SIMPLICIUS SIMPLICISSIMUS

JOHANN JAKOB CHRISTOFFEL
VON GRIMMELSHAUSEN

A modern translation, with an Introduction, by
GEORGE SCHULZ-BEHREND

The Library of Liberal Arts
published by
Bobbs-Merrill Educational Publishing
Indianapolis

Johann Jakob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen:
ca. 1621-1676

SIMPLICIUS SIMPLICISSIMUS was originally published in 1669

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The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc.
4300 West 62nd Street
Indianapolis, Indiana 46268

Sixth Printing 1976
Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 63-16934
ISBN: 0-672-60424-8 (pbk)

The "Phoenix Copper"

Frontispiece from the 1669 edition

Translator's Preface

Translation, like so many human endeavors, is never accomplished once and for all. An original has the dubious advantage of being unchangeable; translations must be redone every few generations.

The first English translation of *Simplicius Simplicissimus* appeared in 1912 and has been re-issued twice, most recently in 1962 by the University of Nebraska Press. Its maker, A. T. S. Goodrick, rendered the archaic German of Grimmelshausen into pseudo-antique English, as was the Victorian practice of translation. Fifty years later a second British translation appeared, Walter Wallich's *The Adventures of a Simpleton* (London: New English Library, Ltd., 1962). The Germans themselves have "translated" the novel; that is, there are any number of adaptations of *Simplicius,* and these editions in modern spelling have done their share in keeping the book a perennial favorite.

For the first five books of the present translation, I have used for my text the edition by J. H. Scholte, *Simplicissimus Teutsch* (1669) in the series "Neudrucke deutscher Literaturwerke des 16. und 17. Jahrhunderts" (Tübingen: Max Niemeyer, 1954). But I did not deliberately shut my eyes to the slightly less authentic later editions. For Book Six I used Scholte's edition of the *Continuatio des abentheurlichen Simplicissimi oder Schluß desselben,* in the same series (Halle: Max Niemeyer, 1939).

My translation is quite frankly a modern one. Grimmelshausen's language, aside from a few dialectal and personal peculiarities, is the stock-in-trade German of his day; I undertook to render it with contemporary American English. However, having made this arbitrary decision, I strove to retain as

much of the original flavor as possible, rendering slang with slang, dialect with dialect, and often preserving imperfections of style. But where archaisms might have interfered with communication, I modernized and adapted. Though the scholar may frown at this practice, the cultural mediator will approve.

I have summarized or omitted passages when I was nearly sure that the present-day reader would be bored by the account *in extenso*. I admit that such assumptions are hard to defend, but I saw no reason to translate lengthy passages in which Grimmelshausen wanted little more than to prove to his learned contemporaries that his education, though autodidactic, was as good as theirs.

I hope that the readers of this edition are willing to risk the small loss inherent in the process of translation, rather than suffer a greater privation in not reading at all one of the masterpieces of world literature.

I wish to express my thanks to all those who helped me in the preparation of this translation, especially my good friend Professor W. F. Michael; and to the library of Yale University for use of the frontispiece.

G. S.-B.

Austin, Texas
June 1964

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Introduction

I

Johann Jakob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen was born in 1621 or 1622 in Gelnhausen. When this small Hessian town was ransacked in September of 1634, he lost his home and soon after became embroiled in the Thirty Years' War. In time he advanced from simple musketeer to regimental secretary. He married in 1649, and 1651 found him living in the Black Forest as administrator of his former colonel's family estates. In 1660 he became the innkeeper at Gaisbach, but two years later we find him as administrator of Castle Ullenburg, an estate acquired by a wealthy physician from Strasbourg. The doctor almost certainly put him in touch with a local coterie, the *Aufrichtige Tannengesellschaft* (Upright Society of the Fir) of which Grimmelshausen later made fun.

In 1665 Grimmelshausen returned to Gaisbach to take up innkeeping once more and to write. His first book, *The Satyrical Pilgrim or Black and White* (1667), seems not to have been very successful; and because his income from writing and innkeeping was insufficient to support his large family, he obtained the position of mayor of Renchen, a market town belonging to the bishop of Strasbourg. But once again war complicated his life. The French under Turenne were overrunning the country adjacent to the Rhine, and the bishop had no army to protect his subjects. In the midst of these turmoils Grimmelshausen died, on August 17, 1676. The parish register calls him an honest man of great learning and genius.

In spite of the "von" in his name, Grimmelshausen was of a middle-class family. Nothing definite is known about his education, but indications are that it was sketchy. Although he knew Latin and French only slightly, he was, for a man of his

status, well read in German, and he had a retentive memory. He began writing in his late forties, and all of his literary activity was compressed into a few years, mainly from 1667 to 1673. Having first tried his hand at didactic writing, he also wrote courtly, fashionable novels; but success in these genres eluded him. When he turned to more popular entertainment by composing a kind of picaresque novel, he found himself the author of a best seller. The first edition of *Simplicius Simplicissimus* appeared pseudonymously in 1668 (but dated 1669) in Nuremberg, under a fictitious publisher's name and a misleading place designation. A second printing became necessary the same year. When a pirated edition came out soon afterward, Grimmelshausen followed it (in 1670 and 1671) by editions of his own. The 1671 edition added illustrations and took over certain dubious improvements of the pirated edition. The Continuation first appeared separately in 1669 and was later incorporated as Book Six.

Encouraged by this success, Grimmelshausen wrote a number of sequels: a life of the vagabond woman Courage (which in our day inspired Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage*), a life of John Jumpup, and several others. "Simplicius" had become a kind of trademark of entertaining reading, and several Simplician imitations appeared. Three editions of Grimmelshausen's collected works were published, the last in 1713. But soon thereafter his books were forgotten until, around 1800, the German Romanticists created a veritable wave of enthusiasm for Grimmelshausen, whose *Simplicius* had been available in adaptations since 1785. There followed criticism, modern editions, interpretation, and scholarship, all of which have done much to elucidate a work that contains many puzzles under a guise of utter simplicity.

II

When *Simplicius Simplicissimus* appeared, prose fiction in Germany was not concerned with the realities of the recent war, with the struggle for survival on the level of the lower

and middle classes. Members of sophisticated circles, if they read fiction at all, read translations or adaptations of highly stylized, foreign courtly romances or novels of state. Works like d'Urfé's *Astrée,* Sannazaro's *Arcadia* and Sidney's novel of the same title, Montemayor's *Diana,* Madeleine Scudéry's exotic *Ibrahim Bassa,* and John Barclay's *Argenis* come to mind. Understandably, readers of the middle and lower classes found them dull and meaningless. Instead they enjoyed the picaresque (or rogue's) novel, which had originated in Spain with the anonymous *Lazarillo de Tormes* (1554). Critics in Grimmelshausen's day completely disregarded *Simplicius Simplicissimus,* for its author was not a learned man and he belonged to no literary group; the only indication of the novel's appeal to contemporary readers is those three editions in the very year of its appearance.

Since its rediscovery, numerous interpreters have regarded *Simplicius* as a novel of character development. While most critics have noted a certain resemblance to the opening of *Parzival,* a Middle High German epic by Wolfram von Eschenbach (*ca.* 1200), Friedrich Gundolf [1] was the first to draw a parallel between *Simplicius* and *Wilhelm Meister* (1829), Goethe's novel of character development. The heroes of both novels, Gundolf asserts, share the urge for personal fulfillment, and in both works the world is pictured as a realm of development through trial and error. In light of this interpretation, the adventures of Simplicius assume importance to the degree that they contribute to the maturing of the hero's personality. Accordingly Grimmelshausen makes use of outer events to unfold inner growth: Simplicius develops from a naïve child into a sophomoric fool; then he deteriorates into a show-off, a rake, and a gigolo. His illness serves as a turning point, after which his character improves until he retreats from the world and becomes, once more, as in childhood, a saintly hermit. The events of his life are shown to form a well-defined arc whose zenith of worldly success corresponds to a nadir of spiritual

[1] Friedrich Gundolf, "Grimmelshausen und der Simplicissimus," *Deutsche Vierteljahrsschrift für Literaturwissenschaft und Geistesgeschichte,* I (1923), 339–358.

depravity. Book Six, with its numerous extraneous episodes and Simplicius' second retreat from the world, does not readily fit into this scheme, and developmentalists point out that the Continuation was not a part of the first edition of the novel, that it constitutes an afterthought inspired by commercial rather than artistic considerations, and that it may almost be disregarded.

Recently, Günter Rohrbach[2] has maintained that Simplicius is not at all a character or individual in the modern sense. He is, rather, a "figure" whose purpose is functional. An *individual* arouses our interest through the growth of his personality; a *figure* does so because of the function he assumes in relation to the various elements of the work. Simplicius serves to unify the following themes and components of the novel: (1) a critical, moralizing attitude toward the world; (2) preoccupation with sin and repentance; (3) preoccupation with the inconstancy of the world; and (4) an episodic structure. While functioning to hold these elements together, Simplicius as an individual is not affected by them. Like an actor he slips into a role, soon to lay it aside for another. He has certain traits by which we recognize him, but they do not go beyond type characteristics. When viewed in this light, the story need not close with Book Five; it can be expanded without violating any preconceived plan or symmetry.

One might think that the developmental theory must exclude the figure theory, but at least one interpreter, Johannes Alt,[3] has combined the two into the "type-sequence" theory. According to Alt, Grimmelshausen started his story with a hero who was a folk character, a simple fool. However, realizing that such a story would have relatively limited appeal, he created diversity by introducing a different type as the central character of successive units of the story and surrounding him with other type characters. Because of the author's ingenious

[2] Günter Rohrbach, *Figur und Charakter: Strukturuntersuchungen an Grimmelshausens Simplicissimus,* "Bonner Arbeiten zur deutschen Literatur," Vol. III (Bonn: H. Bouvier & Co., 1959).

[3] Johannes Alt, *Grimmelshausen und der Simplicissimus* (Munich: C. H. Beck, 1936).

technique for concealing the seams of the various units, an unsuspecting reader gains the impression that development takes place, whereas, in reality, only type sequences are found.

In evaluating these three interpretations, one must observe that the developmentalists applied to *Simplicius* a nineteenth-century concept of unique personality development which was alien to seventeenth-century prose fiction. The German *Bildungsroman,* at its best exemplified by Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister,* portrays its hero in depth and lets him progress by way of manifold experiences from naïveté to his own *Weltanschauung* (personal philosophy of the purpose of life). It has been suggested that instead of calling *Simplicius* a *Bildungsroman* (novel of inner development) it might be called an *Entwicklungsroman* (novel of outer development). But this term is so general that it could be applied with equal justification to every biographical novel, inasmuch as every human being goes through the phases of childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. However, this sort of progress is far different from genuine *Bildung,* which implies growth of personality rather than merely chronological progress.

Alt's type-sequence theory is limited by its many compromises; it is too pat for complete satisfaction, and it might conceivably apply to any picaresque novel. The figure theory also oversimplifies; it fails to consider the many indications of character in Simplicius, for he does remember earlier events, he is careful to explain the reasons for his actions (not always, to be sure, but often enough), he emphasizes repeatedly that he wants his story to be complete; in these and other ways he exhibits at least the beginnings of being a character. Moreover, one must remember that the prose fiction Grimmelshausen knew was a far cry from the modern psychological novel that originated in England in the eighteenth century.

III

Neither these nor several other interpretations are wholly satisfactory, primarily because they stress one aspect of the

novel while neglecting others, or because they are based on critical schemes that are inappropriate to the work. In order to gain a more adequate understanding of *Simplicius,* one must turn to the author himself, for Grimmelshausen has provided us with a number of hints as to the way in which he wanted his novel to be read and understood.

The most important of these indications are contained in the so-called phoenix copper, which appeared as the frontispiece of the original edition. This illustration, like many others throughout the Simplician writings, reflects the author's own ideas and is therefore of more than passing interest. The frontispiece shows, standing amid seven human masks, a most unusual emblematic figure. A human head with horns and the ears of a horse is set on a human trunk with arms; the human part is supported by an animal body with feathered wings and a scaly fish tail. The left leg is a goat's, while the right ends in a webbed foot. The creature wears a sword on a baldric and in his right hand holds a picture book on whose open pages are shown various objects: a crown, a cannon with a pile of balls, a tree, ointment jars, insects, a chalice, a baby in swaddling clothes, a drawn goose, dice and dice box, and so on. In the verses beneath the picture, the creature says that like the phoenix he was born from fire; that he flew through the air without being lost; that he traveled through water and over land; that in his wanderings he acquainted himself with much that was sad, and with but little that gladdened him; that he put all of it into his book, so that the reader, like the creature himself, may withdraw from folly and live in peace.

Although the grotesque creature possesses a horned head, a human trunk, and a goat's leg, he is clearly meant to represent the hero of the novel. The legend on the banner above him seems to confirm this. While the weirdly composed figure resembles no single creature on earth, its determining features are those of a satyr. We usually consider the satyr as the personification of unrestrained, particularly sexual, activity; but during the Renaissance and well into the seventeenth century the satyr was regarded equally as a wise being who, "under the

abuse of that name [of satyr]," might guide human beings through the world without participating in its folly.[4] That is obviously the meaning here, but the satyr is also the symbol for satirical writing, and Grimmelshausen was aware of it.

Simplicius, then, is a strangely constituted being whose experience as a wanderer in various realms qualifies him as a guide for others. The verses beneath the figure allude more specifically to the fact that Simplicius was born a Christian through the fire with which the troopers burned his knan's house. He flew through the air to the assembly of witches and to Magdeburg without being lost. He traveled through the water of the Mummelsee to the center of the earth, and over land through many countries. Simplicius' adventures have been told not so much for entertainment as for guidance, particularly in achieving salvation of the soul. The pictures refer to various events in Books One through Five, and the masks on the ground signify the masks Simplicius pulled from the faces of persons and things, during his journey through the world.

The poem preceding Book Six, the Continuation, is also important to any consideration of the author's purpose. In it Grimmelshausen justifies taking Simplicius out of the quietude of his Black Forest retreat (to which he refers in the phoenix copper). Simplicius ponders the concatenation of events that made him suppose, wrongly, that he had found enduring rest. A fall, swift and unaccountable as death, has overtaken him, and, we may infer, the search for tranquility begins once more, for nothing except inconstancy is constant. The prefatory section of Book Six, chapter one, repeats Grimmelshausen's previously announced purpose in writing his novel: he wants to instruct, but not in the moralizing, theological style of the day. Rather, he wants to sugarcoat the bitter pill of his teaching so that the reader will continue to read and profit. He claims (rather conventionally) that his "satyrical" style scores general vices and not specifically personal ones. If a reader is satisfied

[4] Ellen Leyburn, *Satiric Allegory: Mirror of Men,* "Yale Studies in English," CXXX (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1956), 7.

with the husks of his story (the entertainment) when he might profit from the kernels of instruction, he has only himself to blame.

Finally, the title page of the first edition also gives us certain indications of the author's intentions. In the exuberant style of baroque titles, it summarizes the contents of the novel, explaining that "The Adventurous Simplicissimus [in] German" is "the biography of a curious rogue named Melchior Sternfels von Fuchshaim; where and how he came into this world; what he saw, learned, experienced, and suffered therein; and why he voluntarily quit it again. Exceedingly jolly to read and useful for everyone. Edited by German Schleifheim von Sulsfort." Once again the author, who hides behind two pseudonyms, insists that his book is not only entertaining but useful.

In an effort to find out how Grimmelshausen intended to fulfill the double function of entertainment and instruction, one may investigate the way in which Simplicius, our fictional autobiographical hero, communicates with the reader. At times he writes as if he were keeping a diary [5]—for example, in the scene in which he explains his identity to the hermit (Bk. I, chap. 8). At other times, but still using the first person and past tense, Simplicius tells the story of his life from the standpoint of the worldly-wise hermit of the island—for example, in the ironic description of the knan's farm, with remarks and references which a ten-year-old could not possibly make (Bk. I, chaps. 1–2). The two different views of reality are intermingled so that the reader often does not know which of the two chronologically distinct but personally identical reporters is writing. In addition, the author himself makes an occasional remark—for example, he asks how he could have transported Simplicius from near Hersfeld to Magdeburg so quickly without using the witches' ride (Bk. II, chap. 18).

Young Simplicius usually tells his entertaining stories in diary form while old Simplicius looks over his shoulder, mak-

[5] I am here following Lothar Schmidt, "Das Ich im 'Simplicissimus,'" *Wirkendes Wort*, X (1960), 215–220.

ing observations and offering evaluations. The retrospective attitude may be kept up throughout whole chapters, but often a retrospective comment is no longer than a single sentence or even a subordinate clause—for example, "If I had [by that time] read the heathen poets, I would have thought of the Eumenides" (Bk. II, chap. 6). The retrospective "I" is used to point out the lapse of time between the event and the writing, and it justifies moral reflections and admonitions (which usually come at the opening or the close of chapters). The "later ego" also gives the author: (1) the writer's omniscience; (2) the chance to impart miscellaneous information; and (3) the chance to make value judgments and to use satire. Naïve Simplex sees only the outer appearances, the masks of the world; the "satyr" Simplicius knows what is behind them, tears them off, and points out the discrepancy.

If the two egos are represented by two lines, their purely chronological progression may be indicated by straight, converging lines. But under the aspect of progression toward God, the mature ego is a straight line in relation to which the line of the younger ego fluctuates widely. Young Simplex in the woods with his father is certainly closer to the island hermit than are the Hunter of Soest or Simplicius in Paris. Resolutions of repentance, even if quickly forgotten, decrease the distance between the lines; and when, in Book Five, chapter twenty-three, Simplicius takes stock of his life and decides to become a hermit once more, the lines meet. But backsliding causes another divergence, which lasts until Simplex decides to remain on the island, where he praises God and lives a pious life.

Viewed thus, the novel presents a unified picture of one Christian's life. It tells of Simplicius' pre-Christian ignorance; his instruction in the essentials of Christian life; his fall at Hanau, where he accepts the parson's specious advice to go along with the world; his enthusiastic but essentially sinful involvement with worldly concerns during youth; the numerous ineffectual attempts at repentance—in France, in Einsiedeln, on the tree in the river, and so on; the self-appraisal induced by the realization that his life so far has been futile;

his interlude as a restless hermit who soon returns into the world; and his final contentment in a truly ideal life. Certainly the novel is meant to be an example for all Christians—and since Grimmelshausen was anything but narrowly sectarian, one might say for all religious people to follow. Nevertheless, *Simplicius* is entertaining, even if we fail to see or neglect to follow its message. (This is all the easier to do since for long stretches the author himself seems to have done so.) The novel constitutes good entertainment chiefly because Simplicius is the kind of man to whom all sorts of interesting adventures happen. He is, of course, a direct descendant of the Spanish *picaro,* and before stressing his peculiarly German traits, one should consider what he has in common with Lazarillo de Tormes, ancestor of all the picaros. Lazarillo, narrator and hero of his own story, is a talented fellow of humble origin who learns many of his tricks from a blind beggar. He soon develops into a social parasite, but he engages in his nefarious activities with tremendous gusto and *joie de vivre.* He has no high regard for the society on which he preys; he blames his misfortunes on bad luck and credits his successes to God and his own cleverness. Although Lazarillo is an antihero like Don Quixote, his outlook on life is more closely related to that of Sancho Panza, the realist. At the end of his story Lazarillo obtains a government appointment—"For nowadays nobody prospers except those who work for the government"; he becomes a town crier and shares his wife with the archpriest of San Salvador.

Translations and adaptations of Spanish picaresque novels had appeared in Germany, but Grimmelshausen mentions by name only the adaptation of Cervantes' *Rinconete y Cortadillo.* He specifically acknowledges indebtedness to a French adaptation, Charles Sorel's *Histoire comique de Francion,*[6] praising its jolly style and borrowing from it the figure of Mad Jupiter in Book Three.

Grimmelshausen modernized and Germanized his picaro by

[6] See Manfred Koschlig, "Das Lob des 'Francion' bei Grimmelshausen." *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Schillergesellschaft,* I (1957), 30–73.

making him the child of noble parents (though he is not allowed to benefit from his nobility), by letting him participate in historical events, and, above all, by making him a searcher for salvation. Like the author of *Lazarillo de Tormes,* Grimmelshausen adopted all sorts of literary and subliterary material, like folk tales and anecdotes, using his special knack of narration to give them relevance and new life. In his enthusiasm for telling a good story Grimmelshausen was often carried away and, forgetting his high purpose of furnishing instruction, created scenes that are unforgettably amusing. Many such incidents could be mentioned—for example, the scene in which Simplex steals the parson's bacon (Bk. II, chap. 31), and the meeting of Heartbrother and Simplicius in Villingen (Bk. IV, chap. 25).

Grimmelshausen is, furthermore, one of the first German authors to capture the sweep and beauty of landscape; the description of the view from his hermitage on the Black Forest is justly famous (Bk. VI, chap. 1). His powers of observation and association are such that he can highlight the salient feature of a person or an object by a striking comparison: his aged knan is as chipper as a beetle; a pilgrim's staff is like a Bohemian earpick; a lady is more *mobilis* than *nobilis;* and a beard is shaped like a Swiss cheese. Nor is his observation only visual; he has a fine ear for levels of speech, for dialects and sounds: the peasants in the Black Forest speak broad Swabian (Bk. V, chap. 17), while the blackamoor in the chest pleads for his life in Westphalian Low German (Bk. III, chap. 8). This flair for freshness and accuracy has deservedly earned Grimmelshausen the label of "realist."

Humor has undoubtedly contributed much to the enduring popularity of *Simplicius.* Grimmelshausen's humor spans a broad range from subtle irony (for instance, in the description of the knan's farm in terms of knighthood, Bk. I, chap. 1), through comic situations (the scene of Oliver and the cat, Bk. IV, chap. 22), to homespun and even crude folksiness (Simplex' dilemma after his escape from the goosepen, Bk. II, chap. 2).

Surprising as it may seem, Grimmelshausen was the only German writer with personal experience of the Thirty Years' War who made that war the setting of a novel. No one else appears to have had the ability or the courage for such an undertaking. Although his perspective is that of a simple trooper, his descriptions of the war are vivid, typical, and realistic. In addition to personal experience Grimmelshausen used published accounts of the war, but unless the reader consults a detailed source study he is unable to tell which passages are based on experience and which come from reading. Because Grimmelshausen stays remarkably close to historical fact, Germans have long used *Simplicius* as "readings in historical background." A comparison of the plot events with the facts of recorded history points up the close connection.[7]

Two days after the battle of Höchst, Simplicius' father appears at a country parson's home and is at first mistaken for General Mansfeld himself. Grimmelshausen is careful to explain that remnants of the defeated army were dispersed as far as the Spessart hills. Simplicius' mother also finds herself in the Spessart, where, a few days after the battle of Höchst, she gives birth to a boy. Thus the date of the hero's birth can be fixed as shortly after June 10/20,[8] 1622. The child stays in the forest until after the hermit's death; on his way into the world he passes by Gelnhausen, where he eats grain and sleeps in sheaves that the peasants could not harvest because the battle of Nördlingen had frightened them away. That was in the fall of 1634, and according to the chronicles winter came early that year and was unusually severe. James Ramsay, a Scotsman by birth, had been appointed commander of Hanau by Prince Bernhard of Weimar in 1634, and in January of 1635 Simplicius was present at the revels with which his uncle

[7] For a summary of the events of the Thirty Years' War, see p. xxviii.

[8] Although two dates are given, they are identical. The later date is that of the old style (or Julian) calendar used by the Protestants; the earlier date is from the new style (or Gregorian) reckoning used by the Catholics. Protestants did not change to the new and more accurate calendar until the eighteenth century.

celebrated the fall of Braunfels, while refugees inside Hanau were starving. The imperial colonel Corpus, whose men took Simplex with them, is mentioned in the annals of the war, as is the Hessian (Protestant) general Melander Holzappel.

The second siege of Magdeburg, where Simplicius was carried through the air, took place in 1635/6; the city fell to the imperials on July 3/13, 1636, and Simplicius stayed in the service of the cavalry captain's wife until after Werberschanze, Havelberg, and Perleberg were taken, in the fall of 1636. The two armies, the Saxon and the imperial, then allied, broke camp because the Swedish forces under Banér were approaching. The ensuing battle of Wittstock, on September 24/October 4, 1636, brings Simplicius welcome release from his arrest as a sorcerer and spy. After the winter of 1636/7, during which he is a servant of the imperial dragoon in Paradise convent, Simplicius as the Hunter of Soest harrasses the garrisons of Dorsten, Lippstadt, and Coesfeld, which Count von Götz had been unable to take from the Swedish. Count von der Wahl, mentioned as concentrating troops for an expedition to Meppen, Lingen, and other places, was in Westphalia in 1637. The commander of Lippstadt, where Simplicius is interned for six months during the winter of 1636/7, *was* a Colonel St. André. (Simplicius, only fifteen at the time, was at first addressed as "my child.") Several events mentioned only incidentally are authentic—for instance, a siege of Lippstadt was expected but did not materialize because Johann von Werth was defeated in the Breisgau and von Götz had to go to the upper Rhine to fight Bernhard von Weimar.

After his trip to Paris and his reluctant service in imperial Philippsburg, Simplicius joins the Merode Brothers until the day before the battle of Wittenweier, in which von Götz was defeated by Bernhard (July 30/August 9, 1638). On July 29, then, Simplicius is caught by the Weimarers and made a musketeer in Colonel Hattstein's regiment. He has to work with pick and shovel in the siege of Breisach, but receives permission to return to Lippstadt before Breisach capitulates on December 7/17, 1638. In Villingen he meets Heartbrother,

who calls himself Count von Götz's intimate friend and factotum. With Heartbrother Simplicius goes to Vienna in the spring of 1640, and the two again become involved in the war. Historically, von Götz was cleared in August 1640 of charges of collaborating with the enemy. He was killed in the battle of Jankau (March 1645), and although neither date nor place of his death is mentioned in the novel, Grimmelshausen must have been aware of the date, for in Book Five, chapter five, Mad Jupiter asks Simplex about news from Münster. The peace conference had convened there in December of 1644, but six months were wasted in deciding who was to precede whom into the meeting hall, and Simplex has nothing to report.

The next definite date alluded to is the Duc d'Enghien's expedition, from which the knan fled into the woods near the Mummelsee (Bk. V, chap. 12). That expedition took place in August 1644, and the Mummelsee episode must therefore be dated after that time. The promises that Torstensson made to the Swedish officer quartered in Simplicius' house must have come before the autumn of 1646, when Torstensson retired. Finally, Simplicius' return from his trip to Russia, after an absence of three years and some months, is placed after the German peace had been concluded, that is, after 1648.

Thus it is evident that the framework of historical facts and dates is substantial and that Grimmelshausen has carefully arranged the war experiences of his hero within the realm of the probable. Simplicius' adventures in Russia are entirely unhistorical, as is his life on the unnamed island in the Indian Ocean. But those chapters will find a ready response in readers familiar with the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Exactly fifty years before Defoe's classic was published, Grimmelshausen created his island paradise by using a British pamphlet, *The Isle of Pines* (London, 1668), which was a satire by Henry Neville, and supplementing it with a description of the Dutch island of Mauritius.

Fashionable baroque novels usually contained vast quantities of encyclopedic information. Hoping to satisfy this demand, Grimmelshausen provided his readers with similar material—copied from handbooks. Such "learned" matter generally consists of references to the Bible, to Greek and Roman mythology, and to major and minor classical authors. But it also includes treatises such as the one on the influence of drugs on memory (Bk. II, chap. 8), or an essay on the life and customs of the Merode Brothers (Bk. IV, chap. 13), about whom Grimmelshausen was the first to write. In the present translation, much of this "scholarly" material is summarized or omitted.

Such embellishments, which were of considerable factual interest to contemporary readers, could be made to serve more than one purpose—for instance, in the episode of the Mummelsee (Bk. V, chaps. 12–17). Superficially, the adventure is a retelling of local folk tales, to which are added reminiscences from an essay by Paracelsus on nature spirits. But in addition the reader is given the length of the earth's radius, is told that lakes fasten the great bodies of water to the earth, is informed why some wells have medicinal qualities and why these waters are more effective when first discovered, and so on. Moreover, one becomes acquainted with the utopia of an intelligent race of little people who live happily in their appointed tasks except that they, being without souls, cannot participate in the benefits granted to mortals through the redemption of Christ. The sprites want to learn about life on earth, for when the earth is destroyed by fire because of human sinfulness, they too must perish. Simplicius assures their king that the sprites need not fear, for mortals are paragons of virtue and live according to God's commands. The king then awards Simplicius a magic stone; when placed on the ground it will produce a mineral well "which will enhance and advance you, [Simplicius,] to the extent that you have merited by revealing the truth to us." But Simplex has been lying, and therefore he loses the stone accidentally and barely escapes being beaten for causing a well to spring up where it is not wanted.

This episode, containing beautiful description, "scientific" information, satire on conditions on earth, and bitter irony, is

an allegory with deep religious implications. Despite its seeming irrelevance, its fairy-tale quality, and its scientific inaccuracies, for seventeenth-century readers it carried the message that the soulless sprites envy us mortals the chance of looking upon the face of God and that we should exert ourselves harder to deserve that chance.

The satire of Mad Jupiter also has serious overtones, and even Simplicius' sober discourse with the parson in Lippstadt has a double purpose: Simplex discusses the various brands of Christianity with the minister, but his real purpose is to divert the man's attention so that Simplex can keep up his erotic activities. In this, as in other instances, one must distinguish between the "tongue-in-cheek" meaning and the true meaning of the passage.

For didactic purposes Grimmelshausen also makes extensive use of proverbs and maxims, and for admonition there is hardly a more impressive device than the litany, a series of prayerlike repetitions and invocations such as the one quoted from Guevara in Book Five: "Farewell, World!"

