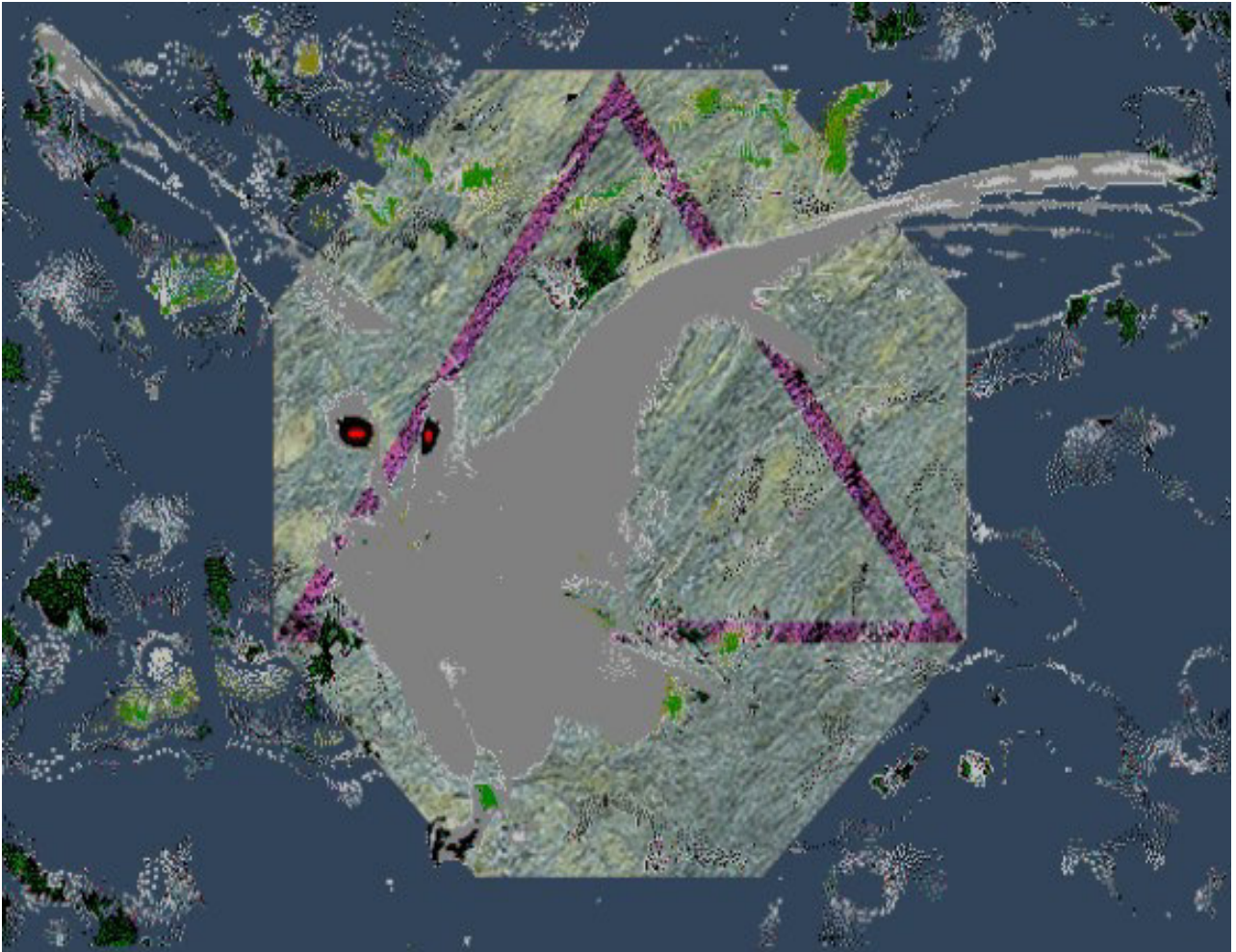


Dragon Dreams

by Stephan Raufer



My Glass-Bead-Game.

It's the nature of the Glass-Bead-Game that not everything will be told, only the ones who know about the meaning of the signs will understand.

Likewise a confinement is essential part of every Glass-Bead-Game.

Inlay Front 1:



They don't let me in to:
'The Opening of a Glass-Bead-Game.'
It's sold out;
I could liquify,
till it's over.

Inlay Front 2:



I have seen the fat grew-black Gerlinde
yesterday around Midnight at Bihlplatz,
if we will get the reward,
let us do a three little further behind.

Inlay Front 3:



Two of me are to much they said,
they need only one singer.

Triangelum Part 1: Dragon Dreams

my Glass-Bead-Game

This way it looks.
There is a prologue,
4 chapters and
an epilogue.

In the Glass-Bead-Game by Hermann Hesse it's told,
that the game is a reading lasting mostly two weeks
prepared and presented by the Master of the Glass-Bead-Game.

The common of the audience is,
that they all know about the symbols,
which are shown and lead the theme of the game.

Now in the book I do it that way
by a fixed schema.

That is the schema and we will keep it each day.

- a. The ceremony master will show a symbol
and give to it some explanation.
- b. Our Gaul friends will recite
an old folk-myth.
- c. The tale
- d. The threnody of Uhlejact
- e. The ceremony master will
discharge you with some poetry.

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

Prologue: The members of the audience

Day 1: Troubadix for host

Day 2: Asterix for host

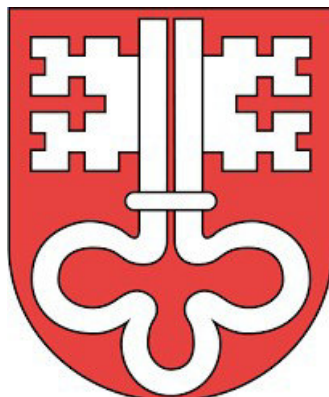
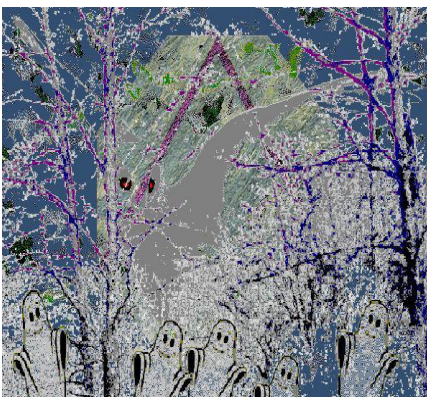
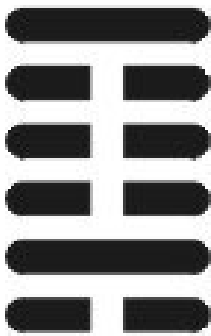
Day 3: Falbela for host

Day 4: Obelix for host

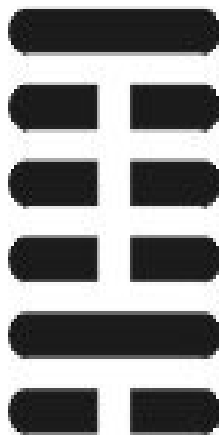
Epilogue: Places of inspiration in my home region.

Prologue

The ceremony master has announced:
'A Glass-Bead-Game is coming back to true life.'



The Mang Hexagram



N° 4 out of 64 of the I Ging

Keyword: Youth

Symbolic: Being caught

General meaning:

There will be progress and success.
I do not seek the youthful and inexperienced,
he comes and seeks me.
When he shows the sincerity that marks,
I instruct him.
If he apply a second and third time,
that is troublesome.
There will be advantage in being firm and correct.

Taken from:
The Glass-Bead-Game by Hermann Hesse

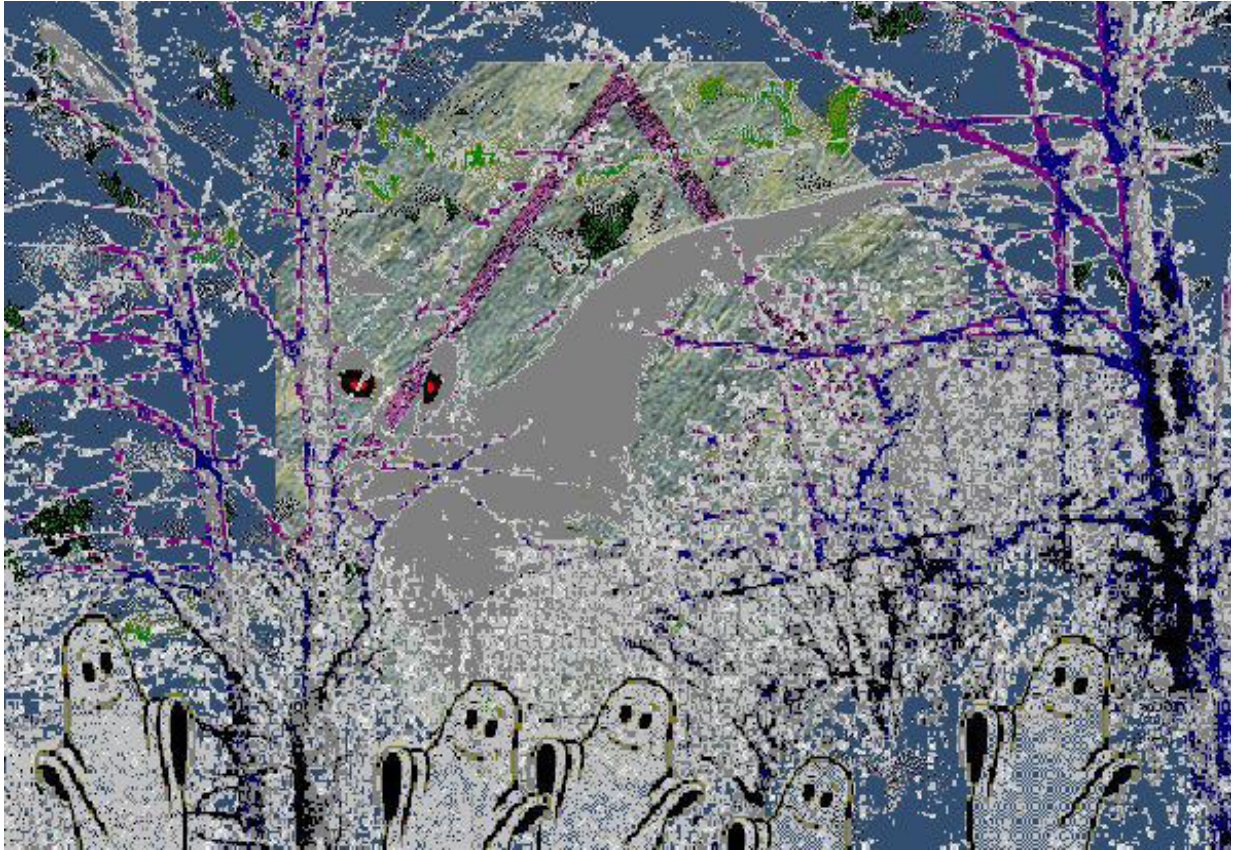
Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

The ceremony master has announced:
'A Glass-Bead-Game is coming.'



Till here not much more,
as foggy thoughts of a tired dragon,
laying around in the brain
like frozen stones.

The Tale



Prologue: In the Hayn

The ceremony master turns his head to the south,
raises his wooden bar and points to the water.

All through the silence of the bosket,
we can hear his clear voice:

"Look like that our future will be,
therefore we are here,
to renew an ancient alliance."

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

A druid stands up in his circle,
stretches the magic pole,
the wand out of fog sinks.
A fish takes a short glance up,
down from the lake.

