

Nathalie Baratoff

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01 26 The Transcendent Function:

Miracles Along the Way of Individuation

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The list below refers to fairy tales which will be discussed at the lecture.

I. Grimm Fairy Tales

The Devil with the Three Golden Hairs Grimm 29

The Queen Bee Grimm, 62

The Golden Children, Grimm 85

The Donkey, Grimm 144

II. Non-Grimm Fairy Tales

For your convenience, a copy of the non-Grimm tales will be available in a folder by the photocopy machine at ISAP. Those who wish to receive an electronic copy of one or all of the non-Grimm tales, may contact the office or the presenter.

The Pea Millionaire, Thera (Santorini)

The Speedy Messenger, Afanas'ev, 259

The Tale of the Valiant Youth and the Water of Life, Afanas'ev, 172

Looking forward to seeing you and wishing you a productive semester ahead.

Nathalie Baratoff
nathalie08@hispeed.ch
044 788 1272

office@isapzurich.com

THE PEA MILLIONAIRE

Th era (Santorini) Märchen Griechischer Inseln und Märchen aus Malta: Rowohlt Taschenbuch Verlag, Hamburg, 1993 (Diederichs). Trans. NB.

There once lived a poor woman who had a son. One day he found a chick-pea and said to his mother: "Whatever am I to do with this pea? We will plant it so that it can produce many peas, and then we will plant these so that they will produce even more peas." Then he thought to himself: "Where am I going to store all the peas that I am going to get?" So he went to the king and asked him for store houses for his peas. All this time, however, he still had only one pea.

When the king heard that he was rich and needed many store houses for his peas, he said to the queen: "This is a good man to marry our daughter to." So he told the young man that he would like to make him his son-in-law. First, however, he wanted to make sure that the youth was truly rich and aristocratic so he invited him to spend the night in his castle. The youth was given a bed full of wood chips. When he went to bed he lost his pea and spent the whole night looking for it. The following night he again stayed in the castle. This time he was given a very comfortable bed with cushions. He again lost his pea but found it right away and went to sleep. Now it was reported to the king that on the first night, as the youth lay on a bed of wood chips, he didn't sleep a wink, whereas on the second, as he lay in the comfortable bed, he immediately fell sleep. Then the king said to the queen: "We can surely marry our daughter to him, for he is indeed aristocratic. They offered him their daughter in marriage and he agreed to have her.

After the wedding was celebrated the young wife said to her husband: "Take me to your home; you told me that you own beautiful houses." But the only thing the young man possessed was one pea. He cried and complained and didn't know what to do, for he had no place to take the princess to. Finally, he took his rifle, went out into the field and cried in grief: "Oh, my Mira!" Suddenly a Moor appeared before him and said: "What is your wish? What you wish, I will get for you." The youth began to recount how he had married a princess whom he had told that he was rich, whereas he had but one pea. "And now she says that she wants to go with me to my house and I have none."

The Moor answered: "Take these forty keys and from the moment you enter the vineyard all its workers will belong to you. In one year you will become master of this castle. At this time beware, for I will return and give you twelve riddles to solve. Should you solve them, the castle is yours, should you not be able to do so, I will eat you up."

The man took the keys and led his wife into the castle. It was more beautiful than the king's castle and all its rooms were filled with gold. He took all this money and gave it to the poor, and as the year came to its end, he didn't have a single pedara left because he had given everything away. Finally the evening came when he expected the Moor. On this evening an old man approached him begging for money because he was so poor. The young man said: "I have nothing to give you, old one, I have given everything I had away. Then the old man said: "Allow me to sleep here at least!" At first he didn't want the old man to stay because he feared the black one would eat him as well. But the old man insisted: "Allow me to sleep here, my son, and go to sleep yourself, together with your wife, and don't be afraid of anything!" At midnight the Moor came and called for the man. The old man answered in his stead: "Hello you out there!" The Moor said: "Are you ready to hear the twelve riddles?" The old man answered: "Tell them to me."

The Moor began: "What does "one" mean?" The old man answered: "One is God."