IV

Having considered a number of different interpretations, one may conclude that Grimmelshausen himself provides the best clues to an understanding of his major work. A perceptive seventeenth-century reader would have needed no lengthy introduction in order to understand Grimmelshausen's intentions, for he had an immediate relationship to the work, and he could hardly help being in sympathy with the author's goal. We, however, being children of a different age, are apt to view the novel in a different light. The modern reader, like his seventeenth-century counterpart, is perfectly capable of finding humor and entertainment in the novel; on the age-old problem of how to be a Christian in a world that makes the Christian life all but impossible, we must avail ourselves of

what we can in *Simplicius,* even if we enjoy only the husks and do not penetrate to the kernel of the tale. Furthermore, if our religious concerns are somewhat different from those of an earlier age, the condition of the world is not. We may still see the historical relevance of *Simplicius* for our own uneasy times, in which war is no less a constant concern.

GEORGE SCHULZ-BEHREND

The Thirty Years' War

After the Reformation, a satisfactory relation between Catholicism and the two Protestant denominations, Lutheranism and Calvinism, had never been worked out in Germany, and much unresolved religious tension existed. But religion was not to be the only issue of a war that threatened even before the Protestant princes had formed a defensive alliance, the Union; and the Catholic princes had answered with one of their own, the League. In addition to harboring religious rancor and dissatisfaction resulting from the secularization of Catholic lands and other wealth, the German princes were jealous of the growing power of the House of Hapsburg, whereby their own increasing independence was threatened. From such accumulated resentment burst forth the Thirty Years' War (1618–1648). Its first phase was the Bohemian War (1618–1625).

In the Letter of Majesty (1609), Emperor Rudolph II had granted certain religious privileges to the nobles of his kingdom of Bohemia. When his less tolerant successor, Matthias, restricted these freedoms, the Bohemian nobles rebelled by electing their own king and, incidentally, throwing two high imperial officials out of the window of their meeting hall. The king they chose was the Calvinist Frederick V, elector palatine of the Rhine, leader of the Union, and son-in-law of England's James I. But the nobles of Bohemia and the princes of the Union failed to make adequate preparations for the approaching war, and in October 1619 Frederick's home territory, the palatinate with its capital of Heidelberg, was overrun by an army of allied Spain, whose general, Spinola, had marched up the Rhine from the Low Countries. About a

year later, on November 8/18,[1] 1620, Frederick's army under General Mansfeld was decisively defeated in the battle of the White Mountain, not far from Prague.

Two North German princes then came to Frederick's aid, and with them Mansfeld was able to defeat the imperial general Tilly at Wiesloch, in April 1622. But since the army of Mansfeld had to scatter in search of food, Tilly was able to defeat the Protestant forces at Höchst, on June 10/20, 1622. The remnants of Mansfeld's army were dismissed, and the first phase of the war was over. King James, to whom the Protestants had looked for help, had sent no aid, but a considerable number of English volunteers under Captain Horace de Vere had been active in the Rhineland. Frederick, under the ban of the Empire for his rebellion, lost his lands, and his electorship went to the Duke of Bavaria. Lampooned throughout Europe as the "Winter King," Frederick retired to France as a picturesque and powerless exile. From that point on, foreign powers intervened in what had started as a domestic German quarrel.

In the second phase of the war, Christian IV, king of Denmark and a minor German prince, attempted to extend his power over the German seaports and at the same time to help the cause of Protestantism. While the Catholic forces were busy in Austria and Transylvania, Christian entered the war with a powerful army. In this emergency Emperor Ferdinand II found help in Wallenstein, an able new general who inspired his well-paid mercenaries with loyalty and enthusiasm. He defeated Christian decisively in the battle of Lutter am Barenberg, in August 1627. Discouraged, Christian withdrew from the war. At the height of his success the emperor issued the Edict of Restitution (1629), through which he restored by imperial fiat all lands seized from the Catholic church since 1555. While the outcry among Protestants was long and fierce, no one raised a hand. But then the Catholic princes, having become suspicious of the power concentrated in the

[1] Concerning the peculiarities of these dates, see Introduction, p. xxii, note 8.

House of Hapsburg, forced Ferdinand to dismiss Wallenstein, his chief instrument of power.

In the ensuing phase the Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus, became the champion of the Protestant cause. Although he possessed a well disciplined army, trained in a war he had been fighting in Poland, the first significant event under his leadership was another Protestant defeat: Tilly took the stronghold of Magdeburg (1631) while Gustavus was still negotiating for passage of his troops through Saxony and Brandenburg. After Magdeburg had been sacked and burned with unprecedented cruelty, Tilly invaded Saxony, and her elector, John George, and Brandenburg belatedly rallied to the support of the cause. United, the Protestants won a brilliant victory at the battle of Breitenfeld. The Swedish army then proceeded to free the palatinate and to restore Protestantism there and in many other places. In 1632 Tilly was mortally wounded and the Swedish army swept deep into Catholic territory—as far as Augsburg and Munich. The elector of Brandenburg marched into Bohemia and took Prague without firing a shot; the Protestant armies appeared to be irresistible. Although Gustavus Adolphus was killed in the victorious battle of Lützen (November 1632), and Protestantism lost its ablest leader, the impetus of victory was not lost: Sweden carried on vigorously with Oxenstierna as the political leader and Generals Horn and Banér in the field.

At this desperate juncture the emperor recalled Wallenstein and gave him broad powers. Wallenstein quickly raised an army, cleared Bohemia of the enemy, defeated the Swedish and forced them out of southern Germany. While Wallenstein was holding out hope of a fair peace that would contain an amnesty for Saxony, rescinding of the Edict of Restitution, and granting of religious freedom, he was murdered—with the full connivance of the emperor.

Protestant leadership was then divided between the Swedish and the Saxons, with Elector John George as the political leader, and Generals Arnim and Bernhard of Weimar in the field. Wallenstein's death brought a resurgence of imperial

initiative, and Horn and Bernhard were defeated by an army of imperial and allied Bavarian forces in the (first) battle of Nördlingen, Bavaria, in September 1634. Greatly to the chagrin of the Swedish leaders, Elector John George began to negotiate with the emperor. The result was the Peace of Prague (1635), a peace in which the emperor compromised on the Edict of Restitution, and a peace that was a reasonable basis for settling many of the grievances of the Protestant princes, but which, naturally, held no attraction for the Swedish.

The war then entered its last phase, the Swedish-French one (1635–1648). France had from the start subsidized Sweden; at this point, seeing an ever greater concentration of power in the family of Hapsburg, Cardinal Richelieu, the shrewd political leader of France, no longer refrained from bringing direct French influence to bear. He entered the war with an army of two hundred thousand men, more than had been previously used in this war. French policy and strategy were clear, and her resources were enormous, but even Richelieu and the riches of France were not adequate to the task he had undertaken. Soon French efforts bogged down in the Low Countries and in Italy, and France had to rely more and more heavily on allies whose war aims were different from hers. Prince Bernhard of Weimar joined the French and became the chief French general inside Germany. The Swedish had promised him a dukedom, but the battle of Nördlingen had put an end to the realization of such promises. Now he was trying to recoup his loss by conquering Alsace.

Even though military activity had slowed down inside Germany, the armies were not disbanded and continued to live off the land. Banér defeated the imperial troops at Wittstock, September 24/October 4, 1636, and Bernhard laid siege to the important imperial fortress of Breisach. Field marshal Count von Götz, who wanted to raise the siege, suffered defeat instead at Wittenweier, July 30/August 9, 1638. Bernhard died in 1639, the year after he took Breisach. The Swedish continued to score some successes against the imperial forces, but

the French under the Duc d'Enghien (the later Condé), Turenne, and others were defeated by such men as Franz von Merci and the cavalry general Johann von Werth on the imperial side.

Peace negotiations had been in progress since 1644; they were hastened by the general exhaustion that had settled over all the armies. The Peace of Westphalia was finally signed with the French at Münster and with the Swedish at Osnabrück, in 1648. Never before had greater ravages been perpetrated in the name of religion, greater suffering been inflicted on soldiers and civilians—and all for such paltry results. The peace was dubious: for years groups of soldiers refused to disband, for many had never known a home, and they continued to live as marauders. The peace was also slow—the last foreign troops did not leave German soil until 1654—and it was unsatisfactory—both Catholics and Protestants denounced it as a betrayal of principles, and the clergy of more than one land had to be enjoined from preaching against it.

Nevertheless, the task of reconstruction could at last be undertaken. The population had diminished, energy and capital were insufficient, and the enormous job could apparently be accomplished only with the help of the local sovereign. Thus in Germany the foundation was laid for paternalism and planning from above by the local prince and his subservient bureaucracy. Germany became a collection of hundreds of practically independent political entities, each of which was governed by a more or less ambitious, more or less patriotic, more or less tolerant prince. The over-all government, the Holy Roman Empire, was weakened to the extent that the emperor retained his prestige almost exclusively as the ruler of Austria. Religion, having lost its importance as a cause for fighting, was determined by the ruler for his subjects.

SIMPLICIUS SIMPLICISSIMUS

Book One

CHAPTER 1: *Simplicius' peasant origin and rustic education*

In our day and age, which some think to be the last, a disease is current among commoners, a disease which—once it has enabled its victims to put a few coins in their purses, to dress in the latest foolish fashion, in a suit with a thousand silk ribbons, or by some good fortune to gain valor and renown—makes them claim that they are knights and noblemen of ancient family, though it is often found out and diligent research reveals only that their forbears were chimney sweeps, laborers, hod-carriers, pushers of wheelbarrows, and that their cousins were mule-drivers, gamblers, vagabonds, and mountebanks, their brothers flatfeet and constables, their sisters seamstresses, laundresses, or even whores, their mothers procurers or even witches and, truth to tell, their whole families with their thirty-two ancestors as filthy and polluted as a gang of thieves and cutthroats. As a matter of fact, these would-be noblemen are often as black as if they had been born and raised in New Guinea.

I don't like to compare myself to these people, though—to come right out with it—I have often thought I must have some grand seigneur or at least an ordinary, run-of-the-mill nobleman for an ancestor, for by nature I am inclined toward the business of nobility, if only I had the necessary tools and investment capital for it. But joking aside, my origin and education might be compared to that of a prince (if only you don't stress the differences too much). My "knan"—that's what they call a father in the Spessart [1]—owned a palace as good as

[1] A sparsely inhabited, wooded hill country north of the Main and south of the Kinzig River.

the next man's. A king as mighty as the great Alexander himself would not have been able to build it with his own two hands. It was well chinked with adobe, and instead of being covered with barren slate, cold lead, or red copper, it was thatched with straw, on which grows noble grain. In order not to show off his ancient nobility (which went back as far as Adam) and his wealth, he had the wall about his castle made not of fieldstone picked by the wayside, or of indifferently manufactured brick—no, he used oak planking, from a noble and useful tree on which grow pork sausages and juicy hams, and which requires more than a hundred years to reach its full height. Where is the monarch to imitate that? Where is the sovereign wanting to do likewise? The rooms, halls, and chambers had been tinted black by smoke—only because black is the most durable color in the world, and paintings in that color need more time to acquire perfection than even the most skillful painters give their best work. The tapestries were of the most delicate texture in the world, for they were made by a creature who in antiquity vied in spinning with Minerva herself.[2] His windows were dedicated to St. Noglass for no other reason than that he knew windows woven of hemp and flax took more time and trouble than the most precious Venetian glass. His station in life made him think that everything produced with a lot of trouble was for that very reason more precious; and whatever is precious is most becoming to nobility.

Instead of page boys, lackeys, and stable boys, he had sheep, rams, and pigs, each neatly dressed in its own uniform. They often waited on me in the fields until, tired of their service, I drove them off and home. His armory was sufficiently and neatly furnished with plows, mattocks, axes, picks, shovels, manure forks, and hay rakes. He drilled and exercised with these weapons daily; hoeing and weeding was his military discipline, as in peacetime among the Romans. Hitching up the oxen was his captaincy; taking manure to the field, his science of fortification; plowing, his campaigning; splitting

2 Arachne, a Lydian woman, was weaving in competition with Minerva (Athene) and was changed into a spider.

fire wood, his troop movements and maneuvers; and cleaning out the stables, his war games and most noble diversion. With these activities he made war on the whole earth—as far as his resources went—and thereby obtained rich harvest every fall. I mention all this only by the way and without boasting, for I don't think I was any better than my knan, whose residence was situated in a pleasant spot, the Spessart Hills (a place hardly anybody has ever heard of). Only brevity keeps me from telling you about my knan's family, and mentioning his name and ancestry here and now. Suffice it to say that I was born in the Spessart.

Just as my knan's household was aristocratic, so my upbringing was similarly superior; in my tenth year I had already absorbed all the rudiments of the above-mentioned exercises, drills, and maneuvers. In book learning, on the other hand, I was equal to the famous Amplistidus, of whom Suidas reports that he could not count beyond five. My father was much too bright for organized studies and observed herein the usage of the times, that is, people don't think much of useless knowledge, because you can hire flunkies for that kind of drudgery. In addition, I was an excellent musician on the bagpipes, on which I could produce splendid dirges. Musically I equaled Orpheus, but I excelled on the bagpipes while he handled merely the harp.

Concerning theology, there was no one like me in all Christendumb; I had heard of neither God nor man, heaven nor hell, angel nor devil, and I did not even know the difference between good and evil. You can easily imagine that with such theology I lived like our first parents in paradise; they also knew nothing of sickness, death, or dying, not to mention resurrection. Oh, aristocratic (or asinine) life in which one does not worry about medicine either! My studies in the law (and all the other arts and sciences in the world) were similar. I was so perfect and excellent in ignorance that I could not possibly have known that I knew nothing at all. Once more I say, Oh, happy life!

But my knan did not want me to enjoy such bliss any

longer. He thought I should live and act in accordance with my aristocratic birth. So he started to draw me toward higher things and to assign me more difficult lessons.

CHAPTER 2: *The first rung on the ladder of success which Simplicius climbed, together with praise of shepherds and appended excellent advice*

He endowed me with the office most dignified not only in his household but in the whole world, namely, the ancient appointment of herdsman. He entrusted me first with the hogs, then with the goats, and finally with the whole flock of sheep, and had me mind pasture and protect them from the wolf, particularly with my pipes, the sound of which, according to Strabo, helped to fatten the lambs and sheep of Arcadia. At that time I resembled David, but instead of bagpipes he had only a harp; that was not a bad start for me, for I took the omen to mean that in time I too might be world famous. Since the beginning of time prominent men have started as herdsmen; in Holy Writ we read of Abel, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and his sons, and Moses (who had to mind his brother-in-law's sheep before he became the leader and legislator of six hundred thousand Israelites).

Someone may object here that the aforementioned were devout and holy men, not peasant lads from the Spessart who did not know God. I grant you it is so; but my innocence had to make up for my other shortcomings. Examples can be found among the ancient heathens as well; among the Romans there were noble families who without doubt were called Bubulcus (ox herd), Statilius Taurus (bull), Pomponius Vitulus (calf), Vitellius (baby beef), Annius Capra (goat), and others who were so named because they handled such critters, and probably herded them too.

But to get back to my own flock, you must know that I was as unacquainted with the wolf as I was with my own ignorance. For that reason my father was all the more specific

with his instruction. He said, "Boy, pay attention! Don't let no sheep stray too far, and play on yer bagpipes so the wolf don't come and cause a lot of damage. He's a kind of four-legged rascal and thief who gobbles up men and animules. And if you don't watch good I'll tan yer hide." With equal graciousness I replied, "I ain't never seen a wolf." "Go on, ya muttonhead," he answered, "you'll stay stupid all your life. I wonder what'll become of ya. You're a big lunk already, not knowing that a wolf is a big four-legged rascal." He gave me some more instructions, and finally he got mad and walked off grumbling. He surmised that my crude understanding, which had not yet been sufficiently refined by his instruction, could not grasp his subtle teachings.

CHAPTER 3: *The sympathetic suffering of a loyal bagpipe*

I started to make such a hullabaloo with my bagpipe that you could have killed toads with it. That way I thought I was safe from the wolf. And as I remembered that my mother had often told me she was afraid her chickens would die from my singing, I started to sing, too, so that the remedy against the wolf would be all the more effective. I sang a song she had taught me, about us peasants and the valuable work we were doing.

I got as far as the tenth verse in my mellifluous melody when suddenly my flock and I were surrounded by a troop of heavy cavalry. They had lost their way in the woods and had been attracted by my music and herdsman's song.

Aha! I thought, what have we here? These are the four-legged rascals and thieves of whom your knan spoke, for at first I thought (as did the American Indians when they first saw Spanish cavalry) that horse and man were but one creature, and must be wolves. I wanted to chase them off like dogs and get rid of them, but I had hardly inflated my bagpipe when one of them picked me up by the wing and set me down so hard on one of the peasant horses they had liberated

that I tumbled off and fell on my beloved bagpipe. It gave off a pitiful scream, as if it wanted to call upon the mercy of all the world. But although it used up all its breath to lament my fall, it did not a bit of good. I had to get back on. What troubled me most was that the soldiers pretended I had hurt the bagpipe by falling on it and that's why it had screamed so savagely. Well, like the *primum mobile,* my mare carried me in a steady trot to my knan's farm. Very strange notions and outlandish ideas were percolating in my head; I imagined myself transformed into one of the iron men (for the ones taking me with them were dressed in iron armor). But because the change did not take place, other notions entered my silly head. I thought these foreign creatures had come only to help me drive home the sheep, especially as none of them was devouring any sheep, but all were hurrying straight to my knan's farm. I was on the lookout to see if my knan and my mother were coming out to meet us and bid us welcome. But in vain. He and mother, together with Ursula, my knan's only and dearest daughter, had taken French leave by the back door. They did not want to wait for these ill-bred guests.

CHAPTER 4: *Simplicius' residence is taken by storm, plundered, and destroyed; warriors make a mess of it*

Though I hadn't intended to take the peace-loving reader into my father's home and farm along with these merry cavalrymen, the orderly progress of my tale requires me to make known to posterity the sort of abysmal and unheard-of cruelties occasionally perpetrated in our German war, and to testify by my own example that all these evils were necessarily required for our own good by the kindness of our Lord. For, my kind reader, who would have told me that there's a God in heaven if the warriors hadn't destroyed my knan's house, if they hadn't forced me to be among the people who taught me well enough? Shortly before this event I could neither

know nor imagine but that my knan, mother and Ursula, myself and the hired hands were the only men on earth, for no people or habitations were known to me except my knan's residence where I went in and out daily. But I soon found out where people come from, and that they have no permanent abode, but often have to move on again before they can look around. I had been human in shape alone, and a Christian in name only; in reality I was an animal! But the Almighty looked upon my ignorance with forgiving eyes, and wanted me to come to the recognition of both him and myself. And though he had a thousand different ways for this purpose, undoubtedly he wanted to use as an example to others the manner in which my knan and mother were punished for my negligent upbringing.

The first thing these horsemen did in the nice black rooms of the house was to put in their horses. Then everyone took up a special job, one having to do with death and destruction. Although some began butchering, heating water, and rendering lard, as if to prepare for a banquet, others raced through the house, ransacking upstairs and down; not even the privy chamber was safe, as if the golden fleece of Colchis might be hidden there. Still others bundled up big packs of cloth, household goods, and clothes, as if they wanted to hold a rummage sale somewhere. What they did not intend to take along they broke and spoiled. Some ran their swords into the hay and straw, as if there hadn't been hogs enough to stick. Some shook the feathers out of beds and put bacon slabs, hams, and other stuff in the ticking, as if they might sleep better on these. Others knocked down the hearth and broke the windows, as if announcing an everlasting summer. They flattened out copper and pewter dishes and baled the ruined goods. They burned up bedsteads, tables, chairs, and benches, though there were yards and yards of dry firewood outside the kitchen. Jars and crocks, pots and casseroles all were broken, either because they preferred their meat broiled or because they thought they'd eat only one meal with us. In the barn, the hired girl was handled so roughly that she was un-

able to walk away, I am ashamed to report. They stretched the hired man out flat on the ground, stuck a wooden wedge in his mouth to keep it open, and emptied a milk bucket full of stinking manure drippings down his throat; they called it a Swedish cocktail. He didn't relish it and made a very wry face. By this means they forced him to take a raiding party to some other place where they carried off men and cattle and brought them to our farm. Among these were my knan, mother, and Ursula.

Then they used thumbscrews, which they cleverly made out of their pistols, to torture the peasants, as if they wanted to burn witches. Though he had confessed to nothing as yet, they put one of the captured hayseeds in the bake-oven and lighted a fire in it. They put a rope around someone else's head and tightened it like a tourniquet until blood came out of his mouth, nose, and ears. In short, every soldier had his favorite method of making life miserable for peasants, and every peasant had his own misery. My knan was, as I thought, particularly lucky because he confessed with a laugh what others were forced to say in pain and martyrdom. No doubt because he was the head of the household, he was shown special consideration; they put him close to a fire, tied him by his hands and legs, and rubbed damp salt on the bottoms of his feet. Our old nanny goat had to lick it off and this so tickled my knan that he could have burst laughing. This seemed so clever and entertaining to me—I had never seen or heard my knan laugh so long—that I joined him in laughter, to keep him company or perhaps to cover up my ignorance. In the midst of such glee he told them the whereabouts of hidden treasure much richer in gold, pearls, and jewelry than might have been expected on a farm.

I can't say much about the captured wives, hired girls, and daughters because the soldiers didn't let me watch their doings. But I do remember hearing pitiful screams from various dark corners and I guess that my mother and our Ursula had it no better than the rest. Amid all this horror I was busy turning a roasting spit and didn't worry about anything, for

I didn't know the meaning of it. In the afternoon I helped water the horses and that way got to see our hired girl in the barn. She looked wondrously messed up and at first I didn't recognize her. In a sickly voice she said, "Boy, get out of this place, or the soldiers will take you with them. Try to get away; you can see they are up to no good!" That is all she could say.

Chapter 5: *How Simplicius uses his legs and is frightened by rotten trees*

Suddenly I began noticing the misery about me and started thinking about how to get out of it as soon as I could. But where should I go? My mind was much too shallow to give me a suggestion, but toward evening I succeeded in escaping to the woods and I didn't even leave my beloved bagpipe behind. But what now? I didn't know the roads any better than I knew the lanes through the frozen sea to Nova Zembla. There was some safety in the pitch-dark night that covered me, but to my dim wit it wasn't half dark enough. So I hid in thick bushes where I could hear the screams of the tortured peasants and the song of the nightingales, shut my eyes, and fell fast asleep. But when the morning star rose brightly in the east I saw my knan's house go up in flames, and no one was there to put out the fire.

In hopes of finding someone I knew, I crept out of hiding, but at once five cavalrymen saw me, and one shouted, "Boy, come here, or by God I'll drill you so the smoke will come out of your ears!" Since I didn't know what the soldier wanted, I stopped in my tracks, forgetting to shut my mouth, and stared at them as a cat looks at a new barn door. They wouldn't have become angry with me if a bog hadn't kept them from getting at me. One of them fired his carbine at me, and I was so scared by the flash and the noise (made more frightening by a multiple echo) that I fell to the ground and lay there for dead. As a matter of fact, I never moved a mus-

cle. And when the horsemen rode off, thinking I was dead, I did not feel like sitting up or looking about me all day.

When night came around once more, I got up and walked a long way into the woods, until in the distance I saw a rotten tree sending out an eerie light. That frightened me again. I turned on my heels and kept walking till I saw another such tree, and I ran from this one too. I spent the whole night like this, running from one rotten tree to another. Finally daylight came to my aid by bidding the trees to stop being luminous, but this was no great help, for my heart was full of fear, my legs full of tiredness, my empty stomach full of hunger, my mouth full of thirst, my brain full of silly notions, and my eyes full of sleep. I kept on walking without knowing where I was headed. The farther I walked, the farther I went away from people and into the forest. At that time (though I didn't know it) I felt the effects of ignorance and unreason; if a dumb beast had been in my shoes, it would have known better what to do than I. But when night came a third time, I had enough sense to crawl into a hollow tree (taking good care of my beloved bagpipe, too), and I firmly resolved to sleep all night.

CHAPTER 6: *This chapter is short and so devout that Simplicius faints over it*

I had hardly made myself comfortable for sleeping when I heard a voice saying, "O great love shown to us ungrateful men! O my only solace, my hope, my treasure, my God!" and more in this vein that I could not altogether understand.

These words might well encourage, console, and gladden the heart of a Christian in the shape I was in at that time. But—oh, ignorance and simplicity!—it was all Greek to me and I couldn't make head or tail of it. But when I heard that the speaker's hunger and thirst would be appeased, my own unendurable hunger and my stomach, which from lack of food had become the size of a walnut, advised me to invite myself

too. So I told myself to be courageous, crawled out of the tree, and approached the voice.

I saw a tall man with long grey and black hair that hung disheveled down to his shoulders; his tousled beard was the size of a cheese. His face, though haggard and sallow, was kind, and his long cloak was patched and mended with more than a thousand snippets of different materials. Around his throat and body he wore a heavy iron chain. To my eyes he looked so frightening and ghastly that I started trembling like a wet dog. But my fear was increased by the fact that he was hugging a crucifix about six feet high. Since I didn't know him, I could not but imagine that this old man must be the wolf of whom my knan had recently warned me.

In my fear I whipped out my bagpipe (which I had rescued from the cavalrymen as my only treasure), blew it up and started to make a horrendous sound to drive off this wolf. The anchorite was caught up in astonishment. No doubt he thought a devilish ghost had come to trouble him, like the great St. Anthony, and to disturb his meditation. As soon as he had recovered a little he reviled me, his tempter in the hollow tree (for I had retreated to it once more); he was even bold enough to come right up to me and rail at the fiend of men. "Hah!" he said, "you are just the one to trouble the godfearing. . . ." I did not understand another word, for his approach frightened me so much that I fainted dead away.

CHAPTER 7: *Simplicius is given a friendly welcome in a poor inn*

I don't know how I came to, but I was out of the tree, my head was in the old man's lap, and he had opened my jacket. When I had recovered a little, seeing the hermit so close to me, I screamed as if he were about to rip the heart from my chest. But he said, "Son, be still; I won't hurt you; calm yourself," and so on. But the more he comforted and soothed, the more I shouted, "You'll eat me!" "Now, now, my

son," he said, "be quiet; I won't eat you." I carried on this sort of wrangling for some time until I managed to come with him into his hut. Here Poverty herself was marshal, Hunger was cook, and Want was the manager. Here my stomach was given some greens and a drink of water, and my mind, which was altogether confused, was straightened out and corrected by the old man's comforting friendliness. Soon Sleep tempted me to pay her tribute. When the hermit saw this he left the hut, for only one person could sleep in it. About midnight I awoke again and heard him sing the following song, which I later learned:

Come, nightingale, O balm of night,
Come, let your voice cheerful and bright
Sing out in lovely rapture.
The other birds have gone to sleep,
But you a tuneful vigil keep,
Your Maker's praise to capture.
Loudly raise your brilliant voice
And rejoice.
Show you love
God who is in heaven above.

Although the sunshine now has left
And we of daylight are bereft,
Yet we may now compete
To praise his mercy, praise his might,
Nor darkness hinder us nor night
To offer praise replete.
Therefore raise your brilliant voice
And rejoice.
Show you love
God who is in heaven above.

True Echo with her wild reply
Wants also to be heard close by
When your praise is ringing.
She bids us to avoid all sloth,

That we be active, never loth
She joins in happy singing.
Therefore raise your brilliant voice, etc.

The stars which in the sky are found
In praise of God do still abound
And show their veneration.
The songless owl with ugly screech
Does yet a noble lesson teach:
Praise God in every nation!
Therefore raise your brilliant voice, etc.

O come then, sweetest bird of night,
Inspire with your song's delight.
In bed let us not linger.
Instead let's sing to God in praise
Till Dawn the somber pall doth raise
From woods with rosy finger.
Loudly raise your brilliant voice
And rejoice.
Show you love
God who is in heaven above.

While this song went on, it seemed almost as if the nightingale, the owl, and Echo had joined in, and if I had ever heard the morning star sing, or could have imitated its melody on my bagpipe, I would have slipped out of the hut to join in, because this harmony seemed so lovely.

But I fell asleep again and did not wake up until late in the day. When the hermit stood in front of me and said, "Get up, little one, I'll give you something to eat and show you the way out of the woods, so you get back to your people in the village before night falls," I asked him, "What's that, 'people,' 'village'?" He said, "Have you never been in a village? Don't you know what 'men' or 'people' are?" "No," I said, "I've been nowhere but here; but tell me, what are 'people,' 'men,' and 'village'?" "God preserve us!" answered the hermit. "Are

you foolish or bright?" "I am ma and pa's boy. My name is neither Foolish nor Bright." The hermit gave a sigh, crossed himself, and said, "My dear child, for God's sake I'd like to keep you here and teach you." The next chapter will tell of our dialogue.

CHAPTER 8: *How Simplicius uses elevated speech and thereby gives evidence of his excellent qualities*

Hermit. What is your name?

Simplex. My name is Boy.

Herm. I can see you're not a girl. But how did your father and mother call you?

Sim. I never had a father and mother.

Herm. Then who gave you that shirt?

Sim. My mither, of course.

Herm. How did your "mither" call you, then?

Sim. She called me "boy," also "rascal," "jackass," "clumsy lout," "stupid fool," and "jailbird."

Herm. Who was your mother's husband?

Sim. Nobody.

Herm. But with whom did your mother sleep at night?

Sim. With my knan.

Herm. How did your knan call you?

Sim. He called me "boy."

Herm. What was your knan's name?

Sim. Why, "knan"!

Herm. But how did your mother call him?

Sim. "Knan," and sometimes "boss."

Herm. Did she ever call him anything else?

Sim. Yes, she did.

Herm. What?

Sim. "Belch," "roughneck," "boozehound," and several other names when she was riled.

Herm. You are an ignoramus not to know your own name or that of your family.

Sim. Well, smarty, you don't know it either!

Herm. Do you know how to pray?

Sim. Naw, Annie and mither did all the praying at the house.

Herm. I'm asking you if you know the Lord's Prayer.

Sim. Sure.

Herm. Let me hear it.