From the rank of the witches,
3 of them appear with baskets.
Each one put the willow netting
in front of the water to the ground.
Removing the shawls above,
3 birds fly up high.

Lightning cranks over the sky,
thunder shakes the trees,
the new dragon is born.

The witches take their baskets up,
fold their neckerchiefs to scarfs
to put it around the hair.

The druid signs a circle with the pole,
then disappears in a grew cloud.

The ceremony master takes the bar
with both hands over the head,
announcing:

"A Glass-Bead-Game is coming
back to true life."

Immediately it starts to rain,
short after the whole Hayn lays quitted.

The threnody of Uhlejact



What to say more?
Well!

All through the past centuries,
we haven't been that glad,
to live in our own state,
but our old wise, white men
have decided once,
this way shall it to be,
from now till ever.

The song of the bell



Walled in fast within the earth
stands the form burnt out of clay.
This must be the bell's great birth!

Fellows, lend a hand to-day.
Sweat must trickle now,
from the burning brow,
till the work its master honour.

Blessing comes from Heaven's Donor.
While we our conscientious work are doing,
we ought to speak a serious word,
more easily our work pursuing,
when noble speech the while is heard.

By Friedrich von Schiller

(1759-1805)

Vivos voco.
Mortuos plango.
Fulgura frango.

- In living voice -

The ones at life I call,
the deaths I complain,
the lightning flashes I will break.

Day 1 of my Glass-Bead-Game

Breakup and release



The sign Wáng - The King



Rivers and mountains you may change,
but not the people.

Old Chinese wisdom

The fisherman and his wife



There once was a poor fisherman,
who lived with his wife
in a hovel by the sea.

One day the fisherman catches a golden flounder,
which claims to be an enchanted prince,
and begs him to set it free.

The fisherman kindly releases it.
When his wife hears the story,
she says he ought to have had
the flounder grant him a wish.

She insists that he goes back
to ask the flounder to grant him,
her wish for a nice house.

A German fairy tale

Collected by the Brothers Grimm

The Tale



Chapter 1: Dragon Dreams

Piëct Tynact awakes feeling little unpleasant,
it are these call it visions,
hunting him now near to sleep.
Urges him to take a cold bath
in the abandon bay of the lake aside.

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

Even though he won't say
he detested the water.
For sure a creature of the air
wasn't born as fish, however
he already has questioned this sometimes.

The other thing helps him into the sea,
is a hidden passion of him.
Lying backwards in the water
looking to the sky,
he automatically starts to sing.

One of his most loved songs is:

"Dragon should be hero."

His mother was singing it
each Saturday the bathing day.
Then she scrubs his back
with a wooden brush.

He often has looked last years for such a tool,
but none he found,
has been the same as the one,
they have had at home.

Meanwhile the singing isn't
that naturally to him.
This has to do with
the noise inside his head;
every time him falling asleep,
with that monotonous voice
in the background murmuring:

"Mine fro' ll'se'bil',
d'ut ned' th'at wh'at,
lk' ch'ar wil'."

Then enters such a nerd
of speaker with perm the stage,
in his hand a bouquet of parsley.

Oh, these scenes in his dreams,
maybe he's becoming insane,
no, that he won't believe,
perhaps his subconsciousness is doing it.

Likewise at times he thinks
it comes from the appetite he mostly has,
especially in the morning.

What lets him slightly hesitate
to enter his wading pool,
is out of another reason.
It's the tickling at his nose,
this buzzing like,

t'sch..., t'sch..., t'sch't,

which makes him also sneeze.

A true dragon problem
the thing with the fire-spitting,
he not really has it under control.
The more to his career as singer
it will be a big impediment.

He has tried some times the c'',
but all that has come out of his mouth
has been the flame of a lighter.

Well, now, a dragon
doesn't matter much about career.
Maybe a small theatre
or some producers of the film business,
nowadays still have use of it.

Won't be for no ones help
to wait any longer,
time for the bath.

T'sch.., t'sch.., ch'uack...

Caught a cold too, it seems.
There the humming again
even louder than before:

"Il'se'bil', Il'se'bil',
c'ime, c'ime,
hi'lp m', hi'lp m',
q'itsch, q'itsch,
is s'range, is s'range".

Disturbing Piëct Tynact thinks,
trying to find his relaxation.
He is swimming out into the bay,
nearly crossing it for the half,
today he can't find much pleasure.

Even whistling the melody of
'Dragon should be hero',
is of any help, too.
Better leave the water again,
enough for the moment.

Reaching the beach he means
hearing humdrum humming still:

"Il'se'bil' b' kid'nap'ed her',
b' kid'nap'ed her',
al' dunc'el, al' d'ark,
al' dunc'el, al' d'ark,
un au ar'ch c'ald."

Piëct reflects a moment,
then he remembers
an old trick of him.

He walks to the water,
looking for some seaweed.
At the shore he catches up two,
three cords to wind them around the eyes.
That way he will hear better:

"Il'se'bil', Il'se'bil'
th' ta'ch ned' c'ime wil',
th' ni'gt s'go'th evi'ch hit',
al' dunc'el, al' d'ark,
un' au ar'ch c'ald."

Where it's coming from, he asks himself?
Seems from up in the north!
Oh, no, wrong;
turning his head in all directions
he locates the origin.
South-west seems to be the right way.

Flying without any sight
not the best idea,
although his flight
is more a hopping about the ground.

He loosens the seaweed cords
the way he can see a bit through.
Oh, it works,
the humming is still there:

"Il'se'bil', Il'se'bil',
hit th' ta'ch is c'imen,
a cir'le up'n m' sh'ines,
ful' o' wi'th li'gt,
al' th' r'of is blu',
sh'ines l'ice, cold ice."

To matter about breakfast,
nonetheless it's already after midday,
will have time till later.

More urgent seems right now
to find the reason of the thing,
which has tortured him this much last days.

The winds aren't exactly the way,
he needs for take-off,
not strong enough only a breeze.
He will try a water start for that reason.
Nothing that enjoys your eyes.

You know about,
if you have seen once,
how a duck is starting out of the water.
At least it minimizes the possibility
of a crash with the hard ground,
if it fails.

Pitsch..., pitsch..., patsch...

Nearly the upper half out of the sea,
catching a slight squall
with the underside of his wings
and a fast stroke with his tail,
Piëct conquers the air.

Never he has been far from this place,
neither he has ever reached
the ground of the sea,
cause it seems to be indefinitely deep.
Now an adventure is waiting for him
out in the big world.

Up in the air Piëct looks around himself.
Under him lies the huge lake;
like to the right though to the left,
he can't even anticipate the borders.

Only in front of him it appears to be narrow,
from there the humming is coming.
Seems to be a point up in the far mountains
the sun has already past.

"Il'se'bil', Il'se'bil',
th' sun h'et shin'ed,
lon'ch ned' mor' wa'ten wil',
cr'ul her' is in,
kid'nap'ed sho, so lon'ch I b'en."

A sigh relieves from Piëct lips,
him knows now where to fly,
what isn't actually the biggest problem.
It is more the flying itself,
we have said before,
he isn't really good in it.

If someone will watch it from the side,
it will look like
the crazy drive on a roller-coaster.
Up and down just with no loopings in,
but sometime he will try that, too.

The reason for his bad style,
the wings to small, to weak,
however his bottom to thick.

The heavy long tail doesn't make it better
but it is useful, if him keeps it quiet,
to hold the course.

To manœuvre left or right,
up or down, if he moves him really slow
to the opposite direction.

Like a dolphin ploughs the ocean,
Piëct whirls through the heaven,
not really a flight,
even not a fast way of moving.

All at all not that bad,
how he finds himself,
better than ever before.

The sun is wandering deeper
on the right of him,
the air is becoming colder.
Since long he has left the lake behind.

Now there is a forest under him,
with beeches and oaks.
The mountains come nearer, getting steeper,
covered with snow on the top.

Somewhere must have been a hole in the air.
Suddenly Piëct finds himself
dangerous near to the ground.

All the way are treetops beside,
avoiding hardly to hit them.
With unrestrained movements of his wings,
he tries to gain more height.

The moment it seems to be under control again,
a flock of geese crosses his lane,
travelling back from their winter accommodation
in the warmth, in the south.

Nervousness takes possess of Piëct's movements.
One goose hits his right wing nib,
another nearly sits down herself
on the left handed side.
A wing punch short after,
of a third, takes his sight.

There it happens again;
fire-spitting is leaving his mouth,
meets one more goose on the twelve.

The situation collapses,
it smells like roasted duck,
the air around him gets turbulent.
All signs showing just one direction,
down, down, down.

Piëct opens his eyes;
trees all around,
except of the little meadow he lies,
a clearing in the forest.

On the way back to earth
he has lost his consciousness.
He tries to move his limbs
one after the other.

Nothing seems broken,
nowhere any hurts.
He is used to this kind of landing,
automatically he has done
all it needs for such an emergency.

First thing that catches his look,
is a roasted goose lying not far from him.
The problem with breakfast is solved,
although it's already late afternoon.
Sunset soon will bury the light of day.

While he nibbles on his snack,
he reflects what to do next.
Better stay here for the night.

The more as the region is
totally unknown to him.
By the thought of a night flight,
not only his stomach revolts.

At the view of some small heaps
of snow not far from him, he recognizes
the freshness of the evening.

Nothing unusual,
after all he has reached the mountains,
flew them a pretty bit up.

He will do a campfire
therefore he has to search some dried wood,
a lot of it,
thus it will burn all night to the sunrise.

Entering the forest Piëct
hears some strange sounds.
A lot of animals must be
hidden in the dark.

He starts to sing
like always in such situation,
'Dragon should be hero',
you know we have
already spoken about the song.

Firewood is an easy thing
to find in the forest,
if it isn't raining for longer times.

He selects the best pieces
which will be useful for the fire,
piles them up under one arm.
The wings enlarge them here
do a good work.

Piëct has collected nearly the much he
needs for a comfortable overnight stay
and stacked under his right side.
Suddenly he hears an awful hissing behind,
simultaneous something nips in his tail.

Bad an idea of it,
cause the tail fights back.
Goes for a hard stroke.
Something cracks against a tree nearby.

What has this been?
Checking the environs he finds
a dead woodchuck with a smashed leg.

It must have been the way,
he is stepped on it,
his tail has hurled it then away to death.

Tomorrow he won't starve for sure,
today he has had enough.
He will make a barbecue out of it.
Short after he is awoken.
These are the thoughts of Piëct
on the way back to his camp.

Arrived there he arranges the wood to a pile.
He lays some remain of it further away,
under which he buries the woodchuck.
None of the monsters out there in the forest
will find and devour it.

The thrilling moment now has come,
he has to light up the fire.
Piëct takes a deep breath,
waits a moment and blows.

Oh yes, it works,
him is spitting real fire.
The pile of wood flashes up at once.

The fact will strengthen his self-reliance
after all the jumble of this exciting day,
the hubhub of the voices in his head last weeks.

Piëct lays himself on the back,
looks into the heaven up to the stars.
Sometimes he dreams
another dragon does live there,
a true dragon mighty and strong.

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

Perhaps he will meet this dragon
some day, the usual dragon dreams.
He has had these dreams already,
all the times since he is able to think.

Falling to sleep
he hears the shut of an owl.
She must sit in one of the oaks
at the edge of the woods.

