for intellectual upswing failed to materialize. The duck floated away. All that remained were the rogues (the needles, the lowly), the crooks who turned their points against the host himself. And the empty eggshells still sprang from the stove into his eyes. What little he had left in the way of fees blinded his eyes and prevented him from recognizing the damage done. – When will the landlord, the German people, the German state finally wake up and get rid of the ragamuffins?

To avoid misunderstandings, I emphasize that the folk tale castigates the jurisdiction of its time and the damage that followed the introduction of a law that was alien to the people. Certainly, many things have changed in the meantime. But the facts remain: a legal formalism that makes judgments based on abstract concepts without always doing justice to the fullness of real life, a legal formalism in which random majorities decide on important laws instead of the law being based on the living legal consciousness of the best of the whole people, and an economic disproportion between effort and success. How long did it take, for example, for the courts to abandon the absurd view that "paper marks are equal to gold marks"! What a barrage of contradictory and sometimes

unreasonable laws, which in the end no-one paid any attention to, the legislative machine has spewed out on our poor people, thereby undermining respect for the law in general! How often are the legal costs higher than the whole thing is worth! The reason for sharp satire has therefore remained, even if today it is directed less against individuals than against a particular system.

Of course, my aim was not to criticize our current situation, but to show the very real conditions to which the content of the folk tales points out the living present value and at the same time the general significance they have. Let us learn from him to look at everything from the point of view of eternity. Only then will we find the line of development leading upwards.

Only then will we move from error to truth and enter into a new marriage with it. Then the final verses of Wala's message will be fulfilled:

"For a rich man comes to the circle of judges,
a strong man from above ends the dispute.
He decides everything with his arbitrary conclusions;
what he commanded shall remain forever."



Closing Words

In interpreting the individual folk tales, I have endeavored to explain the rune that reveals their deeper meaning at the same time as the 'key' and keyword. However, the runes form a coherent system which can only be understood when the whole series is surveyed. Then it becomes clear that each one occupies a very specific place, which is expressed by a number peculiar to it.

Exactly the same applies to the rune as to the Semitic alphabetic signs, whose order of rank derives from the system of the Egyptian dead Hermes. A certain inner relationship between the basic religious concepts of this system and the concepts underlying the runes is unmistakable. One must first free oneself from the idea that the decisive factor is the phonetic value of the individual letters. This had to be different because we are dealing with completely different languages, for the writing of which the letters were used.

These connections, which are not essential for explaining the folk tales, should only be hinted at here. But it will help to understand the folk tales if, after completing the series of runes, I present them once again in context by emphasizing precisely that content of the rune concept which is essential for understanding the folk tale.

𐌲 or F, the first rune, is dedicated to Freyr, the young sun god who is born in the solar low point of Jul, our Christmas season, the divine child to whom the gods gave Alfheim, the realm of elves or souls, as a godfather gift. His name is also Froh, which is synonymous with Lord. He is the free and the suitor who, as the Eddic Skirnismal describes, courts Gerda, the earth. Riding on the golden-bristled boar of the sun, he also appears in the folk tale as a representative of the golden age in the form of the Frog King. He brings the lost golden ball, the golden age, back to the king's daughter

and is thus redeemed from his enchantment.

ᚱ or U, the second rune is dedicated to Uller the winter archer, who lives in Ydallir, the valley of bows. Is F an image of the male – U is the basin, the arch, the urn, conversely ᚱ the entrance door to existence, in short the maternal principle of the universe, the realm of the mothers, the primordial well from which all life springs and to which it returns after death. Thus it is also the sign for the dark well into which one must jump if one wants to enter the realm of the goddess of death, the Hel of the Edda, the Lady Holle of the folk tale, from whom everyone receives the reward of his deeds.

Þ or Th, the third rune, is the hammer of Thor, the thunder god. In the Edda, he still lives in a double form as Oku-Thor, the servant god and Gort of the servants, and as Asa-Thor, the heavenly master builder. When he hurls his hammer, the spark is ignited. There is a balance of tension between the positive male and negative female poles, which corresponds to procreation in the organic world. This is why Thor is also known as Bol-Thor or bump-thorn. In the Edda, this clumsy and hulking figure of the god has something of the giant-like quality that he fights, just as the third rune of Thor has almost become the name of the giants. In the folk tale, the god takes the form of a man-eating giant.

ᚺ or O, the fourth rune, is the sign of Odin, the divine spirit, who rides in the storm wind and drinks the golden wine of eternity from golden cups in Sokvabeckr or Senkebach, the hidden divine workshop, united with Saga.