Sim. Our dear father, who art heaven hallowed be name, kingdom come your will done heaven on earth, give us debts as we forgive debtors. Lead us never in no evil attempts, but save us from the kingdom and the power and the glory. Emma.

Herm. Didn't you ever go to church?

Sim. Sure. I'm a good climber and stole a whole shirtful of churries.

Herm. I didn't say *cherries* but *church*.

Sim. Ha, ha, you mean the little blue ones?

Herm. Heaven help me! Don't you know anything of our Lord God?

Sim. You bet! He hung in the corner behind the kitchen door. Mither brought him home from the fair and fastened him up there.

Herm. Oh dear Lord! Only now I see the great benefice of grace in thy presence and how man is nothing if he does not know thee. Listen, Simpleton—for I cannot call you anything else—when you say the Lord's prayer you must speak thus: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread."

Sim. Cheese, too?

Herm. Alas, dear child, be silent and learn. You need that more than cheese. Your mother was right when she called you clumsy. Boys like you should not interrupt an old man, but be silent, listen, and learn. If only I knew where your parents lived, I'd be glad to take you to them and teach them how to bring up children.

Sim. I don't know where to go. Our house burned down; my mither ran off and came back with Ursula; my knan ran off too; the hired girl was sick and lay in the barn. She told me to run away and not to hang around.

Herm. Who burned down the house?

Sim. Well, iron men came riding on animals as big as oxen, but without horns; these men stuck the sheep and cows and hogs, broke the windows and the oven; then I ran off, and later the house burned down.

Herm. Where was your knan?

Sim. Well, the iron men tied him up; then our old nanny goat licked his feet; this made him laugh and he gave the iron men lots of silver coins, yellow ones too, and nice shiny things and strings of white marbles.

Herm. When did this happen?

Sim. When I was supposed to herd the sheep. They wanted to steal my bagpipe too.

Herm. When were you supposed to herd the sheep?

Sim. Don't you get it? When the iron men came. Later our tousleheaded Annie told me to run away; otherwise the warriors would take me along. She meant the iron men, and I ran away and came here.

Herm. Where do you want to go now?

Sim. I sure don't know. I want to stay here.

Herm. It isn't good to keep you here, neither for you nor for me. Eat, and then I'll take you to some people.

Sim. Well, tell me what this "people" is.

Herm. People are humans like you and me. Your knan and mither and your Annie are humans. And when some of them get together, they are called "people."

Sim. Hoho!

Herm. Now go and eat!

This was the conservation we had together. The hermit often looked at me and sighed from the bottom of his heart; I don't know whether he pitied me in my excessive simplemindedness, or for a reason I discovered only some years later.

CHAPTER 9: *Simplicius turns from a mere beast into a Christian*

I stopped chatting and started eating. This lasted only until I had had enough and the old man asked me to go away. Then I chose the tenderest words my peasant vocabulary afforded and used them all to persuade the hermit to keep me with him. Surely he thought it would be hard to keep me around, but still he decided to put up with me, more to instruct me in Christianity than to let me help him in his old age. His greatest worry was that my tender youth might not long endure his severe and frugal way of living.

My trial period lasted about three weeks. It was spring and I worked so well in the garden that the anchorite took a special liking to me, not so much because of the work I did (I was used to it), but rather because he saw I was eager to hear his instruction and my heart was apt to benefit from it.

He started his teaching with the fall of Lucifer. From there he proceeded to the garden of Eden, and when we with our parents were run out of it, he passed through the law of Moses and taught me, through God's ten commandments (and their interpretation) to tell virtues from vices, to do good and avoid evil. Finally he got around to the gospels and told me of Christ's birth, suffering, death, and resurrection. He concluded with doomsday and pictured heaven and hell as I could best grasp and understand it, clearly but not with too much detail. When he had finished one story he started another; my questions guided our progress, and he could not possibly have been a better teacher. I loved my teacher and

the instruction so much that sometimes I couldn't sleep because of them. The hermit was successful in teaching me mainly because the smooth tablet of my mind was altogether blank; when he started writing on it, he did not have to crowd out or erase anything. Nevertheless, compared to other folks there still was plenty of simplicity in me, and for this reason the hermit called me "Simplicius," since neither of us knew my real name.

I learned from him how to pray, and when he had decided to let me stay, the two of us built me a hut. It was just like his, made of logs, brush, and dirt, and shaped almost like a soldier's tent or (to use a different comparison) like a turnip cellar on a farm, hardly big enough for me to sit upright. My bed was made of dry leaves and grass; it was the same size as the hut, and I can't decide whether to call this sort of shelter a covered bed or a hovel.

CHAPTER 10: *How he learned to read and write in a wild forest*

The first time I saw the hermit reading the Bible, I could not imagine with whom he was carrying on his secretive and, as I thought, very serious conversation. I saw his lips move and heard his mumbling, but I saw and heard no one with whom he was talking. And though I knew nothing of reading and writing, I noticed by his eyes that he was carrying on with something inside the book. I paid close attention to the book, and after he had put it aside I took hold of it, opened it, and happening on the first chapter of the Book of Job, with a beautifully colored illustration, I asked the picture some strange questions. But when no answer was forthcoming I became impatient and—just as the hermit came up behind me—I said, "You little rascals, can't you open your mouths anymore? Only a moment ago you were gossiping with my father." (That is what I had to call the hermit.) "I can see very well that you are driving the sheep home for your poor knan

and that you too have set the house on fire. Wait, wait, I can still put out the fire so it won't do any more damage." With those words I got up to get a bucket of water, because I felt something had to be done. "Where are you going, Simplex?" said the hermit, whom I hadn't noticed behind me. "Oh, father," I said, "these soldiers have sheep and want to drive them off. They took them from the poor man you were just talking with. His house is on fire too, and if I don't help put it out it'll burn to the ground." And I pointed with my finger to what I saw. "Don't rush off," said the hermit, "there is no danger." I answered politely, "But are you blind? *You* see about the sheep and *I'll* get the water." "Boy," said the hermit, "these pictures are not reality. They are made to give us an idea of events long past." I answered, "But you were talking with them a while ago. Why shouldn't they be real?"

Contrary to his habit, the hermit laughed at my childish simplicity or simple-minded childishness and said, "Dear child, these pictures cannot talk. But I can tell from these black lines what they mean. It's called 'reading,' and when I read, you think I am talking with the pictures, but it's not so." I answered, "Since I am a human being like you, I should also be able to read the black lines. How am I to take your words? Dear father, tell me what to make of this." Then he said, "All right then, son, I shall teach you and you'll be able to talk with the pictures just as I can, but it will take time, and both of us will have to try hard."

On birch bark, he wrote the letters as they appear in print, and when I had learned them, I learned how to spell, then how to read and write; and since I imitated the printed letters I could write better than my teacher.

CHAPTER 11: *Of vittles, household utensils, and other things necessary for this life on earth*

I stayed in the forest for about two years before the hermit died, and a little longer than six months after his death.

Therefore, I think I should tell the curious reader (who often wants to know even the most minute details) of our activities and how we spent our life there.

For food we had all sorts of vegetables like carrots, cabbage, beans, peas, lentils, millet, and such. We did not turn up our noses at beechnuts, wild apples, pears, and cherries; even acorns often tasted good. Our bread (or perhaps I had better call it cake) of ground Indian corn was baked in hot ashes. In the winter we snared birds; in the spring and summer God kept us supplied with nests full of their young. We sometimes ate snails and frogs, and we didn't mind fishing with pots and line, since not far from our camp ran a creek with plenty of fish and crawfish. Its water was our drink. For a while we kept a wild pig in a pen and raised it on acorns and beechnuts; later we butchered and ate it. My hermit knew that it is no sin to use what God grants to man. We needed but little salt and no spices at all, for we did not want to stimulate thirst because we had no wine cellar. We received the necessary salt from a parson who lived about fifteen miles from us. I'll have to tell more about him.

We had a complete supply of household goods—a shovel, a mattock, an ax, a hatchet, and a Dutch oven for cooking; the iron kettle wasn't ours, having been borrowed from the parson. Each of us had a worn-down blunt knife. These things and nothing else were our property. As for the rest, we did not need dishes, plates, spoons, forks, skillet, frying and roasting pan, salt shaker or other table or kitchen utensils, for our Dutch oven also served as our dish, and our hands as forks and spoons. When we wanted to drink we used a pipe that ran into the well or we dipped our heads into the creek, like Gideon's warriors. Of all sorts of woven material, like wool, silk, cotton, and linen (for beds, table cloths, and drapes), we possessed nothing except what we wore. We thought we had enough as long as we were protected from the rain and cold. Our household had no special schedule except on Sundays and holidays. On these days we started walking at midnight in order to be on time for services in the parson's church before anybody else arrived. We always sat upstairs in the organ loft, where we could see the altar and the pulpit. The first time I saw the parson getting into his pulpit, I asked my hermit what he intended to do in the big tub! After services we went home just as secretly as we had come; and after we had returned, with feet and bodies tired, we ate bad food with good teeth. The rest of the time the hermit spent in prayers or in teaching me pious lore.

On weekdays we did what was most necessary according to the season. One day we'd work in the garden; the rest we spent collecting fertile soil in shady places or in hollow trees, in order to improve our garden even without manure. Another day, we wove baskets or fish pots, split fire wood, went fishing, or did anything else but loaf. And amidst all this activity the hermit did not cease instructing me in all good knowledge, and in such a severe life I learned to endure thirst, heat, cold, heavy work, and all kinds of trouble, but first of all to know God and how to serve him. And that was the most important. Beyond this, my hermit did not want to instruct me, for he considered it enough for a Christian to reach his goal through prayer and hard work. And that is why I stayed a simpleton, for when I left the woods I had been quite well instructed in spiritual matters, pronounced my German exactly as it is spelled, knew Christianity very well, and yet was such a plain idiot in worldly matters that I didn't amount to a hill of beans.

CHAPTER 12: *A pretty way of experiencing a blessed death and getting buried at next to no cost*

I had spent about two years and had just become used to my hard life when my best friend on earth took his mattock, gave me a shovel, and led me by the hand into the garden where we usually said our prayers. "Well, Simplex, dear child," he said, "since the time has come when I must depart the earth, pay my debt to nature and leave this world behind,

and as I see the future events of your life approaching, knowing well that you will not stay long in this lovely place, I have done my best to strengthen you in the way of virtue by giving you instruction. By means of this you are to guide your life as by a compass, to attain eternal life."

These words made my eyes water, and I said, "Dear father, do you want to leave me alone in this forest? Shall I. . . ." That is all I could utter; my heart was so troubled for love of the hermit that I fainted at his feet. He picked me up, consoled me as best he could, and pointed out my mistakes by asking if I wanted to rebel against the order instituted by the Almighty. "Don't you know," he continued, "that neither heaven nor hell is able to do that? Nor you, son! Do you ask me to tarry longer in this vale of tears? Ah no, my son, let me depart, for I will be kept here in this misery neither by your tears nor by my own desire. I am called away by God's express will, and I prepare joyfully to obey his command. Instead of crying foolishly, pay attention to my last words. They are: Know yourself, the longer you live the more so. And if you grow as old as Methuselah, do not give up trying. Most men were lost because they did not know who or what they were, what they could have become or had to become." Then he advised me to stay away from bad company, because the damage done by evil companions was inexpressible. He gave me an example of it by saying: "If you put a drop of sweet wine into a crockful of vinegar, the wine turns to vinegar, but if you put a drop of vinegar into sweet wine, the vinegar will go unnoticed." "Dearest son," he said, "most of all, remain steadfast. Do not let the sweat of carrying the cross discourage you from finishing a good work, for whoever perseveres to the end shall be saved. But if against my expectation you should fall because of weakness of the flesh, do not stubbornly wallow in sin, but quickly arise through honest repentance!"

These three admonitions—to know oneself, to avoid evil companions, and to remain steadfast—this pious man considered good and necessary because he had practiced them and he had not gone wrong. After he had come to know himself, he fled not only bad companions but the whole world; he persisted till the end, and in his end he was doubtless saved—how, I shall soon tell.

After he had finished speaking, he started digging his own grave with the mattock. I helped him as best I could and as he had requested, but I couldn't imagine his purpose. Then he said, "My dear and only true son—for I have begotten no creature but you to praise our Creator—when my soul has gone to its resting place, pay your due respect to my body. Cover me with the same dirt we have just now dug out of this pit." Then he embraced me, kissed me, and pressed me much harder to his chest than I thought a man like him could. "Dear child," he said, "I commend you to God's protection and die joyfully, for I think he will protect you." But I could not help crying and bawling; I clung to the chains he wore around his neck, thinking I might thus keep him from getting away. But he said, "My son, let go of me so I can see if the grave we have dug is long enough." He unfastened the chains, took off his cloak, and, lying down in the grave like someone going to sleep, he said, "Great God, take back the soul that thou hast given me. Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," and so on. Then he gently closed his lips and eyes while I stood there like a stick, not believing that his dear soul had left the body, because I had seen him in such seizures before.

As was my custom in these situations, I stayed a few hours by him and prayed. But when my very dear hermit did not make any effort to get out of the grave, I climbed down to shake, kiss, and stroke him. But life had left him; grim, relentless death had robbed Simplex of his company. I sprinkled the lifeless body (maybe I should say I embalmed it) with my tears and after I had run to and fro for some time and torn my hair, I started to bury him, more with sighing than with shovels of dirt. And when I had hardly covered his face, I climbed down and uncovered it, to see it and kiss it once more. I carried on like this all day, until I had finished the funeral in this manner, altogether alone. Anyway, bier, coffin,

shroud, candles, pallbearers, mourners, and clergy were not available to help the dead man into his grave.

Chapter 13: *Simplicius lets himself drift, like a piece of reed on a pond*

A few days after my dear and worthy hermit's demise, I made my way to the parson mentioned above, reported my master's death to him, and asked his advice on how to act in this situation. Although he tried very hard to dissuade me from staying longer in the woods, and pointed out the obvious danger of doing so, I followed in my predecessor's footsteps bravely, and all summer long did as a pious anchorite should. But as time changes everything, the grief I felt for my hermit gradually lessened, and the severe cold of winter outside extinguished the ardor of my intentions inside. The more I began to waver, the lazier I became about my prayers, and instead of contemplating divine and heavenly things, I was overcome by a desire to look at the world. And since I wasn't much good anymore in the forest, I resolved to see the parson again and to find out if he would still advise me to leave the woods. To this end, I walked toward the village, and when I got there I saw it in flames; a troop of cavalry had just plundered and set it on fire, killed some of the peasants, run off many and captured a few, among them the parson. Oh, my God! How full of trials and tribulations is a man's life?! One misfortune hardly stops before another overtakes us.

The cavalrymen were about to leave, and the parson was led by a rope like a poor sinner and slave. Some were screaming, "Shoot the bastard!" Others wanted money from him. He raised his hands and begged them, for the sake of their souls, to spare him and treat him with Christian mercy—in vain, for one of them rode roughshod over him and hit him such a wallop over the head that blood trickled down; he fell, commended his soul to God, and lay there like a dead dog. The captured peasants didn't fare much better.

When it looked as if these horsemen had lost their minds in their tyrannical cruelty, an armed gang of peasants like an angry swarm of yellow jackets came charging out of the woods. They raised such a ghastly war whoop, attacked so furiously, and fired so savagely that my hair stood on end, for I had never attended this kind of free-for-all. Nobody's likely to make monkeys of our peasants from the Spessart—nor of the ones from Hesse, Sauerland, Vogelsberg, or the Black Forest! The horsemen made tracks, not only leaving the stolen cattle behind, but also throwing away the loot as they ran, giving up their prey lest they fall prey to the peasants. A few who were captured were given rough treatment.

This introductory entertainment almost spoiled my desire to see the world; I thought if this is the way things are, the wilderness is far more attractive. Still, I wanted to hear the parson's explanations, but he was rather faint from his injuries and the beating he had received. He admonished me that he couldn't help or advise me because in his present condition he would soon have to make a living as a beggar, and even if I wanted to stay in the woods, he wouldn't be able to give me any help, because, as I could see, his church and parsonage were at that very moment going up in smoke.

With these words I trotted sadly back toward the woods and my home. Since I had experienced little comfort on my journey (rather, I had become much more devout again), I decided never to leave the wilderness, but meant to conclude my life like a hermit, in contemplation of divine things. I was already figuring out how to get along without salt (which the parson had previously given me) and thus do without anybody's help.

Chapter 14: *A strange story of five peasants*

So that I might follow my decision at once and be a genuine hermit, I dressed in the late hermit's hair shirt and put on his chain—not because I needed to mortify my rebellious flesh, but to resemble my predecessor in appearance as well

as in manner of living and also to protect myself better against the cold of winter.

The day after the village had been plundered and burned, I was just sitting in my hut, frying yellow turnips and praying at the same time, when some forty or fifty musketeers surrounded me. Although they hardly believed their eyes when they saw me, these boys turned my place upside down looking for something that absolutely wasn't there, for I had only a couple of books, and they threw them helter-skelter because they were no good to them. After a while, when they had taken a second look at me and seen by the feathers what kind of bird they had caught, they decided there was no hope of booty. Then they wondered about my hard way of living and took pity on my tender youth, particularly the officer in charge. He did me the honor of requesting me to show them the way out of the woods, in which they had been lost for some time. I did not refuse for a moment. To get rid of these unfriendly guests as soon as possible, I led them by the nearest road to the village where the parson had been manhandled. Truth to tell, that was the only road I knew.

But before we got out of the woods we saw about ten peasants, some armed with guns, the others busy burying something. The soldiers approached them and shouted, "Halt!" The peasants answered with their guns. And when they saw how many soldiers there were, they rushed off this way and that so that the musketeers (who were tired) couldn't catch any of them. Then the soldiers wanted to uncover what the peasants had covered up—an easy job because the spades and picks were still there. They had hardly started when a voice came up from below and said, "You bloody rascals! You dirty crooks! You damn bastards! Do you think heaven will let you go unpunished for your unchristian cruelty? There are plenty of stout fellows who will retaliate for your bestiality, so that nobody will come to lick your ass!" The soldiers looked at each other and didn't know what to do next. Some thought they were hearing a ghost, but I thought I was dreaming. Their officer told them to go on digging. Soon they struck a barrel, opened it, and found inside a man whose nose and ears had been cut off. But he was still alive. As soon as this fellow had recovered enough to recognize some of the group, he told how the peasants had captured six soldiers who had been reconnoitering for feed. Only an hour ago, they had shot five of these, standing them one behind the other; since the bullet, having had to go through five bodies before him, had not killed him, the sixth in the line, they had cut off his ears and nose. But first they had forced him (I beg the reader's pardon) to lick their asses. When he saw himself so degraded by these dishonorable and dastardly knaves, he called them the vilest names he could think of, hoping to trick them into killing him, though they had vouchsafed his life, but in vain. After he had embittered them, they stuck him in this barrel and buried him alive, saying that since he tried so hard for death, for reasons of spite they did not want to humor him.

While this man was telling of his misery, another group of soldiers, infantry, came up out of the woods. They had captured five of the fugitive peasants and shot the others. Among the captives were four peasants to whom the mistreated cavalryman had been forced to do as he was told. Now, when both groups of soldiers discovered they were from the same army, the horseman had to tell once more what had happened to him and his comrades in arms.

You should have seen what happened to the peasants there! Some of the soldiers in their first fury wanted to fill them full of lead, but others said that these gay birds ought to be tortured a little; they ought to get a taste of what they did to our buddy. In the meantime, their ribs were being tickled with musket stocks. Finally a soldier stepped forward and said, "Gentlemen, since it is a crying shame to all soldiers that five peasants abused this rascal (he pointed to the cavalryman), it is no more than fair for us to erase this blot and let these bastards kiss our friend a hundred times." Another said, "This rat is not worthy of the honor. If he hadn't been such a numbskull he would have died a thousand times rather than act in a manner unbecoming to a soldier."

Finally they resolved that each of the peasants was to reciprocate on ten soldiers. Then they wanted to decide what else to do to the peasants. But the peasants were so obstinate that they could in no way be coerced. One soldier took the fifth peasant aside and promised to let him go where he pleased, if he denied God and all his saints. The peasant answered that he had never given a damn for the saints and his personal acquaintance with God had been slight. He swore he did not know God and wanted no part of his kingdom. The soldier fired a bullet at his head, but it ricocheted as if it had hit a steel wall. Then he pulled out his sword bayonet and shouted, "Is that the kind you are? I promised to let you go where you wanted, but since you don't want to go to heaven, I am now sending you to hell!" And he split his head apart down to the teeth. "This is the way to get revenge," said the soldier. "Send these villains to hell and keep 'em there!"

Meanwhile the soldiers tied the other four peasants (the same whose asses the soldier had had to lick) over a fallen tree in such a way that their rumps stuck up. After removing their trousers, they took yards and yards of fuse cord, made knots in it, and neatly ran the knotted cord through the cleft of their behinds until they drew blood. "This is the way to dress their backsides," they said. The peasants screamed like pigs, but a lot of good it did them! The soldiers didn't stop until they struck the bone. I was sent back to my hut because the second troop knew the way, so I didn't find out what else they did to the peasants.

CHAPTER 15: *Simplicius is raided, and has a wondrous dream about peasants and how it goes in time of war*

When I got back home, I found that all my firewood, my household goods, and all the frugal food I had saved and harvested in the garden all summer for the coming winter were completely gone. "What now?" I thought. At that moment, need taught me to pray. I called on all my modest wit to decide what would be best for me. But since my experience was limited and indifferent, I could not reach a good decision. The best I could do was to commend myself to God and to put my trust in him; otherwise I would surely have despaired and perished. Moreover, the predicaments of the injured parson and the five miserably wounded peasants which I had witnessed that day were before me all the time, and I thought not so much about food and survival as about the hatred that existed between soldiers and peasants. But in my simplicity I could not help thinking that since Adam's creation there must surely be not one but two kinds of people on earth—wild ones and tame ones—who cruelly chase each other like unreasoning animals. I was cold and troubled, and with such thoughts I fell asleep, on an empty stomach.

Then, as in a dream, I saw how all the trees standing around the place where I lived were suddenly changing and taking on an utterly different appearance. On top of each tree sat a cavalier; and instead of bearing leaves the branches were decorated with all sorts of men. Some of these fellows had long pikes, others muskets, pistols, halberds, small flags, and drums and fifes. The sight was a pleasure to look at, for everything was neatly divided by rank. The root was made up of lowly people like day-laborers, craftsmen, peasants, and such, who nevertheless gave the tree its strength and imparted vigor anew when it had been lost. In fact, to their own great disadvantage and even peril they made up for the deficiency caused by the fallen leaves. They were complaining about those sitting in the tree; and they had good cause, for the whole load rested on them and pressed them so hard that all their money was being squeezed out of their pockets and even out of the strongboxes which they had secured with seven locks. But if money was not forthcoming, certain commissioners curried them with combs (a process called military execution), and because of this there issued sighs from their hearts, tears from their eyes, blood from their nails, and marrow from their bones. Yet among them there were some jokers

called funny birds who were little troubled by it all. They took everything easy, and in their misery they came up with all sorts of raillery so that they needed no consolation.

CHAPTER 16: *Omissions and commissions of modern soldiers, and how hard it is for a common soldier to get a commission*

The roots of these trees had sheer wretchedness to contend with, but the men on the lowest branches had to endure even greater trouble, hardship, and discomfort. And though the branch-dwellers were jollier, they were also more defiant, tyrannical, and for the most part ungodly; and they constituted at all times an unsupportable burden for the roots. About them there appeared these lines:

Hunger, thirst, and poverty,
Heat and cold and tyranny,
Whence, whatever, where the ache,
Mercenaries give and take.

These words were all the less equivocal because they described the men's work perfectly; for their entire activity consisted of hard drinking, suffering hunger and thirst, whoring and pederasty, rattling dice and gambling, overeating and overdrinking, killing and being killed, harassing and being harassed, hunting down and being hunted down, frightening and being frightened, causing misery and suffering it, beating and being beaten—in a few words, spoiling and harming, and being despoiled and harmed in turn. And neither winter nor summer, rain nor wind, mountain nor valley, fields nor swamps, ditches, passes, seas, walls, water, fire, nor ramparts, danger to their own bodies, souls, consciences, nay, not even loss of life, heaven, or any other things of whatsoever name kept them from it. On the contrary, they continued eagerly in their works until after a while they gave up the ghost, died and croaked in battles, sieges, storms, campaigns, and even in their quarters (where soldiers enjoy paradise on earth,

especially when they run into fat peasants)—except only a few oldsters who (unless they had stashed away stolen or extorted goods) made the very best panhandlers and beggars. Right above these troubled people sat some old chicken thieves who had squatted and suffered a few years on the lowest branches and who had been lucky enough to escape death till now. These looked a little more serious and respectable than the lowest bunch, for they had climbed up one level. But above them there were some still a little higher, and they also aspired to grandeur. Being the lowest in the chain of command, they were called jacket-dusters: they beat the pikemen and musketeers and with their abuse and cursing dusted their backs and heads. Above these, the tree had a kind of break or separation, a smooth section without branches which was greased with the soap of envy so that no one (unless he was of the nobility) could climb up, no matter how smart or skillful he was. This section was polished more smoothly than a marble column or a steel mirror. Above this place sat those with flags or ensigns, some young, some older. The young ones had been given a boost by their cousins. The old ones had climbed up under their own power, either by means of a silver ladder called bribery, or else by means of a rope which luck had let them catch because there were no better men present just then. A little further up sat still higher ones, and they also had their afflictions, cares, and troubles. They did, however, enjoy the advantage of being able to line their purses most conveniently with a liner they were cutting out of the roots; and for this they were using a knife known as forced contributions. The situation became most pleasant, to the point where a commissioner happened along and emptied a tubful of money above the tree to refresh it. Then those on top caught almost all of the rain as it dropped, while practically nothing trickled down below. For this reason more of the lower squatters died of hunger than were killed by the enemy. The upper echelons were troubled by neither danger.

There was constant wrangling and climbing in this tree, for every one wanted to sit in the highest, happiest place. And

yet, there were some lazy, devil-may-care louts who hardly tried for a better position and who sleepily did what they had to do. The lowest men were hoping for the fall of the uppermost so that they might sit in their seats. The struggle was fiercest and least rewarding in the slippery section, for whoever had a good sergeant did not want to lose him through promotion. So they found impoverished noblemen, ex-pages, poor cousins, and other starvelings, and made ensigns out of them, and these were taking the bread out of the mouths of meritorious old soldiers.

CHAPTER 17: *Though in wartime noblemen are preferred over commoners (as is just and proper), many men of low origin attain great heights*

[In a discussion between an old sergeant and a nobleman about the advantage of having only noblemen for officers, the nobleman quotes the Bible, ancient writers, and a proverb in order to prove his point. The sergeant asserts that hope of promotion makes the soldier do his best; and the nobleman admits that some men of lowly station have risen to be great soldiers, for example, the imperial general Johann von Werth, the Swedish Stalhans, the Hessian St. André, and a few others. But as a rule, concludes the sergeant, noblemen keep the door locked when commoners seek preferment.]

CHAPTER 18: *Simplicius takes his first leap into the world, and has bad luck*

I did not feel like listening any longer to this argument; and, turning to the trees again, I saw that they were moving and colliding. The men came tumbling down lickety-split, and the noise of falling and cracking up was all around me. One man lost an arm, another a leg, a third even a head. While I was still staring, it seemed as if all the trees were only one

tree and on its top sat Mars, the war god. He was covering all of Europe with the branches of this tree; but seemingly he could have covered the whole world, except that the sharp north winds of envy and hate, distrust and jealousy, pride and avarice were blowing through the tree and making it thin and transparent.

Awakened by the roaring and raging of noxious winds and by the destruction of the tree, I found myself alone in my hut. Therefore I started thinking again, pondering inside my little brainpan what in the world I was to do. To stay in the woods was impossible, for I had been robbed of everything and could maintain myself no longer. Nothing was left except a few books that lay scattered pell-mell here and there. While I was picking them up with tears in my eyes, and calling on God to guide my steps where I was meant to go, by chance I found a letter the hermit had written while he was still alive. It read: "Dear Simplici, when you find this letter, leave the woods at once and save the parson and yourself from present hardship, for he has done me much good. God, whom you should ever have before you and to whom you should pray, will take you to the place most suitable for you. However, always keep him in mind and always try to serve him as if you were still with me in the woods. Keep this always in mind and follow these, my last words, and you will be able to live. Farewell!"

I kissed this letter and the hermit's grave many thousand times, and without tarrying longer I started out to look for people until I should find them. I continued walking straight ahead for two days, and when night overtook me I looked for a hollow tree to sleep in. My only food was the beechnuts I picked up on the way. On the third day, not far from Gelnhausen,[3] I came upon a plain. There I enjoyed, as it were, a meal like a wedding banquet, for everywhere in the fields lay sheaves of wheat the peasants had not been able to carry off, having been chased away after the important battle of Nörd-

3 Grimmelshausen's birthplace, a town on the Kinzig River.

lingen.[4] Their loss was my gain. I made a bed of some of the sheaves, for it was cruelly cold, and rubbed out some grain and ate it. It was most delicious food, because I hadn't tasted anything like it in a long time.

CHAPTER 19: *How Hanau is conquered by Simplicius, and Simplicius by Hanau*

At daybreak, I fed myself on wheat again, and then walked toward Gelnhausen, where I found the city gates wide open. One or two gates had been burned; some still were barricaded with manure. I walked in, but though I saw no living people, the streets were littered with corpses, some stripped of all their clothes. This miserable sight frightened me, as you can well imagine. In my simple-mindedness I could not think what kind of disaster might have left the place in such a shambles. After a while I found out that imperial troops had surprised some of Prince Bernhard of Weimar's[5] men, and this is how they had been treated. I had hardly gone a stone's throw or two into town when I had seen enough of it. So I turned around, took my way through the fields, and came to a busy highway that took me to the lordly fortress of Hanau.[6] As soon as I saw the first guard I wanted to run like a rabbit, but two musketeers stopped me and took me to their guardhouse.

