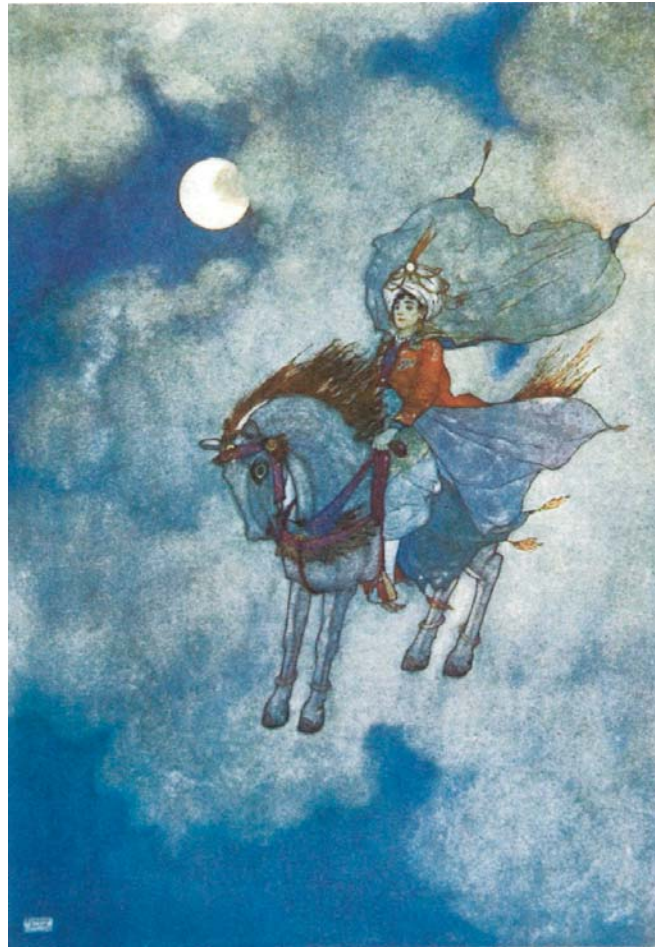


**BYGONE LUNAR FLIGHT:
FROM MUHAMMAD TO GOETHE
DURING THE AGE OF FREUD**
by Lawrence M. Ginsburg, Compiler



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Louis R Wonderly, Jr., translator from German©

Note:

The Compiler and author of the “Introduction” is a retired lawyer with an interest in psychoanalytically-informed scholarship. He is the author or co-author of thirty such contributions which have been published in North America, Europe and Israel. Several appear in French, German and Hebrew translations.

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INTRODUCTION*

An Elusive Fairy Tale

The adult Freud's published interest in the psychoanalytic aspects of folklore and fairy tales began with an appreciation for the early 20th-century insights of David E. Oppenheim. Of more modern vintage have been the works of Bruno Bettelheim, Alan Dundes, Jack Zipes *et al.*

The Dream Ladder: A Fairy Tale was indexed in *The Letters of Sigmund Freud to Eduard Silberstein, 1871–1881*, edited by Walter Boehlich and translated by Arnold J. Pomeranz (1990). It was initially referenced in the August 15, 1877 letter from the 21-year-old to the 7½-months younger Silberstein after the following passage:

“Your sister Mina came to visit last Sunday and we all went to the Prater. She looks very well, seems to be growing quickly, and during the first half of her stay here, was more unruly than ever. Later she calmed down. Among other things, she drew up a list of books in my room of which you may make her a present. Andreas's fairy tales, Auerbach's *Auf der Höhe*.—A very strange creature. Still it seems characteristic of your family to suffer from a surfeit of energy until you are fifteen, and, all in all, that is not a bad sign”
(p. 164).

*Underlined page references refer to the pagination (204–221) of the original German text (see pp.16–24 of this document).

A Mysterious Author

Upon further examination of the cited publication, my attention focused upon the first two sources referenced in the translator's footnote at page 165 as follows:

“7. S. Andreas, *Die Träumleiter: Ein Märchen* The dream ladder: A Fairy tale, 1832); Berthold Auerbach (1812–1882), *Auf der Höhe (On the Heights)*, 1865.”

I then examined the corresponding German text (*Sigmund Freud: Jugend-Brief an Eduard Silberstein, 1871–1881*, Frankfurt: S. Fischer Verlag, 1989) and communicated with both the aforementioned author and translator who, at my behest, reexamined the clarity of facsimiles of Freud's actual handwritten letters to ascertain if pertinent passages might have been misread as “Andersen” rather than “Andreas.”¹

Bibliographic Provenance

Credit for locating an accessible copy of the German manuscript (*i.e.*, appearing in *Hessisches Album Für Literatur und Kunst*, ed. F. Dinglestedt

published in Cassel, Germany by J. J. Bohné, 1838 at pages 204–221) belongs to Martha Hsu (North European Studies bibliographer at *Cornell University*).² Little is otherwise known about the author Andreas.

The 19th-century publication in question does not appear in any of Freud's bibliographies nor did he ever refer to Andreas in his other writings or published correspondence. It seem unlikely, however, that Freud neither read nor absorbed the books which left his personal library in the hand of Mina Silberstein.

The American-born translator (*i.e.*, Louis R. Wonderly, Jr.) of the early 19th-century text taught a *Cornell University* undergraduate course entitled “German Fairy Tales and Plays” and later served as an international journalist with the *Frankfurter Allegemeine*. It is noted that his appended English translation follows the pagination and formatting of the German text in order to better facilitate side-by-side comparisons between the respective versions.

The Dramatis Personae

Among the figures cast in *Die Träumleiter: Ein Märchen* are: (1) a bewildered schoolmaster [unnamed]; (2) William Shakespeare [1564–1616]; (3) Johann Wolfgang von Goethe [1749–1832]; one Moulana Nuro'd-Din 'Abdo'r Rahman Dschami/Djami [1414–1492] (*i.e.*, “Jāmī” is a more

popularized variant of his Germanic/Anglicized last name to which reference is hereafter limited). Chronologically, he was an earlier born Sufi-mystic whose fame still endures as a significant literary figure in Middle-Eastern circles of intellectual thought.

Shakespeare and Goethe became world-renowned writers. In contrast, Jāmī's published *œuvre* (*i.e.*, in English translation) often commence with an invocation in praise of *Allah* coupled with tributes for acknowledged earthly luminaries. As dramatized by Andreas, it is noted that Jāmī's restructured dialogue is bereft of such formulaic homages.

About Color-Printed Illustrations

Freud once gave his grandson Lucian: "...*Three Arabian Nights*, elegantly illustrated by Edmund Dulac ('lovely fat book with what seemed to me pretty good water colors')..." (Feaver, 2002, pp. 19 & 26; Nouilhoun, 2008, p. 26). One such illustration [*Le bleu de Dulac* (1907)] is replicated at the top of the frontispiece.

It is traditionally understood that Muḥammad fell asleep on a carpet in his cousin's home. His sleep was broken by the voice of the Angel Gabriel, calling upon him to mount a winged horse and be carried through the sky. The horse bore Muḥammad to Mount Sinai where the Ten Commandments were given to Moses, then to Bethlehem where Jesus was born, and then to

Heaven, where Muḥammad met Adam, Noah, Enoch, Moses, Isaac, Elijah and Jesus. Muḥammad was told that he was the last prophet and was to be raised up from his grave on Resurrection Day.