From the divine will (Asa-Thor or Bar = three) the divine idea, the thought as the spiritual archetype of the visible world, is born in the fourth sign. This visible world itself is only born in the next sign, the fifth, the house of Hropter, the creator or body-maker. But four and five combined make up the sign RA-OS Horse and Rose. In the folk tale of the goose-maid we find both the divine blowing breath as "Woe, woe little wind" --

four, and the Creator as Kurtchen = five, and finally the union of both signs in the talking horse-head Falada.

ᚱ or R. the fifth or Rechit or Right or Fehm rune is the Logos made stone, the divine word of creation, which is expressed in the World-rhythm is revealed. Its earthly image is human law, insofar as it is still rooted in this divine origin.

In addition to the obvious natural-mythical interpretation, the folk tale of Little Red Riding Hood also challenges the interpretation as a protest against the intrusion of Roman law.

ᚷ or K, the sixth or rune of sex, completes the creation of the inorganic world (five) through that of the organic (six) by means of sexual procreation, through which the forms gained are passed on with marvelous fidelity, resulting in an almost inexhaustible wealth of life forms. It is the realm of the beautiful Skadi, the daughter of the storm giant Thiassi. He, as an expression of unbridled passion, is slain by the Aesir, but she herself, love, is wedded to the father of the dead, Niörd, to death.

Detached from this world background, the sixth folk tale apparently only allows a slanderous Jew to find his well-deserved punishment. On closer inspection, however, the contrast between true, ideal love and false, materially and sensually oriented love is depicted.

* or H, the seventh rune, is the healing sign of the sun god Baldur, who, as the name of his abode Breidablick indicates, represents the sun in the high place Hul. The sun sinks downwards at the summer solstice, Baldur must descend to Hel. The human races, too, as they strive to ennoble themselves physically and spiritually as clans, eventually die out.

But just as Baldur still receives the comforting promise of his resurrection from his father at the stake, the soul heritage of outstanding generations is never lost even when they die out.

They only disappear into the Glasberge for a while, as the seventh folk

tale shows. Loyalty, sacrificial love and the paternal emblem of Odin's ring guarantee their return.

ᚠ or N, the eighth rune, Heimtaller's, the decapitated and mead-drinker's sign of distress and guilt, holds the deepest secret of ancient Germanic doctrine. The beheading of the boy in the folk tale of the Machandel tree at the moment when he tries to take an apple from the heavy iron-bound chest suggests his relationship with Heimtaller, who is at home in the fir tree, emerges just as clearly as the intimate relationships that connect the boy and his mother with the Machandel tree, the almond tree, the world ash tree, the doomsday tree and the tree of judgment.

ᚢ or J, the ninth rune, is dedicated to Freya-Holda, the mother of the dead, the mirror image of Lady Holle. As Ostara, she is also the goddess of resurrection and the Easter egg – which in English is also the pronunciation of i = I and thus corresponds to the second meaning of the Is rune = I – is dedicated to her.

This egg must not be lost in the blood chamber in the Bluebeard's Tale of Fitcher's Bird if the executioner's power is to be broken.

ᚦ or A the tenth rune, is Forsete, the sign of the heavenly judge. He is the presiding judge of the bridge judgment that awaits people after their death (= nine).

Then the birds come together under the sky – aerir, the plural of ar, means both birds and messengers, demons, i.e. spirits, in Norse – and separate the useful from the useless. Then, as in the Cinderella folk tale, in which two white doves play the leading role: "The good ones in the potty, the bad ones in the pot!"

ᚨ or S, the eleventh rune, is the sign of the Vanes or father of the dead, Njörd, the ferryman of the river of the dead, which is why his seat is called Noatun or ship's place. In Elf- or Alf-Heim, the realm of souls, the One-Heroes find the food and drink their hearts desire and are enlisted as

leaders of mankind in the great battle against the wolf, the evil one. The folk tale of Hansel and Gretel, who cannot be harmed by the grave dise, the gingerbread witch, conceals this double secret of the one or true spiritual life after death and of the confidence in life of courageous heroism that overcomes all mortal danger.

↑ or T, the mysterious twelfth runic sign of Widar, the silent Aesir who dwells in the evergreen pastureland and Wendeheim, holds within it the secrets of a pure second eternal existence. It is the sign of Hanga-Tyr, the divine spirit bound to matter, sacrificing itself, which, resurrecting, returns to pure spirituality.

Snow White in her glass coffin tells of the reawakening of a soul that has succumbed to the three temptations and is only apparently dead.

𐌖 or B, the thirteenth sign, heralds the birth of the human soul, which escapes the power of the twelve signs of the zodiac, but thereby takes on the burden of an individual life task. Its reward is the attainment of the consciousness of unity with the Infinite. This is the fate of the young count, on whom the forest woman imposes a burden that seems too heavy for him, but whom she rewards with the gift of an emerald box. With her help, he finds the gooseherdess again at the forest well, who, shedding the cloak of baseness, reveals herself to be the disinherited daughter of a king, but one who has regained her honor.