But before I go on I must tell the reader about my droll appearance at that time, for my dress was very strange, and

4 On September 6, 1634, the Swedish under Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar and Count Horn were defeated by the imperial forces at Nördlingen.

5 Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar (1604–1639) was one of the most famous generals of the Thirty Years' War. When Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden was killed in the battle of Lützen, Bernhard took charge and saved the day for the Protestants.

6 Located east of Gelnhausen on the Main River and not far from Frankfurt. The commander of the fortress, James Ramsay, a Scotsman in Swedish service, was a historical personage; he died in 1639.

wondrously disgusting; the governor later had me painted that way. To begin with, my hair had not been cut in four years, either in the Greek, German, or French fashion, nor had it been curled or combed. Rather it reposed on my head in its natural dishevelment, covered with more than a year's dust for powder (*poudre* or puff-stuff or whatever the name of this foolish material that's made for male or female fools), and my waxen, pallid face peered out from under it like a hoot owl about to light out at a mouse. And as I went bareheaded all the time and my hair was naturally curly, I looked as if I wore a Turkish turban. The rest of my outfit matched my coiffure perfectly, for I wore the hermit's cloak, if cloak it could still be called, since the original cloth from which it was cut had altogether disappeared and there was nothing left but the shape of it, barely held together by more than a thousand snippets of multicolored cloth meticulously joined and patched. Over this worn and multifariously mended cloak I wore the hair shirt. In place of a shoulder wrap (because I had cut off the sleeves and was using them for stockings), my body was girded with iron chains crossing neatly in front and back, as they usually paint St. William. I looked almost like one of those persons who has been caught by Turks and goes begging for his friends. My shoes were carved from a piece of wood and tied on with ribbons of basswood bark; my feet looked as red as if I wore a pair of red Spanish stockings or had colored my skin with brazilwood dye. I think if at that time some mountebank, quack, or vagrant had owned me, and advertised me as a Mongol from Siberia or an Eskimo, he would have found plenty of fools willing to pay a farthing to see me. Though anybody with brains could easily see from my lean and hungry look and my neglected exterior that I had not run away from a cook shop or a lady's drawing room, much less from some great man's household, still I was closely questioned by the guard; and as the soldiers stared at me, so I stared at the crazy attire of the officer whose questions I had to answer. I did not know whether he was a "he" or a "she," for he wore his hair and beard long *à la française;* on either

side of his face long braids hung down like pony tails, and his beard was so miserably dressed and botched that between his mouth and his nose only a few scraggly hairs showed. I was no less puzzled by his wide trousers; to me, they looked more like a skirt than a pair of men's pants. I thought to myself, if he's a man he ought to have a regular beard, for this dandy isn't as young anymore as he pretends. But if he is a woman, why does the old harlot have so many hairs straggling about her face? Surely it must be a woman, I thought, for an honest man won't have his beard ruined in such a deplorable way. Even billy goats won't set foot in a strange herd when their beards have been clipped—they are that bashful. And though I was in doubt, not knowing the current fashion, I finally decided he was a man and a woman at the same time.

This male woman (or female man) had me searched thoroughly, but found nothing on me save a little book made of birch bark in which I had written my daily prayers; in it lay the slip of paper that the pious hermit (as reported above) had left me as a memento and a good-by present. He took it away. But since I did not want to lose it, I knelt before him, took hold of his knees and said, "Alas, dear Mr. Hermaphrodite, leave the prayer book with me!" "You fool," he answered, "who in hell told you my name was Herman Phrodite?" I had noticed right away that this joker couldn't read or write, and he gave the book to two soldiers and ordered them to take me to the governor.

Well, they led me through town and everybody came out to stare at me like a sea monster and made a big fuss over me. Some thought I was a spy; others, an idiot; still others, a bogey, a ghost, a spook, or an apparition of some kind of evil omen. A few thought I was a fool, and they might have been nearest the mark—if I hadn't had knowledge of God.

CHAPTER 20: *How he was saved from prison and torture*

When I was led before the governor, he asked me where I came from. I replied that I did not know. He continued,

"Where do you want to go? And what do you do for a living?" I kept answering, I didn't know. He asked, "Where's your home?" And when I answered again that I didn't know, his expression changed, whether from anger or astonishment I can't say. But since everybody likes to suspect the worst, especially when the enemy is close by (Gelnhausen had been taken only recently, and a regiment of dragoons had been lost there), the governor agreed with those who thought me a traitor and a spy. He ordered me searched. But when he heard from the soldiers who had brought me in that it had already been done, and that they had found only the small book they had handed over, he read a few lines in it and asked me who had given me the book. I answered that it had always been mine, for I had made it up myself and written it. He asked, "But why on birch bark?" I answered, "Because the bark of other trees won't do for the purpose." "You rascal," he said, "I am asking you why you did not write on paper." "Well," I said, "we didn't have any in the woods." The governor asked, "Where? In what woods?" I answered again, in the same vein, that I didn't know.

Then the governor turned to several of the officers in attendance and said, "This fellow is either a bad egg or a simpleton. Well, he can't be a simpleton because he can write so well." And as he thumbed through the book to show them my beautiful handwriting, the hermit's letter fell out. He had it picked up, but I turned pale because I considered this my dearest possession and treasure, and almost like a holy relic to me. The governor noticed and again suspected me of treason, especially when he opened the letter and read it, for he said, "I have seen this hand and know it was written by a famous soldier, but I can't remember who it is." The contents puzzled him, too, for he said, "This is undoubtedly some kind of code no one else understands except the one with whom it was arranged." Then he asked me my name and when I answered, "Simplicius," he said, "Well, well, I know your kind! Get him out of here and put his hands and feet in chains. Maybe he'll talk differently then." The two soldiers went with me to my newly appointed hotel, that is, the hoosegow, and

there turned me over to the warden, who according to orders decorated my hands and feet with bonds of iron, as if it weren't enough to carry the hermit's chain I had around me.

This first reception was not enough for the world. Next came hangmen and executioners with their instruments of torture who (although I was satisfied with my innocence) made my miserable life altogether hell. "Oh, my God!" I said to myself, "this serves me right. Simplicius left God's service and joined the world so that this caricature of a Christian could get his just reward. I had it coming with my irresponsible actions. Oh, unhappy Simplici, where does your ingratitude take you? Behold, God had hardly got you into his service and cognizance when you quit him and turned your back on him. Couldn't you have kept on eating acorns and beans in order to serve your Creator without hindrance? Didn't you know that your faithful hermit and teacher fled the world and chose the wilderness? Oh, you bump on a log! You left the woods hoping to satisfy your shameful desires and see the world. But now look; while you think to feast your eyes, you needs must perish in this dangerous labyrinth. Could you not have imagined, you numbskull, that your late predecessor would not have exchanged the joys of the world for the hard life in the loneliness of the woods if he had been confident of obtaining true peace, real quiet, and the salvation of his eternal soul in the world? You benighted Simplici, now you get the reward for your vain thoughts and insolent foolishness! You can't complain of injustice and protest your innocence, because you rushed to this martyrdom and the death that's sure to follow, and all the misery ahead is of your own making."

Thus I accused myself, begged forgiveness of God, and commended my soul to him. Meanwhile we were approaching the jail for common thieves, and when my need was greatest, God's help was nearest. For when I was surrounded by police and stood waiting (together with a multitude of people) for the jail to open, the parson whose village had lately been robbed and burned wanted to see what was the matter. His

lodging was close by and he too was under arrest. When he looked out of the window and saw me he shouted wildly, "Oh, Simplici, is it you?!" When I heard and saw him, I couldn't help raising both hands toward him and crying, "Oh, father! Oh, father! Oh, father!" He asked what I had done. I answered that I didn't know; they had surely brought me here because I had escaped from the forest. But when he found out from the onlookers that I was considered a traitor, he begged them to stop until he had reported to the governor. Such would be good for his and my release, especially since he knew me better than anyone else.

CHAPTER 21: *Fickle Fortune throws a friendly glance in Simplicius' direction*

He was permitted to see the governor, and half an hour later I, too, was summoned and told to go to the servants room, where there were two tailors, a shoemaker with a pair of shoes, a haberdasher with hats and hose, and someone else with all sorts of cloth to dress me up at once. They got me out of my ragged and patched coat, and took off the chain and the hair shirt so the tailors could measure me. Then a soldier barber came in with strong cleansers and scented soap, and just as he was about to start on me, another order arrived which scared me out of a year's growth. Though I worried, it didn't mean anything; it said I was to put my old weeds right back on, for a portrait artist was on his way with the tools of his profession—to wit, minium and cinnabar for my eyelids; lacquer, indigo, and azure for my coral-colored lips; orpiment and oxide of lead for my white teeth (which I bared from hunger); and carbon black and burnt sienna and lots of other colors for my weather-beaten coat. He also had a whole handful of brushes. This fellow now started squinting, drawing outlines, and putting the first coat of paint on; he tilted his head in order to compare his work exactly with my shape. Now he changed my eyes, now my hair, now my nostrils and

everything he had not done right the first time, until in the end he had produced the spitting image of what Simplicius had once been, and I was quite shocked at my own ghastly appearance. Only then was the barber allowed to work on me. He washed my hair and snipped at it for at least an hour and a half. Finally he dressed it according to the latest fashion, for I had hair enough and to spare. After that he put me in a bathtub and scrubbed from my emaciated body the dirt accumulated over the last three or four years. He had hardly finished when I was given a white shirt, shoes and stockings, also a turndown collar and a hat with a feather in it. The trousers were beautifully finished, and trimmed with galloons all over. Now the only thing missing was the jacket, and the tailors were hurrying to finish it. The cook came in with a thick soup and the kitchen maid brought me a drink. There sat Mr. Simplicius like a young count, all dressed up and waited on. I enjoyed the food regardless of my uncertain future, for I had never heard of the hangman's meal! For this reason my magnificent beginning pleased me so much that I can hardly express it, let alone glory in it adequately. As a matter of fact, I don't think I've ever felt better, any time before or since.

When the coat was ready I put it on, but I made a pitiful appearance and looked like a scarecrow, for the tailors had intentionally made the coat too big, hoping I would soon grow in all directions, a hope I amply justified, for with the governor's good vittles I put on weight so fast you could almost see it. My rustic dress with its chain and other accessories was put in the museum among the rarities and oddities; my life-size portrait was hung next to it.

After supper my lord (that was me) was put into a bed the like of which I had never seen, neither at the hermit's or at home. But there was a roar and a rumble within me all night long so that I could not sleep, perhaps either because my insides did not know yet what was good for them or because they were upset about these newfangled vittles they had taken on. One way or the other, I stayed in bed (for it was

cold) until the sun was shining again, and thought over the strange experiences of the last few days and how the good Lord helped me through and led me to such a good place.

CHAPTER 22: *The identity of the hermit whose generosity Simplicius enjoyed*

That same morning the governor's marshal ordered me to go to the preacher and find out what his master had decided about me. A soldier escorted me to the minister, who had me sit down in his study. "Dear Simplex," he said, "the hermit with whom you stayed in the woods is not only the governor's brother-in-law, but has been his dearest friend and protector in the wars.[7] As the governor deigned to tell me, this man never lacked the heroic courage of a soldier or the godliness and reverence of a monk, two virtues rarely found together. His religious sense and the late troubles so marred his worldly happiness that he disdained and gave up his nobility and great estates in Scotland (which was his home), for all worldly business appeared to him stale, vain, and reprehensible. To say it in a few words, he hoped to exchange his present high estate for an even brighter future glory, because his high mind was disgusted with all temporal splendor, and his thoughts and intentions were set on such a plain and pitiful life as you saw in the woods where you kept him company till he died. In my opinion, he was brought to this pass by reading too many popish books about the lives of the ancient hermits, or possibly also by his untoward luck.

"But I do not want to conceal from you how he happened to come to the Spessart Hills to fulfill his wish for a poor hermit's life, so you can tell others about it sometime. The second night after the bloody battle of Höchst[8] had been lost

[7] It is doubtful that Simplicius' parents, Captain Sternfels von Fuchshaim and Susanna, nee Ramsay, have historical prototypes.

[8] The battle near Höchst (now an industrial suburb of Frankfurt) took place on June 10, 1622. The imperial general Tilly defeated "Crazy Chris-

he came all alone to my parsonage, toward morning, when my wife and children had just dropped off to sleep. (We had been kept awake all of the previous night and half of this one by the commotion caused by refugees and their pursuers.) First there was a timid knock at the door which got louder until he awakened me and my exhausted servants, and when I opened the door after a short, polite exchange of words, I saw him dismount his steed. His costly dress was as much covered with the blood of his enemies as decorated with gold and silver. And since he was still brandishing his sword I became frightened. But when he put it in the scabbard, and uttered nothing but polite speech, I wondered why such a great gentleman was asking lodging of such a poor parson. Because of his splendid personal appearance, I addressed him as General von Mansfeld, but he answered that only as far as misfortune was concerned could he be compared to him, indeed take precedence over him. He complained of three things, to wit: (1) the loss of his highly pregnant wife; (2) the lost battle; and (3) the fact that, unlike other good soldiers, he had not been favored to give his life for his faith. I wanted to comfort him, but I soon saw that his magnanimity needed no consolation. So I shared with him what was in the house and had a soldier's bed made up of fresh straw, because—though he needed rest badly—he wanted to sleep in no other. The first thing next morning he gave me his horse and his money (of which he had quite a bit with him, in gold) and handed out precious rings among my wife, children, and the servants. I did not know what to make of him and could not adjust to him quickly, for soldiers usually take sooner than give. For that reason I was worried about accepting his precious gifts and insisted I had not deserved such of him, nor knew how to deserve them. Besides, I said, if such riches, and particularly the expensive horse (which could not well be hid-

tian," Duke of Braunschweig, who fought for Protestantism in the service of Frederick V, the erstwhile king of Bohemia. According to Bk. I, chap. 22, and Bk. V, chap. 8, some Mansfelders must have been involved in this battle.

den), were found at my place, many people would conclude I had robbed or even helped to kill him. He said not to worry about that; he would give me a letter of donation in his own handwriting; he did not intend to wear his shirt, much less the clothes on his back, when leaving the parsonage. And then he acquainted me with his intention of becoming a hermit. I did my utmost to dissuade him, for it seemed to me such action smacked of popishness, and reminded him that he could better serve the Gospel with his sword. But in vain, for he talked so much and so long with me that he wore me down, and I furnished him with the books, pictures, and utensils you saw at his place, though he wanted in return for everything he had given me, only the wool blanket on which he had slept during the night. From this he had a cloak made. I also had to exchange my wagon chain, which he wore from then on, for a golden one on which he had been wearing his beloved wife's picture; thus, he kept neither money nor valuables. My hired man took him to the loneliest spot in the woods and helped him build his hut there. How he spent his life there and how you helped him, you know yourself, and better than I.

"When the Battle of Nördlingen was lost a while ago, and I was stripped clean and robbed of my shirt, as you know I fled to this place for safety because my most valuable things were here already. And when my money was about to give out, I took three rings and the gold chain with the picture on it that I had received from the hermit (the ring with his initials was among the lot) and went to a Jew to make them into money. On account of their high value and good workmanship, he offered them to the governor, who straightway recognized the coat of arms and the picture, sent for me, and asked how I got the jewelry. I told him the truth, showed him the hermit's letter of donation (in his own hand) and told him the whole story—how he had lived and died in the woods. But he refused to believe me, and threatened to arrest me until he found out the facts. While the governor was preparing to send out soldiers to look at the hermit's place and

to have you brought here, I saw you being led to prison. As the governor no longer has cause to doubt my words, because I referred to the place where the hermit used to live, to you, and to other witnesses, but especially to my sexton, who often let you and him into church before daybreak; and since the note he found in your prayer book gives excellent proof not only of the truth but also of the late hermit's holiness—the governor wants to do you and me as much good as he can, for the sake of his departed brother-in-law, and take good care of us. You have only to make up your mind what you want him to do for you. Do you want to study at a university? He will pay all expenses. Do you want to learn a trade? He'll apprentice you. Do you want to stay with him? He'll treat you like his own son, for he said that if even a dog came straying in from his late brother-in-law's, he'd take care of him too."

I replied that anything the governor wanted to do with me would be a pleasure, and I would be sure to like it.

Chapter 23: *Simplicius becomes a page. How the hermit's wife was lost*

The minister had me wait in his lodgings until ten o'clock before going with me to see the governor to tell him of my resolve. The reason was that then he might eat with him, since the governor was very hospitable. For at that time Hanau was surrounded, and the common man had a hard time of it, especially the refugees in the fortress; thus, a few of the better ones did not mind picking up from the streets some frozen turnip peels thrown out by the rich. The parson was lucky enough to get a seat opposite the governor. But I waited for food, plate in hand, as the major-domo told me to; I did it with the gracefulness of a jackass playing chess or a hog performing on the harp. But the preacher made up through his conversation what my own clumsiness jeopardized. He said I had been reared in the wilderness, had never been among people, and must therefore be considered excused because I

was ignorant of how to behave. My loyalty to the hermit and my endurance of the hard life were admirable, so much so that not only should my clumsiness be excused, but I should even be given preference over the finest nobleman's son. He further told how the hermit had thoroughly enjoyed my company, because—as he had often said—I was the very image of his dearly beloved's face, and because he had often admired my perseverance and unswerving intention of staying with him, and many other virtues he had praised in me. In fine, he could hardly stress enough how, shortly before his death, the hermit had warmly commended me to him, the minister, and how he had confessed he loved me like his own child.

This speech tickled my ears so well that it seemed to me I had received from it reward and pleasure enough for all I had ever endured at the hermit's. The governor asked whether his late brother-in-law hadn't known that he was in command at Hanau. "Certainly," answered the preacher, "I told him so myself. But he took it (with a joyous face and a little smile) as coldly as if he had never known a Ramsay. As I think of it now, I still have to marvel at the man's constancy and firm resolve, how he could endure not only renouncing the world, but even forgetting his best friend, who was so close by!" The eyes of the governor (who wasn't a bit effeminate, but rather a tough heroic soldier) filled with tears. He said, "Had I known he was still alive and where to look for him, I would have had him brought here even against his will, that I might repay his good deeds. But since luck was against me, I will take care of his son Simplicius and thus show him my gratitude after his death." "Alas!" he continued, "the upright man had good cause to mourn his pregnant wife, for she was captured by a band of imperial cavalry who were in pursuit. That was in the Spessart Hills too. When I found out about it, not knowing but that my brother-in-law had been killed at Höchst, I immediately sent a trumpeter to the enemy to inquire about my sister and to ransom her. But I found out only that the group of cavalry had been broken up by peasants in the Spessart, and that my sister had been separated

from them and become lost. To this hour I don't know what happened to her."

This and similar matters, concerning my hermit and his beloved, a lovely couple lamented all the more as they had been married but a single year, were the table talk of the governor and the preacher. But I became the governor's page boy, and such a fellow as the people (especially the peasants, when they wanted me to announce them) called Master Young, though one seldom sees a young one who is a master (but many masters that used to be young ones).

CHAPTER 24: *Simplicius reproaches people; he sees many idols in this world*

At that time, you could find in me nothing but a clear conscience and a pious, upright mind, and this was accompanied and enhanced by noble innocence and simplicity. I knew no more of vices than what I had heard or read about them, and if I ran into one it seemed an awful and strange thing to me, because I had been brought up to have God's presence always in mind and to live seriously according to his holy will; and because I knew his will, I was accustomed to weigh men's actions and character against it. In doing this, I thought I saw about me only vain corruption. My God! At first, how surprised I was when I considered the law and the gospel together with Christ's faithful warnings and—on the other hand—the works of those who claimed to be his disciples and followers. Instead of an upright mind which every righteous Christian ought to have, I found among the carnal-minded children of the world such hypocrisy and egregious foolishness that I was in doubt whether I saw Christians or not. For I could easily notice that many knew the serious will of God, but I noticed no seriousness in performing it.

Therefore, my mind was full of a thousand different whimsies and strange thoughts, and I fell into serious doubt concerning Christ's commandment that says, "Judge not, lest ye

be judged!" Nevertheless, the words of St. Paul, which he wrote to the Galatians, chapter five, entered my mind: "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are *these:* adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, sorcery, enmities, strife, jealousies, wraths, factions, divisions, hatred, murder, drunkenness, revelings, and such like, of which I forewarn you, even as I did forewarn you, that they who practice such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Then I thought, almost everyone is doing these things openly; why can't I honestly conclude from the apostle's words that neither will everyone be saved?

Besides pride and avarice (and related vices), the wealthy indulged daily in gluttony and drunkenness, fornication and buggery. But what appeared worst to me was this abomination, that some, especially soldier boys (whose vices are usually not too severely punished), made a joke of their godlessness and God's holy will. For example, I once heard an adulterer who wanted to be praised for his deed say these ungodly words, "It serves that patient cuckold right to be wearing a pair of horns because of me, and, to tell the truth, I did it more to hurt him than to please her, that I might have my revenge on him." "Oh, barren satisfaction!" answered an honest fellow who heard it, "whereby one pollutes one's own conscience and acquires the shameful name of an adulterer!" "How so 'adulterer'?" was the sneering answer. "I did not break his marriage, I only bent it a little. The real adulterers are those of whom the sixth commandment speaks, where it says that nobody should climb into another's garden to reap the cherries before the rightful owner gets to them!" And to make his meaning clearer he explained the seventh commandment according to his diabolic catechism. He was so full of such explanations that I sighed and thought, Oh, cursed sinner, you call yourself a bender of marriages, and God a breaker of marriages because he separates man and wife through death! "Don't you think," I said from excessive zeal and chagrin, though he was an officer, "that you commit a greater sin by such godless talk than by adultery itself?" But he answered me, "Shut up, smarty, do you want to get hit?"

And I have no doubt I would have gotten a good-sized thrashing if the fellow hadn't been afraid of my master. But I kept silent, and later saw it wasn't at all unusual for single folks to hanker for married ones, and married folks to lust after single ones.

When I was still studying the way to salvation at the hermit's, I wondered why God had so strictly forbidden idolatry to his people. For I imagined that whoever had come to know the true, eternal God would never honor and adore another. In my simple mind I concluded that this commandment was unnecessary and superfluous. But alas, fool that I was, I knew not what I was thinking, for as soon as I came into the world I noticed that, regardless of this commandment, almost every worldling had a god besides God. Some even had more than all the ancient or modern heathens. Some had their god in a strongbox and found all their assurance and consolation in him; others had theirs at court, having put all their trust in a court favorite who often was a more despicable dullard than his worshiper, for his airy godhead consisted only in the prince's flibbertigibbet favor. Others had their idol in reputation and worldly glory, and imagined themselves demigods if only they had fame. Still others had theirs in their head—namely, those to whom the true God had given a healthy brain, making them clever in a few arts and sciences. These put the kind Creator on a shelf, and relied on this endowment in hopes of worldly welfare. Also, there were many whose god was their own belly, to which they daily delivered those sacrifices the heathens long ago offered to Bacchus and Ceres; and when the belly rebelled or other human frailty appeared, these deplorable ones made a god of their physician and took lodging, as it were, in a pharmacy, from which they were dispatched straight to the grave. Some fools made she-gods of slick wenches; they called them by different names, worshiped them day and night with a thousand sighs, and made songs praising them and humbly requesting that they take pity on their foolishness, and become she-fools even as they were he-fools.

On the other hand, there were wenches who had set up their beauty as a god. This one, they thought, will take care of me, let God in heaven say what he will. In lieu of other sacrifice, this idol was daily entertained and adored with grease paint, jellies, lotions, powders, and other toiletries. I saw people who considered houses in good locations their gods, for they said that, as long as they had lived there, they had had good luck, and money had, as it were, grown on the trees in the back yard. I marveled at this, for I saw the reason for their prosperity. I knew a fellow who never got a good night's rest worrying over his tobacco trade, for he had given it his heart, mind, and thoughts, which should be dedicated to God alone; by day and night he sighed a thousand times, for he was doing well by it. But what happened? This splenetic fellow died and was carried off just like tobacco smoke. Then I thought, Oh, you miserable man! If the salvation of your soul and God's honor had been of the same importance to you as your idol (who is pictured on your shop sign as a Brazilian with a roll of tobacco under his arm and a pipe in his filthy mouth), I would be very confident you'd be wearing a golden halo in the other world. Another fellow, named Jack Ass, I was told, had even more sleazy gods, for when it was told that he had not only survived but even got rich in time of famine and high prices, Jack said in so many plain words that snails and frogs had been his god. Without them he would have died. I asked him what he had thought of God himself, who at that time had provided him with these creatures for his survival? The simpleton didn't know what to answer, and I had to marvel all the more for nowhere had I read that either the old heathen Egyptians or the most recent Americans had ever proclaimed such vermin their god, as this fop did.

Once I visited a museum full of oddities. Among the paintings, I liked nothing better than an "Ecce Homo," on account of the sad expression that evoked such compassion in the beholder. Next to it hung a large sheet of paper painted in China, with the Chinese idols sitting there in all their ma-

jesty. Some looked like the very devil. The landlord asked me which piece in his museum I liked best. I pointed to the "Ecce Homo." But he said I was wrong; the Chinese picture was much rarer and hence more precious; he wouldn't give it up for ten such "Ecce Homo's." I replied, "Sir, is your heart like your mouth?" He said, "I try to have them agree." Then I said, "So the god of your heart is the one whose portrait you just now let your mouth declare to be the most precious thing." "Silly," he said, "I am talking about supply and demand!" I answered, "What is rarer and more admirable than that God's son suffered for us, as this picture portrays it?"

CHAPTER 25: *Everything on earth appears strange to Simplicius, and he seems strange to the world, too*

As much as these and other idols were honored, the majesty of our true God was held in contempt; though I saw no one who cared to keep his commandments, I saw on the other hand many who rebelled against him and outdid the publicans (who were open sinners in the days when Christ walked on earth) in meanness. Christ says, "Love your enemies; bless those that curse you; do good unto those that hate you; pray for those who insult and persecute you." But I found no one who obeyed these orders of Christ; on the contrary, they did exactly the opposite. One time I saw a soldier give another a good blow on the cheek, and imagined that now he would turn the other cheek. (I had never seen a fight before.) But I was mistaken. The victim whisked out his blade and cut the attacker on the head. I shouted at him, "Friend, what are you doing?" "I'd be an s. o. b.," he answered. "I'll get even, goddammit, or I'll croak. Only a bastard would take that lying down!" The noise between the two fighting cocks increased because each one's friends were fighting too. I heard them swear by God and their souls with such nonchalance

that I couldn't believe they valued either above a penny. But that was only child's play. Pretty soon someone shouted, "May lightning strike me dead! Let hail and thunder strike me and a hundred thousand others!" The holy sacraments were poured out not by tens and scores but by thousands, by buckets, and barrelfuls and in whole rivers, and again my hair stood on end. I wondered what had become of Christ's commandment in which he says, "Do not swear, rather let your speech be, 'Yea, yea, nay, nay,' and whatsoever is more than these is of the evil one." What I had heard and seen prompted me to decide that these fighting cocks were not Christians, and I sought other company.

I wished everyone had been brought up and taught by my hermit. In my opinion, others would then have seen the ways of the world with the eyes through which I saw it. I was not so smart as to say that if there were only Simpliciuses in the world, there would be fewer vices; but one thing is sure, a Mr. Worldly who is used and inured to every vice and folly can least sense that he and his ilk are treading the primrose path to perdition.

CHAPTER 26: *An amazing new custom of welcoming people and wishing them good luck*

Being in serious doubt whether or not I was living among Christians, I went to my parson and told him all I had heard and seen, also my thoughts—namely, that I suspected people were only mocking Christ and his word, and that they were really non-Christians. I asked him to help me come out of this dream, that I might really know what to think of my fellow men. The parson answered, "Certainly they are Christians, and I wouldn't advise you to call them anything else." "My God," I said, "how can this be? If I remind someone of the sin he is committing against God, I am laughed at and made fun of." "Do not be surprised at that," answered the parson.

"I think if the early Christians, even the apostles themselves, were to rise and come back into this world, they would ask the same question as you, and everybody would consider them fools too. What you have seen and heard so far is common knowledge and only child's play in comparison with what else is being committed against God in this world, either secretly or publicly. But do not let it trouble you. You will find few such Christians as the late Mr. Samuel was."

While we were talking, some captured enemy soldiers were led across the square, and we interrupted our conversation to go and see the prisoners of war. Then I saw a crazy custom the like of which I never could have dreamed up. This was the new fashion of greeting and welcoming. One of our men knew one of the prisoners, who had previously served in this army and was now on the emperor's side. He went to him, shook hands with him, and shouted, full of joy and confidence, "Well, well, let lightning strike me! You still alive, old soak? Holy mackerel! How in hell did you get here!? I thought you had been rotting on the gallows since last year!" Then the other fellow would answer. "By God's potsticks, old soak, is it you or not? How in hell did *you* get here?! I never thought I'd see *you* again. Hasn't the devil taken you off yet?" And when they left, instead of "God be with you," they said, "Hell's bells, maybe we'll get together tomorrow and get good and drunk, and have a great time."

"Is that a Christian welcome?" I said to the parson. "If this is the way they speak to each other when they are friends, what will they say when they become enemies? Sir Parson, if these are Christ's sheep and you are their appointed shepherd, it is your job to lead them to better pastures." "Yes," replied the minister, "that's the way these soldier-boys are. May God have mercy on them. If I preached to them, it would do as much good as preaching to the birds—and what's more, these fellows would hate me."

I was astonished by this, kept on chatting a while longer, and finally left to call on the governor. At this time I had

permission to look at the city and to visit the minister, for my master knew of my simple-mindedness and thought I'd overcome it if I got around a little and was instructed by others or, as they say, was cut down to size and polished up a little.