A Judeo-Christian reader might plausibly find Andreas's fairy tale reminiscent of the biblical Jacob's vision of Angels climbing and descending from the *Ladder to Heaven*. Alternatively, another reader might contrast the schoolmaster's moonscape with Muḥammad's *Lailat al Miraj*—or, *Stairway to Heaven*—which celebrates the magical “Night of Ascent” when the 51-year-old Prophet was taken into Heaven *via* a vision and endowed with divine knowledge.

Freud recollected during his mid-life self-analysis that he together with his younger sister Anna participated in mutilating a volume which included colored plates by an unknown illustrator such as has been replicated at the bottom of the frontispiece (Brugsch, 1863, pp. 302–303). None of the unknown illustrator's 10 male subjects in various stances and mounted on either horse or camel appear to have any eye contact with the unveiled female in their midst. She is colorfully costumed with an ornate tiara crowning her head while gripping a handkerchief and seeming to gaze into the distant horizon. The band of soldiers are diversely attired and

outfitted with military gear and weaponry ranging from swords and muskets to a scout's long-range telescope (Ginsburg, 2008 & 2007).

Other Linked³ 'Trains of Thought?'

Lydia Flem (2003) extrapolated a resonating *nexus* between Freud's childish episode "ripping pages from the Persian journey of Heinrich Brugsch" (p. 96) and his writing of "a tale in an oriental guise" as an engaged suitor that was articulated in his April 1, 1884 letter to Martha Bernays. Its thematic content was undoubtedly quite relevant to Freud's *pre-nuptial* mentality at that time (Jones, 1957). He had speculated that "if the train of thought comes back it will really get done by itself" (p. 418). Flem (*op. cit.*) later asked: "Did Freud ever put into words his 'tale in an oriental guise?' ..." (p. 105). Unbeknownst to her, Peter J. Swales (1983) had earlier observed:

"It seems very possible, indeed quite probable, that the Oriental 'fairy tale' which Freud narrated to Theodor Reich many years later was the very same Oriental story as that which, on April 1, 1884, he announced to his fiancée having conceived and was contemplating writing down" (pp. 18n.–19n.).

By Swales's reckoning, Reik (1956) quoted Freud as asking him about his remembrance of "a fairy tale I [Freud] once read—where was it? . . ." (pp. 19–20). According to the version recounted by Freud to Reik (*ibid.*):

"A barber in the Orient, let us say Bagdad, often heard his customers talking of a beautiful princess in a faraway land who was held captive by a wicked wizard. The brave man who would free the princess was promised her hand and a great kingdom. Many knights and princes set out upon the adventure, but none had succeeded in reaching her. Before the castle in which the beautiful lady was imprisoned there lay a vast, gloomy wood. Whoever crossed this wood would be attacked by lions and torn to pieces. The few who succeeded in escaping these lions were later met by two terrible giants who beat them down with cudgels. Some few has escaped even this danger and after years of travail had reached the castle. As they rushed up the stairway, the wizard's magic caused it to collapse. It was said that one brave prince had nevertheless managed to ascend into the castle, but in the great hall where the princess was enthroned a fierce fire raged which destroyed him. The adventurous barber was so deeply impressed by these tales of

the beautiful princess that by and by he sold his shop and set out to liberate her. He had singular good fortune; he escaped the wild beasts, overcame the giants, and survived many other adventures, until at last he reached the castle. He strode over the stairway, although it toppled beneath him and plunged intrepidly through the roaring flames that were threatening to consume the hall. At the end of the great hall he could hardly see the princess. But as he rushed across the room and drew near the figure, he saw a gray old woman supporting herself on a cane as she sat, her face full of wrinkles and warts, her hair drawn back in sparse, snow-white strands. The brave barber had forgotten that the princess had been waiting for 60 years for her deliverer” (pp. 19–20).

Amidst the *Weltliteratur* of Shakespeare and Goethe Through Freud’s Eyes

Andreas’s ‘outer-world’ fairy tale is a curiosity in several respects. It seems to caution his/her readers against holding “any creation in contempt” (p. 217). By extension, perhaps Andreas was endeavoring to raise the earthly character of Jāmī’s 15th-century Persian poetry to a parity with the more contemporary *œuvre* of Goethe’s native German or even Shakespeare’s English sonnets and dramas.

We are, nevertheless, able to ascertain what the *pre*-psychoanalytic Freud knew about the 17th and 19th-century personages who were principal subjects in Andreas's allegorical play about dream imagery. He, of course, had been familiar with the writings of Goethe and Shakespeare. Yet, it is impossible to ponder the extent to which the young-adult Freud might have even thought about the Persian-centric aspects of Sufiism or Jāmī beyond Andreas's literary amalgamation of the latter two authors.

How the text of *Die Träumleiter: Ein Märchen* resonated within the framework of Freud's conscious or unconscious thought processes likewise remains inaccessible. The extent to which he was conversant with Goethe's attraction to Persian linguistics in addition to Hebrew (*i.e.*, also familiar to him) awaits further scholarly explication. Shakespeare's references to Persia were, if any, few and far between (Lockhart, 1952). Still, one may be tempted to speculate about which *extra*-terrestrial theme Shakespeare had in mind while scripting the following couplet: "O, for a horse with wings! Hears't thou Pisanio?" (*i.e.*, see Act III, Scene 2 of *Cymbeline*).

How might a fairy-tale reader assess the earth-pointing gestures of Andreas's characters? How might one interpret such character's dialogue—

unfathomable to the bewildered schoolmaster yet understood by the crying Goethe—*vis-à-vis* the “man in the moon’s” remonstrance (pp. 207 & 209) that “your poets are with us!” (p. 210).

The cosmopolitan tenor of Andreas’s literary imagination and restructuring of the past begs for a psychoanalytically-informed exegesis of the entire text of *Die Traumleiter: Ein Märchen*, either in German or in English, which is long overdue.

Notes

¹ After re-accessing the data in question, the respective correspondents could not find any such irregularities. Freud (1901) later found himself susceptible to similar unconscious revisions (“slip of the pen”) of a cited author’s name [*i.e.* “Buckrhard” instead of “Burckhard” in such a fashion that the misspelled name itself formed what he came to classify as a “switch-word” (pp. 117–118 & 275–276)]. Readers may also raise the possibility that “Andreas” was related to Friedrich Carl Andreas (1862–1930), who was the Professor of Oriental Languages at *Gottingen University*. It is known that his Armenian father moved from Persia to Hamburg in 1852. It was purportedly customary in Persian feuds for the defeated family to change its name, which resulted in the adoption of the surname “Andreas” notwithstanding their reputed royal lineage [*i.e.*, the *Barratuni* clan]. Lou Andreas-Salomé ultimately designated the out-of-wedlock baby fathered by her aforementioned husband during their marriage as her heiress after his death (Behling, 2005).