The threnody of Uhlejact



It has been in the 3rd century,
counted at the modern calendar.
We had beaten the romans
in all our seattlement area.

For a short time,
there has been the chance,
to raise our own,
united kingdom of the tribes.

On a sitting over the river Necka,
our old wise, white men decided,
considering the future,
climbing over the horizon of time:

"Better will be to
split it into spreaded parts."

The glove



Before his lion-court
impatient for the sport,
King Francis sat one day.
The peers of his realm sat around
and in balcony high from the ground,
sat the ladies in beauteous array.

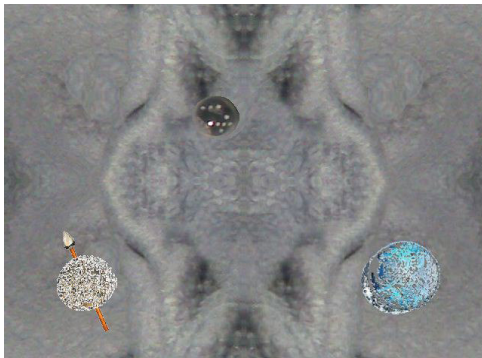
And when with his finger he beckoned
the gate opened wide in a second
and in, with deliberate tread,
enters a lion dread
and looks around.

Yet utters no sound.
Then long he yawns
and shakes his mane
and stretching each limb,
down lies he again.

By Friedrich von Schiller

Day 2 of my Glass-Bead-Game

Brawl and dispute



A little secret lies in here.
It lies in the tale; the same secret like in the original book of Hermann Hesse 'The Glass-Bead-Game'; the case my thoughts are right about.
I myself haven't got it on first reading, just much more time later.

The wedge-frame



A wedge-frame is;
a simple construction made out of wood,
on which a linen cloth is strained and fixed.

Afterwards the linen can be ground and
you are now able to paint on it.

Squire von Ribbeck at Ribbeck in Havelland



Squire von Ribbeck at Ribbeck in Havelland,
in his garden there stood a pear tree grand,
and when autumn came round, the golden tide
and pears were glowing far and wide,
Squire von Ribbeck, when noon rang out,
would first fill both his pockets full to burst.

And then, when a boy in his clogs came there, he called:

“My lad, do you want a pear?”

He would hail a girl that chanced to pass:

“Come over, I have a pear, little lass!”

Many years thus went, till the noble and high
Squire von Ribbeck at Ribbeck came to die.

He felt his end. It was autumn tide.
Again pears were smiling far and wide.

“I depart now this life”,

von Ribbeck said.

“I wish that a pear in my grave be laid.”
And after three days, from this mansard roofed hall,
Squire von Ribbeck was carried out, `neath a pall.

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

All farmers and cottagers, solemm-faced sang:

“Jesus, in Thee my trust is placed”,

and the children lamented, with hearts like lead:

“Who`ll give us a pear, now that he is dead?”

So the children lamented.

It was unkind, as they did not know old Ribbeck´s mind.

True, the new one is skimping niggardly,
keeps park and pears tree `neath lock and key.

But having forebodings the older one,
and full of distrust for his proper son,
knew well what he did, when the order he gave,
that a pear should be laid in his grave.

From the silent dwelling, after three years,
the tip of a pear tree seedling appears.

And year after year, the seasons go round,
long since a pear tree is shading the mound.

And in the golden autumn tide
again it is glowing far and wide.
When a boy is crossing the churchyard there,
the tree is whispering:

"Want a pear?"

And when a girl chances to pass, it whispers:

“Come here for a pear, little lass.”

Thus blessings still dispenses the hand
of von Ribbeck at Ribbeck in Havelland.

Lay from Theodor Fontane

The Tale



Chapter 2: Leaving the Dungeon

Piëct wakes up the sun high in the sky,
the campfire is extinguished some time ago.

That isn't a huge problem to him,
because of the wood remained from last evening.

Oh yeah, the woodchuck lies still below.

What could be better than breakfast
out at a meadow on a sunny morning.

A try worth to see if the fire-spitting
will work like yesterday has done.

He takes a deep breath of air,
a brilliant flame comes out his muzzle.

Piëct feels really proud about.

'One fine day a big dragon you will be',
his father has told him once.
Has been some days
before he left his mother.
Tired of the endless urging, uttering
and quarrelling between the both.

Barbecue out of roasted woodchuck,
well, you may be able to eat,
but nothing what you would call delicious.

Strict in the smell,
stale in the taste,
tough in the bite;
even some mustard with it,
would make these circumstances any better.

Anyway at this time of morning
you better shall call it lunch.
Nothing Piëct will matter about,
in the opposite,
his thoughts are going all another direction.

Will be nice to stay some days here
or even better move to this place at all.
Spent the time in the forest with hunting,
climb up on each tree.

Spare the morning bath in the cold water,
oh no,
perhaps then he will miss the singing.

"ll'se'bil', ll'se'bil',
n'one c'imet, n'one c'imet,
lo'sen mi' h'art,
s'its so h'rd."

There it is again,
the voice in his head.
Further dreaming won't be of anyone's help.
Piëct will have to do
one more try in flying,
in the moment the situation
seems to be to take advantage from.

Piëct climbs a small cliff,
bravely jumps into the gulf,
spreading his weak wings wide.

The sun has heated up
the cold air down in the valley.
The drift of a warm gentle wind
along the mountain slope
lays itself under his body, surrounds him.

In screwing circles Piëct mounts
high and higher in the sky.
Who does matter about swimming,
if you are able to fly like a bird.

The last trees of the forest
which have looked at night that giant,
causing him nearly being afraid,
now they seem to be like matches in a box.

The snowfields above
solidify gradual to ice.
Between two peaks of huge mountains,
the enormous surface from
a glacier guides his way.
Some heaps out of ice and stones
are placed above.

"Il'se'bil', Il'se'bil',
s'on, s'on ned' m're can,
cr'ul h'er is in."

Piëct supposes he can locate now exactly,
where the voice is coming from.
It must be the one heap on the ice field,
nearly all up on the top.
Out of that reason he flies there.

Yeah, he's right,
no doubt about.
Under a mound of stones
covered with tight ice,
the desperate voice
can be listened clear and loud.

"Il'se'bil', Il'se'bil',
lon'ch ned' m're wa'ten wil',
kid'nap'ed sho, so lon'ch I b'en."

What to do about now?
He won't be able to move
even the easiest of the stones.

No tool anywhere around,
except of some other boulders
lying further up.
The more everything is frozen together
to a firm rock.

'Nothing shall be able to stop a dragon',
a saying his father told him once.
Isn't he flown all up here?
Hasn't he lit a fire twice?
Somewhere a solution must be!

Oh yes, he has an idea!
Piëct takes once more deep breath,
moisten with the tongue his lips.
Then he starts to spit fire,
hot fire like the one of a volcano.
All the ice over the heap
you may confident forget.

Now he marches up the glacier.
With his mighty tail to the valley down,
he is gliding on his bottom
over the slippery plane,
the same like on a sledge track.

Faster and faster becomes the ride,
till with the peak of his tail,
he crashed into a heavy block of rock.
He flings the projectile on the pile of stones,
which immediately breaks apart.

Hardly the cavern is open,
a small creature is creeping out
on all of his 6 legs.
Oh, what it is?
A spider for sure,
a talking spider the more.

"Hav' fo'low'ed th' rainbo',
wh'ch pr'mis'ed m' a gul'dn tre'sur',
I'ad m' up al' th' way tu' h're.
Sa' th' spa'kl'nch o' it
un'dr th' h'ap o' sto'ns.
Oh, I tr'ed tu' ca'ch him,
al' th' sto'ns mov'.
I just c'uld co'vr in th' cav'.
Th'at way I wa' ca'ch'ed in th' tr'p."

The wink of an eye Piëct is left without any thought.
Completely surprised he asks the spider
the thing his mind him calls:

"The treasure is it still here?"

"A gul'dn tre'sur' ne'vr h're ha' b'en,
al' must b'en part o' th' tr'p.
B't if y'u lo'kin' o' tre'sur',
mi' fre'ndship tu' of'er,
may b' tre'sur' en'ugh."

"Howdy, howdy, ho,
haven't I heard you howling
some moments before?"

"Hav' re'ch'ed th' end o' rainbo',
with'ut findin' a' tre'sur',
ne'thr y'u lu'ch,
wis' man wil' walk o' sea,
sit o' shor',
li'stn th' wav'."

"Oh, in walking you are certainly well,
with all that much of feet.
Never have been at the sea,
just home at my lake."

"This may be not that bad an idea.
Think we just have to follow the sun,
down to the south to look for the ocean."

"But we won't walk,
we will fly.
Come on,
all up to the top of the ice.
There you can jump on my back,
to be ready for take-off."

Soon they have reached
the top of the ice field,
which stretches itself too,
down on the other side of the passage.

Oto'kar Rad'ect
that is the spider's name,
jumps on the back of
Piëct Tynact the dragon,
for a spider likewise
jumping isn't any problem.

Leaning back his body
supported by his tail on the ice,
Piëct slithers down the frozen snow.
He spreads his wings,
immediately they are back in the air.

"Ne'vr b'en fl'wn b'for'."

Oto'kar voice shyly can be heard,
then there is silence on Piëct's back.

The winds at this side of the mountains
aren't that favourable in the moment,
like on the way up.
Piëct instantaneous finds back
to his former roller-coaster style.

Up and down,
somewhere between falling and rising.
The diver in the water,
the jumper on the springboard,
he just wonders,
that his new companion keeps that quiet.

No voices,
no urging any more,
he turn his head to see,
if him still up on his back.
Oh, yeah, for sure,
still there,
seems he has become
a little pale around the nose.

The region of the snow and ice
they have abandoned already.
Piëct follows now a river
on his right side, which gets
bigger and wider with the time.

Still the both glide
along the slope of the mountains.
Here the thermodynamics
keep them better up in the air.

They pass huge coniferous forests,
which further down are bordered
by walnut and chestnut trees,
standing in endless blue lavender meadows.

Nearer to the river
are located fields and vineyards.
More and more often
with houses and even villages in between.
Piëct reflects to take a break,
look for his passenger.

Same moment he goes down for landing,
he notices a rabbit hopping
through the small streak
of grass direct beyond him.

To late for the poor animal,
to get a real dragon
sitting direct on the head,
only few creatures from
that small size will survive.

"How about Oto'kar,
also like a mouthful to eat?
I will roast the rabbit
on the flame of the fire I'm spitting."

"Hav' stav'ed th'at lon'ch,
th' bl'od, th' bl'od,
wil' refr'sh mi' h'art."

Oto'kar jumps of from his back,
hurries around to one of the walnut trees.

At his return he is carrying
with the two front legs,
some of the empty shells of the nuts.

"Th' bl'od, th' bl'od,
pur' it 'n h're,
it wil' b' delic'us fo' mi'."

Piëct does how him is told,
holding then the dead, bloodless rabbit
with his claws in front of him.
Like expected the dragon spits fire
to roast his victim,
which soon is done.

Now they sit side by side
up on the slope busy by eating.
During their meal they are
watching the events down at the river.

Behind a farm some people can be seen.
They handle around
with a huge barrel and wooden cases
full of pitchers out of clay.
In the crocks they fill some red liquid
until now locked in the cask.

"Mayb' is als' bl'od the' du' in ju'ch,
wil' b' wort' a tri'."

"Better let us fly on,
when we have finished.
I yearn for the ocean,
watching the high sea.
I have heard this often from."

