

Rapunzel by Brothers Grimm

There were once a man and a woman who had long, in vain, wished for a child. At length it appeared that God was about to grant their desire.

These people had a little window at the back of their house from which a splendid garden could be seen, which was full of the most beautiful flowers and herbs. It was, however, surrounded by a high wall, and no one dared to go into it because it belonged to an enchantress, who had great power and was dreaded by all the world.

One day the woman was standing by this window and looking down into the garden, when she saw a bed which was planted with the most beautiful rampion, and it looked so fresh and green that she longed for it. She quite pined away, and began to look pale and miserable.

Her husband was alarmed, and asked: 'What ails you, dear wife?'

'Ah,' she replied, 'if I can't eat some of the rampion, which is in the garden behind our house, I shall die.'

The man, who loved her, thought: 'Sooner than let your wife die, bring her some of the rampion yourself, let it cost what it will.'

At twilight, he clambered down over the wall into the garden of the enchantress, hastily clutched a handful of rampion, and took it to his wife. She at once made herself a salad of it, and ate it greedily. It tasted so good to her - so very good, that the next day she longed for it three times as much as before.

If he was to have any rest, her husband knew he must once more descend into the garden. Therefore, in the gloom of evening, he let himself down again; but when he had clambered down the wall he was terribly afraid, for he saw the enchantress standing before him.

'How can you dare,' said she with angry look, 'descend into my garden and steal my rampion like a thief? You shall suffer for it!'

'Ah,' answered he, 'let mercy take the place of justice, I only made up my mind to do it out of necessity. My wife saw your rampion from the window, and felt such a longing for it that she would have died if she had not got some to eat.'

The enchantress allowed her anger to be softened, and said to him: 'If the case be as you say, I will allow you to take away with you as much rampion as you will, only I make one condition, you must give me the child which your wife will bring into the world; it shall be

well treated, and I will care for it like a mother.'

The man in his terror consented to everything.

When the woman was brought to bed, the enchantress appeared at once, gave the child the name of Rapunzel, and took it away with her.

Rapunzel grew into the most beautiful child under the sun. When she was twelve years old, the enchantress shut her into a tower in the middle of a forest. The tower had neither stairs nor door, but near the top was a little window. When the enchantress wanted to go in, she placed herself beneath it and cried:

'Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair to me.'

Rapunzel had magnificent long hair, fine as spun gold, and when she heard the voice of the enchantress, she unfastened her braided tresses, wound them round one of the hooks of the window above, and then the hair fell twenty ells down, and the enchantress climbed up by it.

After a year or two, it came to pass that the king's son rode through the forest and passed by the tower. Then he heard a song, which was so charming that he stood still and listened.

It was Rapunzel, who in her solitude passed her time in letting her sweet voice resound. The king's son wanted to climb up to her, and looked for the door of the tower, but none was to be found. He rode home, but the singing had so deeply touched his heart, that every day he went out into the forest and listened to it.

Once when he was thus standing behind a tree, he saw that an enchantress came there, and he heard how she cried:

'Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair to me.'

Then Rapunzel let down the braids of her hair, and the enchantress climbed up to her.

'If that is the ladder by which one mounts, I too will try my fortune,' said he, and the next day when it began to grow dark, he went to the tower and cried:

'Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair to me.'

Immediately the hair fell down and the king's son climbed up.

At first Rapunzel was terribly frightened when a man, such as her eyes had never yet beheld, came to her; but the king's son began to talk to her quite like a friend, and told her that his heart had been so stirred that it had let him have no rest, and he had been forced to see her.

Then Rapunzel lost her fear, and when he asked her if she would take him for her husband, and she saw that he was young and handsome, she thought: 'He will love me more than old Dame Gothel does'; and she said yes, and laid her hand in his.

She said: 'I will willingly go away with you, but I do not know how to get down. Bring with you a skein of silk every time that you come, and I will weave a ladder with it, and when that is ready I will descend, and you will take me on your horse.'

They agreed that until that time he should come to her every evening, for the old woman came by day. The enchantress remarked nothing of this, until once Rapunzel said to her: 'Tell me, Dame Gothel, how it happens that you are so much heavier for me to draw up than the young king's son - he is with me in a moment.'

'Ah! you wicked child,' cried the enchantress. 'What do I hear you say! I thought I had separated you from all the world, and yet you have deceived me!'

In her anger she clutched Rapunzel's beautiful tresses, wrapped them twice round her left hand, seized a pair of scissors with the right, and snip, snap, they were cut off, and the lovely braids lay on the ground. And she was so pitiless that she took poor Rapunzel into a desert where she had to live in great grief and misery.