² According to the *Geamtverzeichnis des deutschsprachigen Schrifttums (GV) 1700–110* Vol. 4, p. 191, the text of the cited fairy-tale was published in 1832. The *Allgemeines Bucher-Lixicon* (Wilhelm Heinsius, Leipzig, 1836) contains a corresponding entry. Both bibliographies list the initial “S” for the author’s first name. The *Goedekes Grundriss zur Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung, Neue Folge* (Band I, p. 246) indicates that the existence of a copy of the original publication is unverifiable. It also points out that the identity of the author’s first name is unverifiable although the cited reprint also contains the initial “S” before the author’s last name. The author’s birth date and date of death are likewise listed as unknown.

³ The classical and Judeo-Christian traditions shaping subsequent Western thought began for Freud at an early age. He soon began a life-long engagement with the ancient history of Greece, Rome, Egypt and the biblical lands bordering the eastern reaches of the Mediterranean Sea. A few segments from his later writings disclose that he was cognizant of the ancient Persian God Mithras (Freud, 1911) as well as the religious teacher Zoroaster. Persian thematic fairy-tales such as “Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves,” among others (Shafii, 1973; Shafii & Shafii, 1974), were likely known to him. So too were the festive celebrations associated with Purim (which commemorates the foiling of the Persian Vizier Haman’s plot to exterminate the Jews) as well as a woodcut in Philippon’s Bible featuring a supplicant bowing before a Persian king. Freud had cherished the traveling heroics of Moses—leading his people to the ‘Promised Land’—with whom he had identified from adolescence until the day he died. Looking back at Freud’s life, we know that his analytic couch—in both London and Vienna—was

draped on a *multi*-colored late 19th-century velvet textured *Qashqua Shekarlu* wool carpet patterned with flowers interlaced with a ‘diamond medallion’ *décor*. Piled on top were some soft cushions; a Persian carpet hung on a wall behind them. A Persian horse was the only other *objet d’art* he ostensibly displayed, which was situated next to an ancient sarcophagus atop a nearby bookcase (Spector, 1953).

Contemporary psychoanalyst-scholar E. F. Foulks (2005) has compared the pollination of other “sky-worlds” as diverse realms “of considerable focus in the religious cosmologies of North American peoples” (p. 217).

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Die Traumleiter.

Ein Märchen

von

Andreas.

Was wir träumen, was wir wachen,
Beides ist von gleichem Werthe;
Das Geheimniß dieser Erde
Wird uns Niemand deutlich machen.
Traum ist Alles, Alles Leben,
Darum ist's ein Märchen eben.

Es war schon längst Mitternacht vorüber, als der Magister den Kopf auf die andere Seite legte, um bequemer durch die Blätter der Laube, in der er saß, nach dem Monde sehen zu können. Das Geißblatt duftete stark durch die warme Nacht, und das ganze Gärtchen schwamm in einer magischen Beleuchtung, denn der Vollmond stand hoch, und nur kleine krystallene Wölkchen zogen vorüber. Es war unendlich heimlich in der Laube! Der Magister saß schon seit mehreren Stunden in derselben, schaute immer binauf in den hellen Nacht-Himmel und wußte selber nicht, wie selig er war. Lag doch die ganze Natur ringsum wie eine gelöste Frage da! Und saß er doch in Mitten aller Geheimnisse wie ein Kind!

Den Mond liebte der Magister von jeher. Schon als kleiner Knabe stand er oft stundenlang am Fenster seiner Schlafkammer und vergaß den Schlaf, wenn er in die Wolken gucken und das geheimnißvolle Treiben um den Mond belauschen konnte.

Während er so in jener Nacht nach dem hellen Mond schaute, und den herrlichen Strahlenkreis, der sich um denselben herumgezogen hatte, anstaunte, öffneten

sich ihm mit einem Male alle Wunder einer Sommer-Nacht.

Er bemerkte, wie sich aus dem Monde, ganz langsam und kaum bemerkbar, eine leise schimmernde Leiter herabsenkte, immer tiefer und tiefer, bis die letzte Sprosse endlich vor der Geisblattlaube aufstand. Dann wurde die Leiter scheinbar immer fester und stärker und dem Auge immer deutlicher. Auch begann eine große Geschäftigkeit und ein seltsames Regen auf derselben. Herauf, herunter und durcheinander, wie steigende und fallende Schneeflöckchen.

Dicht neben seinem Ohr hörte er dann feine, silberne Stimmchen, welche unter dem Laube sangen:

Hüllt die Nacht in lichten Flor
 Eure Welt,
 Schlüpfen leise wir hervor
 In die Welt;
 Was am Tag der Sonne Strahlen
 Euch verbrannt,
 Reichet euch in krystallinen Schaalet
 Liebe Hand:
 Neu verjüngt und neu genesen,
 Schöner, als es je gewesen!

und überall im Gärtchen bewegte sich's. Die Wipfel der Bäume regten sich schwachhaft untereinander und die jungen Zweige rauschten mächtig, wie nie am Tage!

Da zogen ihn sanfte Arme von seinem Sitze auf. Und wie's geschah, wußte er nicht, und eben so wenig wies geschah, daß er beherzt auf die untere Sprosse

der Leiter trat, und dann, ohne zu schwindeln, hinaufstieg, in den hellen Nachthimmel. Unter ihm klang alsbald das ganze Gärtchen wie ein Chor versteckter Menschenstimmen, und endlich hörte er tief unten die Erde sich drehen! Was ihm aber, als er noch brunten in der Geisblattlaube geseßen, wie steigende und fallende Schneeflöckchen erschienen, waren kleine Elfen, die an ihm vorübereilten und allerlei Bottschaften ausrichteten im Mond' und auf Erden.

Endlich aber war der Magister ganz oben im Monde. Er erstaunte aber gar nicht, als er Alles so ganz anders fand, wie er in den astronomischen Büchern gelesen. Der silberne Palast mit seinen abermaltausend Spitzen und Thürmchen, die wie Silberkrystallisationen ausfahen, leuchtete sehr; aber es blendete sein Auge nicht. Nie hatte ein Mensch etwas Schöneres gesehen.

Gleich am Rande, wo die Leiter aufsteht, trat ihm ein alter Mann entgegen, der ihm freundlich die Hand reichte und heraufhalf. Es war der Mann im Mond; aber er hatte kein Bündel Reisfer und keinen Hund bei sich, deshalb erkannte ihn der Magister nicht gleich. Ueberhaupt sind das nur Märchen, was man uns von dem Mann im Monde erzählt. Die Wahrheit ist, daß der Alte gar sanft und freundlich aussieht.

„Es ist lange her“ sagte er, „daß keiner von den Euren bei uns war, obgleich wir es Euch so bequem gemacht haben.“

So einfach diese Anrede war, so mußte doch der Magister gleich weinen, weil ihm der Ton dieser Stimme so rührend ans Herz drang, und er wollte eben vor dem Mann im Monde niederfallen, als ihn dieser unter den Armen faßte und sagte: „Nicht doch! Ich bin ja nur der Aufseher, der Wächter! Dein Irrthum, mein Kind, ist so verzeihlich, wie jener der Heiden-Völker, die mich lange, zu meiner Demüthigung, sündhaft verehrt haben. Doch komm nur mit! Dein Auge ist zwar noch halb verschlossen für unsere Welt, weil Dir noch warmes Blut in dem Herzen umläuft. Störe Dich aber nicht daran, wenn Dir alles farblos bei uns vorkommt.“

Sie wandelten hierauf weiter.