The problem with the take-off,
just the same than before.
No fitting winds to put him up.

Therefore Piëct looks
for the steepest part of the gradient.

He runs down the lavender meadow
the fastest he can,
he starts to tumbling;
no more ground under the feet.

Elsewise he would have hit the hedgehog,
like the centre forward
in a soccer game scores the goals.

The prickled comrade turns his head wondering,
while Piëct is passing
one foot above him the air.
Whereas our little dragon thinks,
what lucky the landing on a rabbit has been.

His rotten style of flying hasn't improved.
Wrong winds, better nearly no of them,
hard work to do for Piëct,
staying above the level of ground.
His stomach nearly revolts
about the permanent up and down.

"Onc' hav' s'en som' ch'ld,
mak' a pi'ce o' pa'pr fl'.
Hav' an ide' to mak' it sam' way.
Wil' com' ar'und tu' y'u be'ly,
b't y'u hav' k'ep mi' wit' y'u f'et."

By his words Oto'kar
crawls up the neck of Piëct,
winds himself around.
Now he is hanging
upside-down on the dragon's throat.
Backwards he is shoving
himself down Piëct's body,
till he has reached the abdomen.

"Piëct no' mus' k'ep mi' wit' y'u f'et."

Piëct acts how Oto'kar has suggested.
The spider stretches all of his 6 legs.
How long they are, you won't believe.
Our dragon feels,
how each leg from the front pair
grasps one top of the wings.

The other two pairs
catch hold on the border of them,
tighten the wings of Piëct a pretty
piece bigger that way.
Oto'kar the more stiffen the legs,
by that the fickleness of the wings stops.

What a new way of flying!
The stream of air rustles now all over
Piëct's body, nearly like swimming it feels.
Moving his head or moving his tail,
the reaction is a controlled steering,
the one, the other way, up and down.

"You may not loosen your grip now,
that long I am hanging down under you,
here in the air."

Piëct abrupt turns his head to behind,
which causes a nearly 90° curve to the left,
where a white high above all other peaks
reaching mountaintop comes into his sight.

Has that been really Oto'kar,
who has spoken?
Yes, of course, must be,
no one other all around!

"For sure I won't do,
what ever will come."

"I won't only go in lack of a spider,
we both may tumble to death."

Slowly Piëct glides back to the old course.
Left handed the mountains,
under them the forests,
the right guided by the river,
on his way to the south.

With the time they leave the mountains
further and further behind.
The country beneath them shallows,
the river becomes to a stream.

In front of them a village,
seems worth a nearer look.
Meanwhile flying turns out
to be more and more difficult.
A wind from the south
strikes gradual in,
increasing with the times.

A huge castle on top of the hillock,
dominates the scenery.
Beneath extends the village
itself down to the water.

Boats lie there fastened at the river border.
Behind the barges the ruin of a bridge
raises just to the middle of the stream,
ending there without any continuation.

Up on the bridge
a celebration gets going on.
You can hear a band is playing music.
In front of the musicians,
girls in coloured, striped dresses are dancing.
Like blossoms are rocking their skirts
in the breeze of the spring.

Around them are standing men in circles,
they are yelling loud.
Mugs they are carrying in their horny hands,
red juice is pouring in,
out of some huge casks.

Above,
from the other side of the river,
the amused gathering
is illuminated by a reddish shimmering sun,
on her way down under the horizon.

Suddenly a gust from the south-east,
takes control over our two heroes.
No possibility to get nearer to that town.
On the contrary the wind,
he won't stop anymore.

It presses Piëct over the river,
urges him here in just one direction,
all up the valley,
back to the north.

'On the roller-coaster again',
Piëct thinks,
all still the same,
all has changed.

Thus the storm now really becomes heavy,
shakes them in any possible way,
the dragon feels to have all under control.

Piëct even starts to sing,
'Dragon should be hero',
like he usually has done home on his lake.

With the fading of the light,
the storm slowly dies away.
Piëct calls Oto'kar up
on his back in reason of landing.

Cautious the spider crawls
along the dragon's body.
Oto'kar is sitting himself high up in the nape,
winding all his legs firm and
persevering around Piëct's throat.

'Better in the grip of a storm,
than in the one of a spider',
are the dragon's thoughts
while going down for landing.

A last squall hunts about the meadow
sprinkled with fruit trees,
turning Piëct round like a whipping top.
The blast still pushes him
several hundred meters over the grass,
until he hits with his bottom a pear tree.

Abruptly their movement is stopped.
Fruits are falling down,
as well they may be hailstones.
Oto'kar jumps around like a rubber ball
for not being smashed.

Barely the bombardment has ended,
our two companions lay
themselves under the pear tree.
In the pale shine of the moon,
they taste the juicy fruits.

"Th'at juic' y'u sh'al fil' als' in ju'ch,
lik' w' hav' s'en."

"Yeah, sure, we will do!
I will put on top a cork,
which I will fix
by winding your legs around."

Has been a strenuous day for our heroes,
tired they now are.

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

In a chestnut tree
not far away an owl is howling.
Piëct peers for it,
seems her gives him a wink.

"Have you seen the owl Oto'kar?
The bird can fly
like we are able to do, too."

"Sur' hav' s'en it sinc' lon'ch,
b't b' afr'id th' b'est wil' æ'tn mi' up."

"Oh then, fast, come nearer,
slip down under my wing."

The threnody of Uhlejact



It has been the same century
the Muslims occupied nearly
all the Iberian peninsula.

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

Finally they were stopped
by Frankish and Allied troops
under Karl Martell majordomo of the Merowinger.

However our nation lays dying,
because of the usual trouble between the clans,
as well as the dissatisfaction about
the leadership of the Merowinger in these wars.

At the court in Cannstatt,
we detained them to pass the northern river,
when they came to conquer our terrain.

"Howdy, howdy, ho,
the blood toll has been high."

Nevertheless Theudebald has been
extremley proud of us.
He pinned severals barrels
and some other more.

It had been the end of the house Merowing.

The causes - sooner,
the effects - later.

The Sorrows of young Werther



"Why do I not write to you?"

You lay claim to learning,
and ask such a question.

You should have guessed,

that I am well,
that is to say,
in a word.

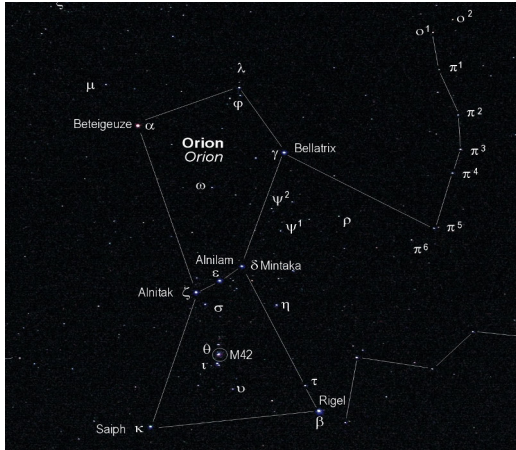
I have made an acquaintance,
who has won my heart:

I have,
I know not.

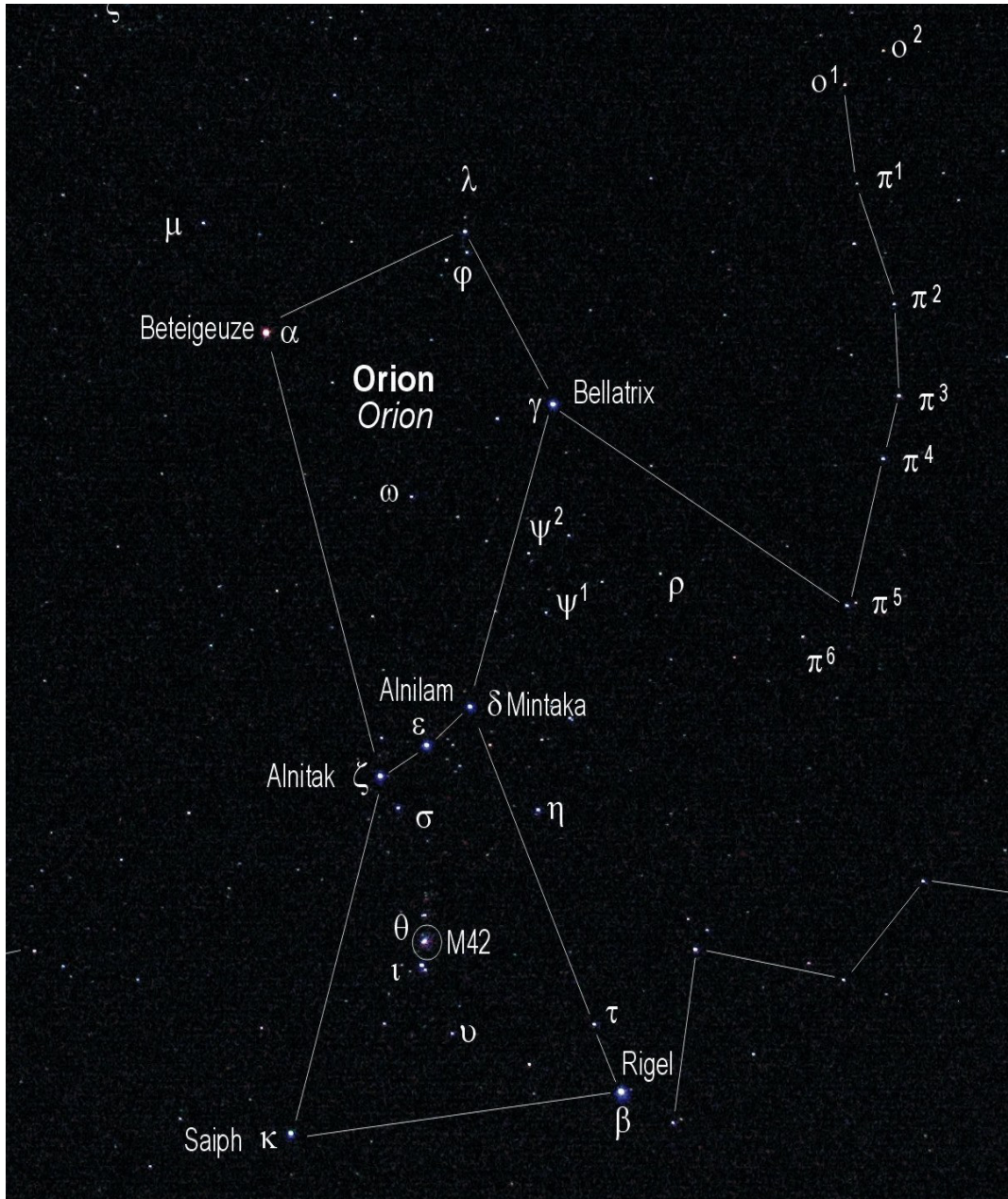
By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Day 3 of my Glass-Bead-Game

Temptation and migration



The constellation Orion



You are told it is Orion,
the big hunter.

Just look yourself and you will see a Butterfly.

Sur le pont d'Avignon



Sur le pont d'Avignon
l'on y danse, l'on y danse.
Sur le pont d'Avignon
l'on y danse tout en rang.

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

Sur le pont d'Avignon,
auf der Brücke ist musique.
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
la musique, c'est si bon.