On the same day that she cast out Rapunzel, however, the enchantress fastened the braids of hair, which she had cut off, to the hook of the window, and when the king's son came and cried:

'Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair to me.'

she let the hair down. The king's son ascended, but instead of finding his dearest Rapunzel, he found the enchantress, who gazed at him with wicked and venomous looks.

'Aha!' she cried mockingly, 'you would fetch your dearest, but the beautiful bird sits no longer singing in the nest; the cat has got it, and will scratch out your eyes as well. Rapunzel is lost to you; you will never see her again.'

The king's son was beside himself with pain, and in his despair he leapt down from the tower. He escaped with his life, but the thorns into which he fell pierced his eyes.

He wandered quite blind about the forest, ate nothing but roots and berries, and did naught but lament and weep over the loss of his dearest wife.

Thus he roamed about in misery for some years, and at length came to the desert where Rapunzel, with the twins to which she had given birth, a boy and a girl, lived in wretchedness.

He heard a voice, and it seemed so familiar to him that he went towards it, and when he approached, Rapunzel knew him and fell on his neck and wept. Two of her tears wetted his eyes and they grew clear again, and he could see with them as before. He led her to his kingdom where he was joyfully received, and they lived for a long time afterwards, happy and contented.

The Courtship of Inanna and Dumuzi

Innana asks her brother Utu...(Sun God)

Utu, who will go to bed with me?

"Sister, your bridegroom will go to bed with you.

He who was born from a fertile womb,
He who was conceived on the scared marriage throne,
Dumuzi, the shepherd! He will go to bed with you."

Inanna spoke:

"No, brother

The farmer! He is the man of my heart!

He gathers the grain into great heaps.

He brings the grain regularly into my storehouses."

Utu spoke:

"Sister, marry the shepherd.

Why are you unwilling?

His cream is good; his milk is good.

Whatever he touches shines brightly.
Inanna, marry Dumuzi.

You who adorn yourself with the agate necklace of fertility,
Why are you unwilling?

Dumuzi will share his rich cream with you.
You who are meant to be the king's protector,
Why are you unwilling?"

Inanna spoke:

"The shepherd? I will not marry the shepherd!
His clothes are coarse; his wool is rough.
I will marry the farmer.
The farmer grows flax for my clothes,
The farmer grows barley for my table."

Dumuzi spoke:

"Why do you speak about the farmer?
Why do you speak about him?
If he gives you black flour'
I will give you black wool.

If he gives you white flour,
I will give you white wool.
If he gives you beer,
I will give you sweet milk.
If he gives you bread,
I will give you honey cheese.

I will give the farmer my leftover cream.
I will give the farmer my leftover milk.
Why do you speak about the farmer?
What does he have more than I do?"

Inanna spoke:

"Shepherd, without my mother, Ningal, you'd be driven away, without my grandmother, Ningikuga, you'd be driven into the steeps, without my father, Nanna, you'd have no roof, without my brother Utu"

Dumuzi spoke:

"Inanna, do not start a quarrel.

My father, Enki, is as good as your father, Nanna. My mother, Sirtur, is as good as your mother, Ningal. My sister, Geshtinanna, is as good as yours. Queen of the palace, let us talk it over."

The word they had spoken
Was a word of desire.
From the starting of the quarrel
Came the lovers desire.

The shepherd went to the royal house with cream.
Dumuzi went to the royal house with milk.
Before the door, he called out:
"Open the house, My Lady, open the house!"
Inanna ran to Ningal, the mother who bore her.

Ningal counseled her daughter, saying:
"My child, the young man will be your father.
My daughter, the young man will be your mother.
He will treat you like a father.
He will care for you like a mother.

Open the house, My Lady, open the house!"
Inanna, at her mother's command,
Bathed and anointed herself with scented oil.
She covered her body with the royal white robe.
She readied her dowry.
She arranged her precious lapis beads around her neck.
She took her seal in her hand.

Dumuzi waited expectantly.
Inanna opened the door for him.
Inside the house she shone before him.
Like the light of the moon.
Dumuzi looked at her joyously.
He pressed his neck close against hers.
He kissed her.

Inanna spoke:

"What I tell you
Let the singer weave into song.
What I tell you,
Let it flow from ear to mouth,
Let it pass from old to young:

At the king's lap stood the rising cedar.
Plants grew high by their side.
Grains grew high by their side.
Gardens flourished luxuriantly.