"What does "two" mean?" - "Two horns has the devil; one is God."

"What does "three" mean?" - "Three forms has God; two horns has the devil; one is God."

"What does "four" mean?" - "Four corners has a cross; three forms has God; two horns has the devil; one is God."

"What does "five" mean?" - "Five fingers has a hand; four corners has a cross; three forms has God; two horns has the devil; one is God."

"What does "six" mean?" - "Six stars build the Pleiades; five fingers has a hand; four corners has a cross; three forms has God; two horns has the devil; one is God."

"What does "seven" mean?" - "Seven women are needed for a round dance; six stars build the Pleiades; five fingers has a hand; four corners has a cross; three forms has God; two horns has the devil; one is God."

"What does "eight" mean?" - "Eight feet has the polyp; seven women are needed for a round dance; six stars build the Pleiades; five fingers has a hand; four corners has a cross; three forms has God; two horns has the devil; one is God."

"What does "nine" mean?" - "In nine months is a child born; eight feet has the polyp; seven women are needed for a round dance; six stars build the Pleiades; five fingers has a hand; four corners has a cross; three forms has God; two horns has the devil; one is God."

"What does "ten" mean?" - "Ten toes has a pig; in nine months is a child born; eight feet has the polyp; seven women are needed for a round dance; six stars build the Pleiades; five fingers has a hand; four corners has a cross; three forms has God; two horns has the devil; one is God."

"What does "eleven" mean?" - "At eleven the sowers stop working; ten toes has a pig; in nine months is a child born; eight feet has the polyp; seven women are needed for a round dance; six stars build the Pleiades; five fingers has a hand; four corners has a cross; three forms has God; two horns has the devil; one is God."

"What does "twelve" mean?" - "Twelve months make a year; at eleven the sowers stop working; ten toes has a pig; in nine months is a child born; eight feet has the polyp; seven women are needed for a round dance; six stars build the Pleiades; five fingers has a hand; four corners has a cross; three forms has God; two horns has the devil; one is God."

And as the old man had solved this last riddle, the Moor said to him: "You have won. What do you want now?" "I want you to go thirteen miles from here and burst into pieces." And as the Moor disappeared, the old man woke the youth and his wife and said: "You no longer have anything to fear; everything that once belonged to the Moor is now yours. Having said this the old man departed; they lived on happily and we even happier.



The Speedy Messenger

A. Afanas'ev, *Russian Fairy Tales* 259
(trans. N. Baratoff)

In a certain land, in a certain kingdom, there were many impassable swamps. A road surrounded these swamps: riding fast one needed three years to complete the journey, riding slowly, even five were not enough! A poor old man lived on this road with his three sons: the first one was called Ivan, the second Vasilij and the third Semjon, the young lad. One day the poor old man decided to clear the swamps, to lay roads for travelers on foot and on horseback and to build wooden bridges out of snowball bushes (L: viburnum) so that the journey would take three weeks by foot and three days and nights on horseback. He set out to work together with his sons and after some time everything was completed: the wooden bridges and the paved roads.

The old man returned to his hut and said to his eldest son, Ivan: "Go, my dear son, sit under the bridge and listen to what people say in passing: do they find our work good or bad?" Obeying his father, Ivan went and hid himself under the bridge.

Two old men came walking over that bridge, speaking to one another: "Whoever built this bridge and laid this road – whatever he ask of the Lord, may it be granted to him." As soon as Ivan heard these words, he came out from under the bridge. "This bridge," he said, "was built by myself and my father and brothers". "And what do you ask of the Lord" asked the old men? "May the Lord give me money to last a lifetime." "Very well", said the old men, "go out into the open field. There you will see an old oak. Under this oak is a deep vault and in this vault you will find much gold, silver and precious stones. Take a shovel and dig – the Lord will give you money to last a lifetime." Ivan went out into the open field, dug out much gold, silver and precious stones from under the oak tree and took them home. "Well, dear son," said the poor old man, "have you seen anyone walking or riding over the bridge, and what did people have to say about our work?" Ivan told his father about the two old men and about how they had rewarded him.