Auf dem Monde herrscht eine unendliche Stille. Alles ist dort ganz anders, und ein seliges Licht, in dem alles Irdische verklärt wird, lächelt überall. Man weiß nicht, woher der Silberpalast sein Licht empfängt; es scheint aber, daß es von Innen strahlet. So wird auch der krystallene See, der das Schloß umgibt, und der selber wie ein tiefer, tiefer Mondschein aussieht, nur von dorthier erleuchtet. Silberne Bäume stehen ringsum, deren Blätter unaufhörlich im Winde zittern. Auf dem hellen Krystallsee aber zogen weiße Schwäne einher, und kleine weiße Colibri flogen aus weißen Lilien hervor, die sehr zahlreich im Monde gedeihen. Alles ist eben ganz anders, und wie ein Traum.

Als sie Beide vor dem See standen, zog der Mann im Monde eine Wünschelruthe hervor, und alsbald stieg ein sanfter Regenbogen auf, über den sie nach dem Thore des Silberpalastes hingingen. Der Regenbogen schwankte und beugte sich wiegend unter der Last der beiden Pilger. Zuletzt sank er wieder in den hellen See hinab.

„Sieh, liebes Menschenkind,“ sagte der Führer, „aus dieser Wünschelruthe hat dein Volk und die Kinder-Ammen ein Keiser-Bündel gemacht! — Nimm sie aber selbst und öffne dir den Traum-Palast.“

Der Magister hielt die Gerte in Händen, alsbald öffnete sich der Palast mitten von einander, wie eine lichte Wolke. „Hier wohnen eure Wächter!“ sagte der Mann im Monde. „Zeigen darf ich dir die alten, treuen Seelen noch nicht, die für euch Menschen so viel thun. Doch tritt hierher, denn diese kennst du ja.“

Der Magister schaute in eine schöne Halle, in der vier Männer beisammen saßen. Der erste war Shakespeare, neben ihm saß der alte Goethe, und neben diesem Dschami. Zu den Füßen des deutschen Dichters, den die andern so recht herzlich in die Mitte genommen hatten, saß ein unbekannter Jüngling, der hatte den Ellenbogen, wie ein Kind, auf dessen Knie gelegt, währenddessen Shakespeare bald die Locken, bald die Wangen des Jünglings anmuthig liebkoste. Die drei schienen ehr andächtig auf das zu hören, was Dschami sagte.

Leiber konnte der Magister keine Silbe vernehmen; aber wohl bemerkte er, wie der Perser oft nach der Erde hindeutete, und daß Goethe bitterlich weinte.

„Komm jetzt!“ sagte der Mann im Monde, „Du weißt nun, daß Eure Poeten bei uns sind. Wir müssen zurück, so lange die Leiter noch steht.“

Da kam ein großes Gebränge von Elfen mit allerlei Depeschen und Aufträgen. Sie neigten sich alle vor dem Manne im Monde und Einige sagten ihm etwas in's Ohr.

„Sie kommt“, rebete er den Magister an. „Wir müssen aber, ehe es zu spät wird, zur Leiter gehen, denn die Zeit ist um.“

Da gewahrte der selige Magister ein sanftes Mädchen, das er wohl nie gesehen, aber dennoch gleich erkannte. Elfen tanzten um sie her und Träume flatterten vor ihr auf, wie Täubchen. Sie ging allein und nachdenklich und hatte eine Lilie am Herzen; ihr Gang hatte etwas Schwankendes, wie der einer Träumenden, und sie schien leidend und krank. Die vier Männer standen alsbald auf und der Magister sah, daß sie ihre Aufmerksamkeit auf das Mädchen wendeten.

Gerne hätte er nach ihr gefragt; aber da sagte der Mann im Monde: „Tritt nur fest auf die Leiter, wir sehen uns bald wieder!“ — Schon bewegte sich wieder die Welt vor ihm, da vernahm er noch einmal die freundliche Stimme seines Führers, welcher ihm nachrief:

„Und wenn Ihr Euch unten begegnen findet, so kennt Ihr Euch ja schon!“

Als des Morgens die Sonne durch die Geißblauke brach, erwachte der Magister und wußte so eigentlich nicht, wie er daran sei! —

Daß er in der letzten Nacht eingeschlafen, war er nicht zugeben, und dennoch war die Erinnerung an die Leiter, und was er alles im Monde gesehen, sein Verstande so unbegreiflich! Lange ging er nachdenklich und noch träumend umher. Endlich schien ihm das Beste, auf die Nacht zu warten, um sich von Neuem in die Laube setzen zu können. Da wollte er mit allem recht genau beobachten und prüfen.

Es zog aber gegen Abend ein schweres Gewölk zusammen, so daß sich der Himmel völlig mit Wolken bedeckte, immer schwärzer und schwärzer. Endlich ein starker Regen, und es bligte und donnerte laute Zeit.

„Der Mond wird wohl heute gar nicht aufgehen“, sagte er zu sich selbst, und ging betrübt hinab in die Straßen der Stadt. Er dachte aber immer an das Mädchen mit der Lilie am Herzen, das er im Monde gesehen hatte.

Da kam er an eine Straße, die stand ganz unter Wasser und ein kleines Kind stand vor dem Wasser das wollte gerne hinüber, konnte aber nicht, denn das Wasser war ihm zu tief. Da nahm der Magister das Kind auf den Arm, trug es hindurch und fragte: „Wo wohnst du? denn alle Straßen stehen voll Wasser, und du bist klein, könntest leicht untergehen und ertrinken.“ —

Da sagte das Kind mit freundlicher Stimme: „Dank Euch, junger Herr, und wenn Ihr so gut sein wollt, so tragt mich doch zwei Meilen von hier zur Schwanenkönigin, bei der wohn' ich.“

Der Magister hätte um ein Haar das Kind fallen lassen, so erschrak er über diese Rede; „weil es aber sein muß“ — dachte er — so will ich es thun — und trug das Kind zur Stadt hinaus.

Draußen aber stand das ganze Land auch unter Wasser, und wo man hinsah, war alles vom Wasser überschwemmt und eine Todtenstille.

Dem armen Magister entfiel fast der Muth bei diesem Anblick. „Zwei Meilen weit im Wasser fortzubaden ist doch viel; aber weil es sein muß, so will ich's thun,“ dachte er.

Da fuhr ein grünes Schiffchen vorüber. „He, Schiffchen!“ rief das Kind, „Schiffchen trag' uns doch zur Schwanenkönigin.“ Als bald schwamm das Schiffchen herbei, sie setzten sich zusammen hinein und fuhren weiter.

Der Magister schaute aber oft rückwärts nach dem Himmel, ob sich die schweren Wolken nicht bald zertheilten; aber da war keine Hoffnung.