CHAPTER 27: *A powerful stench stinks up the secretary's office*

My master's favor toward me kept increasing daily, for I resembled not only his sister (who had been the hermit's wife) but also the hermit himself; indeed, the resemblance improved the more our good food and lazy days made me sleek and pleasant to look at. This favor was extended by others as well, for whoever had something to do with the governor showed favor toward me. This was especially true of the governor's secretary, who was supposed to teach me arithmetic and who had a lot of fun with my ignorance and simplicity.

He had only recently graduated, and was still full of students' jokes and pranks, for which he had been famous at school. (Some thought he had bats in the belfry.) He often persuaded me that black was white, and white, black; that's why at first I believed everything he said, and in the end, nothing. Once when I reproached him for his dirty inkwell he answered that was the best thing in the whole office, for he could get out of it whatever he wanted—clothes or money; in fact, he had fished a good many other things out of it. I did not want to believe that such bulky and valuable goods could come out of such a tiny glass. But he asserted the *spiritus papyri* (that's what he called the ink) could do just that, and the inkwell was called a "well" because it was deep enough to hold everything. I asked how one could get them out, since the well wasn't wide enough to stick in two fingers at the same time. He replied he had an arm in his head that could do it, and he had hopes of fishing out some rich and beautiful girl; he was confident that if his luck held he could get real-

estate and servants out of it too. And this was nothing new; it had all been done before.

I was dumbfounded at this trick and wondered if other people knew how to do it, or might learn. "Sure," he answered, "all doctors, secretaries, managers, lawyers, commissioners, notaries, merchants, and innumerable others who commonly become rich if they fish diligently and look out for Number One." I said, "So the peasants and other hardworking people are stupid not to learn this trick instead of eating their bread in the sweat of their faces." He answered, "Some don't know how much good this trick can do, and therefore don't want to learn it. Others want to learn it, but don't have the arm in the head or something else they need. Some learn the trick, have the arm, but don't know certain little catches or gimmicks the trick requires if you want to get rich. Others know everything and can do everything they need, but they live on Failure Street and haven't the same chances I have to practice the trick."

While we were discussing the inkwell, a book on epistolary titles and salutations happened to strike my fancy. I said to the secretary, "All these people addressed are sons of Adam, all are dust and ashes! Why the big difference in salutation? Your Lordship, your Holiness, your Worship, your Grace, your Invincible Highness, your Majesty. Are these divine characters? And why 'Esquire'?" The secretary had to laugh as he explained these things to me, and while I was laughing about so much foolishness I couldn't help letting out such a fiendish fart that it startled both of us.

The smell spread through the office in no time. "Get out, you swine!" the secretary said to me. "Go to the other hogs in the pigsty, where you belong, instead of carrying on a conversation with educated people!" But he was forced to clear out, just as I was; the horrible stink was unbearable. That's how I messed up the good beginnings of a promising business training in the secretary's office.

CHAPTER 28: *Someone full of envy teaches Simplicius soothsaying and other gentle tricks*

I had gotten into this trouble through no fault of my own, for the unusual food and medicines I had to swallow every day, to straighten out my shrunk stomach and innards, raised many powerful storms inside me, and they bothered me when they urgently sought an exit. And since I did not think it at all bad to let nature take her course (it was impossible to resist her at length, my hermit had never instructed me in this matter, nor had my knan forbidden it), I let the wind pass—until the day I lost face with the secretary. Now, perhaps I might have done without his sympathy if I had not gone from bad to worse, for I fared like a pious, good man who comes to court, a place where Goliath tried to undo David; Minotaur, Theseus; Circe, Ulysses; *et al., et al.*

My master had another page, a smart aleck and sharp cookie, who had been there several years longer than I. Well, I chummed with him because we were of the same age. I thought, He is Jonathan and you are David. But he was jealous of my master's favor toward me, which grew daily. He worried that I might want to harm him; and therefore he thought secretly of ways to discredit me and through my fall prevent his own. But I, with the gentleness of a dove, confided all my secrets to him, and because these consisted only of childish simplicity and piousness, he could never get at me.

Once, in bed, we talked a long time before falling asleep and while we were talking about soothsaying he promised to teach it to me for nothing. He asked me to stick my head under the covers, this being part of the game. I did so eagerly, and watched closely for the arrival of the spirit of prophecy. Holy cow! It went in at my nose and with such concentration that I couldn't possibly stay under for the stench. "What is it?" asked my teacher. I answered, "You farted!" "And you," he replied, "are saying sooth and have caught on beautifully."

I did not think this was too bad, for at the time I was still too naïve to take offense. I only wanted to know how to let out quiet ones. My fellow page answered, "There's nothing to it. Just raise your left leg like a dog at the corner, whisper *je pète, je pète, je pète,* and push as hard as you can. Then when these travelers come out, they do so as quietly as thieves." "That's good," I said, "and even if there should be a slight smell, everyone will think it was one of the dogs." If I had only known about this in the office earlier today!

Chapter 29: *Simplicius picks up two eyes from a calf's head*

The other day my master gave a sumptuous party for his officers and other good friends. The occasion was the news that his men had taken Fort Braunfels without losing a single soldier. Like the other pages, my job was to help serve at the table, pour wine, and pass the food on a platter. First, I had to carry in a juicy calf's head. As it was well boiled, one eye hung out rather loosely; it looked pleasant and tempting to me. And because the smell of the broth and the ginger dressing made my mouth water, I suddenly felt an irresistible appetite. The calf's eye was smiling at my nose, my mouth, and my eyes, and almost begged me to incorporate it into my hungry stomach. I didn't break a leg fighting back, but, yielding to my desire, in the passageway I lifted out the eye with a spoon and swallowed it quickly. Nobody noticed until the calf's head reached the table and betrayed itself and me. When it was about to be carved up and one of its most delicate parts was missing, my master saw at once why the man with the knife hesitated. The cook was called in, and the runners were questioned closely. Finally it came out that I, poor fellow, had been given the whole head and that's as far as anyone could report.

With a frightful expression, as it seemed, my master asked me what I had done with the one eye. I didn't let him scare me, but whipped out the spoon and in a flash demonstrated

with the other eye what they wanted to know. *"Par Dieu!"* said my master, "this trick tastes better than ten calves." The gentlemen present praised this bon mot and called my silly action a bright invention, a harbinger of future bravery and unflagging zeal. But the governor warned me not to try anything like that again.

Chapter 30: *How a person gets tipsy little by little, and how in the end he becomes plastered without being aware of it*

At this banquet, as at many others, people came to the table like Christians; they spoke a prayer quietly and reverently. During the soup and the first few courses, such reverence continued almost as if one sat in a Capuchin refectory. But hardly had they said, "God bless you," and, "To your health!" when more noise began. I can't describe how everyone's voice became louder as time passed. Perhaps the company could be compared to an orator who starts softly and ends like rolling thunder. There were foods called *hors d'oeuvres* to be eaten before the drink; they were well seasoned and salty, to make the wine go down more easily. Who knows but that Circe used these same foods when she changed Ulysses' companions into swine? I observed how the guests ate the courses like pigs, then drank like cows, acted like jackasses, and puked like dogs. They poured good wine like hock, Bacharach and Liebfraumilch down by the bucketful, and soon the effect in their brains became apparent.

I did not know where their unsteadiness came from, for I had never heard of drunkenness. I saw their strange movements, but did not know the cause of this condition. At first the glasses were easily emptied, but the job became harder as time passed and stomachs filled. I didn't know yet that they regurgitated in order to make room for more of the same. My parson was also present; since he was human, he had to step out, and I followed him. "Sir Parson," I asked, "why do these

people act so strangely? Why do they walk unsteadily, as if they have lost their wits? They all have eaten and drunk their fill, and yet they are swearing by hell and damnation they want to drink more. Do they have to do this? Don't their bellies burst? Can they be in God's image and act like swilling swine?" "Shut up!" said the parson. "This is neither the time nor the place to preach. If it were, I'd do it better than you." Hearing this, I looked on silently as food and drink were wasted, while several hundred refugees, who had nothing in their larders, were starving at our doorstep.

Chapter 31: *How Simplicius fails in art and is beaten black and blue*

While I was thus waiting at table, platter in hand and mind full of thoughts and notions, my stomach informed me that there were winds demanding passage. Following instructions of the night before, I raised my left leg, put on the pressure, and would have mumbled the magic words *je pète.* But a tremendous, rumbling tornado passed out, and I was so embarrassed I felt like a condemned man, rope around his neck, on the way up the ladder to the gallows. I lost control of my muscles, and my mouth (unwilling to be outdone by the behind) started competing with it in noise. The worse the wind broke below, the louder came out the *je pète* above —as if the entrance and the exit were conducting a contest in decibels. This brought me a lot of inner relief, but it also incurred my master's disfavor.

Almost all of the governor's guests sobered up from the startling sounds of my mortars, trumpets, and bombs, and their reverberating echo. For my failure to control the winds, I received such a good licking that I can feel it to this day.

Chapter 32: *More on swilling, and how ministers are to be kept away from it*

When the storm was over I had to resume serving at table. My parson was still there and, like the others, was asked to drink some more. But his mind wasn't on it, and he said he didn't want to drink like a hog anymore. Then one of the worst topers proved to him that the parson was drinking like an animal, but he (the toper) and his pals, like men. Animals, he said, drink only as much as they like, enough to quench their thirst; they don't know what's good, and don't like wine. But we humans know how to make use of liquor, and we let the good wine infuse us, as our forefathers did. "All right," said the parson, "but it is also human to show moderation." "Right you are," answered the toper, and had a glass filled moderately full. "An honest fellow sticks to his word. Now drink up!" But the parson fled, leaving the toper with his bucketful.

After the parson left, things went from bad to worse. When one was so full that he could not sit or walk or stand, the others shouted, "We're even! You done me this way before, now it's your turn!" and so on. Those who could last the longest and drink the most boasted and considered themselves to be great men. In the end, they were all reeling as though under a spell. True, something strange had happened to them, and yet no one was wondering about it except me. One man sang, another cried; one laughed, another was sad; one swore, one prayed; one hollered, "Courage!"; another couldn't talk; one was peaceful and quiet, another wanted to fight the devil; one slept, another chatted and would let no one else get a word in. One told of his amorous exploits, another spoke of warlike deeds. Some talked of church and theology; others, of politics and world affairs. Some of them were restless as quicksilver; others lay like lead and could not lift a finger, let alone stand upright. Their actions were so droll, foolish,

strange, and sinful, and ungodly, too, that the bad smell I produced, and for which I had been beaten, was a joke in comparison. Toward the end serious fighting broke out; they were throwing glasses, tumblers, plates, and dishes, using their fists, chairs and chair legs, swords, and other handy objects to strike at each other, and a few were wounded. But my master soon quelled the riot.

CHAPTER 33: *How his honor the governor shot a horrible fox*

When peace had been restored, the master topers, together with musicians and ladies, promenaded into another building whose hall had been selected for and dedicated to another foolishness. My master reclined on a lounge, for he wasn't feeling well, because he was too full or too angry. I was about to leave the room to let him rest and sleep, but when I reached the door, he tried to whistle for me and couldn't do it. He called, and it came out "Simpls!" I ran to him and found him with eyes rolling like a stuck hog. I stood there like a smoked fish, not knowing what to do. He pointed to a washstand and stammered, "Br, bra, bring me the . . . you louse, pass the basin. I have to. . . ." When I got back, he had cheeks like a trumpeter. He grabbed me by the arm and maneuvered me in such a way that the basin was right in front of him. His mouth burst open and let such a mess escape into the basin that I almost fainted from the smell, especially as my face got splattered. I would have joined him, but when I saw how pale he turned, I gave up that idea for fear he might die; for he broke out in a cold sweat, which made his face look like a dying man's. When he recovered, he asked me to bring him some water to wash out his wineskin.

CHAPTER 34: *How Simplicius spoiled the dance*

I followed the governor into a large house where I saw men and women, married and unmarried, moving so quickly and

confusedly that my head swam. They were so lively and shouted so loudly that I thought they had all gone stark mad; I simply couldn't imagine what they meant by this raving and raging. When I came closer I saw that they were our guests who had been quite rational in the forenoon. My God, I thought, some madness must have come over them. Now I thought it might be spirits of hell mocking the human race in this pretentious manner, with monkey movements and foolish runs. Would human souls and the images of God act so inhuman?

When my master came on the floor, the music just stopped, but there was more ducking, swashbuckling, and scraping of feet as if they wanted to erase the tracks made in their rage. By the sweat running down their faces and the huffing and puffing, I could see they had been working hard; but the joy in their faces showed they hadn't minded in the least.

I wanted to know what it was all about, and asked my comrade and fellow page, who had taught me how to soothsay a few days ago. He told me (for honest truth) that those present had agreed among each other to break down the floor of the hall. "Why else would they carry on so? Didn't you see how they broke the windows awhile ago? It will be the same with the floor," he said. "My God!" I replied, "we'll fall down in the cellar and break our necks." "Yes," said my friend, "that's what they intend to do and they don't give a damn. You will see that each man who exposes himself to this danger will grab a pretty girl. They say that couples who cling to each other don't get hurt when they fall." Since I believed all I heard, I was greatly frightened, and when the music started again and the boys ran toward the girls, as soldiers do to their guns at the sound of the alarm, I already felt the floor giving way, and every bone in my body breaking. But when the music played the latest tune and everyone started jumping I thought, This is the end. Now, Simplex, you have been a man for the last time. I thought the whole structure would collapse momentarily, and in my fright I grabbed a lady of the highest nobility and most excellent reputation, who was just conversing with a gentleman. I held her by one arm like a

bear, and hung on like a burr. When she drew back, not knowing what sort of fool notions filled my head, I went berserk and started screaming as if they were about to kill me. But that's not all. By chance I also soiled my underwear, and the smell was terriffic. The musicians suddenly broke off, dancers and their partners stopped, and the good lady to whose arm I clung felt insulted; she thought my master had ordered me to do all this to offend her. The governor gave orders to administer another licking and lock me up, because I had been up to more mischief that day. The soldiers given the order not only felt sorry for me, but didn't want to stay with me because of the smell. They dispensed with the beating and locked me in a goose-pen under a stairway.

End of the First Book

Book Two

CHAPTER 1: *How a goose and a gander copulated*

In my goose-pen, I formulated those thoughts about dancing and swilling which I have already laid down in the first part of my book called *Black and White;*[1] therefore to report further on them here is not necessary. Still, I can't deny that at that time I was in doubt whether the dancers were really raging so furiously in order to break down the floor, or whether I had only been fooled into thinking so.

Now I want to tell how I got out of the goose jail. I had to sit and stew in my own juice for a full three hours—that is, until the honorable dance was over—before someone sneaked up and rattled the latch. I listened as hard as a hog that's peeing in a puddle, but not only did the fellow open the gate, he even slipped in as gladly as I would have slipped out. In addition, he dragged a girl in by the hand, just as I had done at the dance. I did not know what he was up to, but since I had run into various adventures on this foolish day and was getting used to them, so to speak, I decided to await with patience and in silence what fate would send my way. Expecting the worst, I slunk toward the door.

Now between the two intruders there arose a whispered conversation, of which I could make out only that one party was complaining about the rank odor of the place (but it was mainly my trousers). The other party was trying, in turn, to comfort the first. "Fair lady," he said, "I regret with all my heart that an unhappy fate will not grant us the use of a

[1] The author here creates the misleading impression that he and the character of Simplicius are identical. Grimmelshausen's *Satyrical Pilgrim or Black and White* had appeared in Leipzig in 1667.

suitable locality wherein to enjoy the fruits of our love. However, I can assure you that your gracious presence makes this despicable corner more lovely than the most pleasant nook of paradise itself." At this juncture I heard kisses and noticed strange postures, the meaning of which I did not know. So I kept quiet as a mouse. When a remarkable noise arose, and the goose-pen (which was only knocked together from some boards, under a stairway) gave off a rhythmical racket, and the wench moaned as if she were being hurt, I thought, These are two more of those raging lovers who helped to destroy the floor, and who have come here now to do the same and to kill you. As soon as these thoughts poured into my head, I rushed over to the door, to escape destruction. I raced out screaming, exactly as I had screamed before I got in, but I had enough sense to bolt the door behind me and to dash out of the wide-open front door.

Well, this was the first time in my life that I attended a wedding, though I had not been invited. But then, I didn't have to give a present either, though the bridegroom later added up quite a bill for me, and I had to pay every penny of it.

Gentle reader, I'm not telling this story only for laughs, but to make the tale complete and to show you what dancing can lead to. This much is sure: at dances some bad, feather-brained bargains are made, of which, later on, the whole family has to be ashamed.

Chapter 2: *When it's a good time to take a bath*

Though I luckily escaped the goose-pen, I still was very much aware of my misfortune, for I didn't know what to do about my trousers. In my master's quarters everyone was asleep and I didn't dare approach the guard on duty before the house; in the guardhouse they wanted none of me because of my aroma; it was too cold to stay in the street—and

so I didn't know what to do. Long after midnight, it occurred to me to take refuge once more with my parson friend. I was rash enough to knock at the door until the maid let me in, but she didn't like it. When she smelled me (her long nose picked up my secret at once), she became still angrier. She started making a scene and her master, who had almost finished sleeping, heard it. He called the two of us to his bed, almost as if he wanted a good noseful too. As soon as he noticed the trouble, and had twitched his nose at me a little, he said this was an excellent time for bathing, never mind what the calendar said. He ordered the maid—or rather, gently begged her—to wash my trousers and hang them up in front of the stove, before daybreak. I was to go to bed, for he saw I was practically stiff with cold.

I had hardly warmed up a little when dawn broke, and the parson came to my bed to hear how I had been doing and how my affairs were coming along. (On account of my wet trousers and underwear I couldn't go to him.) I told him everything, starting with the trick my friend had taught me and how *that* had turned out. Then I reported that the guests had gone stark mad after he, the minister, had left, and how they had tried to break down the floor of the house, and how I had become frightened; how I had wanted to escape annihilation and had been locked in the goose-pen; what words and works I had noticed in the two who had let me out; and how I had locked them in instead of me. "Simplici," said the parson, "your situation is rotten. You had a good thing, but I'm afraid it's all off! Hurry, get up and out of the house, or I too will incur your master's anger when they find you here." So, in my damp clothes, I had to move on, and for the first time I found out how fortunate is a person who has his master's favor, and how people look the other way when your favor starts limping or you lose it.

I went to my master's quarters. Everyone was dead asleep except the cook and a couple of maids. They were cleaning the rooms used yesterday for drinking, and the cook was fixing a breakfast—more a snack—from the leftovers. I went

to the maids who were working among broken glass and big puddles of spilled and vomited wine and beer. The floor looked like one of those maps picturing various oceans, islands, and continents. The room smelled much worse than the goose-pen, and I didn't stay long. In the kitchen, while I dried my clothes before the fire, I awaited with fear and trembling what fate might have in store for me when my master finished sleeping. I also pondered the foolishness and senselessness of the world and thought about everything that had happened to me during the last day and night, and what I had seen, heard, and experienced elsewhere. Such thoughts caused me to consider as happy the poor and miserable life my hermit had led, and to wish that he and I might be back in our old place.

CHAPTER 3: *The other page gets his comeuppance, and Simplicius is chosen to become a fool*

When my master arose, he sent his orderly to fetch me out of the goose-pen. The fellow brought him the news that he had found the door open and a hole behind the latch cut with a knife, and that the prisoner had sprung himself. But before the news reached him, my master heard from others that I had recently been seen in the kitchen.

Meanwhile, the servants had to run to and fro fetching yesterday's guests for breakfast. Among these, of course, was the minister, who had to come earlier than the others because my master wanted to discuss me with him before they sat down to eat. First of all he asked the minister if he thought I was smart or foolish, simple-minded or mischievous. He told him how scandalously I had behaved the previous day, before table as well as at the dance; how many of the guests (who thought it had been arranged to mock them) had resented this; how he had me locked in the goose-pen to prevent further mischief; how I had escaped and was now parading in the kitchen like a young squire no longer required to wait on

him. In all his born days he had never seen the like of such disrespect—and that in front of so many good and honorable people. All he could think of was having me flogged and sending me clear to hell, because I was just too stupid.

While he was still busy complaining, the guests arrived one after another; and when the governor had finished, the parson answered that, given the chance, he might tell many a lively story about me, not only to prove my innocence, but also to calm the angry mood of those disgusted by my behavior. This was accepted, provided he told his stories at table, so that all the company might hear and enjoy them.

While they were talking about me upstairs, the mad ensign whom I had penned up in place of myself drove a bargain with me downstairs in the kitchen. By threats and a thaler which he secretly slipped in my pocket, he got me to promise to keep my mouth shut about his doings.

The table was set and the guests sat down as they had the day before. Various concoctions of wine with vermouth, sage, empecampane, quince, and lemons, as well as a cordial called "hippocras," were on hand to clear up the heads and smooth out the stomachs of the topers, for all of them were martyrs of the devil. Their first topic of conversation was themselves—how they had managed to get each other drunk yesterday. And yet, not one wanted to admit that he had been really pickled, though the night before they had sworn by all hell they couldn't drink another drop. A few admitted they had been a bit elevated; others asserted that nobody got *drunk* any more since getting *high* had been invented. When they tired of being told or telling their own folly, poor Simplicius was made to suffer. The governor himself reminded the parson to begin the stories he had promised.

First he begged their pardon for having to use a few words that might not be exactly becoming to him as a man of the cloth. Then he told about the natural causes of the winds bothering me; about the mishap I had had in the secretary's office; and about the trick I had learned for controlling the wind—along with soothsaying—and how badly I had fared

trying it out. Next he told how outlandish the dance had appeared to me, since I had never before seen one; what my friend had told me about it; why I had grabbed the aristocratic lady and had been goose-penned for it.

He told all this in such a pleasant and humorous way that the company couldn't help laughing heartily. Thus he managed to make excuses for my ignorance and simplicity in such a modest way that I regained my master's graces and was again permitted to wait on table. But the parson did not want to mention my experiences inside the goose-pen and how I escaped from it, because he was afraid some saturnine old sourpusses would take offense, thinking a minister must always wear a long face. Instead, to amuse his guests, my master asked me what I had given my friend for teaching me such useful tricks. When I answered, "Nothing," he said, "I'll pay him for you." He was given the same licking I got the day before.

My master had now heard enough of my foolishness. He asked me why I had cut the door open and escaped from the pen. I replied that perhaps someone else had done the cutting. "Who?" he asked. "Maybe the one who came inside." "Who came in?" "I dasn't tell anybody." But the governor saw at once how to fool me, and asked who had forbidden me to tell. Without hesitation I answered, "The mad ensign." The laugh that went up told me that I must have pulled a boner. The ensign, who was there at the table, blushed like a red-hot coal, and I said I wouldn't speak another word unless I first got permission from him. My master motioned the ensign to grant permission, and I was free to tell what I knew. Then the governor asked me what the crazy ensign had been up to in the goose-pen. I answered, "He brought a girl with him." "What then?" said my master. I answered, "I thought he wanted to make water." My master asked, "What about the girl? Wasn't she ashamed?" "Heavens no, sir," I replied. "She raised her skirts as if to keep him company by (may the gentle, honorable, virtuous reader pardon my impolite pen for writing down so coarsely what I said then) shitting." At

this point such laughter arose among all the people present that my master could no longer hear me, let alone ask me any more questions. It wasn't necessary, either, unless they had wanted to drag the "good" girl through the mud too.

Then the major-domo said that recently I had come in from the ramparts and told him I knew where thunder and lightning came from. I had seen big hollow tree trunks on half a wagon each. They were filled with onion seed and an iron turnip with the tail cut off. When the trunks were tickled a little with a jagged stick, smoke, thunder, and hellfire came out. There were more stories of this kind, and it seemed that the conversation and laughter throughout the whole breakfast was about me. They finally decided to keep me well befuddled and in time I'd make a capital jester, one who could be given to the world's mightiest sovereign and who would make even the moribund smile.

CHAPTER 4: *About the man who provides the money, the military service that Simplicius rendered to the Crown of Sweden, and how he received the name "Simplicissimus"*

While they were all having a good time and were about to continue yesterday's celebration, a guardsman handed a letter to the governor and announced that a commissioner, sent by the Swedish war council to inspect the garrison and look over the fortress, was at the gate. This spoiled all the fun, and the diners' enjoyment collapsed like a bagpipe when the air escapes. Musicians and guests dispersed like clouds of tobacco smoke that leave only a faint smell behind. My master, with his adjutant (who carried the keys) and a committee of officers (carrying lights), trundled toward the gate to let in the so-and-so of an inspector. My master wished Old Nick would break the visitor's neck in a thousand pieces before he ever entered the fortress! But when he let the commissioner in, welcoming him at the inner drawbridge, he almost held his

stirrup to show his sincere devotion. In fact, the respect mutually displayed soon grew so monstrous that the inspector dismounted and walked to his lodgings. Each of them wanted to show his politeness by getting on the left side of the other, etc. Alas, I wondered, what is this strangely false spirit that rules men by making a fool of either one through the folly of the other?

As we approached the main guard, the sentry shouted, "Who goes there?"—though he saw it was the governor. He didn't answer because he wished to allow the commissioner the honor of replying. So the sentry shouted a second time, twice as loud. Then the inspector answered, "The man who pays you!" As we passed, I, being one of the last ones, heard the sentry (who was a green recruit, a well-to-do young farmer from the Vogelsberg) mutter these words, "I'll bet you are a liar. 'Man who pays!' A filcher and a robber who grabs my money, that's what you are. You've stolen so much money from me, I wish lightning would strike you dead before you leave this town."

At this point, I got the notion that our gentleman in the velvet jacket must be a holy man, not only because curses did not harm him, but also because even the people who hated him showed him honor, love, and respect. That same night he was entertained like a prince, made blind with drink, and put into a magnificent bed.

The inspection on the following day was a crazy affair. Even I, so simple-minded, was smart enough to hoodwink and outwit our smart inspector (and for this sort of job they don't usually employ innocent children). I was too small to pass for a musketeer, so I took about an hour to become a drummer boy. They gave me a borrowed uniform (my page-boy pantaloons would not do for this) and a borrowed drum—probably because I was borrowed myself!—and that is how I passed the inspection. But since they didn't think I could remember an assumed name to which I could answer at roll call, I kept "Simplicius." To this the governor himself added the family name and had me mustered in as "Simplicius Simplicissimus."

He made me the first of my family, like a harlot's child, though in his own opinion I greatly resembled his sister. I later kept this name—until I found out the correct one—and under it I played my role quite well, doing a considerable favor to the governor and only slight harm to the Crown of Sweden. And that's all the military service I ever rendered the Crown, and its enemies have no cause to hate me for it.

CHAPTER 5: *Simplicius is taken to hell by four devils and treated to Spanish wine*

When the commissioner had left, the minister secretly asked me to come to his rooms. He said, "O Simplici, I take pity on your youth, and your future misfortune moves me to sympathy. Listen, my child, and find out for certain that your master has decided to rob you of your reason and make you into a fool. He has already ordered you a costume. Tomorrow you will have to attend the kind of school in which you are to lose your reason. They'll probably grill you in such a way that you become a buffoon, unless God and natural means prevent it. But since being deprived of reason is a dubious and troublesome matter, I have decided to help you with advice and other good and necessary remedies and therapies—all for faithful Christian charity and the sake of the hermit's piety and your own innocence. Therefore follow my advice and swallow this powder. It will strengthen your mind and memory, that you may overcome every attempt without hurting your reason. Here I also give you an ointment. Put it on your temples, the nape of your neck, and your nostrils. And use these remedies before you go to bed, for you may be gotten out of bed at any hour. But look out and be sure that no one discovers anything about my warning or these remedies; otherwise both of us might be the worse for it. And when they give you their damnable treatment, don't believe everything they want you to believe but act as if you do. Don't talk much or your teachers will find out they are sawing dead-

wood and they'll make your troubles worse, though I don't know what they will do to you. When you have put on the fool's cap and bells, come back and we'll discuss your situation again. Meanwhile I will pray to God that he save your health and your mind." Then he gave me the powder and the ointment, and I walked home.

The matter proceeded as the parson had said. I was in my first sleep when four big fellows, dressed up like frightful devils, came into my room and stopped before my bed. They jumped around like mountebanks and Shrovetide fools. One had a red-hot poker, the other carried a torch; the other two whisked me out of bed, danced with me awhile, and forced my clothes on me. I acted as if I thought they were real, natural devils, let out some piteous wails, and made gestures of fear, but they announced I would have to leave with them. They tied a towel around my head, that I might not see or hear or scream. By various roundabout ways, upstairs and down, they led me, trembling like an aspen, into a cellar where a big fire was burning. After they had taken off the towel they began toasting me in Spanish wine and malmsey. It wasn't hard for them to persuade me I had died and gone to the pit of hell, because I purposely pretended to believe everything they were making up. "Go right on drinking," they said, "for you'll be with us forever anyway. But if you don't want to be a regular fellow who joins in, you'll go into that fire!" Those poor devils tried to disguise their voices so I couldn't recognize them, but I noticed right away that they were the governor's quartermaster sergeants. Of course I didn't let on I knew; rather I laughed up my sleeve that these bruisers, who wanted to make a fool out of me, instead must be my fools.

I drank my share of the Spanish wine, but they outdid me because such heavenly nectar is seldom given to such fellows, and I swear they got full before I did. When the time seemed right, I staggered about as I had recently seen my master's guests do. Finally I no longer wanted to drink, only to sleep, but with the poker that was always kept in the fire they

chased and pursued me into all the corners of the cellar. They seemed to have become foolish themselves, for they wanted me to drink, not sleep. And when I fell down in the chase (as I did often, on purpose), they picked me up and made as if to throw me into the fire. They kept me awake like a falcon in training, and it was a great trouble and hardship to me.