Next day the old man sent out his middle son, Vasilij. Vasilij sat under the bridge and listened. Two old men came walking over the bridge and as they neared his hiding place, they said: "Whoever built this bridge – whatever he ask of the Lord, may it be granted to him." No sooner had Vasilij heard these words then he went out to the old men and said: "This bridge was built by myself and my father and brothers". "And what do you ask of God?" "May the Lord give me bread for my whole life." "Very well, go home, stake out a piece of fresh land and sow it. The Lord will give you bread for your whole life!" Vasilij went home, told his father all that had happened, staked out a piece of fresh land and sowed it.

On the third day the old man sent out his youngest son. Semjon, the young lad, sat under the bridge and listened. Two old men came walking over the bridge. As they reached the place where he sat hidden, they said: "Whoever built this bridge – whatever he ask of the Lord, may it be granted to him." Semjon, the young lad, heard these words, came out to the old men and said: "This bridge was built by myself and my father and brothers". "And what do you ask of God?" "I ask for His grace to serve as soldier to the great sovereign." "Ask for something else. A soldier's service is hard. If you become a soldier, you will fall captive to the Sea Tsar and shed many tears." "Oh, you old people, you know well yourselves: Whoever doesn't cry in this world, will cry in the next." "Very well," said the old men, "if you truly want to serve the Tsar, we will give you our blessing." They laid their hands on Semjon and turned him into a swift-footed stag.

The stag ran to Semjon's house, his father and brothers saw him out of the window and rushed out to catch him. The stag made a circle and ran back to the old men. These turned him into a hare. The hare darted back to the house; Semjon's father and brothers saw him and rushed out to catch him but he turned back again. The hare came running to the two old men. These turned him into a

little bird with a golden head. The bird flew home and sat at the open window. They jumped up to catch it but the bird flew away. The bird now returned to the two old men. They gave it its human form and said: "Now, Semjon, young lad, go into the Tsar's service. If you should ever need to get somewhere fast, you can turn into a stag, a hare and a golden-headed bird, as we have taught you."

Semjon, the young lad, went home and asked his father's permission to enter the Tsar's service. "How can you go?" said the poor man, "you are young and foolish!" "No, father," answered Semjon, "let me go. It is God's will". The poor man gave his consent. Semjon, the young lad, prepared for his journey, took leave of his father and brothers and set out on his way.

After a long or a short time, Semjon came to the Tsar's court. He went straight to the Tsar himself and said: "Your Royal Majesty, do not execute me, let me speak." "Speak, Semjon, young lad." "Your Majesty, take me into your service." "Impossible! You are young and foolish. How can you serve?" "Although I am young and foolish, I will serve no worse than the others. In this I trust in God." The Tsar consented, made Semjon a soldier and kept him near his person. After some time, a certain king declared a cruel war against the Tsar. The Tsar began to prepare for battle. At the appointed time his whole army stood ready. Semjon, the young lad, asked to join them. The Tsar could not refuse, took him along and set out to war.

For a long, long time the Tsar marched with his troops; many lands now behind him; the enemy was very close; the battle would be starting in three days. At that moment the Tsar realized that he was missing both his battle mace and his sharp sword. He had forgotten them in the palace and now he had nothing to defend himself with, to repulse the enemy forces. The Tsar issued a call to all his troops: could anyone be found to return speedily to the palace and bring him his battle mace and sharp sword? To him who would undertake this mission he promised his daughter, Tsarevna Maria, in marriage, half his kingdom as dowry and the rest upon his death. Several volunteers presented themselves: one promised to accomplish this task in three years, another in two years, yet a third, in one year. Then Semjon, the young lad said: "I, Your Majesty, can go to the palace and bring back the battle mace and sharp sword in three days." The Tsar was delighted: He took him by the hand, kissed him on the lips, and immediately wrote a letter to Tsarevna Maria, telling her to trust this messenger and to give him the sword and mace. Semjon, the young lad, took the letter from the Tsar and set out on his journey.