Die Geigen machen comme ça.
Die Flöten machen comme ça.
Trompeten machen comme ça.
Und dann singen alle zusammen:

Sur le pont d'Avignon,
auf der Brücke ist musique.
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
la musique, c'est si bon.

Die ganze Stadt ist verliebt,
an einem Abend im Mai.
Wenn alle Lichter sich drehen
und auch wir zwei sind dabei.

Sur le pont d'Avignon,
auf der Brücke ist musique.
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
la musique, c'est si bon.

Posaunen machen comme ça.
Und das Klavier macht comme ça.
Die Trommel, die macht comme ça.
Und dann singen alle zusammen:

Sur le pont d'Avignon,
auf der Brücke ist musique.
Sur le pont d'Avignon ist Musik.
La musique, la musique, c'est si bon.

Popular old folksong in French-German version

Arranged by Mireille Mathieu

The Tale



Chapter 3: Flight of the Dragon

Piëct awakes by a moving on his left side,
Oto'kar the spider already is up.
He is busied with trying
to pull a pear below the wing.
Time for breakfast like it seems.

The dragon takes himself
also some of the fruits.
Down under the tree they sit now
together they are at eat.

The winds of yesterday are gone at all.
Nevertheless they decide to forget
about another departure to the south.
There where each evening
the sun will go down,
they agree about to fly.

Still they have some more to discuss.
In the flight through the storm
the dragon has perceived,
he isn't able to move the wings,
whilst Oto'kar is fixing them with his legs.

The spider replies that he will weaken
his knee joints as well as the pelvis joints.
By some practice they may dub their movement
this way to an efficient wing stroke.

For starting place they choose the tree,
the owl has been sitting on the evening before.
They select for the launch a limb,
which isn't attached far above.
Neither Piëct, nor Oto'kar will get hurt,
if the take-off fails.

Climbing up a tree,
sure yesterday morning
Piëct has dreamed about.
Other thing it is to do for a dragon,
with a tidy filled up stomach and limbs
thought for everything else than to climb.

Somehow they manage to get on the tree,
up there they are now
around 10 feet to the ground.
Oto'kar takes his position under Piëct,
at once he will jump off,
if the only direction shows down.

Luckily out in the air,
Piëct moves his wings timorous,
simultaneous the spider bends his knees.

A real wing stroke for sure,
undoubtedly,
only just pretty slow,
however each stroke lifts them up
for more than two feet.

The course they fly actually,
points to the north-west-west.
Another mountains are waiting for them.
These hills aren't that mighty
like the giants the day before.

Here the upper areas
have no snow and ice upon.
You won't find high summits
or steep slopes, except of
the regions all up to the top.

These ones have the shape of
a cone, but in lack of the peaks.
Deep funnels take their place instead.
What our both heroes have discovered
are burning mountains, old volcanoes
becoming long ago extinguished.

The vegetations below ceases in sparse green.
The place is taken instead by
thorn hedges lost in extended screes.
Yet they have overcome the passage
between some of the volcano craters.

They glide now lengthwise along
the inclination on the western leaning.
The vegetation below is splendid,
with sheeps grazing down the slant.
Suddenly a dog starts to bark.

An elder man appears
out of the door from a shed beside.
He first looks to the herd of sheeps,
then up to the mountains and the sky.
There he discovers our two journeymen.
It must look for him,
like they are flying direct out of the sun.

Next he starts to shriek:

"Dragon volant, un dragon volant!"

He bends himself over,
takes up some of the pebbles lying around.
Angrily he throws them towards
the direction of Piëct and Oto'kar.

Of course he can't reach them,
they are still miles away.
Then he turns round,
running down the slopes the fastest he can.
As it seems he tries to reach a hamlet
located at the bottom of the valley.

Piëct and Oto'kar keep their route,
they follow a narrow brook
running further down through the small village,
which they have seen by coming nearer.

A handful of people have gathered there
on the way leading up the mountain.
They hold long sticks and
some other utensils in their hands.
The moment our both heroes come in sight,
they start to shout and
to wave with them up above their heads.

That doesn't look much friendly.
Piëct therefore decides to change
his course once more to north-west now.

Another time they pass over
a hill range in the ravine lying behind.

Nonetheless all stays the same than before.
Where ever people get view of them,
they come together and arm themselves,
they are yelling loud and threatening.

The sun meanwhile stands high in the south
on the left handed side.
Our small colleagues pass
mountain range by mountain range,
hill by hill.
The only things they find are
rage, fury and menace, everywhere.

One time Oto'kar is hit nearly
from an arrow, flying close by.
Seems like their arrival has spread over
the whole country, how a wildfire will do.

Little later they have left
the mountains and hills behind.
They fly now over a wide hollow
on both shores from an increasing stream.

The river is meandering in the landscape
to the south-west, urges them
to cross it, by flying north-west again.
Here a town blocks the way.
The settlement lies a bit beside,
at a sideway river from the big stream.

Strong thick walls surround the fortress,
with circular towers at each corner.
Fires are burning up on the walls,
next to the flames
soldiers with bows are on guard.

Barely the watchmen recognizes them,
revolt can be heard all over the fortress.
The sound of trumpets rings over the plane,
the bowmen light up their arrows
at the fires burning on the fortification.
Then they shot them in long ranks
one after the other over the walls,
towards our flabbergasted heroes.

The more the gateways of the town swing open.
Nearly two dozen horsemen burst out.
They sit on galloping stallions and are
dressed in armours shining metallic in the
hot sun, which beams down from the blue sky.

The cavalry carries with itself
four to five metre long thin wooden rods
with coloured banners and
sharpened iron points on the top.

At first the sight causes Piëct to stop
breathing, for a few seconds he forgets
about the wing stroke.
After he has calmed himself,
he takes a look down to Oto'kar.
The spider makes faces,
then he shakes with his head,
instantaneous Piëct veers off to the north.

The troops at the ground follow their movement,
hunting continuous behind them.
After a ferocious restless race
about miles and miles it seems,
that they soon will lose the connection.

The moment Piëct notices this,
he starts to sing his song:

"Dragon should be hero."

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

Shortly afterwards our tormented dragon hears,
how the rattling of the hoofs behind him
is becoming faint, before it dies away at all.

Piëct changes his course once more.
He passes the river below,
watching how the knights stop their chase
down at the shore of the waters.
Straight over the plateau they fly now,
aiming towards to some new mountains in the west.

It becomes already dark,
till they have reached the hills.
In between on the way over the plane
nothing has happened to them any more,
cause they have changed their route
every time people come in sight.

Still Piëct flies over the first hill range,
then he decides to go down for landing.
He calls Oto'kar up on his back.

Fine touchdown Piëct shows now, slow dropping,
the landing upright on his two legs.
Meanwhile darkness has laid itself over the grove,
beside which they were going down.

Just enough time to look for something to eat.
Mushrooms and small blueberries,
that's what they find in the wood.

Together they take their meal,
while relaxing under an ash tree.
Stars sparkle above at the sky.
Really nice to look Oto'kar utters.

Happiness and delight possesses the brave.
After the threatening fires of the fortress,
the bowmen and horsemen of the afternoon,
our both dauntless wanderers enjoy their banquet.

Barely they have finished,
Oto'kar crawls under the wing of Piëct;
our courageous travellers fall to sleep.

In the morning they awake by a screaming
out of the willow bosket nearby.
Have some of the hunters from yesterday
discovered their camp under the ashes?

No, no, it's the voice of a young wife,
maybe even a girl that can be heard.
She is shouting loud:

"Help, help, the bear, the bear!"

Piëct looks inquiring to Oto'kar,
who suckles at some of the blueberries.
Oto'kar looks up from his meal,
pointing with his eyes
into direction the screaming comes from.

The dragon jumps up at once and
runs to the source of the quarrel.
Our hero breaks through the thicket between.
What he discovers is a girl
in the middle of her twenties.

She is sitting up on a huge oak.
With a sprig from the willows nearby,
she tries to beat an animal with a brown coat,
in front of her at the ground.
It's a bear more than 6 feet tall,
nearly the size of Piëct.

The bear hears something behind him,
he instinctively turns himself around.
A pair of red eyes scintillate evil at Piëct.

The bear strikes with his
ghastly paws towards the dragon.

He roars in terrible sounds
and shrinks his nose.
All at all the bear raises a fuss.

This urges our young friend to set himself
upright on his hind legs.
With a deep breath he catches some air,
then Piëct flings a lightning flame
towards the abominable raging lout.
That way he gives this beast,
a parting in the crown of his head.

The smell of burning hair irritates the bear,
looking up he remarks some cloudy smoke
which billows above between his ears.
The beast reflects for a short moment,
then it turns around again
and escapes to the woods.

Meanwhile Oto'kar has arrived,
he installs himself on the left of the dragon.

"O' I hav' s'en th' mo'ster s' alre'dy gon'."

The young woman climbs down from her tree,
addressed to Piëct she asks him
to fetch a basket out of the oak.
There it is placed in the fork of a branch.
The dragon catches the weaved bag,
hands it over to the girl.

"My name is Keara Lecieen,
I live in the village beside."

That is what the girl says,
before she takes a white scarf
with also white embroidered flowers on,
from the basket that the cloth covers.

The moment she winds it
around the neck of the dragon,
Oto'kar starts to laugh.

Immediately the girl calls him:

"Oh I see you don't like it,
you think it looks childish?
Now, I won't have needed your help, too!"

Trying to help, Piëct falls in:

"This is my foolish friend Oto'kar Rad'ect,
I myself, I am Piëct Tynact.
We two have met some days ago,
now we are on the way to the sea!"

Keara means then:

"The ocean is all to the west,
there where the sun disappears in the evening.
I have been there once myself,
when I have been a young girl still.
With a fast horse you will make
the whole distance in just one day.
This morning I have been to the forest,
collecting blueberries for a cake,
my mother will bake right away I return home."

"We will have this afternoon
a big party in the village.
There will be a lot of guests all around.
Each and every one will be disguised
in colourful fancy costumes.
Music will be played all the time.
Plenty of food and different drinks
will be served on precious plates.
If you like you can come with me,
you may help us even at the baking counter."

"Certainly there will be a lot of work,
we will be in need of any helpful hand today.
My dear friend Guir Natrac
has done the job all the last years,
before he has left us in early spring
for a long journey to another country."

For sure the both will come with Keara,
the way to the village isn't that far.
It takes a quarter of an hour,
then they have reached the simple shack
Keara and her family are living in.

The hut is located close to the village,
at the border of the forest.
It is lying in some broad pastures for the cattle.
In front of the farmhouse
a woman in her best years can be seen.
Her is fiddling around outside, next to
a shed standing at the right handed side.

Keara's mother recognizes her girl,
she shouts:

"Fast, fast, Keara the oven is already hot,
we have to hurry up, not much time left.
I see you have some of our guests
caught up on your visit to the wood."

"Allô maman, it's quite a different way,
these are Piëct and Oto'kar!
I met a nasty angry bear,
while I have been searching some berries.
The both have chased him away.
They will help us with the bakery today.
I have asked them yet and
they feel fine about, isn't it?"

"That will be great!
You know, your father went for the pub.

He practises there the bagpipes
with the other musicians of the band.
They will play for dancing later the day.
The granny also is with hers, together
they run the flower booth of the festival."

Jointly they sort now the blueberries.
Afterwards they put them
on thin round flat loafs and
shove the dough in the oven.

Soon you can smell anywhere
the taste of fresh bread.
After a while then they
take the fresh baked cakes out.