I might have outlasted them in drinking and waking, but they took turns, and in the end I would have come out the worse for wear. I spent three days and two nights in this smoky cellar, which had no light but that shed by the fire. My head started to hurt and throb as if it was about to burst, and I had to think of something to rid myself of these tortures and torturers. I did as does the fox who urinates in the dogs' eyes when he sees no hope of escaping them. When nature urged me to defecate, I stuck three fingers down my throat, and filled my pants and beslobbered my clothes all at the same time. The stench was so unbearable that even the devils could stay with me no longer. They wrapped me in a bedsheet and beat me so miserably that my innards and my soul almost left me. From this treatment I fainted and lost the use of my senses. I lay there like a corpse and don't know what else was done to me, I was so far gone.

CHAPTER 6: *Simplicius goes to heaven and is changed into a calf*

When I came to again, I was no longer with the devils in the cellar vault but in a beautiful room, in the hands of three of the ugliest old women the earth has ever seen. At first, when I opened my eyes, I thought they were natural spirits of hell. (If I had read the heathen poets, I would have thought of the Eumenides.) One of them had eyes like two will-o'-the-wisps and between them a long bony hawk nose whose tip reached her lower lip. I saw only two teeth in her mouth. They were so long, round, and thick that either could compare with a ring finger in shape, and with gold in color; there

was bone enough for a whole mouthful of teeth, but it was badly distributed. Her face looked like Spanish leather and her hoary hair hung strangely disheveled about her head, for she had just been hauled out of bed. I don't know how to compare her two long breasts, except maybe with two cow bladders about half blown up. At the end of each dangled a dun-colored plug half a finger long. Truly, this was a frightening sight that might have been, at best, a good remedy for the mad love of lustful bucks. The other two were just about as ugly; they had flat monkey noses and their dresses weren't quite so sloppy. When I regained my senses a little more, I saw that one was our dishwasher; the other two, the wives of the two quartermaster sergeants.

I acted as if all my limbs had been cut off so that I couldn't move. As a matter of fact, I didn't feel like dancing. These three old hags undressed me naked as a grape and cleansed me of all filth like a little baby. This did me no end of good, and during their work they showed much patience and sympathy. I almost revealed to them how well I had caught on to everything.

But I thought, No, Simplici! Do not confide in an old crone. Rather remember you will have glory enough if you, a child, can pull the wool over the eyes of three experienced old hags with whose help one might catch the very devil in an open field. Let this be a sign of your future success.

When they had finished with me they laid me in a marvelous bed where I fell asleep without being rocked. They left, taking the dirty clothes and the washtub with them. As I figure, I slept more than twenty-four hours without interruption, and when I woke up two beautiful winged boys stood by the bed. They were magnificently dressed in white nightshirts, taffeta sashes, pearls, jewels, golden chains, and other precious jewelry. One carried a gold-plated washbasin full of cookies, candy, marzipan, and other goodies; the other held a gold-plated cup. They claimed to be angels and wished to convince me that I was now in heaven, since I had happily gotten out of purgatory and escaped the devil and his dam. For that

reason I was to ask for whatever I wanted; everything I wished either was on hand or could be sent for. I was bothered by thirst and when I saw the cup before me I asked only for a drink, which was gladly given to me. However, I drank not wine but a sleeping potion, and fell asleep again as soon as the potion got warm inside me.

The next day I awoke—otherwise I'd be sleeping yet!—and found myself no longer in bed, or in the previous room, or with my angels, or in heaven—but in my old goose-pen. It was as dark and scary as the previous cellar; moreover, I wore a suit made of calfskin with the rough side out. My trousers were in the Polish (or Swabian) style and the jacket was even crazier. On my head was a cap like a monk's cowl; it was pulled way down and had a large pair of donkey's ears. I had to laugh at my misfortune, for I saw by the nest and the feathers what sort of bird I was to represent. Only then did I begin to take stock and to think of my welfare. And as I had reason to thank God for not letting me lose my mind, I also ardently begged him to keep, rule, lead, and guide me. I determined to play the fool as much as I could, and at the same time to bide my time and see what else fate had in store for me.

CHAPTER 7: *How Simplicius behaved in this bestial state*

I could have escaped from the pen by means of the hole the crazy ensign had cut in the door. But because I wished to seem a fool, I didn't, but acted like a hungry calf calling for its mother. My mooing was soon heard by those who were supposed to watch me, for two soldiers came and asked who was in the goose-pen. I answered, "You fools, don't you hear it's a calf?!" They opened the pen, took me out, and acted surprised to hear a calf talking. (But they did this like an actor newly hired and clumsy, who has trouble impersonating the character he is supposed to act. I felt like helping them get into the spirit.) They wondered what to do with me and

agreed to give me as a present to the governor, who would give them more for me, since I could talk, than would the butcher.

They asked me how I was doing. I said, "Badly enough." They wanted to know why, and I said, "Because it seems to be customary here to put honest calves in goose-pens. You boys ought to know that if I am to become an honorable ox I must be raised like a respectable critter." After this brief discussion they took me across the street toward the governor's quarters. A mob of boys followed me; they all took to mooing just like me, and a blind man would have thought, judging by the noise, that a herd of cattle was being driven by. But on sight it looked like a bunch of fools, some younger than others.

Well, the two soldiers presented me to the governor as if they had just captured me in a military raid. He gave them a tip and promised me the best treatment ever. I had my own thoughts about it—namely, "All that glitters isn't gold"—but I said, "Sir, do not have us calves confined in goose-pens if you want us to grow up into regular critters." The governor comforted me, thinking he was terribly bright to have made such a cunning fool of me. But my thoughts were, Just wait! I've passed the baptism of fire and have been hardened by it. Now we'll see who can best act the other fellow's part.

Just then a peasant who had been run off his farm by soldiers drove his cattle to the watering trough. When I saw him, I left the governor and rushed mooing and bawling to the cows, as if I wanted to suck. But when I got close, the cows were frightened by me worse than by a wolf. In fact, they stampeded as if a nestful of hornets had gotten loose among them, and their owner couldn't keep them together anymore. It was lots of fun. In no time at all, a mob of people gathered who were all looking at my foolishness, and when my master managed to stop laughing a little, he said, "One fool makes a hundred more!" I thought, Pinch yourself, sir, for it is yourself you are talking about.

Since from then on everyone called me the Calf, I in turn gave everybody a special nickname or mock name. Most people (but especially my master) thought them very suitable, for I named everyone as his character seemed to require. To put it in a nutshell, many people thought I was a witless fool, and I thought of people as foolish nitwits. As I see it, this is still the way of the world; everyone is content with his brains, and imagines he is the most intelligent of all. But as the Latin saying goes, "All the world is full of fools."

My pastime with the peasant's cows helped to make the short forenoon even shorter, for it was the time around winter solstice. At the noon meal I waited on table as usual, but I also had a little fun. When I was supposed to eat, I would take no human food or drink. I demanded grass—which was not available at that season. My master sent to the butcher's for two calfskins and ordered them slipped on two little boys. He seated the boys with me at the table and asked us not to be bashful when the food came. Our first course was a tossed green salad. The governor even had a real calf brought in and it was given lettuce sprinkled with salt. First I put on a cold stare as if to express surprise, but under the circumstances I thought I had better join in the game. When some onlookers saw me so disconcerted, they said, "It is nothing new to see calves eat meat, fish, cheese, butter, and other foods. Why, calves even get drunk now and then! These critters know a good thing when they taste it. It's even reached the point where there is hardly any difference between calves and humans. So why should you be the only one to hold out and not join in the fun?"

I was persuaded the more quickly to start eating because I was hungry, and not because I had seen men more piggish than swine, fiercer than lions, more lecherous than billy goats, more jealous than dogs, more headstrong than horses, more stubborn than jackasses, more given to drink than cattle, slyer than foxes, more voracious than wolves, sillier than monkeys, and more venomous than snakes and toads. All of these ani-

mals enjoy human food. Yet men differ from them in shape and do not often retain the innocence of a calf.

So I fed myself, along with my fellow calves, as my appetite required, and if a stranger had chanced to see us together at the table he would surely have thought old Circe had returned to change men into animals, an art my master knew and practiced.

My dinner was exactly like my lunch, and as my fellow calves had to eat with me, so they had to sleep with me—unless my master allowed me sleep in the cow barn. I insisted on this because I wanted to fool those who thought they were making a fool of me. And I concluded that God, who is full of loving kindness, provides each man with enough intelligence for self-preservation, whatever job he has been given; and the notion many folks have, that they alone are smart, is foolish, for there are people living on the other side of the mountain too, and the doctor's degree is no one's monopoly.

CHAPTER 8: *Of some people's retentive memories and of others' forgetfulness*

When I awoke in the morning my two vealified companions were gone. So I got up, and when the adjutant went for the key to open up the town gate, I sneaked out of the house and went to the minister. I told him everything, how I had survived hell as well as heaven. When he saw that I felt guilty about deceiving so many people, particularly my master, by playing the fool, he said, "That is something you must not worry about. The foolish world wants to be fooled. Use what intelligence they have left you; use it for your own advantage and thank God you came out on top—that's not given to everyone. Imagine you have been reborn like the phoenix, through fire, from unreason to reason and thus to a new life. But keep in mind that you aren't out of the woods yet. At the risk of losing your mind, you slipped into this jester's

outfit, but the times are so strange that no one knows if you can slip out of it without risking your life. Anybody can dash into hell, but to get out again takes sweat and toil. You aren't half the man you think you are, when it comes to escaping imminent danger. For that you'll need more brains and caution than you had when you couldn't tell bright from foolish. Put yourself into God's hands, pray diligently, remain humble, and await future changes with patience."

His lecture was purposely much different in tone, and I thought he had seen by the size of my head that I considered myself quite a big shot because I was so good at tricks and tomfoolery. In turn I read in his face that he was put out with me—and what good *was* I to him? Accordingly, I changed my tune and thanked him heartily for giving me such wonderful remedies for preserving my mind, and made an impossible promise to repay him everything. This tickled him and changed his mood. He praised his remedies and told me that Simonides Melicus had invented a technique (perfected by Metrodorus Sceptius) by which people could repeat word for word everything they had heard or read. This could not have been done, he said, without mind-building drugs of the kind he had given me.

Well, dear parson, I thought, in the books you lent the hermit I read it quite differently—but I was smart enough not to say so. For to tell the truth, it wasn't till I was supposed to have turned foolish that I became careful in my speech. The parson droned on about how Cyrus had been able to call any of his 30,000 soldiers by name and gave many other examples of mnemonics. Finally he said, "I am telling you all this so that you will really believe a man's memory can be improved and strengthened by drugs, just as it can be weakened or even erased by them." And he launched into at least a dozen more examples.

Then he gave me some more medicine and instructions. When I left the house, about a hundred boys again followed me, all bellowing like calves. My master, who had just gotten

up, came to the window, saw all these fools in a drove, and had a good laugh.

CHAPTER 9: *Cockeyed praise of a beautiful lady*

As soon as I got home I had to go up to my master's, for some aristocratic ladies were there, and they wanted to see and hear his new jester. I came in and stood there like a mute. After a while the lady I had grabbed at the dance spoke up, remarking that she had been told this calf could talk, but now she saw it wasn't true. I piped up with, "Well, I heard monkeys couldn't talk, but now I see it isn't true." "How so?" said my master. "Do you think these ladies are monkeys?" I answered, "If they aren't now, they soon will be. Who knows how it all comes out? I never thought I'd be a calf, and yet I am one." My master asked how I could tell that the ladies might be monkeys soon. My answer was, "A monkey is bare behind. The ladies are already bare in front. The girls I've seen cover up better." "You jackanapes, you are a foolish calf, and you talk like one. These ladies show what's worth seeing, but monkeys are bare by necessity. You had better make up in a hurry for putting your foot in your mouth, or I'll have you whipped or get the dogs to run you into the goose-pen, as happens to calves that don't behave. Let us hear how you can praise and compliment a lady." Well, I looked at this lady from tip to toe and up again, and finally I said, "Sir, I see what's wrong. It's the tailor's fault. He used the material that was to cover neck and breast in the skirt; that's why it drags so behind. If the fellow can't tailor better than that he ought to have his hands cut off." "Lady," I said to her, "get rid of that tailor and use my knan's. His name was Master Littlepaul and he made such pretty pleated skirts for my mither and our Annie and Ursula. They were the same width up and down, and they never dragged in the dirt like yours. You have no idea how he dressed up those cute wenches." My master asked if Annie and Ursula were prettier

than this lady. "Heck, no, sir!" I said. "This lady has hair the color of baby dirt and her hair is as straight and white as if hog bristles had been slapped on her head. And her curls are so well rolled they look like hollow pipes, or a dozen candles or sausages hanging on either side of her head. Just look at her nice smooth forehead, isn't it curved more attractively than a backside? And it's whiter than a skull that's been out in the open for years and years. But what is this in comparison with her delicate body, which I can't see at all? Isn't it as tender, slim, and graceful as if she had had the skitters for eight weeks running?" At this they all started laughing and could hear me no longer, nor could I speak anymore. So I took to my heels laughing, letting others make fun of me only so long as I was pleased to put up with it.

CHAPTERS 10–13: *Telling exclusively of notable heroes and artists. On the troubled and perilous lives of rulers. Concerning the judgment and understanding of some brute animals. Containing all sorts of information; if you want to find out, read it yourself or have someone else read it to you*

Then came lunch and I did a lot of talking again, for I had decided to discuss all foolishness and punish all vanity, and my job at that time gave me an excellent excuse for it. No one at table was too great to escape my tongue. And if there was one who wouldn't stand for it he was either laughed at by the others or he was told by my master that no wise man should ever get angry at a fool.

Once my master said, "I don't know what I have in you. For a calf you are too reasonable. I almost think under your calfskin you are covered with a rogue's hide." I pretended to be angry and answered him, "Do you humans suppose we animals are all fools? You ought not to, for I imagine if the older animals could talk like me they would really tell you

off. I might almost say you humans have learned your arts and crafts from us. You eat and drink yourself into the grave; not so with us animals. In the springtime who tells the summer birds to come here? And in the fall, to fly to warmer lands? Who leads them or shows them the way? Or do humans lend them their compasses, so they don't lose the way? No, dear people, without you they know the way, how long they must travel, and when to leave one place and the next. They don't need your compass or your calendar. If you lived among us animals and saw what we do and don't do, you would find that all of us have our own abilities and virtues. Hence, many ancient philosophers were not ashamed to ask if dumb animals have reason. Even wise King Solomon, in Proverbs 30, bids you pay attention to us."

After this speech, my master's table companions delivered diverse opinions about me. The secretary thought I should be considered mad because I regarded myself as a dumb animal. Still, he said, lads who have bats in the belfry, and yet considered themselves wise, make the very best and most amusing jesters. My master said he thought me to be a fool because I told everyone the unvarnished truth, and yet my discussions were altogether unlike a fool's. (They said all this in Latin, so I shouldn't understand them.) He asked me if I had been a student while I was still human. I said I didn't know what "student" was and asked if one needed a stud to stude with. The mad ensign thought the devil spoke through me. Then my master asked me whether I was still accustomed to praying like people, and whether I was looking forward to going to heaven. "Sure," I said. "I still have my immortal human soul, and it doesn't long for hell, especially since I didn't get on very well in that place awhile ago. I have only been a little transmogrified, and hope in time to become human again." "I join you in that hope," said my master, and sighed. From this I concluded that he was sorry he had dared make a fool of me. "But let me hear," he continued, "how you pray."

I kneeled down, raised my eyes and hands toward heaven as the hermit had done, and because my master's repentance

comforted me, I couldn't hold back my tears. After the Lord's Prayer, I prayed for all Christendom and for my friends and enemies, and I asked that the good Lord might enable me to live according to his will, and that I might become worthy of praising him through all eternity. This prayer was full of reverently composed words the hermit had taught me. Some of the more softhearted listeners almost started crying, for they were full of sympathy for me. There were tears in my master's eyes, too, though he seemed not to want to show them. He said his heart was about to break at seeing such a sad person who so much resembled his own lost sister.

After the meal, my master sent for the parson, told him everything I had said, and hinted that he was afraid things might not be as they ought to be and that perhaps I was in league with the devil. Not long before, I had been altogether simple-minded and ignorant, but now I was discussing things that made one's hair stand on end. The parson replied that he should have thought of this before making a fool of me. Human beings, he said, were made in God's image and no one ought to fool with them as with beasts, especially not with one so young. But he did not think the evil one had gained an entrance, for I had always commended myself to God in fervent prayer. But if, contrary to his expectations, I had been lost to the fiend, those who were responsible for it might see how they answered God for it. Surely it was one of the greatest sins to rob a man of his wit, for it made him incapable of God's service and praise, and it was chiefly for these ends that man had been created.

"I assured you," said the parson, "that he had intelligence enough. But he could not adapt himself to the world because he was educated in simple-mindedness by his father, a crude peasant, and by your brother-in-law in the wilderness. A little patience in the beginning would have let him prove his worth. He just happened to be a pious, simple child who didn't know the wicked world. But I have not the least doubt he can be set straight if only one could get him to give up the illusion that he is a calf."

"I am worried," answered my master, "because though at first he was so ignorant, now he gives out all sorts of information without the least hesitation—things someone better read and more experienced could hardly know. Why, he told me many characteristics of animals, and has described my own person as charmingly as if he had always been a man of the world. His talk astonishes me, and I should perhaps consider it as a hint from the Lord."

"Sir," replied the parson, "this might be explained naturally. I know he has read a lot; he and the hermit read through all my books, and there were quite a few. And since the boy has a good memory and his mind is idle now, he can dredge up what he previously stored away. Oh, I am sure he can be restored."

With these words, the parson left the governor dangling between hope and fear. The upshot was that a wait-and-see period followed. The parson had given his advice more for his own sake than for mine, because by pretending to be worried about me and taking a lot of trouble he gained the governor's favor and had himself appointed chaplain of the garrison. In those evil days, that was nothing to be sneezed at, and I was glad for him.

CHAPTER 14: *How Simplicius continued to lead the life of Riley; how the Croatians robbed him of that, too*

From this time on, I was in my master's favor, grace, and love, and I was completely happy except that I had too much calfskin and too few years—but I didn't know that yet. The parson did not want me to be normal again, as the time for that seemed not to have come yet. When my master saw that I liked music, he had me instructed by an excellent lutist, whom I soon surpassed because I could sing better than he. Thus I provided entertainment for my master. All the officers showed me their good will, the richest burghers honored me,

the servants and soldiers wished me well because they saw how much my master liked me. I got presents here, there, and everywhere, for people knew that jesters and fools have more influence with their masters than straightforward people, and their gifts were meant that way; some gave them that I mightn't tell on them, others to have me do just that, and thus I picked up a pretty penny. I gave the parson much of it because I didn't know what it was good for. As no one dared to look at me askance, so I had no tribulations, troubles, or cares. I put all my mind to my music and to how I might skillfully reproach someone for his shortcomings. So I grew up like a fool in fairyland; my face got sleek and my muscles grew strong, and anybody could see I was no longer mortifying myself, as in the woods, on water, acorns, beechnuts, roots, and herbs. Instead, Rhine wine and the stout of Hanau washed down my rich food, all of which in those poor times was truly a great gift of God; for in those days all of Germany was wholly seared by the flames of war, hunger, and pestilence, and Hanau itself was surrounded by enemies. But none of this bothered me in the least.

My master decided that, after the siege was lifted, he would give me either to Cardinal Richelieu or to Duke Bernhard of Weimar. Besides wanting to earn much gratitude through me, he let on that he couldn't stand the sight of me in jester's garb because in face and mien I reminded him so much of his lost sister, whom I resembled more every day. The parson advised him against getting rid of me. He thought the time had just about come to perform a miracle and change me back into a reasonable human being. He suggested that the governor have some calfskins put on other boys, and then have on hand a third person, in the guise of a doctor, prophet, or traveling showman, who should undress these boys with a lot of hocus-pocus, pretending he could turn animals into men and vice versa. That way I might be straightened out without too much trouble and made to think I (like others) had turned human again.

When the governor had accepted this suggestion, the par-

son told me of the agreement and easily persuaded me to go along with him. But jealous Fortune was ready neither to let me slip out my fool's dress nor to let me enjoy my fat, fulsome life any longer.

While the furrier and the tailor were preparing the clothes that went with the act, I was roving with some boys on the ice just outside the fortress. Someone—I don't know who—led a raiding party of Croatian soldiers who rounded us up, sat us on farm horses they had just stolen, and trotted us off. To be sure, they were in doubt for a moment whether or not to take me along. Then one of them said in Bohemian, "Mih weme daho Blasna sebao, bo we deme ho gbabo Oberstowi." Another replied, "Prschis am bambo ano, mi ho nagonie possadeime, wan rosumi niemezki, wan bude mit Kratock wille sebao." [2] So I was forced to get on a horse and found out that a single unlucky hour can deprive one of all well-being, happiness, and salvation, and one's whole life is changed.

CHAPTER 15: *Simplicius' life in the cavalry; what he saw and learned among the Croats*

Although the alarm was sounded at once in Fort Hanau, and cavalry sent out, that bothered the Croats but little and hardly retarded their getaway. Our men retrieved nothing, for the Croats were very mobile and made for the forest near Büdingen, where they could forage, trade off the Hanau children who were to be ransomed by their parents, and sell their stolen horses and other "liberated" goods to the burghers. Before it had become really dark, they started up again, and quickly crossed the forest toward the monastery of Fulda, everywhere taking along whatever they could carry. Robbing and plundering did not delay their rapid movement the least little bit, for they were just like the devil who, they say, can

[2] Less than perfect Bohemian: "We'll take this fool along and give him to the colonel." "Gad, yes. We'll put him on a horse. The colonel knows German. He'll have fun with him."

run and crap at the same time. In the evening we arrived at the monastery of Hersfeld, where their quarters were. Their large loot was shared evenly, and I was given to the colonel.

Everything here seemed strange and disgusting to me; I had to trade my Hanau delicacies for coarse black bread and lean beef, or for a flitch of stolen bacon—but this was only when times were good. Wine and beer had turned to water, and instead of sleeping in a bed I had to be content with straw in the horse barn. Instead of playing the lute for everyone's delight, I often had to crawl under the table like our other boys, howl like a dog, and take my chances on getting wounded by spurs while looking for food, and that was no fun. Instead of taking walks in Hanau, I could go along on foraging raids, curry the horses, and haul the manure out of the stable.

Foraging is defined as riding out to the villages and, with danger to life and limb, threshing, grinding, and baking, grabbing and stealing whatever is handy, maltreating and abusing peasants and even ruining their women, daughters, and hired girls. (But I was still too young for such work.) And when the poor peasants object to this treatment or get bold enough to rap some forager's knuckles while he is at his work (and there were plenty of such thieves in Hessia at that time), then you strike them down—provided you can—or at least make their houses go up in smoke.

My new master had no wife (this type of soldier doesn't usually take his wife along because any female can fill her place), no page, no manservant, no cook, but he did have a swarm of hostlers and boys who waited on him and his horses, and he was not at all ashamed to saddle and feed his own horse. He regularly slept on a straw pallet or on the bare ground, covered only with a fur coat, and that's why lice were sometimes seen wandering all over his clothes. He was not embarrassed about it and laughed when somebody picked one off him. He wore his hair short and had a wide beard like a Swiss; this served him well when he disguised himself in peasant clothing and went reconnoitering. Though he never kept

a luxurious table, he was honored, loved, and feared by his men and all who knew him. At that time we were never quiet or in the same place for long, but now here, now there. Now we were raiding, now being raided. But we hadn't enough strength to defeat the Hessians, whose lieutenant general, Melander by name, gave us no rest. He captured many of our men and sent them home to Cassel.

I didn't like this unstable life one bit and often wished I were back at Hanau. My greatest trouble was that since I couldn't really talk with these fellows, I got pushed from pillar to post and had to take beatings and abuse. The colonel's greatest fun was having me sing in German and play on the trumpet, but that seldom happened. Mostly I got boxed on the ears so hard that blood came out of my nose and I didn't come back for second helpings. Since, on account of my youth, I wasn't very useful on raiding parties, I took an interest in cooking and keeping my master's guns clean. He liked this so much that I gained his favor and he had a new jester's suit made for me. It was of calfskin again and had ears much larger than the old one. Since my master was not a gourmet, I did not need much skill in cooking. But I really got tired of my job when I was short of salt, fat, and spices (as often happened), so I lay awake nights and thought how I might get away, especially when spring came around. About this time I made it my job to remove the entrails of butchered sheep and cows, which had been smelling up the camp. The colonel approved. Each time I dragged them farther away, and one fine day, after dark, I escaped into the nearest woods.

Chapter 16: *Simplicius picks up a rich loot and becomes a thieving forest-dweller*

My situation, to judge by appearances, gradually became worse—so bad, as a matter of fact, that I imagined I had been born only to suffer misfortune. Only a few hours after I escaped from the Croats, some highwaymen picked me up. No doubt they thought they had made a good catch; it was night

and they couldn't see my jester's suit. Two of them were ordered to take me to a certain spot far inside the woods. While it was still pitch dark, one of these demanded money from me. He laid down his gun and gloves and started frisking me and asking me who I was and if I had money.

As soon as he felt my furry suit and the long donkey ears on my cap (he thought they were horns), and saw the brilliant sparks that came from my fur when he stroked it, he was frightened and became edgy. I noticed this, and before he could recover, I rubbed my suit with both hands so that it glowed as if I were full of burning sulphur. In a frightening voice, I answered, "I am the devil, and I'll wring both your necks!" This scared the two of them so much that they made off through shrubs and bushes as if hellfire was after them. The darkness of night did not slow them down; when they fell over sticks, stones, stumps, logs, or even each other, they jumped up again and continued running. They ran until I couldn't hear them anymore. But I laughed so loud that the woods echoed, and that too was awful to hear in such a lonely place.

As I was about to leave I stumbled over a blunderbuss, which I picked up and kept, for I had learned from the Croatians how to handle guns. Continuing on, I ran into a knapsack made, like my suit, of calfskin; I looked it over and found dangling from it a pouch containing powder, lead, and everything else I needed. I strapped it on, shouldered the gun like a soldier, and hid nearby in a dense thicket, hoping to get a little sleep. But at daybreak the whole raiding party came back to the place looking for the lost gun and knapsack. I pricked up my ears like a fox and kept quieter than a mouse. When they found nothing they laughed at the two who had run away from me. "Oh, you cowards!" they said. "You ought to be ashamed—scared by a single man, running away and leaving your gun!" But one of them swore the devil should fetch him if I hadn't been Satan himself; had he not touched the horns and the rough skin? The other fellow got cross and said, "Hell! I don't care if it was the devil or his dam. I want my knapsack back." One of them—one of the

better ones, I thought—answered, "Why do you think the devil wanted your knapsack and gun? I'd bet my neck, the chap you ran from took both with him." Another replied that it might well have been some peasants who had passed by, found the gun, and picked up the things. They all agreed this might have been the case, and everyone allowed the devil in person had been in their midst, especially because the one who had searched me swore frightful oaths it had been so and made the most of my horns and sparkling skin. I think if I had suddenly appeared, they would all have run again.

Finally, after they had been looking in vain for a long time, they moved on. I opened the knapsack, looking for something for breakfast. The first thing I found was a purse with 360-odd ducats in it. No one need ask if I was pleased, but let me assure the reader that I liked the knapsack even better when I saw it well stocked with food. And since among common soldiers ducats and their like are much too scarce to be lugged around on raids, it occurred to me that this fellow must have just gotten them and secretly slipped them into the knapsack, so as not to share them with his companions.

I ate my breakfast joyfully, soon found a pleasant spring to quench my thirst, and then counted my ducats. But to save my life I couldn't say where this happened. I stayed in the woods as long as my food lasted (and I used it very sparingly). But when the knapsack was empty, hunger drove me to the homesteads of the peasants. By night I crawled into their cellars and kitchens, and took what food I found and could carry off. I dragged it with me into the wildest parts of the woods. Here again I led an altogether hermitlike life—except that I stole much and prayed little, and had no settled home but kept moving about widely. Fortunately, summer was on its way.

Chapter 17: *How Simplicius rode to dance with the witches*

Occasionally on my travels through the woods I met some peasants, but they always ran away from me. I don't know if

the war had made them fearful, had perhaps robbed them of their homes, or whether the raiders had broadcast their encounter with me, so that the peasants who saw me thought the fiend himself was walking in their part of the woods.

Once when I had been lost in the forest for several days and was afraid my rations would run out, I was glad to hear two woodcutters. I followed the sound of their axes, and when I saw them I took a handful of ducats out of the purse, sneaked up close to them, showed them this attractive gold, and said, "Gentlemen, if you will take care of me I'll give you this handful of gold." But the minute they saw me and my gold they took to their heels, leaving behind them axes, wedges, and hammers, as well as their lunch of cheese and bread. This I picked up, put it in my knapsack, and got lost in the woods again, almost despairing of ever getting back among people.

After much thinking I reached this conclusion: Who knows what will become of you? But you have money, and if you put it in a safe place with reliable people, you can live on it for a long time. Thus it occurred to me that I should hide it. From the donkey's ears that made people run I made two armbands, combined all my ducats, sewed them inside the armbands, and fastened them on above my elbow. When I had thus secured my treasure I again entered a peasant's house and took from their supplies what I needed and could lay my hands on; and though I was still quite simple-minded I had enough sense never to return to a place where I had once stolen the least bit. For this reason I was very lucky in my thefts and never got caught.

Once, toward the end of May, I again wanted to get some food in my usual (though forbidden) manner. I had made my way to a farmstead and gotten into the inner sanctum of the kitchen. When I heard people were still up, I opened wide a door leading out to the yard, to provide a way out in case of necessity. (N.B. I never went where they kept dogs.) I was waiting quietly for everyone to go to bed when I noticed a slit in a little serving window to the next room. I sidled up to it, to see if the people were going to bed. But my hope came to

nothing, for instead of undressing they had just gotten dressed, and instead of a candle they had a bluish flame burning on a bench. They were greasing sticks, brooms, forks, chairs, and benches, and, one after the other, were riding out the window on them. I was greatly surprised and rather horrified. But since I was used to greater horrors and had neither heard nor read of ghosts, I did not worry too much.