After he had gone a verst, he turned into a swift-footed stag and shot forward like an arrow from a bow. He ran and ran and when he got tired, he turned from a stag into a hare. Then he raced ahead at a hare's pace. He ran and ran until all his legs hurt and then turned from a hare into a little bird with a golden head. Now he went even faster: he flew and flew, and in a day and a half he came to the kingdom where Tsarevna Maria lived. Resuming his human shape, he walked into the palace and gave the letter to the Tsarevna. Tsarevna Maria took it, unsealed and read it, and said: "But how could you run through so many lands in such a short time?" "Here's how", said the messenger: He turned into a swift-footed stag and ran several times across the Tsarevna's chamber. Then he went up to her and put his head in her lap. She took her scissors and cut a tuft of fur from his head. The stag turned into a hare. The hare hopped around a bit and jumped onto the Tsarevna's lap. She cut a tuft of fur from him too. The hare turned into a little bird with a golden head. The bird flew around and perched on the Tsarevna's hand. Tsarevna Maria cut some golden feathers from its head; she tied all this – the stag's fur, the hare's fur and the golden feathers – together into a handkerchief and hid them. The bird with the golden head then turned back into the messenger.

The Tsarevna gave him to eat and drink, got him ready for the journey and gave him the battle mace and sharp sword. Then they said good-by to one another, kissed heartily in farewell, and Semjon, the young lad, made his way back to the Tsar. Again, he ran as a swift-footed stag, raced like a slant-eyed hare and flew as a little bird, and by the end of the third day, he caught sight of the Tsar's camp. At about three hundred paces from the camp, he lay down by the sea shore near a

willow bush to rest from his journey. The battle mace and the sharp sword he put by his side. From great weariness he soon fell into a deep sleep. Just then one of the generals happened to be passing by the willow bush. He saw the messenger, pushed him into the sea, took the battle mace and the sharp sword, brought them to the Tsar and said: "Your Majesty! Here are your battle mace and your sharp sword. I fetched them myself – and that braggart, Semjon, the young lad, will surely take three years!" The Tsar thanked the general, engaged the enemy and, in a short time, won a glorious victory over him.

And in the meantime, Semjon, the young lad, fell into the sea. He was immediately seized by the Sea Tsar and carried into the depths. There he lived for a whole year. His heart was heavy and he cried bitter tears. The Sea Tsar came to him and asked: "Are you lonesome here?" "Yes, I am lonesome, Your Majesty" answered Semjon, the young lad. "Would you like to go up to the Russian world?" "Yes, I would like to, Your Majesty, if such is your royal favor." The Sea Tsar carried him up exactly at midnight, left him on the shore and returned to the sea. Semjon, the young lad, began to pray: "Send me the sun, oh Lord!" Just before the rising of the red sun the Sea Tsar appeared, snatched him up and carried him back into the sea depths.

Semjon, the young lad, spent another whole year in the sea. His heart was heavy and he cried bitter, bitter tears. The Sea Tsar asked him: "Are you lonesome?" "Yes, I am lonesome," answered Semjon, the young lad. "Would you like to go up to the Russian world?" "Yes, I would, Your Majesty." The Sea Tsar carried him up to the shore at midnight and returned to the sea. With tears in his eyes, Semjon, the young lad, began to pray: "Send me the sun, oh Lord!" Just as it was beginning to dawn, the Sea Tsar appeared, snatched him up and carried him back into the sea depths. Semjon, the young lad, lived a third year in the sea; he was lonesome and he cried bitterly, disconsolately. "Are you lonesome, Semjon?" asked the Sea Tsar. "Would you like to go up to the Russian world?" "Yes, I would, Your Majesty." The Sea Tsar carried him up onto the shore and returned to the sea. With tears in his eyes, Semjon, the young lad, began to pray: "Send me the sun, oh Lord!" Suddenly the sun rose and lit up the world with its rays, and now the Sea Tsar could no longer take him into captivity.