Now they pack these tarts in cases
and load them on a hand cart,
to a lot of other kind of pastry.
Finally they leave to the village green,
where the party will take place.

Piëct is pulling the small wagon,
while Oto'kar is crawling by his side along.
The both women walk in front showing the way.
During all the time they are gossiping.
Keara talks to her mother about Guir,
that he is the son of the village chief and
how it has come that he has left the village.

Since long foreign mercenary troops,
raid and pillage the whole country.
This army has crossed the sea recently
and they have started over there a real war.
On the other side of the ocean lives
a nation Keara and her people trade with,
since the times anyone is able to think of.

Keara means people from the village
lately have told her about,
how Guir has been caught abroad.
Actually it seems to her,
he is lying down in
the dark dungeon of a castle now.

There he shall have
neither anything to eat nor to drink,
fighting for his bare survive.

Our both compassionate comrades can hear
the sorrow in Keara's tender voice.
Appreciative they turn their heads,
they look each other in the eyes.

When they arrived at the village,
the party has already started.
Like Keara has told,
a huge crowd of people has gathered there.
There is joking all over the place
and laughing from every side.
Together with their hosts
our both friends stand all the afternoon
behind the well visited baking counter.

One time Oto'kar screams with laughter,
because Piëct has eaten much of the
blueberry cake himself the time between.
Now he not only has a white scarf on his neck,
the more he is coloured blue all over his face.

Later on they take a stroll through the festival.
They pass the music band with Keara's father;
many of the visitors linger nearby.
Suddenly there seems to be
no more hold for Oto'kar.
The sound shows the same effect to him,
like the consumption of a magic drink.
This time it's Piëct's part to laugh.

You must imagine a spider with his 6 legs,
which whirls wild around in circles,
kicking impetuous with the legs,
the order how it seems by chance.

Oto'kar does even somersaults,
or he turns around upside-down,
in the own axis with his stretched out legs,
exactly like a wheel.

Many of the visitors remains standing
with open mouths or they are shaking
displeased with the head,
others however laugh and clap their hands.

Towards the evening more and more
of the guests are leaving the feast.
In the meantime Piëct and Oto'kar have decided,
they will start same day their search for Guir.
Right now they are telling Keara about.

Keara means her will be sad, if her both
protectors will depart this soon.
On the other hand it's a pleasure to her,
that they will look for her friend.

They will perceive Guir by a tattoo,
when the both will meet him abroad.
A red dragon marks his left upper arm.
Guir on the other hand will recognize them
by the scarf, she has given to Piëct.

The region where her friend is gone to,
lies on the south-western coast of the country
you will reach by crossing the sea to the north.
The shore area is dominated by a mountain,
around this landmark are situated several castles,
at one of them her friend shall be captured now.

At the farewell Keara and her mother
are waving long behind their both guests,
which march up the western mound.
When Piëct and Oto'kar arrive at the top,
they turn themselves around for a last look.
One more goodbye down to the village green,
then they were out of sight.

"Oto'kar will you take your position below,
the remaining way to the sea we will fly."

The dragon makes some fast steps,
with the help of the spider and
some strong effective wave strokes
they are up on their track, in the air again.

Half way to the shore they cross a lake,
it reminds Piëct much at the one he lives.
For a short moment he feels a bit of
homesickness till he remembers,
that they have promised Keara to find Guir.

They arrived at the ocean the same moment,
the sun touches the still quiet flowing waters.
In front of a small hovel direct at the shore,
they put up their camp for the night.

It's getting more and more dark,
only some stars light the sky.
Piëct and Oto'kar are lying outside in the sand,
looking up to the endless obscure universe.

Several time later Oto'kar notices three stars,
which are standing in a line
at the firmament deep in the south-east.
Beside the three are situated some other stars.

The spider means,
that together with the ones on both sides,
all of it has the shape from a butterfly.

Out of that reason Piëct looks to the left,
how Oto'kar has showed him,
pointing up the dim sky.

Easy thing it is to find the three stars;
they seem to be the clearest lights up there.
And yes, exactly the view of a butterfly they have.

They stare for a long time up
into the immeasurable wide of heaven,
till Piëct marks:

"I have found a dog!"

Oto'kar says, he don't know what he means.

"There look,
on the right of the butterfly,
the next stars not that far away.
A dog with his face to the west."

"Can you see;
the two blurred spots only a less darker?
The upper one seems to be his set of teeth,
the lower one a light mark on his chest,
in the middle of his two front legs."

"You just must imagine yourself,
how these spots draw with the other stars around,
the picture of the mighty sky dog."

"Further to the east you even may recognize
his tail, he is waging with.
On his run,
rushing behind the arrows of the hunter."

"Oh sure,
now I can see the dog,
I even can hear him bark."

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

Oto'kar has to commit.

Little more time passes,
then an owl flies over the water,
changing from one tree to another.

By the view of it, the spider
immediately crawls under the dragon's wing.

Soon our both friends have fallen to sleep.

The threnody of Uhlejact



"I leave you my sword behind!"

Said the Emperor.

Letter to A. W. v. Schlegel



In wide-hooped dress
and flowers of gaudy brightness,
with well-roughed cheeks
and beauty-spots well scented,
in pointed shoes with broidery ornamentel,
with high head-dress
and laced to wasp-like thightness:

Thus seemed the Mock-Muse in rococo fashion,
seeking the warmth embraces when she saw thee,
but from her path
thou quickly did you withdraw thee,
and wandered on,
driven by dreaming passion.

In the wild waste a tower did you discover
and like a fair white statue in it's kept,
a lovely maid in magic spells lay sleeping.

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

But the charm vanished at thy kiss, oh rover!
The real German muse woke to her lover
and sank into thy arms with rapture weeping.

* * * * *

Im Reifrockputz, mit Blumen reich verzieret,
Schönpflästerchen auf den geschminkten Wangen,
mit Schnabelschuhn, mit Stickerein behangen,
mit Turmfrisur, und wespengleich geschnüret:

So war die Aftermuse ausstaffieret,
als Sie einst kam, Dich liebend zu umfängen.
Du bist Ihr aber aus dem Weg gegangen,
und irrtest fort, von dunklem Trieb geführt.

Da fandest Du ein Schloß in alter Wildnis,
und drinnen lag, wie 'n holdes Marmorbildnis,
die schönste Maid in Zauberschlaf versunken.

Doch wich der Zauber bald, bei Deinem Gruße
aufwachte lächelnd Deutschlands echte Muse,
und sank in Deine Arme liebestrunken.

Heinrich Heine

between 1817 and 1821
probably written in Bonn

Day 4 of my Glass-Bead-Game

Assessment and decision



Shipping



Ballad



A chartreux et a celestins,
a mendians et a devotes,
a musards, a clauepatins,
a servans, a filles mignotes
portans surcos et justes cotes,
a cuidereaux d'amours transsis
a haussans sans mesquins fauves botes,
je crie a toutes gens mercis.

A filletes monstrans tetins
pour avoir plus largement d'hostos,
a ribleurs, mouveurs de hutins,
a bateleurs, traynons marmotes,
a fols, folles, a sots et sotes,
qui s'en vont siflant six et six,
a marmosets et a mariotes,
je crie a toutes gens mercis.

Sinon aux traîtres chien matins,
qui m'ont fait chieres dures crostes
les putequiers mains soirs et mains matins,
qu'ores je ne crains que trois cotes.
Je feisse pour eux pets et crachotes;
je ne puis, car je suis assis.
Au fort, pour eviter riotes,
je crie a toutes gens mercis.

Envoi

Qu'on leur froisse le quinze costes
de gros maillets, fors et massis,
de plumbees et tels pelotes.

Puis je veux crier a toutes gens:

"Mercis!"

Den Karthäusern, Zölestinern,
Bettelmönchen, Parvenüs,
Tagedieben, den Schlawinern,
Dienern und den Mädchen süß,
die in Leibchen, langen Kleidern ruhn,
da stets nach Liebe krank,
dackeln in lackierten Schuhen,
allen sag ich: "Habet Dank!"

Dirnen, die da Titten zeigen,
um der Freier Zahl zu mehrn,
Künstlern, die mit Fideln geigen,
Gauklern mit dressierten Bärn,
Narren, Irren, dummen Hühnern,
die zu sechst zum Tanz spaziern,
frechen Buben und Betrügern,
allen sag ich: "Habet Dank!"

Doch niemals diesen Wächter-Hunden,
die mir steinharte Krusten gaben,
Gaunern, die den Marktplatzkunden
durch Geschrei das Geld abjagen.
Für solche möcht' ich furzend speien,
doch sitz ich grad, bin nicht im Stand.
Ach was, um Aufruhr zu vermeiden,
sag ich auch solchen: "Habet Dank!"

Geleit

Zertrümmert ihnen fünfzehn Knochen
mit Vorschlaghämmern, hart und blank,
lasst sie in flüssig'm Blei zerkochen,
dann sag ich allen:

"Habet Dank!"

Francois Villon

Paris 1431-1463

The Tale



Chapter 4: Dragon Raider

Must be near morning when Piëct awakes
by some raindrops, which hit his legs.
The rain urges him to slip further
under the canopy of their refuge.
For short he means to hear Oto'kar grumble,
then he falls back to sleep again.

Later the morning a stroke of the wind
howls into their sleeping place.
The squall tears Piëct out of his sleep and
dreams, cause now it isn't only raining.
A powerful storm rushes over the ocean.

Same time Oto'kar crawls out from his shelter.
Cause there is nothing other to do,
they just sit in front of their hovel,
watching out on the turned up sea.

Heavy waves are rolling over the beach,
from above true torrents of rain come down.
Now and then a fish, a conch or a cancer,
is washed up the sand of the shore.
This urges Piëct out, try to catch it,
not at all an easy think by the slithering food.

When it becomes noon the sky is still
that dark, like in a night with full moon.
The same the sea, you hardly will find
a difference to the raging waters.
The boundary must be there,
where the white splashing spindrift
draws abstract pictures in the air.

Nothing other do the clouds above.
They surprise our both comrades
for a short moment,
when they build the face from Keara
out of the colours white, grey and black.

The afternoon everything stays the same.
Biggest excitement the whole time a black fruit,
with the size of a honey melon is drifting by.
Piëct jumps in the surge of the waves and
fishes it out, tries to open the hard nut.

He finishes the job with a blow of this tail.
Milky white, sweet liquid drips out of the fruit.

The juice enjoys his friend Oto'kar much,
while himself is chewing the bitter pulp.

Toward the evening the sea quiets down,
but in reason of the still stormy air,
as well as the upcoming darkness,
Piëct won't be able to fly.

"We will swim, like I do it home at my lake!
You may sit up on my breast,
while I am lying on the back in the water.
You won't even feel a drop of water!"

This decides the dragon impatiently,
before our both heroes walk down to the shore.
This time Piëct has promised to much.
While the both paddle out through the surf,
Oto'kar becomes wet all over.

In the bay the drift takes them with
along the coast to the nord-west.
Around an hour later
they have reached the open sea.
A last view, then they are leaving
all signs of the mainland behind.

The current is dying away out here,
no really getting ahead any more.
That gives Oto'kar the idea to do it,
like they have done before,
when they were flying.
The scarf which Keara has given them,
will be for help if they use it like a sail.

Oto'kar asks Piëct to raise the upper
part of his body out of the water.
Now the dragon shall take the one end
of the cloth in his mouth, the other side
he shall hold between his both legs.