Inanna sang:

"He has sprouted; he has burgeoned;
He is lettuce planted by the water.
He is the one my womb loves best.
My well-stocked garden of the plain,
My barley growing high in its furrow,
My apple tree which bears fruit up to its crown,
He is lettuce planted by the water.

My honey-man, my honey-man sweetens me always.
My lord, the honey-man of the gods,
He is the one my womb loves best.
His hand is honey, his foot is honey,
He sweetens me always.

Dumuzi sang:

"O Lady, your breast is your field.
Inanna, your breast is your field.
Your broad field pours out the plants.
Your broad field pours out grain.
Water flows from on high for your servant.
Bread flows from on high for your servant.
Pour it out for me, Inanna.
I will drink all you offer."

Dumuzi spoke:

"My sister, I would go with you to my garden.
Inanna, I would go with you to my garden.
I would go with you to my orchard.

I would go with you to my apple tree.
There I would plant the sweet, honey-covered seed."

Inanna sang:

"Last night as I, the queen, was shining bright,
Last night as I, the Queen of Heaven, was shining bright,
As I was shining bright and dancing,
Singing praises at the coming of the night;
He met me; he met me!
My lord Dumuzi met me.

He pushed his hand to my hand.
He pressed his neck close against mine.
My high priest is ready for the holy loins.
My lord Dumuzi is ready for the holy loins.
The plants and herbs in his field are ripe.
O Dumuzi! You fullness is my delight!"
She called for it, she called for it, she called for the bed!
"Let the bed that rejoices the heart be prepared!
Let the bed that sweetens the loins be prepared!
Let the bed of kingship be prepared!
Let the bed of queenship be prepared!
Let the royal bed be prepared!"

Inanna spread the bridal sheet across the bed.
She called to the king:
"The bed is ready!"
She called to her bridegroom:
"The bed is waiting!"
He put his hand in her hand.
He put his hand to her heart.
Sweet is the sleep of the hand-to-hand.
Sweeter still is the sleep of heart-to-heart.

Inanna spoke:

I will decree a sweet fate for him."
I The Queen of Heaven,
The heroic woman, greater than her mother,
Who was presented to me by Enki,
Inanna, the First Daughter of the Moon,
Decreed the fate of Dumuzi:

"In battle I am you leader,
In combat I am you armor-bearer
In the assembly I am your advocate,
On the campaign I am your inspiration.
You, the chosen shepherd of the holy shrine,
You, the king, the faithful provider of Uruk,
You, the light of An's great shrine,
In all ways you are fit:

To hold your head high on the loft dais,
To sit on the lapis lazuli throne,
To cover your head with the holy crown,
To wear long clothes on your body,
To bind yourself with the garments of kingship,
To carry the mace and sword,
To guide straight the long bow and arrow,
To fasten the throw-stick and sling at your side,
To race on the road with the holy scepter in your hand,
And the holy sandals on your feet,

You, the sprinter, the chosen shepherd,
In all ways you are fit.
May your heart enjoy long days.
That which An has determined for you; may it not be altered.
That which Enlil has granted; may it not be changed.
You are the favorite of Ningal.
Inanna holds you dear."

From where the sun rises to where the sun sets,
From north to south,
From the Upper Sea to the Lower Sea,
From the land of the huluppu-tree to the land of the cedar,
Let his shepherd's staff protect all of Sumer and Akkad.

As the farmer, let him make the fields fertile,
As the shepherd, let him make the sheepfolds multiply,
Under his reign let there be vegetation,
Under his reign let there be rich grain.
In the marshland may the fish and birds chatter,
In the canebrake may the young and old reeds grow high,

In the steppe may the deer and wild goats multiply,
In the orchards may there be honey and wine,
In the grasslands may the lettuce and cress grow high,
In the palace may there be long life.

May there be floodwater in the Tigris and Euphrates,
May the plants grow high on their banks and fill the meadows,
May the Lady of Vegetation pile the grain in heaps and mounds.
O my Queen of Heaven and Earth,
Queen of all the universe,

May he enjoy long days in the sweetness of your loins."
The king went with to the queen with lifted head.
He opened wide his arms to the holy priestess of heaven.

Inanna spoke:

"My beloved, the delight of my eyes, met me.
We rejoiced together.
He took his pleasure of me.
He brought me into his house.
He laid me down on the fragrant honey-bed.

My sweet love, lying by my heart,
My fair Dumuzi my sweet love is sated.