𐌗 or L, the fourteenth Laf rune, is the sign of the spiritual enlightenment of life in the light, as Goethe said of Schiller:

"And behind him in an insubstantial glow
lies what tames us all, the common."

Earthly burden and heaviness (bar = thirteen) sink into this sign. The soul regains its innate cheerfulness, singing and jumping. The tale of the singing and jumping little lion (Lewark = the lark) tells an excerpt from the history of German spiritual life and points to struggles that still await us.

Y or M, the fifteenth Madr or almond rune, contains within it the entire mystery of Germanic primal belief, as it lies hidden in the runic alphabet and the numbers 1 to 15 and whose symbol is the world ash tree, Mimir's tree (mima-meidr), which bursts into flames at the Last Judgement. In the eighth folk tale of the Machandel tree, these relationships are clearly revealed. The folk tale of the Founding bird (fundr = meeting is the Eddic name for the number fifteen) reveals the transformations that the runic wisdom, the Aryan secret doctrine, had to undergo in order to escape persecution.

⚡ or J and at the same time the end R, the sixteenth or erroneous rune, in connection with the previous one forming the heraldic sign of the turning horn, proclaims the profound truth: "Through error to truth." The high-spirited satire "Ragamuffins" deals with a special case in German history: the absorption of a foreign right. Only through the damage does the host become wise. All the painful experiences brought to us by the upheaval of the sixteenth century should not make us lose sight of the comforting belief that we too will one day be able to say: "Through night to light!"

But if the turning point of the world is to bring us salvation, we must penetrate to those depths where eternal truth dwells, in whose radiant splendor all differences of belief fade away. All dogmatic beliefs are subject to the law of death. The truth we seek is unified, indivisible, eternally alive, indeed the source of all life. It encompasses the secret tradition of the primordial faith as well as the pure teaching of Christ. Both, one in their root, go back to the divine primal revelation, the primal light, a reflection of which may also shine through the Runic Psalm, which may form the conclusion of this book of folk tales and German faith.



Runic Psalm

1. Father, all-ruling Lord of the world! Spirit of fire,
you, sole guide to freedom.
A storm of fire is the breath of your mouth.
You scatter souls and stars, a dancing army, into infinity.
From you the sun draws its strength and every soul,
for yours is the realm of freedom.
2. Unfathomable is the ambiguous primordial abyss,
over which your spirit hovers with all-encompassing wings,
a deep well, the inexhaustible source of all consecrated waters.
Primordial sack, primordial arch is its name,
which holds the seed of all becoming, received from you.
For you are the first and the last,
the beginning and the end and the all-connector.
3. The mighty blow of your will, Asa-Thor;
created the world's structure of defiance in a mighty twist and turn,
For thine, three-winged one, is the power.
4. Breath of the spirit that enlivens the universe!
The sacred odes of legendary antiquity,
proclaiming the glory of your heroic spirit,
are not able to fully reveal the knowledge and wisdom
of the Rune Master, ODIN, Omnipotent One.
You reveal in the nascent world the archetypes
of all beings that your eye beholds.
Truly, within you is that which is unfolding.
What ever was sinks as a hoard of gold into your treasure vault,
In your cellars you press golden wine, your only food.
Not a grain of gold, not a grape of flowering fragrance will be lost.
Because you are the shaping spirit.
5. Judge, counselor and savior you are!
The holy Fehme supreme ruler of the chair.
You dwell in eternal splendor.

You let the army of stars roll on radiant roads,
resounding in eternal harmonies that dissolve every discord.
You call all living things by my name.
You have counted the biggest and the smallest.
You guide people's destiny with invisible strings.
Into battle you place us, Valhalla's Lord,
as your helpers to complete your kingdom,
for your word is the rhythm.

6. No one can declare your infinite glory.
Whom thou hast carried away into thy presence,
feels enraptured the all-pervading sixfold glow of your eternal love,
whose faint reflection in the fire of passion
consumes the generations of men.
Because you are love.
7. Holy is the high heavenly hall,
from which you overlook all earthly things.
Nothing remains hidden from your scrutinizing gaze.
Holy is every ray that you send into the darkness,
who dwells in the sevenfold light of your perfect wisdom.
To us, who are of your blood, strive for your noble solar goal,
may your radiant eye help us to overcome
all that is low in us and around us.
You set a high goal for our clan through holy signs.
Purer and nobler always, thou wilt,
shall the generations of men become; perfect as you are perfect.
Cut off from us the damaging projectiles of wrangling hands,
who want to save us.
Take care of your garden so that wild greed does not tear it apart,
for you are our refuge and salvation.
8. We were bound by need, entangled in guilt, we strayed far from God,
and lost the precious cup that was to be the vessel of your spirit.
So we stagger headlessly, drunk on sweet mead.
How might we grow a new head?
Your voice resounds in us, respectful and ostracizing,
so that in the dark night,
reborn to freedom, can find our way back to you.
For you are the faithful warner, master and admonisher of all who err.