Semjon, the young lad, set out for his kingdom. He first turned into a stag, then into a hare and finally into the little golden-headed bird. Soon he was at the Tsar's palace. By this time, the Tsar had already returned from the war and betrothed his daughter, Tsarevna Maria, to the deceitful general. Semjon, the young lad, entered the chamber in which the bridegroom and bride were sitting at table. Tsarevna Maria saw him and said to the Tsar: "Sovereign father, do not have me executed, let me speak." "Speak, my dear daughter. What is it that you wish?" "Sovereign father, my bridegroom is not the one sitting at the table but the one who has just entered." "Show us, Semjon, young lad, how you had run speedily for the battle mace and the sharp sword." Semjon, the young lad, turned into a swift-footed stag, ran several times around the chamber and stopped before the Tsarevna. Out from her handkerchief, Tsarevna Maria took the bit of fur she had cut from the stag, showed the Tsar the spot where she had clipped it, and said: "Look, father, here is my proof." The stag turned into a hare. The hare hopped about the chamber and came to the Tsarevna. Tsarevna Maria took the hare's fur out of her handkerchief. The hare turned into a little bird with a golden head. The little bird flew about the room and sat on the Tsarevna's lap. Tsarevna Maria untied the third knot in her handkerchief and showed the golden feathers. Then the Tsar learned the whole truth. He ordered the general executed, married Tsarevna Maria to Semjon, the young lad, and made him his heir.



The Tale of the Valiant Youth and the Water of Life

A. Afanas'ev, *Russian Fairy Tales*, 172

Once upon a time there lived a tsar (king) with his tsaritsa (queen). The tsar had three sons. One day he sent out his sons to search for his youth. The tsareviches (princes) set out on their journey. Soon they came to a pillar from which ran three roads. On this pillar was written: "Go right and you will be sated, your horse - hungry; go left, you will be hungry, your horse - sated; go straight ahead and you will lose your life." The eldest tsarevich took the road to the right, the middle one turned left, the youngest rode straight ahead. After traveling a long or a short time, the youngest brother came to a deep ditch. He lost no time wondering how to get over the ditch: crossing himself, he spurred his horse and jumped over to the other side. There, at the edge of a dark forest he saw a hut, standing on chicken legs. "Little hut, little hut! Turn with your back to the forest, with your front side towards me." The hut turned towards the tsarevich and he walked in. Inside sat Baba Yaga. "Fie, fie!" said Baba Yaga. "Till now there's been neither whiff nor glimpse of Russians around here. Now there's one standing before me, jumping right into my mouth! Well, well, my good fellow, have you come fleeing duty or seeking it?" "Oh, you old hag, you! Had you not spoken these words, had I not heard them! First offer me food and drink, then ask me questions." Baba Yaga gave him to eat and drink, interrogated him and gave him her own winged steed, saying: "Be on your way, my good man, and go to my sister."

After a long or a short time, he came to a hut. He went in. There sat Baba Yaga. "Fie, fie!" said Baba Yaga. "Till now there's been neither whiff nor glimpse of Russians around here. Now there's one standing before me, jumping right into my mouth! Well, well, my good fellow, have you come fleeing duty or seeking it?" "Ach, woman! First offer me food and drink, then ask me questions." Baba Yaga gave him to eat and drink, then began questioning him: "What fate has brought you to this distant land?" "My father has sent me out in search of his youth." "Very well then, change over to my best steed and ride to my elder sister."

The tsarevich immediately set out. After a long or a short time, he once again came to a hut on chicken legs. "Little hut, little hut, turn with your back to the forest, with your front side towards me!" The hut turned towards the tsarevich and he walked in. Inside sat Baba Yaga. "Fie, fie!" said Baba Yaga. "Till now there's been neither whiff nor glimpse of Russians around here. Now there's one standing before me, jumping right into my mouth! Well, well, my good fellow, have you come fleeing duty or seeking it?" "Oh, you old hag, you! You've neither fed me nor given me to drink, but are already questioning me." Baba Yaga gave him to eat and drink, asked him for news, then gave him a steed even better than the first two, and said: "God be with you! Not far from here is a kingdom. When you get to it, don't go through the gates for they are guarded by lions. Give your horse the whip and jump over the stockade, but be very careful not to catch on to any of the strings as you go over. If you do, the whole kingdom will be in an uproar and you'll never make it out alive. When you get over the stockade, go immediately to the castle, into the furthest room. Open the door ever so quietly and there you'll see the sleeping tsar maiden. Under her pillow lies hidden a phial with the water of life. Take this phial and go back quickly. Beware of being tempted by her beauty."