When everyone was gone and it was quiet, I went into the room to look for whatever I could take along. I sat down astride a bench and had hardly touched the wood when I rode—no, whizzed—on this bench straight out the window. My gun and knapsack stayed behind as carfare! Sitting down, taking off, and landing took place in one instant, it seemed, and all at once I was in a big crowd of people who were all doing a strange dance, the like of which I had never seen. Holding each other by the hand, they had formed many circles, one within another, their backs toward the center, as the three graces are sometimes pictured. The innermost ring consisted of seven or eight persons; the second had twice as many; the third more than the first two, and so on, so that there were over two hundred people in the outer ring. Since one circle danced clockwise and the next counterclockwise, I could not distinguish exactly how many circles there were, or what occupied the center around which they all revolved. The way the heads all reeled past one another looked awfully funny.

And the music was as weird as the dance. I think everyone was singing the tune while dancing, making an extraordinary harmony. The bench that took me there set me down by the musicians who were standing outside the circles. Instead of clarinets, flutes, and whistles, they were busily playing on vipers, asps, and chicken snakes. Some were holding cats and blowing in their bungholes; when they fingered the tails, the sound was like a bagpipe. Others ran a bow across a horse's head as if it were a fiddle, and still others played on a cow's skeleton (like you sometimes find in a pasture) as on a harp. An old gaffer was holding a bitch, cranking her tail, and fingering her tits! Then there were devils using their noses for trumpets, and the echo resounded through the woods. When this dance came to an end, the whole hellish mob started racing, shouting, reeling, roaring, howling, raging, and raving as if everyone had gone stark mad. It is easy to imagine how frightened I was.

While this noise was going on, a chap came toward me, carrying on his hip a giant toad, big as a drum. Its entrails hung out the rear and were stuffed in at the front again. It looked so repulsive that it just about turned my stomach. "Lookee, Simplex," he said, "I know you are a good lute-player. Let's hear something!" I practically keeled over when I heard him address me by my name. I could not answer and felt as if I were in a deep dream. In my heart I prayed to God Almighty that he help me out of my dream and let me wake up. The chap with the toad looked me straight in the eye and flicked his nose in and out like a turkey; then he struck me such a blow on the chest that I couldn't breathe. I started shouting to God, "Jesus Christ!"

This strong word was no sooner out of my mouth than the whole army disappeared. In no time at all it was pitch dark, and I felt so bad I crossed myself at least a hundred times.

CHAPTER 18: *Why it is unlikely that Simplicius is telling tall tales*

Since there are people—some of them learned and influential—who don't believe that witches and ghosts exist, let alone fly through the air, there are bound to be those who will say at this point that Simplicius is pulling the wool over their eyes. Well, I don't want to argue with these people. Nowadays four-flushing is a very common practice, and I don't deny that I know how, for otherwise I would be something of a stick-in-the-mud.

But people who doubt that witches ride through the air should remember that Simon Magus was raised on high by

an evil spirit and did not fall down until St. Peter had prayed. In Book III of his *History of Northern Nations* (chapter 1, p. 19), Olavus Magnus tells us that Hadingus, king of Denmark, who had been expelled from his kingdom by rebels, returned home on the spirit of Othonus, who had disguised himself as a horse. It is well known from the *History of Doctor Faustus* that he and others (though they were not sorcerers) traveled through the air from one place to another. I myself knew a woman and her maid (both are dead now); this maid was polishing her mistress' shoes, and when she had finished one and set it down by the fire to do the other, the polished one slipped up the chimney in no time. But this story was kept quiet.

I have reported all this only because I want to let you know how witches and wizards have at times actually traveled to their conventions, and not because I want you to believe that *I* traveled that way. It's all the same to me whether you believe it or not; but whoever prefers to be skeptical, let him figure out a better way to get me from Hersfeld or Fulda—I don't know myself exactly where in the woods I was hanging out—to Magdeburg in such a short time.

CHAPTER 19: *Simplicius becomes a fool, just as he had been before*

But to resume my story: I assure the reader that I lay still on my stomach till daylight, for I hadn't the heart to sit up. I was in doubt whether I had dreamed what I have been telling. Though I was rather frightened, I was bold enough to fall asleep, for I thought at worst I might find myself in a wild forest; but even that wouldn't have been too bad, for since leaving home I had spent most of my time there and was quite used to it. About nine o'clock in the morning some foragers came and woke me up. Only then did I notice that I was in the middle of an open field.

The soldiers took me to a windmill and, when their feed had been ground there, to the camp outside of Magdeburg. I was assigned to a colonel of the infantry, who asked me where I came from and to whom I belonged. I told everything, down to the smallest detail; since I didn't know the Croatians' name, I described their clothing, gave examples of their speech, and told how I had escaped from them. I carefully neglected mentioning my ducats. The tale of my trip through the air and the witches' dance was considered foolishness and tall talk, especially since the rest of my story was also a little mixed up.

Meanwhile a mob of people collected about me, for one fool makes a thousand more, and among them was one who had been a prisoner of war in Hanau last year; he had joined the forces there, but afterward had gone back to the imperial troops. He recognized me and said immediately, "Ho-ho, this is the commander's calf at Hanau!" The colonel asked for particulars, but the chap knew only that I was good at lute-playing, that the Croatians had taken me away, and that the governor had hated to lose me because I was a good fool and jester. Now the colonel's wife sent to another colonel's wife, who could play the lute quite well, and therefore always carried one with her. She asked for this instrument, and when it was brought I was told to show what I could do. But it was my opinion I should be given something to eat first, because my empty stomach was no match for the bulging belly of the lute. This was done, and after I had eaten my fill and had swallowed a good stein of brown beer, I sounded both my own and the lute's voice, talked thirteen to the dozen, and without any trouble got everyone to believe I was what my calf's clothing seemed to indicate.

The colonel asked me where I wanted to go now, and when I answered that it was all the same to me, we soon agreed that I should stay with him and become his page. He wanted to know what had become of my donkey's ears. "Well," I said, "if you found out where they are I should still be wearing them." I kept mum because all my riches were contained in them.

In a short time I became acquainted with most of the high officers in the Saxon as well as in the imperial camp, and with the ladies, too, who dressed up my cap, sleeves, and cut-off ears with silk ribbons in gay colors. I almost suspect some of today's fancy dressers first got the idea from me. The money I received from the officers I charitably shared with others, for I drank up every last penny of it in the good beer of Zerbst and Hamburg—two varieties that agreed well with me, though I had enough to eat and drink, without it, wherever I went.

When my colonel got a lute for my own use (he thought I'd stay on forever), I was no longer allowed to buzz back and forth between the two camps. He hired a tutor for me, who was to look after me and whom I was to obey. The tutor was a man after my own heart, for he was quiet, understanding, learned, of good conversation but not too talkative and—to mention the most important thing last—pious, well-read, and full of all sorts of arts and sciences. At night I had to sleep in his tent, and by day I was not to get out of his sight. He had been very wealthy, the counselor and official of some prince, but since the Swedes had robbed and utterly ruined him, and his wife died and his only son been forced to give up his studies because of poverty (he had become a regimental clerk in the Saxon army), he stayed with this colonel as a stable master, in order to have something to do while waiting for the war to end and hoping that the sun of his former good fortune might shine on him again.

Chapter 20: *This chapter is rather long and deals with throwing dice and what goes with it*

Because my tutor was on the old side he couldn't sleep through the whole night. This was the reason for his finding out during the first week that I wasn't such a fool as I pretended to be. In fact, since he was an expert in physiognomy,

he had noticed it right away, in my face. One time I awoke at midnight and made all sorts of remarks about my life and strange experiences; then I got up and rendered to God Almighty thanks for all the benefices he had shown me and all the dangers from which he had saved me, commended my further commissions and omissions to his love, and prayed not only for the forgiveness of my sins (committed in my condition as a foolish jester), but also that he might please to take me out of my fool's clothing and let me be counted among reasonable human beings. After this, I lay down again with a heavy sigh and went to sleep.

My tutor, who had heard everything, pretended to be fast asleep. But when the prayer was repeated several nights in a row, he felt quite sure I had more sense than many an oldster who thinks he is quite important. But he did not discuss it with me in the tent because, he said, the walls were too thin, and, for reasons of his own, he did not want anyone else to know my secret just then—before he himself was sure of my innocence.

One time I went for a walk behind the camp; he did not mind because it gave him a chance to look for me and talk to me alone. He found me in a lonely place and said, "My dear young friend, because I want only what's best for you, I am glad to be able to talk with you here alone. I know that you are not a fool, as you pretend, and that you do not wish to live in this lowly and despicable condition. If your welfare is dear to you, and you wish with all your heart what you ask of God every night, and if you will put your trust in me as an honest man, then tell me about yourself and I shall try in every way to help you get out of your fool's suit."

At this I embraced him and in my joy acted as if he were an angel or at least a prophet come to save me from the fool's cap. And then we sat down in the grass and I told him my whole life's story. He looked at my palm and was quite taken with my unusual past and future. He advised me not to take off my fool's clothing in the next few days, for he could tell

by palmistry that I would be a prisoner of war and in mortal danger. I thanked him for his good will and advice, prayed that God might reward his help, and begged him to be my true friend and father because I was forsaken by all the world.

Then we got up and went to a gambling place, where a contest with dice was going on and every throw was accompanied by a thousand curses. The place was about as big as the Old Market in Cologne; coats lay on the ground, tables stood everywhere, and gamblers were milling around. Each group had three bones of chance to which they entrusted their luck in splitting and reapportioning their money. Each table had a supervisor (or croupier, who reaps the crops!) whose job it was to be umpire and see to it that no injustice was done. He also lent coats, tables, and dice, and from the winner collected a fee for it in such a way that he usually came out best. Yet these operators don't prosper, for they also gamble and lose; or if they invest their money well, the canteen keeper gets it, or the surgeon, for after a fight they often have to have their heads dressed and bandaged.

While I was standing there, looking at the place and all the gamblers and their foolishness, my tutor asked what I thought of it. I answered, "I don't like their taking God's name in vain; but as for the rest, I let it stand on its own merit or lack of it, as something strange to me, which I do not yet understand." My tutor replied, "You must know that this is the most wicked and abhorrent place in the whole camp. The people here covet their neighbor's money and lose their own over it." I asked, "Dear sir, if gambling is such a horrid and dangerous matter, why do the people in charge allow it?" My tutor answered, "I shouldn't like to say it's because the officers themselves join in, but rather because the soldiers don't want to do without it, or can't do without it. For whoever has yielded to gambling once (or who has once been possessed by the gambling devil) gradually becomes so ensnared that he can give it up no more than he can give up sleeping." I crossed myself and wondered why such inventions of the devil should be permitted in a Christian army.

CHAPTER 21: *A bit shorter and livelier than the preceding one*

As time passed, my tutor and I became more and more devoted to each other, and yet we kept our closeness a secret. I was still acting the part of the fool, but my jokes had become more thoughtful than foolish. When our siege of Magdeburg[3] made no progress, I suggested having a big rope made and wrapping it all the way around the town. Then all the men and draft animals in camp should pull on it and thus raze the town in a single operation. Every day I thought up plenty of such foolish jokes and gags and always had a handy supply of them. My masters's secretary (who was quite a joker and prankster) gave me a lot of material that kept me going along the road of foolishness.

Once I asked him what kind of fellow our regimental chaplain was, and why he dressed differently from other people. The secretary said, "He is Mr. Dicis-et-non-facis. That means a guy who ties the knot for other men but doesn't take a wife of his own. He dislikes thieves because they don't tell what they do, but *he* never does what *he* says. Thieves don't like him, either, because the only time they associate closely with him is at their hanging." Later when I called our good chaplain by that Latin name, he was laughed at, and I was called an evil-minded fool and birched for it.

The tutor, on the other hand, entertained me, whenever he was with me, with utterly different matters. He told me a lot about his son, the above-mentioned regimental secretary with the Saxon army. His abilities were much greater than those of our colonel's secretary. Thus our colonel not only liked him but tried to get him released and to make him *his* secretary.

This secretary (who, like his father, was called Ulrich Heartbrother) and I became such good friends that we swore

[3] This is not the important siege of May 1631, but a second one of 1635/6. Simplicius' suggestion goes back to the Bible; see II Samuel 17:13.

each other eternal brotherhood, by virtue of which we would never forsake each other, in good luck or misfortune. And since this was done with the knowledge of his father, we kept our union all the better. After that we cared only for getting me honorably out of my fool's cap, so that we might serve one another better. But the elder Heartbrother, whom I honored and respected as a father, did not approve; he said in so many words that changing my status now would bring imprisonment and grave danger upon me. And because he could predict some great trouble for himself and his son, he thought we had good reason to live all the more carefully and warily. He did not want to be involved with the affairs of a person whose future danger he clearly foresaw; he was afraid that if I revealed myself my bad luck might strike him too, for he had known my secret right along and known me inside and out, as it were; but he did not tell the colonel about it.

Shortly afterward I noticed that the colonel's secretary was clearly green with envy of young Heartbrother, fearing that my friend would be promoted ahead of him, and he would lose his job. I saw how worried he was; envy made him sigh whenever he looked at either the older or the younger Heartbrother. From all this I guessed that he was planning to trip them and make them fall. Through a sense of affection and duty, I communicated my suspicion to my heart's brother, that he might look out for this Judas. But he made light of the matter, for he was far superior in pen and sword, and in addition had the colonel's love and favor.

CHAPTER 22: *A roguish thieves' trick to wear each other's shoes*

It is customary to choose military constables from among the older, more experienced soldiers, and we also had some like that in our regiment. One of them was a crafty gallow's bird and archrogue, far more experienced than was necessary

for the job, for he was also a necromancer, alchemist, coscinomancer,[4] and sorcerer. He was as bulletproof as steel, made others bulletproof, and could put whole squads of cavalry into the field. His face looked very much like painters' and poets' representations of Saturn. Now, although some poor, unfortunate soldiers who got nabbed felt very much downhearted because of him, there were others who were glad to have this creepy character as a friend. One of these was Oliver, our secretary, and the more his jealousy of young Heartbrother grew, the more intimate he became with the constable. I soon concluded that the conjunction of Saturn and Mercury would be dangerous to the ingenuous Heartbrother.

About this time the colonel's wife gave birth to a son, and the christening was celebrated in high style. Young Heartbrother was asked to serve on table, and because my friend was glad to do a favor, Oliver took this opportunity to perpetrate a piece of villainy that he had long contemplated. For when all the guests had left, the colonel's large gold-plated cup was missing. It had definitely been used after certain strangers had left, and the colonel wasn't too keen about losing it. The page said he had seen it last in Oliver's hands, but Oliver said he must have been mistaken. They summoned the constable to enlist his aid, asking him to use his magic to regain the cup, and, if possible, to arrange that the thief become known only to the colonel. (He did not want to ruin any of the officers of his regiment if by chance one of them had stolen it.)

Since everyone knew himself to be innocent, we all gathered in the colonel's big tent, where the necromancer was about to perform. Everybody looked at everyone else, wanting to know where the cup had gone and what would come of it. When the constable had mumbled a few words, several young dogs crawled out of one person's pants pockets, another's sleeves, and still another's boots, fly, and any other openings in his clothes. These pups ran all over the tent; they were very

[4] A person able to discover hidden objects by looking through a sieve.

pretty, of different colors and each differently marked. It was lots of fun. My own tight Croatian calfskin trousers were filled with puppies, too, and I had to pull them down. During my stay in the woods, my drawers had rotted on me, and I stood there stark naked, all I had before and behind appearing in plain sight! Finally a doggie jumped out of Heartbrother's fly; it was the jolliest of the lot and wore a golden collar. This one swallowed up all the other puppies (there were so many you couldn't put a foot down without stepping on one). When it had gobbled them all up it gradually shrank, but the collar grew until it changed into the colonel's loving cup.

The colonel and everyone else concluded that young Heartbrother, and no one else, had stolen the cup. Therefore the colonel said to him, "Look, you ungrateful guest, is this theft your thanks for all the good turns I've done you? Tomorrow I wanted to make you my secretary, but instead you ought to be hanged, as of today. And it would be done, too, if it weren't for your honest old father. Hurry up, get out of my camp, and don't let me see you as long as you live!"

Heartbrother wanted to explain, but since his theft was so obvious to everybody, he was not heeded, and when he went out his father fainted and we had quite a time bringing him to and comforting him, saying that a good father is not responsible for what a bad child has done. This is how Oliver, with the devil's help, got what he wanted, which he had been unable to get by honest means.

CHAPTER 23: *Ulrich Heartbrother sells himself for a hundred ducats*

As soon as young Heartbrother's captain found out about the theft, he dismissed him, despising him so much that others too began to despise him, and even the dogs practically peed on him. For this reason he often wished he were dead. His father was so worried about him that he fell ill and prepared

for death. Since he had predicted that he would have to go through mortal danger on the twenty-sixth of July (which day was drawing near), he got permission from the colonel to see his son once more in order to talk about his will. I was the third person at this sad meeting. Well, I saw that the son needed to make no excuses to his father, who knew his character and upbringing well enough and was sure of his innocence. As a wise, understanding, and thoughtful man, he gathered from the circumstances that Oliver had been out to get his son and had schemed with the constable to get him in trouble. But what could he do against a sorcerer? He might be in worse trouble if he avenged himself. Furthermore, he was aware that he might die; yet he could not die in peace so long as his son lived under a cloud of shame. As for the son, the less he relished living under these conditions, the more he wished to die before his father. Surely the suffering of these two men was so pitiful to witness that I had to cry from the bottom of my heart. Finally they decided to be patient and to put their affairs into the hands of God. The son was to think of a means of getting away from his company and seeking his fortune elsewhere. But when they thought it over, he lacked funds to buy himself free of the captain. And while they pondered and commiserated over the straits in which poverty kept them, cutting off all hope of improving their lot, I remembered the ducats which were still sewn up in the donkey ears. I asked how much money they needed in this emergency. Young Heartbrother answered, "If someone came along and gave us a hundred thalers, I would be fairly sure to get out of trouble." I answered, "Brother, if this will do it, lift up your heart, for I will give you a hundred ducats." "Alas, brother," he answered in turn, "are you really a fool, or are you heartless enough to play with our grief?" "No, no," I said, "I'll produce the money for you." Taking off my jacket, I peeled one donkey ear from my arm, snipped it open, and let him count out a hundred ducats. I kept the rest and said, "With this I will take care of your sick father if he needs it." At this they embraced me, kissed me, and were beside

themselves with joy, calling me an angel whom God had sent for their comfort. They wanted to give me a promissory note and to assure me that I would share in old Heartbrother's inheritance equally with the son, or (if God helped them to their estate again) that they would gladly repay me this amount with interest. I would have none of this but their friendship. Then young Heartbrother wanted to swear that he would have his revenge on Oliver or die trying, but his father forbade it, assuring him that whoever killed Oliver would be done in by Simplex. "Yet," he said, "I am sure neither will kill the other, because you are not fated to die by weapons." After that he made us swear to love and assist each other in trouble.

Having commended his father to my care, young Heartbrother bought himself free with thirty thalers and the captain gave him an honorable discharge. Then he went to Hamburg and with the rest of the money bought two horses and equipment and joined the Swedes as a volunteer cavalryman.

Chapter 24: *Two prophecies in a row come true*

None of the colonel's men was better suited than I to care for old Heartbrother in his sickness, and because the sick man was more than satisfied with me, I was put in charge by the colonel's wife, who also did much good for him. And since he was in such good hands and reassured about his son, he improved from day to day so that he recovered almost completely before the twenty-sixth of July. Yet, he wanted to bide his time and play sick until this fateful day, of which he was truly afraid, should pass.

Meanwhile he was visited by many officers, from either army, who wanted to know their fortunes, and since he was a good astrologer, physiognomist, and chiromancer he was seldom wrong. He even named the day on which the future battle of Wittstock took place, for many came to him who

were threatened with violent death. He assured the colonel's wife that she would have her baby in camp, because Magdeburg would not be surrendered before the end of the week. He expressly told Oliver (that snake-in-the-grass who tried to curry favor with him) that he would have to die a violent death, and that I would avenge his death and kill his murderers. For this reason Oliver was my friend for a while.

He told me my own future life in so much detail that it seemed it had already been completed and he had always been by my side. But I did not pay much attention, and only afterward, after many things had happened, I remembered he had mentioned their coming. He especially warned me of water, for he feared I would perish by it.

Now when the twenty-sixth of July came, he told me and a soldier whom the colonel had assigned to him for his protection, repeatedly and with emphasis, to let no one enter his tent. He was its only occupant, and he prayed constantly. Toward afternoon a cavalry officer came riding up and asked for the colonel's stable master. He was presented to us and was refused admission. But he insisted; he importuned the soldier and promised him a reward if he could see the stable master; he *had* to see him this evening. Because this got him nowhere, he started swearing, calling down the Lord's wrath and asserting he had come many times at the stable master's bidding and yet had missed him every time. Now that he'd arrived, he'd be damned if he would be refused. He dismounted and could not be prevented from opening the tent flap. I bit his hand, but he hauled off and hit me in the face.

As soon as he was inside and saw the old man, he said, "Sir, I beg you to excuse the liberty I am taking, but I must talk to you." "All right," said the stable master, "what is it?" The lieutenant said, "I only wanted to ask you to cast my horoscope." The stable master answered, "I hope, most honored sir, you will forgive me and excuse my refusal because of sickness, for my thick head cannot at present do the work, which requires many calculations. If you will be patient until tomorrow I hope to be able to satisfy you." The lieutenant

shouted, "Sir! Just read my palm then." "Lieutenant," replied old Heartbrother, "this art is unreliable and deceptive. For that reason, may I insist that you put off your request until tomorrow, when I shall be glad to be of service."

The lieutenant was reluctant to be turned away. He stepped up to Heartbrother's cot, stretched out his hand, and said, "Sir, I only ask you to tell me a few words concerning the end of my life; I assure you if that it should be violent, I shall interpret your words as a warning from God to take better care of myself. Therefore I beg you for God's sake to come right out and not conceal the truth from me." The good old man answered him in a few words, "All right then. Look out or you'll be hanged within the hour." The lieutenant (who was drunk as a lord) shouted, "You rascal! You talk this way with a gentleman!?" He drew his blade and killed my dear old Heartbrother on his cot. The soldier and I immediately raised the alarm, and everyone ran for his gun. The lieutenant was on his mount in no time and would have escaped if the Elector of Saxony and his entourage had not come by just them. He had the lieutenant arrested and when he heard what had happened, he turned to our general, von Hatzfeld, and said only, "If a sick man in his bed is not safe from murderers, we certainly have rotten discipline in an imperial camp!" That was a severe sentence and enough to cut short the lieutenant's life. Our general immediately had him hanged by his precious neck, and that procedure choked off his breath.

CHAPTER 25: *Simplicius is metamorphosed from a youth into a virgin and acquires several wooers*

This true story proves that one cannot reject all predictions, as do some smart alecks who think they know everything and believe in nothing. It also shows that a man can hardly avoid the end that was set for him, even though his downfall is foretold by prophecy. As to whether it is necessary, useful, and

good to have one's horoscope cast, I only say this: Old Heartbrother told me so many things, but I have often wished, and still wish, that he hadn't. I have never been able to avoid the bad things he predicted, and the ones still ahead are turning my hair grey—and all in vain, for presumably, like all the rest, they will happen whether or not I look out for them. Concerning the good forecasts, I hold that they are more deceptive and will not help a person as much as the bad predictions.

What good did it do me that old Heartbrother swore to high heaven I was the son of noble parents, while I knew of no other parents than my knan and mither, who were crude peasants in the Spessart? Or, to cite another example, what good did it do Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, to be told he would be crowned king while violins played? Everybody knows how *he* was rocked to sleep at Eger.[5] Let other people ponder these matters. I'll get back to my story now.

When I had lost both my Heartbrothers, as I have told, I became disgusted with the camp at Magdeburg; I grew sick and tired of my jester's garb and my foolery, and I no longer cared to be the butt of everyone's jokes. I wanted to be free of all this, even if it cost me life and limb. And because there was no better opportunity, I went about it in a thoroughly irresponsible way.

Oliver, who had become my tutor when old Heartbrother died, allowed me to go foraging with the soldiers. Now, when we came to a large village and everyone went into the houses to see what he might take along, I sneaked off to see if I could find some peasant clothes I might slip into. But what I was looking for did not turn up and I had to be satisfied with a woman's dress. Finding myself alone, I changed into it, threw my suit into a privy, and imagined that now I was out of trouble. In my new outfit I started walking across the

[5] Albrecht Eusebius Wenzel von Wallenstein (1583–1634), the greatest general on the Catholic side, was murdered in the town hall of Eger, Bohemia, on February 25, 1634. In his drama *Wallenstein*, Schiller presents the last few days of his life.

street toward some officers' wives; I was very careful to take little steps. But I had hardly left the house when some of the foraging party saw me and I speeded up my gait. When they shouted, "Stop!" I ran all the faster and reached the officers' wives before they did. I implored the ladies, for the sake of honor and virtue, to save my virginity from these lusting goats. Not only was my wish granted, but a captain's wife hired me as her maid and I stayed with her until our men had captured Werberschanze, Havelberg, and Perleberg.

The captain's wife, who was no longer a spring chicken, though she wasn't too old either, took such a liking to my pretty face and straight body that finally, after much hemming and hawing and beating vainly about the bush, she told me in plain language where the shoe was pinching her. But at that time I was still very conscientious; I acted as if I had not understood and gave no indications but those from which one might conclude that I was a shamefaced maiden.

The captain and his man were sick and confined to the same hospital. He asked his wife to have me dressed better, so that they need not be ashamed of my ugly peasant dress. Doing more than she had been told, she dressed me up like a French doll, and this fed the fire in all three of them. In fact, the ardor of the captain and his man grew so that they hotly begged of me what I could not give them and what I was most elegantly refusing the lady.

Finally, the captain determined to create a situation that would enable him to get by force what he couldn't possibly have. His wife got wind of it, and because she hoped ultimately to wear down my scruples, she blocked his every move so that he thought he'd go crazy. The one I really felt sorry for was our man, the poor fellow, for master and mistress could cool their ardor with each other, but this poor chap had nobody. Therefore, one night when man and wife were sleeping, the hired man stood by the wagon where I slept, with fiery tears poured out his love for me, and asked for my pity. But I proved harder than any stone and let him know that I intended to keep my virginity until I got married.

When he offered marriage a thousand times and yet heard only that it was impossible for me to marry him, he despaired (or at least acted that way), pulled out his sword, put the point to his chest and the handle against the wagon, and let on he wanted to kill himself. I thought, The devil pushes a man to suicide. I comforted him and said I would give him my decision in the morning. This satisfied him and he went to sleep. But I stayed awake all the longer and contemplated my dilemma. I sensed that my situation would come to no good end; the captain's wife was becoming more and more impatient, the captain more daring in his approach, and the man more desperate in his love. I did not know what to do.

Often I had to help my mistress catch a flea, but of course this was to get me to see and touch her lily-white breasts and her whole body. And because I was flesh and blood, this sort of thing was getting more difficult for me. If the woman left me in peace, the captain pestered me, and if I had a night of peace from these two, the manservant was after me. Thus my female clothing was much harder to wear than the fool's cap. At that point (but much too late) I thought of the deceased Heartbrother's prophecy and warning, and I imagined I was right in the middle of that danger to life and limb he had predicted for me. The dress held me captive; I could not escape in it, and the captain would have crushed every bone in my body if he had surprised me catching fleas on his pretty wife. What was I to do? I decided to make a clean breast of it to the manservant next morning. I assumed his ardor would cool, and if I gave him some of my ducats he might help me back into men's clothing and thus out of trouble. This would have worked well if luck had been with me, but it wasn't.

My foolish lover got up right after midnight in order to hear my consent. He started rattling and rocking the wagon just after I had fallen into a deep sleep (for I had lain awake worrying for some time). In a loud voice he called out, "Sabina, Sabina, get up and keep your promise!" But he woke up the captain before me because his tent was close to the wagon. Undoubtedly the captain was livid and green with

envy, but he did not come out to interfere; he only got up in order to see how the deal would come out. The manservant woke me up and urged me either to come out of the wagon or to let him in. I gave him a scolding and asked if he thought I was a whore; my promise was based on marriage and without that he could never have me. He asked why I didn't get up; it was beginning to get light and I could make an early start with the breakfast. He would fetch water and firewood and make a fire for me. I answered, "If you want to do that, I can sleep that much longer. You go ahead. I'll be there soon." But since the fool would not leave me in peace, I got up, more to do my work than to be kind to him, especially since yesterday's mood of despair seemed to have left him. I could easily pass for a soldier's hired girl, for I had learned from the Croats how to cook, bake, and launder, and no finer work was required. Whatever I could not do, like arranging the captain's wife's hair, she gladly overlooked, for she knew very well I had never learned it.

When I climbed out of the wagon my lover became so enflamed by the sight of my white arms that he could not refrain from kissing me, and I didn't put up much resistance. The captain, who was looking on, could not stand it and came running with drawn sword to dispatch my lover. But he took to his heels and forgot to come back. The captain said to me, "You bloody whore! I'll teach you. . . ." He couldn't say *what* because of his anger. He started beating me as if he were insane. I began screaming and he had to stop to avoid causing an alarm, for the Saxon and the imperial armies were encamped close to each other since the Swedes, under General Banér, were approaching.

Chapter 26: *How Simplicius is considered a traitor and a warlock*

When daylight came and both armies began to break camp, my master abandoned me to the stable boys. They were a

bunch of brutes and the trouble I had with them was bad enough. They chased me toward a clump of bushes where they hoped to satisfy their animal lust, as is the custom of these children spawned by the devil when a woman is turned over to them. Many other lads ran out just to watch this pitiful sport, and among these was John, the manservant. He had kept an eye on me, and seeing that things were getting rough, he wanted to save me by main force even if it cost his head. He got some help by saying I was his fiancée. His friends felt sorry for both of us and wanted to do what they could. But the stable boys, who claimed prior rights and did not want to give up their quarry, took a different view and set force against force. So a fight started and help came running to either side; the situation almost resembled a tournament where everyone does his best for the sake of a beautiful lady.