Mit einem Male tauchten viele tausend, tausend Schwäne aus dem Wasser auf, die schwammen alle in stolzer Pracht um den kleinen Kahn herum und sangen:

In den hellen,
wunderbaren,
ewig klaren
Wasserwellen
tauche unter —
und gesunder
wachst du auf!
Hier das Leben! —
Wache auf! —
Dort die Welt
träumend liegt,
Wachend trägt,
Schwanenkind, Schwanenkind
komm' zu uns geschwind, geschwind! —

Während des zogen die Schwäne das Schifflein in das hellgrüne Schilf. Es waren ihrer aber immer noch mehr aus dem hellem Wasser hervorgekommen, und das Schiff neigte seine Spitzen oben zusammen, so daß sie alle wie durch smaragdne Lauben hindurch fuhren. Eben, als sich der Magister mit einer Frage an das Kind wenden wollte, bemerkte er, zu neuem Schrecken, daß es aus dem Schiffchen verschwunden war; aber neben ihm saß das Fräulein mit der Lilie am Herzen, dieselbe, der er Nachts vorher im Monde

begegnet war. „Erschreckt nicht,“ sagte sie bittend, „wir sind eben zu Hause,“ und unter diesen Worten sank das Schiffchen sammt allem hinab in das Wasser.

Ein wenig war der Magister doch erschrocken, weil er fühlte, daß er bis dahin bei völlig wachenden Sinnen geblieben sey.

Unten lag er auf einem purpurnen Polster und das Ganze war ein heller Glas-Palast. Er blinzelte ein wenig durch die halb geöffneten Augen, weil er sich erst heimlich umsehen wollte.

Einige wunderliche kleine Leute gingen sachte umher und redeten leise mit einander. Der Eine, — ein kleiner Mann, in einem grauen Röckchen — hatte einen langen Oberleib und ganz kurze Beinchen mit breiten Füßen, und sagte zu einem andern Männlein, welches rund und dick war und ein schillerndes Kleid trug: — „aber mein Gott! warum hat es denn heute so entsetzlich geregnet?“ worauf der fleißig runde Herr zur Antwort gab: „Kommt es doch wiederum von den Widersachern! Es verlautete schon gestern früh, Einer von droben habe sich einmal wieder auf die Leiter gewagt und sei bei den Wächtern gewesen — —“

„Aber was macht denn das neue Schwanenkind?“ fiel ein drittes Männlein, welches ein Panzerhemdlein von Silberschuppen anhatte, in die Rede.

Indem sangen leise Stimmen aus dem Innern des Palastes:

Sachte, sachte,
in der Nacht
kein Geräusch gemacht!
Müß' ist unser Schwanenkind!
Drum geschwind
herbei du Wind!
Fächle Stirn' und Aug' und Mund,
Pauk' sie an, mach' sie gesund,
Gleich zur Stund'!

„Gehen wir lieber auseinander,“ sagte der Kleine im grauen Röcklein. „Heißet Euer Volk stille seyn, ihr Herren! Ich bleibe hier, bis unser Fremder erwacht, denn ich habe heute den Dienst.“ —

So trennten sie sich. Der kleine Mann setzte sich, dem Magister gegenüber, in die Kissen eines andern Divan und schlug die kurzen Beinchen wie ein Türkle übereinander, langte dann aus einer Tasche seines Röckchens eine kleine Bonbonière von hellem Krystall hervor und naschte behaglich von den darin schwimmenden Meerlinsen, eine nach der andern, die er immer erst lecker unter der Zunge zerdrückte, ehe er die nächste Süßigkeit herausnahm. Zwischenbüch pugte er sorgfältig an seinem Röcklein und lauschte von Zeit zu Zeit auf den Magister mit klugen Augen.

Da mußte dieser aber aufspringen, weil ihm vorkam, ein neuer Traum umdüstere seine Sinne. Vor dem Glaspalast war es nämlich nach und nach dunkler geworden und einzelne Sterne arbeiteten sich aus dem Nachthimmel hervor. Der Mond war aber noch nicht aufgegangen.

Wo bin ich? Wo seid ihr? Wie bin ich hierher kommen? fragte der Magister. Der kleine Grauvogel war aufgestanden und antwortete, nachdem er erst mehrere zierliche Verbeugungen gemacht, mit einiger Selbstgefälligkeit: Ich will es Euch keineswegs verbergen, daß ich der Taucherkönig bin und einer der Nothhelfer, und das Andere wird Euch wohl selbst bekannt seyn."

„Nothhelfer?“ fiel der Magister ein, „o, liebster Kleiner, helfst mir aus meiner Noth! Wo ist sie? Ihr wißt ja — die Jungfrau im Monde — und heute im Schiffein — mit der Fille am Herzen —“

„Seid unbesorgt,“ entgegnete der kleine Mann. „Die werdet Ihr überall sehen; im Monde und im Wasser. In den Blumen findet Ihr sie schlafend, und in den Bergen sitzt sie — wenn Ihr hinkommt. — Vertraut nur uns.“

„Euch?“ fragte der Magister, „Euch? Wer seid denn Ihr?“

„Je nun,“ erwiderte der Kleine, „Ihr scheint es noch einmal hören zu wollen, wir sind eben die Nothhelfer.“

Indem flog der Südwind als rosiges Knäblein durch den Glaspalast und warf im Vorüberfliegen dem Magister einige Blüthen zu, deren Duft ihn fast betäubt und schläfrig machte.

„Schlaff nur immer zu,“ sagte der Kleine, „denn während dieser Zeit will ich, was Euch zu wissen noth-

wendig ist, erzählen. Es schadet gar nichts, wenn Ihr schlafet — hört Ihr? — denn so versteht Ihr mich um so deutlicher.“

Der Magister schlief auch in der That ein, und der Taucherkönig begann eine ganz rührende Erzählung von der Weltordnung und dem Haushalt auf Erden; von den bösen und guten Kräften, von den Widersachern und Nothhelfern. „Mancherlei Thiere und Pflanzen giebt es,“ sagte er, die der Böse erschaffen hat, damit sie die Menschen ängstigen, beißen, vergiften, verwirren oder berauschen, nur, auf daß jene ihres Endzieles vergäßen oder überdrüssig würden; alles das hat er aus Neid gethan, da die Schöpfung so schön und herrlich vollendet war. Der liebe Gott aber erschuf noch 366 fromme Thiere, die sollten den Menschen überall zu Dienst, Hilfe und Warnung seyn, und alles Ungemach vereiteln. Das sind eure Nothhelfer. Jeder Ort der Erde hat solche Nothhelfer. Die lösen sich tagtäglich ab und gehen in das Land zum Nutzen und Frommen der Menschenkinder. An der See fliegen die klugen Möven, die warnen die Schiffer vor jedem Sturm; schläft ein Wanderer im Grase, so wachen die Kaninchen neben ihm, wecken ihn, wenn es Zeit ist; die Fische verrathen den nahen Ausbruch des Vulkans, und die Sperlinge das glimmende Feuer im Schornstein. Darum ist es gut, daß die Menschen auf die Stimme der Nothhelfer horchen und kein Geschöpf verachten!

Ueberdieß hat auch Gott der Herr den Geistern liebevoller und frommer Leute den Mond geschenkt, auf daß sie in der Nähe der Erde hülfreiche Hand bieten sollten. Das sind die Wächter, die vornehmsten Nothhelfer. Die warnen und trösten durch mannichfaltige Träume, die sie herabspiegeln; lindern durch den Beistand kleiner Elfen allerlei Kummer; erfüllen viele heimliche Wünsche, und erschufen eine heimliche Leiter, auf welcher sich schon Mancher aus dem Gewirre und Drang der Erde in den sanften Mond geflüchtet hat.“ —

„So ist es geschehen, daß sich dort Personen im Traum kennen lernten, die sich hernach im Leben innig lieb gewannen. Die alten Wächter leiten dann insgeheim den Lebenslauf solcher Liebenden auf gar köstliche Weise, so daß alles unvermerkt ein freudiges Ziel gewinnt. Alles zum Preise Gottes und zur Seligkeit seiner Kreatur!“ Der Magister sagte im Schlafe: Amen!