The tsarevich did everything Baba Yaga bid him do. There was only one thing he could not resist doing: he was tempted by the maiden's beauty... As he mounted his steed, the steed staggered; as he swung over the stockade, he caught one of the strings. Instantly the whole kingdom awoke. The tsar maiden also awoke and ordered her steed saddled. By this time Baba Yaga already knew what had

happened to the valiant youth, and prepared herself for what was to come. No sooner had she sent the tsarevich on his way than the tsar maiden stormed in. She found Baba Yaga all disheveled and in disarray. "How dare you allow such a scoundrel into my kingdom," said the tsar maiden. "He entered my quarters, drank kvas (beer) and left without covering it up again!" "Oh, my dear mistress! Can't you see how disheveled my hair is? I fought him for a long time but could not subdue him." The other two Baba Yagas both said the same thing. The tsar maiden now sped on in pursuit of the tsarevich. She was just about to seize him when he jumped over to the other side of the ditch. "Expect me in three years," she called out after him, "I will be coming by sea."

From sheer joy, the tsarevich didn't realize that he had come to the pillar and had turned left. Presently he came to a silver hill. On the hill he saw a tent, by the tent stood a steed eating summer wheat and drinking honey water. In the tent he found a valiant youth, his own brother. Said the youngest tsarevich: "Let's go look for our elder brother." They saddled their horses and took the road to the right. Soon they came to a golden hill. On the hill they found a tent, by the tent, a steed eating summer wheat and drinking honey water. Inside they discovered a valiant youth, their elder brother. They roused him and rode together to the pillar at the crossing of the three roads. Here they stopped to rest. The two elder brothers now started questioning the youngest. "Did you find our father's youth?" "Yes, I did." "How and where?" He told them everything that had happened, lay down in the grass and fell asleep. The brothers cut him up into small pieces and strew the pieces in an open field. They took the phial with the water of life and made their way to their father.

Suddenly the firebird came a-flying. It gathered the pieces and laid them next to one another. Then it fetched some water of death in its mouth, sprinkled the pieces, and they grew back together. The firebird now fetched some water of life, sprinkled it on the body, and the tsarevich came to life. Getting up he said: "Oh, how long I've been sleeping!" "Were it not for me, you would have slept forever." said the firebird. The tsarevich thanked the firebird and made his way home. His father scorned him and banished him from his house, and so he strayed, homeless, for three years.

As the three years drew to a close, the tsar maiden arrived, sailing on a ship. She sent the tsar a letter, asking that the guilty one be sent to her and threatened to burn down and destroy the whole kingdom if he didn't comply with her wishes. The tsar sent his eldest son. Two boys, sons of the tsar maiden, saw him coming and asked their mother: "Is this our father?" "No, this is your uncle." "How shall we greet him?" "Take a whip, each of you, and send him back to where he came from." Inglorious was the eldest tsarevich's return! Repeating her threats, the tsar maiden once again demanded the surrender of the guilty one. The tsar sent his second son. The same happened to him.

The tsar now ordered a search for the youngest tsarevich. As soon as he was found, the tsar bid him go to the ship of the tsar maiden. The tsarevich replied: "I will not go until a crystal bridge is built all the way up to the ship. This bridge must be supplied with an abundance of food and wine." There was nothing to be done. The bridge was built, food was prepared, wine and mead was provided. The tsarevich gathered his comrades and said to them: "Be my escorts. Eat and drink to your hearts' delight!" As he walked up the bridge, the boys cried: "Mother dear, who is that coming?" "That's your father." "How shall we greet him?" "Take him by the hand and lead him to me." They embraced, they kissed, they caressed one another. Then they went to the tsar and told him everything as it had happened. The tsar banished his elder sons and lived on with his youngest in joy and plenitude.