The riotous noise brought in the constable, who arrived just as they were dragging me back and forth and tearing the clothes off me. And then they saw I was no woman. The appearance of the constable calmed everybody, for he was feared worse than the devil, and those who had been fighting evaporated. He got the essential information quickly, and while I was hoping he would get me out of distress, he arrested me because it was most unusual and highly suspicious for a man in women's clothing to be found inside an army camp. On the way to the general provost marshal, the constable and one of his men led me past the different regiments (who were all ready to march). But when we passed my colonel's regiment he recognized me, talked to me, and gave me some clothes, and I was handed over to our old provost who put me in handcuffs and chains.

I found it hard to walk that way, and I would have starved if Oliver, the secretary, had not given me something to eat. I did not dare show my ducats, which I had managed to conceal until now, for surely I would have lost them and drawn even greater suspicion on myself. In the evening Oliver told me why I was given such severe treatment. Our regimental magistrate had received orders to question me at once and to

communicate the results to the provost marshal. They thought not only that I was a scout or a spy, but also that I knew witchcraft, for shortly after I disappeared from the colonel, some witches had been burned, who had confessed (and died for it) to seeing me at one of their meetings, at which they had deliberated about drying up the river Elbe so that Magdeburg could be captured sooner.

The regimental magistrate was given a list of seven questions to ask me, but I wanted to tell him my whole story so that the strange circumstances of my life might explain everything neatly and put my answers to the questions in proper context. But the magistrate was not that curious; he was tired and grouchy from marching and wanted only brief answers. When he had finished writing them down he said, "Hm, yes, you are the kind whose tongue needs loosening on the rack." My thought was, "May God help me if things go his addlepated way." Early next morning the provost marshal sent our constable an order to keep me under arrest because he intended to examine me personally, as soon as the armies stopped moving. Doubtless I would have been tortured if God had not destined it differently. While under arrest I thought constantly of the parson at Hanau and of the late Heartbrother, for both had predicted my fortune after my escape from the fool's cap. I also pondered how difficult—maybe downright impossible—it was for a poor girl to go on living in these military times and keep her virginity.

Chapter 27: *How the provost weathered the battle of Wittstock*

We had hardly pitched camp that night when I was taken to the provost marshal. He had my previous answers in front of him and started examining me. I told him how things had come about, but he did not believe me. It *was* hard for the provost marshal to tell whether he was dealing with a fool or a clever scoundrel, for although questions and answers came

tripping off my tongue, the whole business was most strange. The provost marshal asked the constable whether anything unusual, like written documents, had been found on me. The constable answered, "No, why bother to frisk him? The camp police brought him in almost naked." But, alas, that wasn't good enough. The provost had to frisk me in everyone's presence, and since he did this most thoroughly, he found the two donkey's ears that were wrapped around my arms and contained my ducats. Then they said, "Do we need any other proof? This traitor undertook some big job. Why else would a man put on fool's clothing or a woman's dress? It's best to put him on the rack tomorrow or, as he is probably guilty, burn him; since he admits keeping company with sorcerers, he doesn't deserve anything else."

You can easily imagine how I felt. I knew I was innocent and trusted in God, but I also saw the danger, and deplored the loss of my ducats, which had disappeared into the provost marshal's pockets. But before they could give me the third degree, Banér's army and ours started fighting. First they fought for position and then for the heavy artillery, which we promptly lost. Our constable, that clever puppy-maker, stayed pretty far behind the battle lines, with his helpers and the prisoners, and yet we were so close behind our own brigade that we could recognize the individual soldiers by their clothing. When a Swedish squadron clashed with ours, we were in danger of death no less than the fighters, for the air was so full of whizzing bullets that you might think they were fighting exclusively for our personal benefit.

Those who were afraid ducked and cringed, but those with experience and courage let the bullets pass without turning pale. In the battle itself each man tried to prevent his own death by killing the man approaching him. An awful music was performed by the cruel shots, the clashing of armor plates, the splintering of pikestaffs, the screams of the attackers as well as the wounded, by the blare of trumpets, the roll of drums, and the shrill sound of fifes. Heavy dust and dense smoke covered the scene, as if to hide the ghastly sight of the

wounded and dead. From the darkness one heard the pitiful moaning of the dying and the joyful shouting of those still full of courage. As time went on, even the horses seemed to become more energetic in the defense of their masters. A few of them fell down dead beneath their riders. They had received wounds through no fault of their own and in recompense for faithful service. For similar reasons, others fell on their masters, and thus, while dying, enjoyed the honor of being supported by those whom they had carried while alive. Still others, in rage and anger, ran away, leaving mankind behind, and for the first time sought their freedom in the open fields. The earth that is accustomed to covering the dead was, herself now covered by corpses. In one place lay heads that had lost their masters, and elsewhere lay bodies without heads. Out of some bodies entrails hung in a cruel and ghastly manner. The heads of others had been crushed and the brains spattered all over. Here one saw lifeless bodies robbed of their blood; there, some still alive and gory with the blood of others. Here lay severed arms with the fingers still twitching as if they itched to get back into the melee. There some fellows who had shed or spilled not one drop of blood were taking to their heels. In one place lay thighs separated from the burden of their bodies; yet they had become heavier than ever they were in life. In another place mortally wounded men were praying for speedy death, while others were begging for mercy and asking quarter. To sum it all up: it was one pitiful, miserable sight.

The Swedes soon drove our people before them and scattered them in quick pursuit. On this occasion our Mr. Constable and his prisoners also decided to flee, though we—never having fought—did not deserve any hostility; but the constable threatened to kill us if we didn't join him. At that moment young Heartbrother came galloping up with five other horsemen and greeted the constable with a shot from his pistol. "Look at you, you old son of a bitch," he shouted. "Do you still feel like producing puppies? I'll repay you for your trouble!" But the shot didn't hurt the constable any more than it would a steel anvil. "Ho-ho!? Is this the kind you are?"

shouted Heartbrother. "I don't want to have made this trip for nothing. You puppy-maker, you'll die even if your soul is sewed to your guts." Then Heartbrother ordered one of the constable's own soldiers to kill him with an ax, if *he* didn't want to get killed.

This is how the constable got his comeuppance. When Heartbrother recognized me, he took off my chains and handcuffs, put me on his horse, and had his man take me to safety.

CHAPTER 28: *Concerning a great battle in which the triumphant conqueror is taken prisoner in the very act of being victorious*

Though my savior's man removed me from further danger, his master rode into it, for reasons of honor and a desire for spoils. He was surrounded and taken prisoner. When the victorious Swedes had divided their loot and buried their dead, and Heartbrother was missing, his captain inherited me, the horses, and the man. I had to become the captain's stable boy for no other pay than the promise that he would "set me up," i.e., buy me a mount and an outfit, if I did well and when I had grown a little older. For the time being, I had to be content and patient.

Soon after that my captain was promoted to lieutenant colonel. It was my job to do what David did long ago for King Saul; I had to sing and play the lute. On the march I had to carry his cuirass for him—a job I hated. Though this piece of equipment was invented to protect against the enemy's thrusts, I found the very opposite to be true, for under the protection of the cuirass the little crawlers that fed on me could persecute me all the better; beneath it they had free passage, fun, and frolic. It seemed I was wearing this piece of armor for *their* protection, not mine, because I couldn't possibly get at them with my hands. I thought of all sorts of strategic devices for eradicating this armada, but I had neither the time nor the opportunity to stamp them out by fire (as is done by baking them in an oven), water, or poison (mercury

would do it!). Nor did I have the money to get rid of them by buying all new shirts or a set of new clothes. I had to live with them at the expense of my life's blood. When they were nibbling and irritating me too much, I'd whip out my pistol as if to exchange shots with them, but I only took the ramrod and pushed them away from their food. After a while I put a piece of fur on the end of the rod, tied it with sticky tape, and, reaching under the cuirass with this louse-catcher, I nabbed them by the dozen and hurled them to the ground from high on horseback. But still, it didn't really help.

One time my lieutenant colonel was ordered to ride to Westphalia on a special mission. If he had then had as many men as I had lice, he would have frightened the whole world. But since he hadn't, he had to proceed carefully and hide in a forest between Hamm and Soest.[6] At that time my pedicular enemies had reached the height of their glory. They were plaguing me so much with their undermining tactics that I thought they would soon take up quarters between my skin and flesh. No wonder the Brazilians eat lice—anger and the spirit of revenge drives them to it! One time, when part of the cavalrymen were feeding their horses, while others slept or kept a lookout, I could no longer stand the annoyance and stepped aside under a tree to do battle with my enemy. Though others put on their armor when they fight, for this battle I took mine off and started such a murder and massacre that my swords (both thumbs) were dripping blood, and corpses (or dead skins) fell everywhere. The ones I didn't kill I chased out into the cold world and let them take a walk under the tree. I thought of a ditty I had heard:

And when the slaughter started, my nails they all got red.
One louse said to her neighbor, "O lousy, we'll be dead!"

[6] Westphalia, a district in northwestern Germany, is partly hilly, partly good, level farmland; as a class its farmers are well to do. Various industries flourished there even in the seventeenth century. The towns mentioned were centers of military activities. Soest has one of the finest examples of church architecture in the Catholic cathedral of St. Mary-on-the-Height.

When I think of the slaughter my skin still itches. I continued so furiously that I did not notice some imperials charging my lieutenant colonel until they were close upon me, relieved the poor lice, and captured me. My manly courage, with which I had lately slain many thousands, did not impress the imperials. I was given to a dragoon and the best thing about me that he got was my lieutenant colonel's cuirass; he sold it to his commander at Soest (where they were quartered) for a stiff price. I had to be the dragoon's stable boy, and he became my sixth master in this war.

CHAPTER 29: *How, before his death, a pious soldier lived well in Paradise; and how the Hunter took his place after his death*

Because our landlady did not want me to populate her and her whole house with my pedicular multitudes, I had to get rid of them. She didn't fool around, either, but stuck my ragged clothes in her oven and roasted the lice alive until dead. I began living as if in a rose garden; in fact, no one can believe what a relief it was to be rid of this torment, which had been like living in an ant hill.

But having gotten out of one kind of trouble, I ran into another. My master was one of those soldiers who are sure they'll go to heaven. He was satisfied with his pay and wouldn't hurt a fly. All he owned he had saved from his weekly wages and extra guard duty. Though this was little enough, he treasured it more than Oriental pearls; every two bits he sewed up in his clothing, and his poor horse and I had to help him save. That is why I had to subsist on dry pumpernickel and water or, if prosperity was rampant, on small beer. But I had no taste for this because my throat became rough from the coarse bread, and my body frightfully emaciated. If I wanted better food I had to steal it—but secretly, so that he could not be blamed.

As far as he was concerned, there was no need for gallows,

the wooden horse, hangman, bastinadoes, or for surgeons, or tavern-keepers, or the musician who plays taps; his whole life was far removed from gluttony, swilling, gambling, and dueling. When he was ordered on convoy duty, raiding, or some such special job, he straggled along like an old lady on a cane. I am convinced that if it hadn't been for this good dragoon's heroic and martial *virtues* he would never have caught me. He wouldn't have paid any attention to a lousy boy but would have pursued my lieutenant colonel instead. There was no use in looking forward to any secondhand clothing he might give me, for the chap wore clothes that were almost as well patched as my hermit's. His saddle and other gear were hardly worth three bits; his horse was so weak with hunger that neither Swede nor Hessian need fear being pursued by him.

All this persuaded his captain to place him as a guard in a convent at Paradise, near Soest—not because he was so good for the purpose, but rather to give him a chance to get ahead and to buy a new mount, and particularly because the nuns had asked for a pious, conscientious, and quiet man. Well, he rode there and I walked along, because unfortunately he had only one horse. Along the way he said, "Tarnation, Shrimpy" —he could never remember "Simplicius"—"we're going to Paradise and how we'll gorge there!" I answered, "The name is a good omen. May God grant that the place lives up to it." "Sure," he said (and he hadn't understood me), "even if we could drink an 'Ohm' of beer—that's forty gallons—every day or two, I'm sure they wouldn't mind. You just be a good boy. I'm going to have a brand new coat made for myself and let you have the old one. It'll make you a nice piece of clothing yet."

We found Paradise as we wanted it or even better; instead of angels it was full of pretty young women who treated us so well with food and drink that after a while I put on weight. There they had the richest beer, the best Westphalian ham and knockwurst, and very tender and well prepared beef. I learned to put half an inch of salted butter on pumpernickel,

and cheese on top of that, to make it slide down better. And when I sat over a leg of mutton (well seasoned with garlic!) and had a stein of beer by my side, soul and body were refreshed and I forgot all my hardships. This Paradise did me as much good as if it had been the real thing. My only concern was that it wouldn't last forever and that I had to walk around in rags, so tattered and torn.

But just as bad luck had before come to me by the jugful, so good luck came now by the tubful: when my master sent me to Soest to get the rest of his baggage, I found on the way a package, and in it were several yards of red cloth, with red velvet for lining. I took it along and exchanged it at a woolen-draper's for enough common green cloth for a suit, together with the buttons. The man also agreed to have the suit made up for me and to give me a hat into the bargain. Since now I needed only a pair of new shoes and a shirt, I gave the haberdasher the silver buttons and the braid that went with the red cloth, and for these he gave me the shoes and shirt; and so I had a complete new outfit.

When I returned to Paradise and my master, he was hopping mad because I hadn't brought the package to him first. He even talked of whipping me and taking the suit away from me (and he would have done it if it had fit him and if he hadn't been ashamed). I thought I had done right all the time!

Now this niggard and tightwad had to be ashamed that his boy was dressed better than he. For that reason he rode to Soest, borrowed money from his captain, and bought himself a whole new outfit. He promised to repay from his special weekly wages, which he did. Of course he had the money himself, but he was too smart to use it; for if he had done so, he might have lost the lazy man's job of safeguarding Paradise that winter. This way, if the captain wanted his money back he would leave him in this sinecure.

From now on we had the laziest life on earth, and bowling was our most strenuous sport. When I had curried, fed, and watered my dragoon's nag, I carried on like a rich man's son

and went for a walk. The convent was also watched over by the Hessians, who had sent a musketeer from Lippstadt. He was a furrier by trade and a good singer and fencer. In order not to get rusty, he practiced fencing with me and I soon got so good at it that I held my own against him. My dragoon bowled with him, but only for who would have to drink the most beer with the next meal; thus the convent was the loser however we came out.

The convent had its own game forest and employed a keeper for it. Since I was clad in green, I associated with him, and that winter I learned all the tricks of his trade, particularly those concerning small game. For this reason, and because the name "Simplicius" is a little unusual and not easy to pronounce, everyone called me "Hunterboy." I got to know all the roads and trails, and this came in handy later. When I couldn't go out because of the weather, I read all sorts of books that the steward lent me. But when the noble ladies of the convent noticed that I could play the lute and a little on the clavichord, besides having a good voice, they started paying more and more attention to me. Since I was well proportioned and my face wasn't hard to look at, they all thought my demeanor and bearing were that of a nobleman and altogether becoming to a well-liked young man. Before I knew it, I became popular, and everyone wondered why I was working for such a slovenly dragoon.

In spring, having spent the winter in this pleasant manner, my master was relieved of his job. He took it so hard that he fell ill. A severe fever and some old troubles then set in, and three weeks later I had to bury him. I wrote this inscription for his grave:

> John Starveling lies here, a soldier good and brave.
> He ne'er spilt human blood & now he's in his grave.

By custom and legal usage his captain should have inherited his horse and gun while the sergeant got the rest of his possessions. But since I was an up-and-coming young man who would in time be a good soldier, everything was offered

to me if I wanted to join the army in place of my late master. I accepted with enthusiasm, because I knew that my master had left behind quite a number of ducats he had scraped together and sewn into his old breeches. When I gave my name —Simplicius Simplicissimus—to the clerk (and his name was Cyriacus) he couldn't spell it and said, "There must be a devil in hell by that name!" When I asked *him* if there wasn't one by the name of Cyriacus, he didn't know what to say, though he thought he was smart. My captain, who heard this conversation, liked me from the beginning and set great hopes by my future military exploits.

CHAPTER 30: *How the Hunter prospered when he began soldiering. Any young soldier can learn a lot from this chapter*

Because the commander at Soest needed a stable boy and I seemed to be the kind he liked, he was reluctant to see me become a soldier. He said he'd get me yet, for I wasn't old enough to pass for a man. Then he argued with my captain about it, sent for me, and said, "Listen, Hunterboy, you ought to be my servant!" I asked what I was to do in this position. He answered, "Help wait on the horses." "Sir," I replied, "we are far apart in this matter. I'd rather have a master in whose service the horses wait on me; but since I can't have that kind of a job, I'll stay a soldier." He said, "Your beard is too soft yet." "Oh no," I said, "I feel strong enough to outdo a man of eighty. It's not the beard that kills another man; otherwise billy goats would sell at a higher price." He said, "If your courage is as good as your tongue, I'll let it pass." I answered, "This you can find out in the next battle"; and so I let him know I wished to be a stable boy no longer.

Next I performed an autopsy on the dragoon's old pants. With their contents I bought a good horse and the best pistols I could find. Everything had to be spick-and-span, and because I liked the name "Hunterboy" I also had a new green

suit made. I gave the old one to my stable boy, for I had outgrown it. So my boy and I rode side by side, and no longer could anyone consider me poor stuff. I was bold enough to decorate my hat with an outrageous plume, like an officer's, and soon I had plenty of enemies who were jealous of me. We exchanged angry words and finally came to blows. But as soon as I had shown a few of them what I had learned from the furrier in Paradise, and that I could repay every thrust in kind, they not only left me in peace but even sought my friendship.

I frequently volunteered to go raiding, either on foot or on horseback, for I was well mounted and faster on foot than many others. When we got involved with the enemy, it was neck or nothing with me, and I always wanted to be one of the first.

This activity soon made me well known and so famous among friend and foe that both sides reckoned with me, especially since the most dangerous tasks were given to me and I was put in charge of whole groups of raiders. About that time I started helping myself to everything, and whenever I got hold of something special I gave my officers such a big share of it that they helped me out and looked the other way when I raided off limits. General Götz[7] had left three enemy garrisons in Westphalia, one each at Dorsten, Lippstadt, and Coesfeld. I annoyed them no end, for I was at them with small groups of raiders almost every day, now here, now there; and I took valuable loot. Because I came out on top everywhere, the people grew to think I could make myself invisible and was bulletproof, like iron or steel. Therefore, I was feared like the plague, and thirty of the enemy's men were not ashamed to run like rabbits when they knew me to be nearby with only fifteen men. It got to the point that I was sent to exact "contributions" from towns or to see that they paid what they owed. This benefited my purse and my name; officers and fellow soldiers loved their Hunterboy; the

[7] Count von Götz, an Austrian (imperial) field marshal who died in 1645.

most prominent enemy raiders shook in their boots, and the peasants were kept on my side by love or fear. I punished my enemies and richly rewarded those who had done me the least favor; I spent almost half my plunder on rewards and information.

For this reason no enemy raiders proceeded, no convoy or expedition by the enemy took place that I didn't know of. I then guessed their intentions and made my plans accordingly. And since, with a little luck, I had for the most part anticipated well, everyone was surprised at my youthful success, and many officers and experienced soldiers, even on the enemy side, wanted to see me. Furthermore, I treated my prisoners with great consideration so that they often cost me more than I gained through them; and whenever I was able to show some courtesy to an enemy, especially to officers, I always did so, if it could be done without violating my duty and loyalty.

With this sort of behavior I would soon have been commissioned as an officer if my youth hadn't prevented it. For if one wanted to command a squadron at my age one had to be of ancient nobility; moreover, my captain could not promote me because at the moment there were no positions vacant in his company. He did not want to lose me, for in me he would have lost more than a milch cow. But he did make me a sergeant.

The honor of being preferred over older soldiers—though it was a slight thing—and the praise I received daily encouraged me to even greater achievements. I lay awake at night thinking of what I could do to make myself even greater, more renowned, and more admirable. I worried over lack of opportunity to show my skill with weapons, and often wished for the Trojan War or the Siege of Ostend, but, fool that I was, I did not consider that every grey goose gets caught at last. But when a rash young soldier has luck and pluck and money, that's how it goes. Pride and arrogance are sure to arise in him. Because of my arrogance I kept two hostlers instead of a stable boy. By giving them expensive clothes and

horses, I incurred the envy of all the officers who begrudged me what they lacked the energy to go out and get.

CHAPTER 31: *How the devil stole the parson's bacon, and how the Hunter got caught in his own trap*

I want to tell a story or two about the time before I joined the dragoons. These events are not of world-shaking importance, but they are entertaining; for I didn't undertake only big things—I didn't scorn the little ones either, if I could just make a name for myself and arouse admiration among the people.

My captain was ordered to proceed with some fifty men to the fortress of Recklingshausen, there to execute an assignment. Because we thought we might have to hide in the woods for a few days, each of us took along a week's rations. But when the convoy we were awaiting did not come in time, we ran out of food, and we couldn't steal it without giving away our presence and ruining the plans. We were starving and it hurt. Unfortunately in this place I had no helpers (as I had in most others) who might secretly bring me and my men vittles and information. So, unless we wanted to return empty-handed, we had to think of something. My comrade, a student who had only lately flunked out and joined the army, was longing for the good oatmeal his parents used to provide and which he had scornfully left behind. And while he was thinking about breakfast he remembered his studies. "Oh, brother," he said, "isn't it a shame I didn't study how to feed myself. . . . Hah! If I went to the parson over in the village he'd give me something to eat." I thought about this awhile and then spoke with the captain about using the student. Our situation was so bad and his trust in me so great that after some hesitation he consented.

I traded clothes with another soldier and then my student and I, taking the long way around, trotted toward the village, which was only half an hour away as the crow flies. We recognized the minister's house because it was close to the church, and because it looked somewhat citified and was built against a wall that enclosed the whole parsonage. I had already instructed my comrade what to say. He was still wearing his threadbare school clothes; I pretended to be a painter's journeyman. (I did not think I'd be called on to paint, because few peasants have painted houses.) The parson was polite, and when my pal addressed him in well-turned Latin phrases and told him (like a seasoned liar) that soldiers had robbed him and taken all his food and money, he was given a sandwich and a pot of beer. I pretended we did not belong together and said I would have a bite to eat at the inn and then come back and holler for him, so that we could travel some distance before nightfall. So I went toward the inn, more to see what could be picked up at night than to satisfy my hunger. On the way I had the good luck to spot a peasant sealing his oven; it was full of pumpernickel and they are baked for twenty-four hours! I thought, "Go right ahead sealing! One way or another we'll get at this good stuff."

I didn't stay long at the inn, because now I knew where to get bread, but I bought a few rolls to take to my captain; and when I got back to the parsonage the "student" had already finished eating and had told his host I was a painter on my way to Holland, where I wanted to continue studying art. The minister welcomed me cordially and asked me to accompany him inside the church where he had some art objects he wanted repaired. To avoid spoiling the plans, I had to go along, and when he opened the locked door that led to the churchyard—oh, marvelous sight!—I saw the heavens full of black stars—I mean hams, sausages, and sides of bacon hanging in a chimney that we passed. I looked at these hopefully, thinking that they were smiling back at me. But *wishing* them off the hooks and into the hands of my comrades in the woods did not move them. Well, I thought of ways and means of associating them with the bread previously mentioned, but nothing good occurred to me right away; the parsonage was enclosed by a wall, with all windows protected by iron bars,

and two monstrous dogs were cavorting about the yard—and they probably would not be sleeping at night if a person tried to steal what they would ultimately gnaw on if they guarded it well.

Inside the church, while the parson and I discussed the repair and restoration of some paintings, and I made all sorts of excuses, including my present journey, for not wanting to work on them, the sexton or sacristan said, "Hey you, you look more like a ragged soldier than a painter." I wasn't used to such talk any more, and yet I had to take it; I only shook my head and answered, "Oh you rascal, if you'll give me a brush and some colors I'll paint you a jackanapes that looks just like you." The parson took it in fun and warned us that it wouldn't do to tell each other off in this holy edifice. He meant that he didn't trust either of us, but he offered the student and me one more drink and let us go. My heart stayed with the sausages!

Before nightfall we were back in camp, changed clothes again, told the captain of our experiences, and chose six stout men to help us carry the bread. We got to the village about midnight and quietly liberated the bread (we had a man along who could sweet-talk the dogs into silence). When we passed the parsonage I just could not go on without some bacon. I wondered how to get into the parson's kitchen, but I saw no other entrance than the chimney and thought it might, on this one occasion, substitute for a door. We hid the bread inside the charnel house in the cemetery and got a ladder and a rope from a barn. Since I could climb in and out of fireplaces like a chimney sweep (I had learned it in hollow trees as a child), I climbed on the roof with another fellow, and having tied my long hair in a knot, lowered myself down to the supplies, and then tied one ham after another onto the rope. They were hauled to the roof and taken to the cemetery. But dammit! Just when I was ready to quit, the rail on which I was standing broke, and I fell down head over heels and was caught as if in a mousetrap. My friends on the roof lowered the rope, but it also broke before they could lift me off the

floor. I thought, "Well, Hunterboy, now they'll chase you, and you may get your skin torn." My fall had awakened the minister, who asked the cook to make a light. She came into the kitchen in her nightshirt, with a housecoat over her shoulders, and stood so close that she touched me. She reached for a live coal, held a candle to it, and blew on it. I blew harder than she, and that frightened the poor biddy so badly that she shook and trembled, dropped coal and candle, and retreated to her master. This gave me a chance to think how I might get out of my predicament, but nothing occurred to me. My comrades wanted to get me out by main force, but I wouldn't let them. I asked them instead to look to their firearms, to leave only one man on the roof, and to wait and see whether I could get away without a big commotion, so that our assignment—the surprise attack—should not be betrayed. If this couldn't be done, they were on their own and had to act as best they could.

While the parson was striking a light, the cook told him that there was a ghastly two-headed spook in the kitchen. When I heard this, I quickly rubbed soot and ashes all over my face and hands so that I certainly did not look like an angel (as some of the ladies at Paradise had occasionally said). If the sexton had seen me, he would have had to admit I was a very fast portrait painter! Then I began making a fearful racket by banging pots and pans together; I hung a stove ring around my neck and picked up a poker with which to defend myself in case of necessity. But none of this impressed the pious parson. He and the cook came in like a procession. He dressed in his black gown and stole, book in one hand, aspergillum in the other. The cook held a wax candle in either hand and a kettleful of holy water slung over one arm. He started exorcising me, asking who I was and what I was doing there. Since he thought I was the devil himself, I thought I might appropriately act like him. So I lied and said, like the devil, "I am the devil and I want to wring your neck—and your cook's." He continued his exorcism and reproached me for bothering him and his cook, who had done nothing to de-

serve this. He adjured me to go back where I came from. In an atrocious voice I answered that I couldn't, even if I wanted to. Meanwhile the fellow on the roof, who could imitate animal sounds and was not stupid, caught on to what was needed below and hooted like an owl, barked like a dog, whinnied like a horse, bleated like a billy goat, and heehawed like a jackass; he sounded down the chimney now like a bunch of cats mating in February, now like a cackling hen, and finally like a pack of hungry wolves. This rather frightened the parson and the cook, but I worried that I was being exorcised because the parson had heard or read that the devil likes to wear green.

In the midst of these troubles, which surrounded all of us (but particularly the poor cook), I luckily noticed that the night latch on the door to the cemetery was not locked, only bolted. I quickly snapped it back and rushed out the door into the cemetery (where my friends awaited me with pistols cocked) and let the parson exorcise all the devils he wanted. After my friend on the roof had handed down my hat and we had put the vittles in sacks, we went back to our camp, for we had nothing more to do in the village, except perhaps to return the rope and ladder.

We tarried two more days in the woods, waiting for our convoy. When it finally came we lost not a single man, took thirty prisoners, and found richer spoils than I had ever shared. On account of my courage and meritorious conduct I received two shares—namely, three beautiful Friesland stallions loaded with all the merchandise we could pack on them in a hurry. If we had had time to locate and secure the loot, everybody would have gotten rich on his share. As it was, we had to leave more behind than we could carry off. We retreated to Rehnen, where we fed the horses and divided the plunder.

There I got to thinking again about the parson and how I had carried off his bacon. The reader can imagine what an ambitious and arrogant chap I was. Not only had I robbed the pious minister and frightened him nearly out of his wits,

now I wanted to feel proud of it, too! Therefore, I took a gold ring with a sapphire, which I had liberated on the same raid, and sent it by messenger to the parson. I also sent this letter:

Your Reverence,

If lately in the forest I had not run out of food, I should have had no cause to steal your Reverence's bacon. I hereby assure you that I frightened you against my will and hope for your pardon. Concerning the bacon itself, it is only fair to pay for it, and in lieu of cash I am sending you this ring, furnished by the parties for whose sake the smoked pork had to be carried off. I hope your Reverence will accept it. Moreover, I assure you that I shall be your faithful and humble servant in all emergencies, even though your sexton doesn't think I am a painter.

Your devoted,
Hunterboy

The farmer whose oven had been emptied of pumpernickel was sent sixteen thalers out of the raiders' common kitty, for I had taught my comrades that they ought thus to get the farmers on their side, because in a pinch they can either help you out or give you away and sell your neck. A few days later I received this answer from the parson:

Honored Hunter,

If the victim of your bacon raid had known you would appear in devil's guise, he would never have wished to see the famous Hunterboy. But inasmuch as the "borrowed" bacon and bread have been overpaid, the fright you gave us will be more easily forgotten, especially as it was inflicted reluctantly and by such a famous person. All is forgiven, and when you pass through here again, do not hesitate to look in at the house of one who is not reluctant to exorcise the devil. Farewell!

This is how I carried on everywhere. I became very famous, and the more I spent and wasted, the more plunder came to me. I thought I had invested the ring well, though it was worth around a hundred thalers. And that's the end of this book.

End of the Second Book