„Es steht kein Wort vergeblich in der Bibel, fuhr der Kleine mit Eifer fort, aber ihr drolligen Menschen versteht nichts, und seid in den heimlichen Dingen dummer, als mein Entenvolk. Jakobs Traumleiter ist nicht vergebens erwähnt; aber nur Eure Poeten haben einige Kunde von der Sache. Wie unter den Bergleuten die Steiger hinabsteigen in die Tiefe der Erde, um allerlei köstliches Metall und Edelstein heraufzubringen, so steigen die Poeten hinauf in den Himmel und holen allerlei Herrliches herab, wahrlich,

köstlicheres, als Gold und Edelstein! Drum sind sie die eigentlichen Steiger und Himmelsleute, so wie die andern Steiger heißen und Bergleute sind.“

Der Magister machte einige unruhige Bewegungen, worauf der Kleine sagte: „Ja, ja, ich weiß schon, Dir wäre es eben recht, ich verriethe geschwind die ganze Geschichte von der Jungfrau im Monde; aber, liebes Menschenkind, es ist zu lang und ein großes Märchen für dich. Ueberdieß fehlt es an Zeit dazu, denn der Mond wird bald aufgehen.“ Mit diesen Worten griff er zum Fenster hinaus nach einer Wasserpflanze, um an dem Blumentelch derselben zu sehen, wie viel Uhr es sei. „Nur das noch“, fuhr er fort, „erlaubt mir, die Zeit zu sagen: Wenn sie sonst die Traumleiter betrat, um in den stillen Mond zu flüchten, so geschah es um sich dort heimlich auszuweinen. Jetzt ist alles anders. Die Schwanenkönigin, die das Haupt aller Nothhelfer dieser Umgegend ist, hat sie zu sich genommen; der Lenz hat sie belebt; die Wasser haben sie erquickt, die vier Lieblinge, die Du im Monde gesehen, haben ihre Seele erheitert, und sie liebt Dich, seit Ihr Euch im Monde sahet.“

Raum war der kleine Laucher mit seiner Erzählung zu Ende, da ging der Mond tief unten im Wasser auf, so daß jetzt der ganze Wasserpalast hell erleuchtet war. Man sah die alten Wächter mit freudigem Antlitz von oben auf der Leiter herabsteigen, und der Mann im

Monde warf eine blühende Rose herab. Da sangen die Stimmen wieder:

„Sachte, sacht', sie erwacht,
Neu belebt und angefaßt.“ —

Alle Nothhelfer standen draußen um den Palast. Der kleine Taucherkönig aber als Fährmann in einem Schiffchen von Lotosblättern und hielt das Ruder in Händen, als warte er auf die Abfahrt. Man sah durch eine Thüre in's Innere des Palastes, wie die Jungfrau eben Abschied nahm von der Schwanenkönigin. Sie trug aber anstatt der Lilie eine Rose am Herzen; Träume flatterten um sie her, wie kosennde Täubchen, und kleine Elfen tanzten einen fröhlichen Hochzeitsreigen. Sie selbst sah aus, wie ein Kind, welches lange geschlafen hat, und blickte sehr heiter und selig. Als sie heraustrat und auf den Magister zukam, erwachte dieser, wie durch einen elektrischen Schlag.

Die Sonne stand bereits hoch am Himmel und um ihn her lag die wache, emsige Welt.

Nun mußte es aber geschehen, daß er, als er sich mit frischen Sinnen umschaute, zweier Gestalten gewahr wurde, die ihn in eine neue Verwirrung zu stürzen drohten. Neben einer hohen ernsten Frau — war es nicht die Schwanenkönigin? — ging die liebliche Jungfrau, dieselbe, die er seitdem immer gesehen, blühend und heiter wie ein glückliches Kind und trug eine Rose am Herzen.

Er schaute ihnen betroffen nach, bis sie hinter den Bäumen verschwunden waren.

Dann faltete aber der Magister gerührt die Hände und sagte: „Nun weiß ich's.“

Fragst Du, wer mir aufgetragen,
Solche Märchen zu erfinden?
Frage lieber, warum Klagen
Keolscharfen in den Winden;
Frag' den Blüthenschnee der Bäume
Und die Blümlein auf der Flur,
Warum in die blauen Räume
Steigt ihr Duft im Frühling nur?

The Dream Ladder
A Fairy Tale
by
Andreas
Translated by
Louis R. Wonderly, Jr.

What we dream, what we do,
Both are of the same value:
The secret of this planet
no one can make clear to us.
Life is a dream, and dreams are life
Thus it's just a fairy tale.

It was long past midnight when the schoolmaster turned his head to the other side in order to gaze more comfortably at the moon through the leaves of the arbor, where he was sitting. There was a strong smell of honeysuckle in the warm night air, the whole garden swam in magical illumination, for a full moon stood high, and only small, crystalline clouds floated by. It was extraordinarily mysterious in the arbor! The schoolmaster had already been sitting for several hours in it, all the time looking up into the clear night sky. He didn't know how blissful he was. All of nature lay about him like an answered question! He sat, though, in the middle of all the secrets like a child!

The schoolmaster had always loved the moon. Already as a small boy he had often stood for hours in the window of his bedroom. As he looked at the clouds and eavesdropped on the secretive doings around the moon, he forgot all about going to sleep.

That night, as he stared in this manner at the moon and the wonderful ring, which had wrapped itself around it, the wonder of a summer night suddenly opened itself to him.

He noticed how from out of the moon, a quiet, shining ladder, slowly and hardly noticeable, slid further and further down until the last rung stood before him in the honeysuckle arbor. Then the ladder appeared to become all the more sturdy and strong and clearer to the eye. A hustle and bustle and a strange rain began to fall upon it. Up, down, and all mixed up like rising and falling snow flakes.

Right next to his ear he then heard little voices, fine and silver, which sang under the arbor:

The night wraps, in a garland
your world,
We slip quietly ahead
in the world;
What, during the day, the sun's rays
burned away from you,
is handed to you in crystal bowls
by a loving hand:
Newly rejuvenated and newly recovered,
More beautiful than it ever was!

Everywhere in the garden things began to move. The tops of the trees waved

garrulously amongst themselves, and the young branches rustled powerfully as they had never done before during the day.

Then gentle arms pulled him up from his seat; how it happened, he didn't know. He even knew less so how it happened that he stepped bravely onto the lowest rung of the ladder, and then, without becoming dizzy, climbed up into the bright night sky. At the same moment, the little garden under him sounded like a choir of hidden human voices, and finally he heard the earth spinning way down below! What had appeared to him as rising and falling snow flakes when he was sitting down in the arbor, were small elves. They were hurrying past him and delivering all kinds of messages on the moon and on earth.