My fearless one,
My holy statue,
My statue outfitted with sword and lapis lazuli diadem,
How sweet was you allure

Before the resurrected Inanna could leave the Netherworld, the judges insisted she provide a substitute; and to be sure she did, they surrounded her with demons -- creatures who neither eat nor drink and who flutter between heaven and earth knowing neither good nor evil. Clinging to Inanna's body, these demons demanded she give them her servant Ninshubur.

But the goddess refused: "No! Ninshubur is my constant support, my friend, defender, and wise advisor. I will never give you Ninshubur." When Inanna, traveling homeward, stopped at the seven cities and temples of her realm, the demons demanded she give them one or the other of her sons, but Inanna refused. Finally they reached Uruk where Dumuzi, her young husband, was sitting on his shining throne so involved with kingship he did not notice

her arrival or acknowledge the love they had once shared. Hurt, Inanna told the demons to "Take him! Take Dumuzi away!"

Although he managed to escape several times with the help of his sister Geshtinanna and Inanna's brother Utu, Dumuzi was eventually caught, bound, and carried away by the demons. But when he was gone Inanna missed him greatly, as did his sister and mother. Their grief was inconsolable and desolation filled the land. By and by a holy fly circled about and revealed where Dumuzi lay. There Inanna and Geshtinanna found him weeping. Inanna took him by the hand and said:

You will go to the underworld
Half the year.
Your sister, since she has asked,
Will go the other half.
On the day you are called,
That day you will be taken.
On the day Geshtinanna is called,
That day you will be set free.
Inanna placed Dumuzi in the hands of the eternal.

<http://www.theosociety.org/pasadena/sunrise/52-02-3/mi-elo2.htm>

The Queen of Heaven Inanna Acquires the Sacred ME

As the youthful Inanna matured and gained confidence from her awakening feminine power, she realized that to establish her queenship and guide her people she needed the "gifts" of the gods. With ingenuity and courage she obtained them -- as Prometheus did for the Greeks, as coyote and crow did for the North Americans, and as every one of us must do if we would know ourselves.

Placing the crown of the steppe on her head, she said: "I, the Queen of Heaven, shall visit the God of Wisdom. . . . I shall honor Enki, the God of Wisdom, in Eridu."

When Enki saw her coming, he told his servant:

When Inanna enters the holy shrine
Give her butter cake to eat.
Pour cold water to refresh her heart.
Offer her beer before the statue of the lion.

Treat her like an equal.

Greet Inanna at the holy table, the table of heaven.

And so it was that Enki and Inanna feasted and drank at the table of heaven until Enki, swaying with drink, toasted Inanna:
In the name of my power! In the name of my holy shrine!
To my daughter Inanna I shall give
The high priesthood! Godship!
The noble, enduring crown! The throne of kingship!

Inanna replied: "I take them!" Fourteen times Enki raised his cup and offered Inanna the holy *ME* ("attributes of civilization"), nearly 100 of them, among which were the arts of the hero, the skills of power, the crafts of civilized society, truth, descent into the underworld, ascent from the underworld, the perceptive ear, the rejoicing of the heart, the giving of judgment, and the making of decisions.

These "gifts" also included many of the negative consequences of the awakening of mind. Inanna accepted them all and, loading them into the Boat of Heaven, was about to push off from the quay when a sobered Enki, realizing what he had done, sent his servant Isimud to call her back to return the holy gifts.

But Inanna paid no heed, crying out that Enki had broken his pledge. Six times more Enki sent Isimud, but to no avail. And six times he sent demonic creatures -- wild-haired monsters, flying giants, and dragons -- to seize her Boat of Heaven; but Inanna's warrior maidservant Ninshubur conquered them all.

Of all the *ME* Inanna received, the one she valued most, as did Enki, was the power of making decisions. Knowing the other gifts would be worthless without this power - which involves will, initiative, and independence - Inanna refused to return it, and determined to share it and all she had received with her people.

When she arrived at the White Quay of Uruk, she was welcomed with songs and feasting, and as she distributed the gifts among her people, she discovered there was more than Enki had given. Drums, tambourines, the art of women, and the perfect application of the holy *me* were included. Reconciled to this, the all-wise Enki blessed Inanna and declared:

In the name of my power! In the name of my holy shrine!
Let the *ME* you have taken with you remain in the holy shrine of your city.
Let the high priest spend his days at the holy shrine in song.
Let the citizens of your city prosper,
Let the children of Uruk rejoice. . . .
Let the city of Uruk be restored to its great place.