Right away the spider crawls from underneath
into the spread out scarf.
This way he is tightening the sail,
like the wings of Piëct before.

Immediately the wind grasps in, lifting
the dragon even a bit more out of the water.
Only his tail and his both paws are
still in touch with the sea now.

The tail is dividing the ocean
like from a ship will do the bow.
His paws are steering
like a sword at the keel.

The effect is that the wings
between his body and the arms,
operate like a second sail or mast.
Therefore the wind is blowing from behind,
this factor speeds up the shipping considerably.

Unfortunately singing is impossible for Piëct,
while holding the scarf in his mouth.
He must satisfy himself with some humming.

Our luckily travellers sail continuous to the north.
All night they are following a group of stars
in front of them up in the sky.
Oto'kar means with some fantasy
they look like a female bear and her young.

Towards the morning
they view a spit of land in the east.
It seems to them, that at the edge over there
a hobgoblin or dwarf is standing.

In the one hand he is holding
a big fork with three points,
in the other one an anchor is swinging.

Passing by they hear, how the imp scolds
accompanied by the rattling of the chain.

The wind turns blowing a few to the east now,
pushes them further on their way.
It lasts nearly until the evening,
then once more a coast comes in sight.

The skyline of the country they have reached,
is dominated by a broad smooth uprising hill.
The mountain is lying some miles further behind,
he may be roughly 1500 to 2000 feet high.

The more on the base of it they see
the apexes of some towers from a castle,
which is situated in the east of the mound.
All exactly the same like Keara has described
the region, her friend Guir shall be gone to.

Out in the cove Oto'kar jumps off the sail.
Only some yards are left to the shore,
those the dragon swims lying on his back.
They arrive at a small band of gravel, behind
a low reef they will still have to overcome.

Piëct folds the already a few dried scarf tidy, then
he winds it coquettish around his neck.
Right away they start climb up the cliff.

Arrived on the top it begins to rain once more,
the moment the sun sinks under the horizon.
Yet the wind is pushing the clouds
against the mountain in the north.

In front of them lies a flat plane,
bordered on both sides by two ranges of hillocks.
The more to the left a fjord stretches itself
straight through the sparse covered hollow.

The castle they have seen out from the sea,
is hidden by the hills to the right.
Somewhere situated on the way in between
the only tree all over the whole surface.

The plant is a willow with a piece of soil beside,
which gleams in iridescent colour,
there to they want to march for the night.

Piëct undertakes his first steps
into the new discovered land.
Barely a few feet from the reef away,
he sinks deep into the ground.
Instinctively he steps back,
he will try it a bit further for another time.

The new attempt shows the same result.
Like it seems the whole plain
is nothing else than one hug moor.

Therefore they walk along the cliff,
till they have reached the hight of the tree.
Here the vegetation is changing,
to a wet and salty meadow on sure ground.

Approaching the tree they perceive
the shimmering thing next to it,
is a field full of red berries.
No more halt for our young voyagers,
they have been starving for nearly a day.

The dragon hops into the fruity scrubs,
plucking the berries with both paws,
to stuff them in his hungry mouth.
The spider chooses his own solution.
He takes as much as possible of the berries,
carries them behind the tree beside.

Short time later Piëct has eaten up,
also the last one of the bitter delicatessen.

They have tasted nearly the same
like the blue ones at Keara's place.

"What?
Nothing left!"

Well, then, the dragon walks to the tree,
lays himself down for sleep.
Oto'kar however puts his part of the meal
carefully under Piëct's wing, from where
you can hear it smacking half of the night.

When the first sunbeams creep
down the hillocks in the west,
Piëct and Oto'kar get up to march
to the castle behind the eastern range.

They walk up to the summit of the northern hill,
from up there they will spy the occurrences
on the small fortress below.
They will have to consider a plan,
how they will be able to free Guir.

Just walking down in front of the gate,
making 'boo-boo' or threatening to eat
everyone up, won't work.

This way you may frighten some smaller children,
but not the handful of soldiers, which are
fiddling busy around in the castle.
What they will need is an accurate stratagem.

Once more it's Oto'kar,
who has an idea that may work.
You all know about him is a spider.
Therefore he will climb first
up the tower with the flag on it.

Then arrived there on the top,
he will lower the banner a bit.

That will be the sign for Piëct
to start his part of the act.

He shall pull through a diversion tactic.
Thereby the crew of the castle
will give their attention to the dragon.
Meanwhile the spider will have enough time
to search all over the place for Guir.

Oto'kar hasn't wanted to wait any longer,
he is disappeared down the inclination.
Piëct remains alone behind fairly unsure,
what he shall do next.

His uncertainty is mixed up
with pretty much excitement
in reason of the lamplight.
For sure this will be set right on him,
cause a diversion tactic means exactly that.

Up on the tower the flag is moved,
apparently the spider has grappled the castle.
However the dragon feels still nervous.
Very probable that the soldiers only
will be laughing, when they watch him fly.
Therefore Piëct intends to give his best.

Gliding down the slope he is reminded
of his old roaster-coaster style,
without the spider as prop.
Surly to show the looping will be more impressive.
The earlier, the better, he will try
as soon as they have noticed him.

The dragon oughtn't to wait for long.
Down at the building the people
already gather up the walls,
pointing with excited gestures in his direction.

'Fine then, let us try.'

Piëct takes approach for the looping.
He runs up in the ascending parabola,
what a splendid attempt this seems to be.
He nearly has reached the climax,
lying in the air his back to the ground,
then he has lost all his velocity.

For a short moment the brave dragon
remains in that position high up in the air,
but now the gravity calls for its rights.

With increasing speed he tumbles back to earth,
drawing the picture of a corkscrew in the sky.
Already close to ground the dragon
manages in his unbraked fall to make
an 180 degree roll around his axis of longitude.

Now with the breast underneath he is able
to stop the dropping a few feet,
before he is touching the grassy soil.

Barely Piëct has pulled himself together,
he is up in the sky again.
At least the fire-spitting should work,
has done each time last days,
anytime in need for something to roast for lunch.

Again it must be the excitement,
what comes out of his mouth
looks more as a lighter, than a flame thrower.
Nonetheless the unmotivated bowmen
shoot some arrows down the walls.

The flag on the tower moves again,
requests the retreat from the front.
Before Piëct will leave the battlefield,
he first will collect one of the projectiles,
to show it the spider as proof for the feat.

Up on the southern hillock again,
the spider returns back without Guir.
Oto'kar tells he has searched the whole castle,
but down in the prison cell,
he has found only an old man with beard.

Obviously they have closed
in the cellar down a fool away,
in his dirty, stinky distress.
The man was incessantly talking
with fidgety gestures to the wall.

He has declared the decayed masonry
his unsurpassable love for it,
in a million words and some more,
with the intonation of a mad.

Oto'kar seems a little sad about,
that he hasn't met Guir in the dungeon.
Not even showing him the arrow of the soldiers,
he has fetched, makes him any happier.

It appears like nothing will brighten him up,
until Piëct tells him about some more towers
in the west, he has seen from up in the air.

Immediately they will fly to the other castle.
If they take the way
along the rear side of the mound,
they will attain it without being seen.

The chance of flying again
brings the spider back to life.
Oto'kar takes his position
down under the dragons chest and
back at the sky they are.

Some time later the dragon
discovers a small forest on their route.

It looks like there between the trees
a lot of bilberry shrubs are growing.
'He will go down for lunch',
Piëct a little oddly declares.

Likewise Oto'kar feels a little hungry.
Hardly he is surprised to see,
how his friend goes a few steps offside,
hanging around between the bushes.

Piëct is holding a bag in his claws,
when he walks back to the spider.
The bag he has weaved
out of the leafs of the bushes
and filled up with the hurtleberries.
'For supplies',
the dragon complicated explains.

Now they fly to the north-western slope.
Up from the mound they watch,
the new target of their search.

"Sam' siz', sam' tac'tc'."

Oto'kar just means,
already on the way to the flag tower.

The flag upon the fortress moves.
Piëct takes the arrow, brakes off the point,
pushes it in the bag with the blueberries.
Now he is marching down the gradient,
willing to knock with his tail
friendly at the back door of the palace.

By his well meant attempt, unfortunately
the whole gate gets totally smashed.
The successional yelling of the
alarmed occupants urges him up in the air.
He will try a looping again,
but this time with more approach.

The world turns all around our brave dragon,
what a sense of achievement,
nevertheless one looping shall be enough.
Particularly because the bowmen now
send shafts of arrows over the walls.

The dragon gains more height for his new move,
while he is spitting some fire,
he takes course direct to the castle.
Far above he presses the bag with the arrow in,
against his breast;
blue liquid pours out.
For everyone in the building down,
it ought to look that him got hit.

First the flight of Piëct shows some spinning.
Next he starts a nosedive,
barely a mile off from the bowmen.

The faked crash he can intercept luckily,
out of view from the fortress.
Now he strives back for the mound.

Doesn't last long till Oto'kar returns,
another time without Keara's friend.
He has searched the whole place,
without any success, only a lot of
trouble has been all over the building.
Twice even somebody has nearly
stepped on him, but down in the dungeon
he has found nobody, the only quiet place
of the fort like it seems.

All over the whole area isn't any other palace,
disappointed our both comrades resolve
to fly northwards, deeper into the country.

The spider hops up the dragons back,
winds his legs around the neck with Keara's
white flowers trimmed scarf on.

Then he crawls deeper down
into his position, the wide heaven
takes possess of them once more.

A little western they pass the castle by.
They follow a river for some miles,
leading them up the hillocks in the north.
Two to three hill ranges more they cross,
till they decide for a camp.

A copse beside a quiet flowing brook,
seems to be the right place for the night.
Short after sunrise they awake,
soon they set off for the search of Guir.

Behind the next hill range a river
flows down from a low mountain.
A huge fortress surrounded by a
small town is lying in the floodplain.

It's guarding the further way up the valley,
into the heart of the wealthy country.
If captured soldiers are shut in somewhere,
for sure it has to be here in the complex.

Oto'kar means, he would need more time,
to search the whole building.
Out of this reason Piëct should imagine himself,
some more as just the old silly trick
with the arrow and the berry bag,
he has already collected by their camp.

Immediately the spider vanishes
to climb the tower of the palace.
He leaves the dragon behind, wallowing in
self-pity out of lack from any idea.
For a short moment Piëct thinks at home,
at the lake he was swimming each morning.

What's that?

A nasty smile steals itself over the dragon's face,
suddenly he shouts out loud:

"First the singing, then the dying!"

When Oto'kar moves the flag up the tower,
the dragon sneaks
to the back entrance of the castle.
He reaches it without being seen from anyone,
neither by the people of the village,
nor the guards up the walls in the fort.

With a stroke of his tail the dragon
smashes the solid wooden door.
From inside he can hear the call:

"Close the gates, we are under attack."

Now the little crook rushes to the main gate.
This door seems to be nearly indestructible,
with all the iron shackles and spikes on it.
Therefore Piëct just destroys the lower angels,
the guards may get problems by trying to open it.

Still aren't anyone of the bowmen in sight,
it seems to be the time for the flying circus.
Again the small hero will leave it at one looping,
continually quite unsure, which way the world
revolves, dashing through the air upside-down.

All through his air presentation
Piëct squints down to the walls,
finally the guards and bowmen
have gathered above.

Abrupt the dragon turns round;
facing now the audience,
really inspecting it how it seems.