Finally, however, the schoolmaster found himself all the way up on the moon. He was not at all surprised that he found everything so very different from what he had read about the moon in the astronomy books. The silver palace, with its thousands of peaks and towers that looked like silver crystallizations, shined brightly, but it did not blind him. Never had a human seen anything more beautiful.

An old man came right up to the edge of where the ladder rested and amicably gave the schoolmaster his hand to help him up. It was the man in the moon; but he didn't have a journeyman's sack on a stick or a dog with him. As a result the schoolmaster did not recognize him immediately. Those are only fairy tales that they tell us about the man on the moon. The truth is that the old man looks gentle and friendly. "It's been a long time" he said, "since one of your people has been up here with us, although we have made it so comfortable for you."

As simple as his greeting was, the schoolmaster, however, had to start crying because the tone of his voice touched his heart so peacefully. He was just about to fall down on his knees in front of the man on the moon when he grasped him under his arms and said: "Don't! I am only the overseer, the guard! Your mistake, my child, is as forgivable as any of those of the heathen peoples, who, to my humiliation, have for a long time sinfully honored me. Just come with me! It's true that your eyes are still half closed to our world, but that is because warm

blood still runs in your heart. Don't be disturbed, though, if everything here appears colorless to you.”

At this they strolled further along.

A never ending stillness always rules upon the moon.

Everything is very different there, and a joyful light, in which everything earthly is transfigured, gleams everywhere. No one knows from where the silver palace receives its light; it appears, however, that it radiates from within. The crystal lake, which surrounds the castle and looks like deep, deep moonlight, can only be illuminated from this mysterious source as well. Silver trees stand around it, whose leaves rustle constantly in the wind. As the two of them walked along, white swans swam across the surface of the crystal lake, and small, white humming birds flew out of white lilies, which flourished in great numbers on the moon.

Everything is just simply very different there and like a dream.

As the two of them stood in front of the lake, the man in the moon pulled out a divining rod. At the same moment a gentle rainbow arose, over which they went to the gate of the silver palace. The rainbow swayed and bent heavily under the weight of the two pilgrims. After they crossed it, the bridge sank back into the lake again. "Good heavens, look at that!" said the guide, "Your people and the wet nurses have made a journeyman's sack on a stick out of the divining rod! Take it and open the door yourself."

The schoolmaster held the staff in his hands, and immediately the palace opened itself in the middle like a bright cloud. "Your guardians live here!" said the man in the moon. "I am not allowed to show you the old, faithful souls that do so much for you humans yet. But please step closer because you certainly know these."

The schoolmaster looked into a beautiful hall in which four men were sitting together. The first one was Shakespeare, next to him sat old Goethe, and next to him, Dschami.¹ At the feet of the German poet, which the others had so

¹Dschamij/Djami, MoulanaNuro'd-Din 'Abdo'rRahmen, was a Persian poet, scholar and Sufi mystic. He was born on October 7, 1414 in Khargerd at Djam (present day Torbat-e-Jam in the

warmheartedly placed in the middle, sat an unknown boy, who had placed his elbows on his knees like a child. In a graceful manner, Shakespeare alternately caressed the youth's curls and his cheeks. The three appeared to listen rather thoughtfully to what Dschami was saying. Unfortunately the schoolmaster could not make out a single word he was saying, but he couldn't help noticing how the Persian often pointed toward the earth and that Goethe cried bitterly.

"Come now!" said the man in the moon, "Now you know that your Poets are with us. We must go back as long as the ladder is still standing."

Then a large crowd of elves came with all kinds of dispatches and orders. They all bowed before the man in the moon, and some of them whispered something in his ear.

"She's coming," he said to the schoolmaster. "We must return to the ladder before it is too late because the time is over."

Then the joyful schoolmaster became aware of a gentle girl, whom he surely had never seen before but nevertheless recognized at once. Elves danced around her and dreams fluttered about in front of her like small doves. She walked alone and meditatively and had a lily over her heart; her gait had a swaying motion about it like a dreamer. She seemed ailing and sick. The four men stood up immediately, and the schoolmaster saw that they turned their attention to the girl.

He would have gladly inquired about her; but just then the man in the moon said: "Just step firmly onto the ladder, we will soon meet again!"

The world had already begun to move before him again, and he heard the friendly voice of his guide calling after him: "And if you should meet one another again, then *you* will already know each other!"

district of Khorasan, Iran) and died on October 9, 1492 in the city of Herat, which is located today in Afghanistan. Djami was considered to be the greatest poet of his age. He wrote close to 50 works, among them 3 divans, 7 longer romantic or didactic poems, and several pieces concerning Islamic, principally Sunni, theology and mysticism. Other works include tracts about rhetoric, poetics and Arabic grammar.

When the sun broke through the honeysuckle arbor in the morning, the schoolmaster awoke and didn't really know where he was!

The schoolmaster did not want to admit that he had fallen asleep last night, and yet the memory of the ladder and all that he had seen on the moon was so incomprehensible to him! For a long time he walked about pensively and dreamily. Finally, it seemed best to him to wait for the night to come in order that he could sit anew in the arbor. There he wanted to watch and examine everything precisely.

However, towards evening a heavy thunderstorm came so that the sky was completely overcast with clouds, becoming darker and darker. At last a heavy rain fell, and there was thunder and lightning for a long time.

"The moon will certainly not rise tonight," he said to himself and went sadly down to the streets in the city. He still thought constantly about the girl with the lily over her heart, whom he had seen on the moon.

Then he came to a street that stood under water. A small child stood next to the water. He wanted to go across but couldn't because it was too deep. The schoolmaster took the child in his arms, and as he carried him through he asked "Where do you live? All the streets are flooded and you are small, you could easily go under and drown."

The child replied in a friendly voice: "Thank you, young man. If you would be so good, then carry me still another two miles from here to the Swan Queen. I live with her."

The schoolmaster had almost dropped the child by a hair, so shaken was he by the boy's words; "Because it must be," he thought, "I will do it." He then carried the child out of the city.

Outside of the city the whole countryside was under water as well, and wherever one looked everything was awash with water and deathly still.

The poor schoolmaster almost lost his courage at the sight of it. "To swim forth two miles is certainly a lot: but because it must be, then I will do it," he thought.

Then a small boat sailed past. "Hey, little boat!" shouted the child, "Please take us to the Swan Queen." At that the little boat came over, and they sat down in it together and travelled on.

The schoolmaster often looked back over his shoulder towards the sky to see if the heavy clouds would break soon; but there was no hope of that.

All at once thousands upon thousands of swans emerged from out of the water and swam in proud splendor around the little boat, singing:

In the bright,
wonderful,
eternally clear
waves of water
dive under
all the more healthy
you will awake!
Here is life!
Wake up!
There, the world
lies dreamily,
and deceives you while awake
Swan child, swan child
come to us quickly, quickly!

While singing this song the swans pulled the little boat into light green reeds. Even still more of them came out of the water, and the reeds pointed their tips together at the top so that they all could go on as if through an emerald arbor. Just as the schoolmaster was about to turn to the child with a question, he noticed to his renewed horror that the child had disappeared from the boat. Next to him now sat the young woman with the lily over her heart, the same one that he had met the other night on the moon. "Don't be startled," she said pleadingly, "we have just arrived home," and at these words the boat sank down into the water with everyone in it.