9. Frozen in the tightest of bonds when his ego became a prison.
That is why you gave death the power to break our form.
But to us, to whom the ice whitened skin and hair,
you gave the great longing for the sun into our hearts,
which led us along a narrow path between dizzying precipices
and between dizzying abysses and thundering waterfalls
up to the firm glow of the heights.
That is why your falling waters, when they fall upon us, will not kill us.
This is our fault, whose heels you follow,
that we remain eternally unpeaceable, far from the fullness of comfort,
until we attain perfection in you,
until we are allowed to enter those dwellings
which you have repented of all self.
For with you there is peace.
10. The truthful one will ascend to the eternal sun-ar-light,
for all working and willing will be revealed on the great day of interest.
Everyone has to pay their tithe.
Everyone will reap what they have sown.
Therefore let not the valiant, yet in impatience,
fainthearted and unruly people whom you have humbled.
Already the consequences of our unethical and dishonorable actions
were turning against us.
But lies and betrayal will fall back on our adversaries,
who senselessly tear themselves and us apart.
If we only hold up the banner of the banner of the Solar Aar,
then those who are now enslaving us
and even want to eradicate us,
must still reluctantly bow to the sceptre of the unfortunate.
For we are all placed under your righteous judgment.
11. He shall never rejoice in his victory
who has snatched victory by deception and deceit.
For on the hard threshing floor, the iron shovel of war in your hands,
you stand victorious father and throw the nations into storms of battle,
separating the wheat from the chaff and the whole grain from the leaf.
Do not allow yourself to be deceived by false weights.
So strike all lurkers with the wrath of your flaming eyes.
For those who persevere to the end,

the purified seed promises a rich harvest.
Sifted and sifted the seed of man, your storehouse is in the sun's heap.
It has five hundred gates and four times ten.
Eight hundred heroes come out of each gate to fight for victory.
Purer and brighter than daylight shines the sun
for them in the elven kingdom.
Blessed is he to whom such salvation befalls.
Wisdom of men beckons to the delusional.
Siegwalter, you will save us – Father!
For yours is the victory.

12. Faithful keeper of all secrets!
Thou wilt raise up on the turning day all who wait for thee
and lead them to the evergreen meadows of thy blissful dwelling place.
The perfected will walk there free of all suffering,
for yours is the glory of the second life.
13. Bare and naked born, the deceased lies on the bier.
You brought us rebirth in the bath of your salvation.
The burden of self-determination that you have placed on us is heavy.
But if it becomes too heavy for us, your strength will help us,
for you yourself became the Farma-Tyr,
the burden-bearing God in the form of a servant.
And you, helper of the human race, are the eternal compassion
14. Light from the eternal light you give to the enlightened,
that the earth may become light to them, flooded with the light of life,
for a lake's smooth mirror, on which sparks of light dance,
resembles the law of your life. You must descend into its depths
and conquer all the worms who want to win the hoard of gold,
that reflects your splendor.
Because you are the light of our lives.
15. Son of man lift up your arms
and take your cross on your shoulder, the measure of your guilt.
Thus you, as a servant and minister of the spiritual world
be exalted and comforted by motherly gentleness,
as the silver hand of the moon caresses the sea.
In this way, you yourself shall become the leader
and the standard for lost mankind.

You shall become great and gain power over people
and over nature's most secret powers.
Because you are destined to be the guardian of the universe.

16. Irmin, God of the becoming and wandering!
Your shimmering road stretches golden
across the wide vault of the sky.
Just as everything changes under the changing moon,
Life and death are separated, you are Lord over life and death.
Your holy sign, the turning horn, contains all wonders.
You let those see unheard-of wonders,
the eternally becoming star-wanderers
who carry within them the great longing for distant stars.
For through destruction you lead them to resurrection
and through error to truth.
For you are the true one.
17. Eternal is your name!
Before the world was, you are. Your law is the world.
You gave your chosen ones a new covenant.
Such a true marriage should last forever.
For you are the cornerstone of everything that has come into being.
18. The dome of the high hall
that you have chosen as your home shines like gold.
Whale hall and shining sky is her name.
Those whom you invite to your bench as victors
shall not hunger or thirst forever.
For the cornucopia of your gifts of grace is overflowing,
from which you flood with splendor
those whom you call to your presence.
For you are the perfecter of our faith, full of grace.