Twice, three times, four times,
he coughs slightly, is hemming,
then he starts to sing:

"Dragon should be hero."

Piëct performs the song in the
clearest and delicatest of his voices,
trying to pull the listeners
with this manner on his side.

The crowd stays silent and rejecting.
The dragons doesn't matter about,
he won't let himself be dishearten
that easy by their resentment.

Next he shows the public some
swinging movements, from the
right to the left, back again, starts over.
He wants to animate these crétins
to link their arms and sway.

The result, any visible effort,
but he, he for sure,
he won't also begin the song once more again.

Fire-spitting seems the more easy way,
they right answer,
to urge this mob to a reaction.

That way it works better than he has thought;
immediately the annoyed soldiers
in the attacked fortress get angry.

Bursts of arrows flow in his direction.
However such a brilliant singer like our dragon,
would have expected baskets full of roses.

Avoiding the reach of the projectiles, with
his from the last attacks schooled eyes,
Piëct flies nearer.

He is aiming towards the bridge over the river.
With the breath of one flame
he burns the wooden construction.

Endless rows of arrows are shot
down from the walls by the soldiers.
Nevertheless our hero gains hight.
The ritual dying, while watering
the palace below with blueberry juice.

The dragon flies back to the starting place
in the south. From the hill range he
can still hear the trouble around the fort,
while he is waiting on Oto'kar's return.

The spider creeps up the slope alone.
Down in the dungeon, yes for sure,
there some people have been.
One after the other he has crawled
under the shirt in a moment, they
haven't paid attention to him.

Guir hasn't been on that castle, too.
Undetermined our heroes decide
to fly to the south, discuss there
on a quieter place their further stratagem.

On a small clearing in the forest of the
southern mountains they sit right now,
eating berries, chestnuts and mushrooms.

Piëct Tynact:

"These many castles with no King in."

Oto'kar Rad'ect:

"W' hav'nt f'und nu' tre'sur',
W' hav'nt f'und nu' Kin'ch,
mayb' w' lo'kin' fo' som' thin'ch els'."

The dragon takes a stroll around,
walking to the edge of the clearing.
Between some trees on the border to
the forest, he suddenly starts to shout:

"Come over Oto'kar,
look what I have found.
A mystic stone,
a sword is sticking in.
Help me to pull it out."

The same moment the spider gets up,
a young man steps out of the wood,
he looks even thinner,
than the staff beans usually grow around.

On his back tightened by a leather ribbon
he is carrying with himself
a round coloured, hunchbacked shield,
having almost 3 feet in the diameter.
All at all his silhouette looks more like a tortoise,
than anything else you may imagine.

Over his left shoulder a bow is hanging,
beside a quiver with lots of arrows in,
stretched around the breast a leather sack.

The man wears a rough shirt with
short sleeves, already that often washed,
you hardly will imagine any colour.

Up his naked arms on the left,
you can see a red dragon tattoo.

In astonishment Piëct and Oto'kar
look at each other.

"Are you Guir Natrac?"

Piëct asks the stranger.

"How do you guess that?
Yes, I am Guir Natrac.
Here in the woods I live
to deepen my knowledge in playing the harp,
as well as in the use of the bow."

"To be honest I like the playing of the harp
more, here look what I have invented.
I have done 9 strings on my bow.
Now I can play a full octave on the instrument,
or shoot 9 arrows at the same time."

"What 9 arrows, how do you do that?"

"I will show you!"

Guir means aroused, while he grasps into his
arrow quiver and fetches out a strange tool.

"This is an arrows comb.
I have done it out of the wood of the willow.
With it you can shoot 9 arrows,
but you also can use it,
to play all the 9 strings together."

"Really fine to find you that well!"

"Keara has told us home in her village,
you have gone to war and you shall
lie down in the dungeon of a prison now.
She has given us this scarf to show it
to you, when we will meet."

Piëct takes the cloth from his neck and
holds it in his claws to give it to Guir.

"Keara you have met her?
For sure you have had to try her
blueberry cake, her is always like that."

"I for my part, I mostly prefer to eat
the berries without any cake at all.
I even have some of them with me in the bag.
Take a seat; if you will lay the scarf down at the ground, we will eat them
and talk about."

"The war is up in the north.
I have taken a look to it,
in spring this has been,
but I didn't liked it much.
Everywhere there is just shouting and a lot quarrel.
You are hunting around like scared up geese and
you won't hardly find any time for your own."

Piëct lays the scarf down and
Guir takes another bag with berries
out of that one around his breast.
Oto'kar is the first sucking at the fruits,
seems he has been really hungry.

"What do you both do,
if you aren't out here in the woods?"

"We are looking for adventure.
But to be true, I have always dreamed
to be the member of a small acting company,
maybe as an actor or even better
as a singer and a dancer."

Piëct starts now with some funny movements.
First he does some easy dancing exercises,
then he stands up on his tiptoes,
tries like that to turn around the own axis.

Oto'kar has barely enough time to jump
out of the way of the dragon's tumble,
off from the kerchief.

The moment our clumsy fellow hits
the ground with his breast,
he buries half of the berries beneath him.
When Piëct gets up, his former white scarf
looks exactly like someone
has written a letter on it.

Guir asks to turn the cloth over.
After they have collected the left berries,
they sit in the clearing around the scarf
for table-cloth whilst talking about
this, that and the other.

Sunset is coming up, someone of them
gets the idea to light a camp-fire.
Guir will play some music on his harp.

"I will sing!"

Piëct throws in and proposes
that they should play:

"Dragon should be Hero!"

The tune Guir for sure will know.
Yes, of course,
Guir does know how to play the song.

It has been a lot of fun
all the evening in the forest.
Guir has been playing the harp,
Piëct has been singing the fitting text,
or whatever he has meant it would be.

Oto'kar has been dancing.
You know about, I have told you before.

Around midnight it became quiet
on the clearing in the southern mountains.

They wake up at sunrise.

Guir:

"Somehow I will feel pleased right now,
by some of Keara's blueberry cake."

Piëct:

"Oh, there isn't any problem about.
The weather is fine, we will go to visit her!
Haven't I mentioned to you yet,
we have done most of our travel by flying?"

By his words Piëct winds
the stained scarf around his neck.
Guir takes up his equipment and
all three climb together the chestnut tree,
under which they have spent the night.

Oto'kar crawls into his position beneath,
Guir mounts on the back of the dragon.

Piëct questions the other both impatiently:

"Can we set off from here now?"

For some short moments you may see them still,
standing motionless up in the air.
Then our three turn is departed for Keara's place.

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

Dumbfounded a left behind owl
squats in a cherry tree beside,
yet with some dried fruits are hanging on.

Cautiously she is shaking her head.
In her beak she holds a mouse,
she has caught last night.

Never before has her seen something like that
in all the forests lying around.

The threnody of Uhlejact



It had been in the century
the Romans came back,
encased as tree Holy Man.

We had given shelter to the King.

Like usual they battled for the control
about the whole world,
that had been well-known at this time.

Also our proberthy had spread
into a handful of dukedoms,
we weren't able to protect Him.

The winter's tale



What's gone and what's past help,
should be past grief.

William Shakespeare

(1564 - 1616)

"The winter's tale", act 3, scene 2

Epilog of my Glass-Bead-Game

Places of inspiration



Something's wrong with the stones,
they won't fit anymore.

Seems that some more care will be necessary.
Look Triangelum part 2.

"Die Nebel der Zeit."

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

And Friedrich said to the Sovereign of Poets:

Berlichingen lies upon the Neckar,
not at the Spree.



Cemetery of Hoppenlau

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

Can you see the dragon fly?
Maybe he is just hidden behind a tree!



The imperial towns
are originated from city foundations,
which the Staufer have done
in the 12'th and 13'th century,
or from other cities,
which have been before in the
possession of Kings and Emperors.

Out of that reason has been
the number of imperial towns
in the German south-west,
as well as in Thuringia and the Alsace,
the former center of the
Staufer sovereignty very high.

There are also located
a lot of smaller country towns,
which got nevertheless
the status of an imperial town.

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams



German archive of literature

Marbach upon Neckar

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

The still left marks of fascism



Station for deportation

Near cemetery on the Prag

Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

Some seeking desperately for their homeland



Spa Gardens Bad Cannstatt

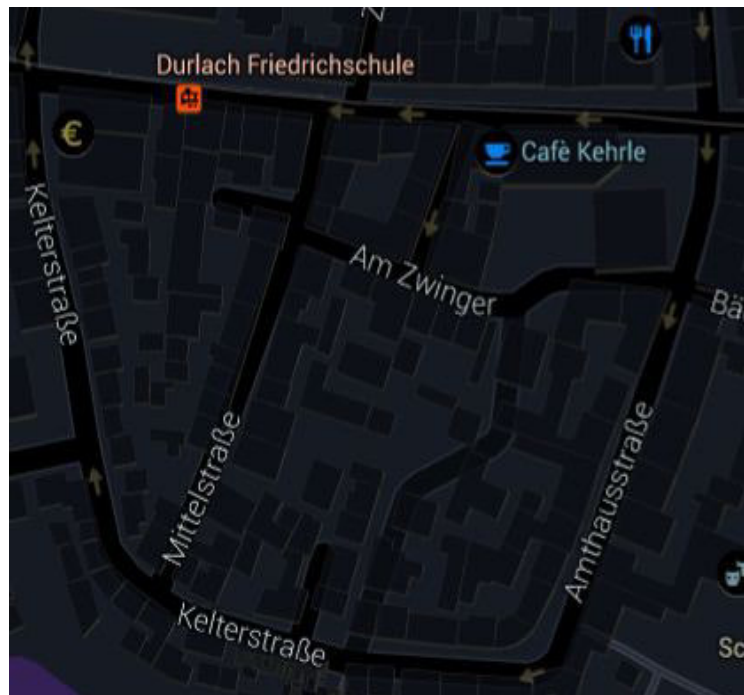
Triangelum Part 1: My Glass-Bead-Game Dragon Dreams

The Hayn



Normally the usual place of the start
of the Glass-Bead-Game.

Inlay 4 behind:



Lived here for 7 years,
also during the Yugoslavien crisis,
the wars in the early 90 'ths.

Have often changed my flat;
part of the game for sure.

Have done some writing at home;
publishing it in the local weekly dawdler news,
the thing you will find on my old Home.

Most of it I have written,
in the early mornig hours,
at the former Cafe Marsupilami.
The rest I wrote on one of my trips,
to the Spanish northwest by motorbike.
I've send it postal to the newspaper.

Karlsruhe - Durlach

Inlay 5 behind:



Know the town since thirty years or even more.
Never have lived there;
some friends did and do;
but never has been part of the game.

I have done some sightseeings,
also some jobs,
some arrivals and departs,
some stopovers,
on the American motorway service area, too.

Frankfurt Alt-Sachsenhausen

Inlay 6 behind :



Know the town,
where I live now,
since more than forty years.

Have done my first writing about,
in the age of around thirteen,
somehow in the style of George Orwell's;
'Crystal mountains';
it's called I think.
Came up to nearly 20 pages,
put I lost it somewhen.

Stuttgart - Hans im Glück Brunnen

Rear page



A picture I have taken by chance
on my last holidays in town,
perhaps just because of the bird.

It's the legend of Šárka and Ctirad.
I think, also if you read the book,
word by word,
you won't understand.

The legend tells about things,
that aren't allowed to tell:
About faith, mistrust, envy and betrayal.

Praha - The Vyšehrad