The schoolmaster was nevertheless somewhat startled because he felt that he had been completely conscious up until now.

Down under the water he lay upon a crimson pillow and everything about him was a bright glass palace. He blinked through his half opened eyes a little bit

because he first wanted to secretly look about him.

Several strange little people walked about softly and talked quietly amongst themselves. One of them, a small man in a grey jacket had a long upper body and very short legs with flat feet. He said to another little man, who was round and fat and dressed in shimmering clothes: "My God! Why has it rained so terribly today?", to which the little round man replied: "It's surely from our enemies! Already early yesterday morning there were indications that one of them from over there had dared once again to go up the ladder and visit the girl."

"What's the new swan child doing?" broke in a third little man, who was wearing a tiny coat of mail made of silver plates.

Meanwhile, quiet voices from the depths of the palace began to sing:

Quickly, quickly,
go into the night
Don't make a sound!
Our swan child is tired!
Oh wind come
along quickly
fan her forehead, eye and mouth,
breath upon her, make her well
at this very moment!

"It is better if we separate," said the little one in the small gray jacket. "You men go and tell your people to be quiet! I'll stay here until our friend is awake since I have to work today."

Thus they went their ways. The little man sat down in the crevice of a divan across from the schoolmaster. He crossed his legs like a Turk, pulled a little chocolate tin out of his pocket and chewed contentedly on one sea lentil after another that were swimming about in it, all the while first deliciously crushing it under his tongue before taking out the next sweet. In between he would carefully brush his little jacket and from time to time glance at the schoolmaster with intelligent eyes.

Suddenly the schoolmaster had to jump up because he thought that a new dream was somberly overcoming his senses. It had gradually become darker, and single stars pushed their way out into the night sky. The moon, however, had

still not risen.

"Where am I? Where are you? How did I get here?" asked the schoolmaster. The little one in the grey jacket stood up and, after he had made several delicate bows, answered the questions in a complacent manner: "I do not want to conceal from you at all that I am the Diver King and one of the helpers, the latter of which you are certainly well aware of."

"Helpers?" thought the schoolmaster, "Oh, help me in this hour of need! Where is she? You know, don't you? The maiden on the moon, the one in the boat today with the lily on her heart?"

"Do not worry," answered the little man. "You will see her everywhere; on the moon and in the water. You will find her asleep in the flowers. She sits in the mountains if you go there. Just have faith in us."

"Have faith in you?" asked the schoolmaster, "You? Who are you then?"

"Oh dear" replied the little one. "You apparently want to hear again that we are just the helpers."

At that, the South Wind blew through the glass palace as a rosy-cheeked boy and threw the schoolmaster some blossoms in passing. Their fragrance made him sleepy and almost-intoxicated him.

"Just keep sleeping," said the little one, "because when you are asleep I want to tell you something that is very important. It doesn't matter at all if you sleep—can you hear me?—because then you will understand me all the better."

In fact, the schoolmaster fell asleep. At that, the Diver King began to tell a very touching tale about the order of the world and the household of the earth, about the good and evil forces, distinguishing the opponents from the helpers. He said "There are many animals and plants that the evil one has created in order that they frighten, bite, poison, bewilder or intoxicate humans, only in doing so they have all forgotten or become weary of their ultimate purposes. He did all of this out of jealousy since the creation was completed in such beauty and magnificence. The good Lord, though, created 366 docile animals which should serve, help, and warn men everywhere as well as alleviate any hardships. Those are your helpers. Any kind of planet has them. They relieve each other daily and

go into the country for the greater good of humanity. At sea, the clever sea gulls fly about and warn the skippers of approaching storms; if a traveller falls asleep in the street, rabbits watch over him and wake him when it's time; fish warn of impending volcanic eruptions and sparrows of the glowing flames in a chimney fire. It is therefore good if men obey the helpers' voices and do not hold any creation in contempt! Beyond this, God the Father has also given the moon to the spirits of loving and pious people so that they can offer a helping hand close to earth. Those are the guardians, the most noble of helpers. They warn and comfort through various dreams, which they reflect down from the moon. They fulfill many secret wishes and create a secret ladder upon which many have already fled to escape the confusion and stress of earth."

"It has occurred that people have met each other in dreams, who, later in life, have grown deeply fond of one another. The old guardians then manage the lives of the lovers in such an invaluable way that everything leads, unbeknownst to them, to a happy end; all to the glory of God and the happiness of his creation!" "Amen!" said the schoolmaster in his sleep.

"No meaningless words are written in the Bible," the little one eagerly continued, "but you strange humans don't understand anything and are more stupid than my flock of ducks when it comes to secret things. Jacob's Dream Ladder is not mentioned in vain, but only your poets have some knowledge of it. As with the miners who climb down into the depths of earth in order to bring up precious metals and gems, so too do the Poets climb up into the heavens and bring all kinds of magnificence down; truly things much more precious than gold and gems. That is why they are the real climbers and celestial beings, like the others who are called climbers and are miners."

The schoolmaster made a few restless movements to which the little one said: "Yes, yes, I know already, it would be right by you if I would quickly reveal the story of the maiden on the moon; but, my dear child, it's a fairy tale too long and too lengthy to tell now. Moreover, there isn't enough time to tell it to you because the moon is about to rise." With these words he reached out of the window for a water plant to look at the time in its bell shaped blossom. "Only that,"

he continued, "allows me to announce the time: When she used to climb the dream ladder to escape to the moon, it was to secretly cry her heart out. Now everything is quite different. The Swan Queen, who was the head of all the helpers in the region, took her in; the Spring revived her; the waters refreshed her, the four favored ones you saw on the moon cheered her heart, and she has been in love [with] you ever since you saw each other on the moon."

Hardly had the little diver finished his story when the moon went deep down into the water so that now the entire water palace was brightly illuminated. The old guardians with friendly faces could be seen descending down the ladder, and the man on the moon threw a blossoming rose down. Then the voices began to sing:

"Quickly, quickly, she is awakening,
refreshed and revived anew."

All the helpers stood around the palace. The little Diver King was now a ferryman in a boat made of lotus leaves and held the tiller in his hands as if he were waiting to depart. The maiden's farewell to the Swan Queen in the interior of the palace could be seen through the gates. Instead of wearing the lily, she wore a rose over her heart. Dreams fluttered about her like caressing doves, and little elves danced a merry wedding round. She herself looked like a child who had slept a long time and looked very cheerful and overjoyed. As she stepped out of the palace and approached the schoolmaster, he awoke as if he had been struck by lightning.

The sun was already high up in the sky and around him lay the hustling and bustling world.

But then it had happened, as he looked about himself with refreshed senses, that he became aware of two figures, whose presence threatened to plunge him into renewed bewilderment. Next to a tall, serious woman—wasn't it the Swan Queen?—the lovely maiden, the same one he had seen before, strolled glowingly and cheerfully along like a happy child. She wore a rose over her heart.

He watched them full of consternation until they had disappeared behind the trees.

Then he calmly folded his hands and said: "Now I know it."

Are you asking on whose behalf
I invent these fairy tales?
Ask rather, why Aeolian harps
lament in the winds;
Ask the canopy of blooms in the trees
and the flowers in the meadow,
why their fragrances ascend
into the blue expanses only in the Spring?