

**The Princess in my dreams: A meditation on Rabbi Nachman's Beggar without
Hands
And the Water Castle.**

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ILqjAVWywb0&feature=em-share_video_user

**And so it is
Just like you said it would be
Life goes easy on me
Most of the time
And so it is
The shorter story
No love, no glory
No hero in her sky**

**I can't take my eyes off of you
I can't take my eyes off you
I can't take my eyes off of you
I can't take my eyes off you
I can't take my eyes off you
I can't take my eyes...**

**And so it is
Just like you said it should be
We'll both forget the breeze
Most of the time
And so it is
The colder water
The blower's daughter
The pupil in denial**

**I can't take my eyes off of you
I can't take my eyes off you
I can't take my eyes off of you
I can't take my eyes off you
I can't take my eyes off you
I can't take my eyes...**

**Did I say that I loathe you?
Did I say that I want to
Leave it all behind?**

**I can't take my mind off of you
I can't take my mind off you
I can't take my mind off of you
I can't take my mind off you
I can't take my mind off you
I can't take my mind...
My mind...my mind...
'Til I find somebody new**

Damien Rice - Can't Take My Eyes Off Of You Lyrics | MetroLyrics

**LEONARD COHEN
SONGS OF
LOVE AND
HATE**



<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ibl6YTX6X1s>

Ah his fingernails, I see they're broken,
his ships they're all on fire.
The moneylender's lovely little daughter
ah, she's eaten, she's eaten with desire.
She spies him through the glasses
from the pawnshops of her wicked father.
She hails him with a microphone
that some poor singer, just like me, had to leave her.

She tempts him with a clarinet,
she waves a Nazi dagger.
She finds him lying in a heap;
she wants to be his woman.
He says, "Yes, I might go to sleep
but kindly leave, leave the future,
leave it open."

He stands where it is steep,
oh I guess he thinks that he's the very first one,
his hand upon his leather belt now
like it was the wheel of some big ocean liner.
And she will learn to touch herself so well
as all the sails burn down like paper.
And he has lit the chain
of his famous cigarillo.

Ah, they'll never, they'll never ever reach the moon,
at least not the one that we're after;
it's floating broken on the open sea, look out there, my friends,
and it carries no survivors.

But lets leave these lovers wondering
why they cannot have each other,
and let's sing another song, boys,
this one has grown old and bitter.

Sing Another Song, Boys, Leonard Cohen



[http://digital-art-gallery.com/oid/
54/1400x700_10225_Temple_of_spirit_2d_fantasy_waterfall_water_castle_temple_g
oddes_dark_moonlight_soul_spirit_river_pic.jpg](http://digital-art-gallery.com/oid/54/1400x700_10225_Temple_of_spirit_2d_fantasy_waterfall_water_castle_temple_goddes_dark_moonlight_soul_spirit_river_pic.jpg)

In rereading the tale of The Water Castle by Rebbe Nachman and in recognition of the wonderful translation recently by Dovid Sears (Breslov Research Institute) of same,¹ I found myself focusing on the king's torment despite the narrator's view of him as the "evil king". I was drawn to his obsession and torment, but first let us present the official review posted by Chaya Rivka Zwolinski on Mar 25, 2014.

There was a castle made of water. It had ten walls, one inside the other, all made of water. The floors inside the castle were also made of water. This castle also had trees and fruit, all made of water.

It goes without saying how beautiful this castle was, and how unusual. A castle of water is certainly something wonderful and unusual.²

The Seven Beggars is a tale of two orphans, a boy and girl, who are introduced to the listener after they've survived a series of tumultuous events, which have upturned a kingdom, created a wave of atheism among the royalty and nobles, and spawned a flood of refugees.

The little children are hungry and lost in the woods, where they encounter, one after another, seven beggars, each with a variety of disabilities such as a hunched back or no feet. Each beggar gives the orphans bread and blesses them that they should become like him.

Eventually the children arrive in a town where the beggars also are staying. They hit upon the idea of marrying the boy and girl to each other and the festivities begin.

At the first wedding feast, the bride and groom yearn for the first beggar to come to the wedding. The first beggar, who is blind, arrives, and blesses them. He then shares with them a mystical story. At the second feast, the second beggar is yearned for and arrives, blesses them, and tells another powerful tale. At each subsequent wedding feast another handicapped beggar arrives, blesses the newlyweds and tells them a story, until finally it is the sixth day.

¹ Breslov Research Institute 2014 : http://www.breslov.org/bookstore/explorations/the-water-castle/prod_252.html

² —**The Seven Beggars, The Stories of Rebbe Nachman of Breslov: The Water Castle: An in-depth look at Rebbe Nachman's classic story within a story**, translated by Dovid Sears, is a thoughtful, in places lyrical, translation of the commentary of Reb Noson, Rebbe Nachman's leading student. Reb Nosson gives soul-stirring insights into The Water Castle, which is part of a larger story, The Seven Beggars.

And here Rabbi Sears begins.

On the sixth day the beggar with no hands is yearned for, and arrives. He tells a tale which begins with a time when he was sitting with a group of men who were bragging about the power in their hands. He explains that he is able to do that which these men, with their powerful hands, cannot.

The beggar with no hands then goes on to tell the bragging men the story of a king who loved a princess hated him so much that she ran away to the Water Castle.

Each of the braggarts tells of the special powers in his hands (one had the power of charity in his hands, another the power of wisdom, and so on). The beggar with no hands, however, explains that each man's power was incomplete, and how not one of them would be able to save the Queens' daughter.

He tells them the story of the king who loved the princess once, but he dreamed that she killed him and his love began to fade away. The princess' love also began to fade, and she ran away. The run-away princess, who represents the soul of the children of Israel, was shot by the king's ten poison arrows, and falls down in a faint. Only the beggar with no hands can save her.

The beggar with no hands is able to heal her because only he has knowledge of the ten kinds of charity, the ten types of melodies, and the ten pulses. At the end of the beggar's story there was great rejoicing at the orphan's wedding.

In Sichos HaRan, Reb Nosson tells us that “the secret of this story is hidden from all worlds. Yet, every person is permitted to search and probe into it for any hints that he can find as to its meaning...” Rabbi Sears responds by mounting his own search for understanding while translating parts of Reb Nosson's Likutey Halachos, which reveals of many of the story's secrets. Rabbi Sears original commentary complements, and in places, elucidates, Reb Nosson's original text in light of the story, and he also explains the corresponding sections of Likutei Mohoran.

Symbols shed their two-dimensionality and the adventure of understanding is made easier by Rabbi Sears's commentary. We learn the Water Castle may be likened to an (spiritual) edifice of Jewish spiritual growth via Torah's wisdom, as Torah is likened

to water, while revealing the flaws in understanding the Water Castle's nature of non-duality as license to ignore it's real, though unifying, boundaries. The princess is cured through the ten types of melody, which are, in essence, joy. And other themes, such as charity, the number ten, and Creation become apparent.

This laudatory review by Zlowinski does fair justice to the wonderfully nuanced reading Dovid Sears brings to the tale. I would like to add a psycho-spiritual perception to the drama unfolding with its main characters, the evil king, the princess (in other tales the similar "lost" princess) and the beggar who paradoxically, without hand, is able to heal her. The story of the Water Castle takes place as a dialogue with the Sixth Beggar who relates his powers to the wise men. Breslov commentators including Sears fail to plumb the depths of the paradoxical nature of the the characters in the tale. Let us retell the story then closely read it in 12 paragraphs with commentary and meditation. The dark side of the story will, I hope, emerge sufficiently.

The story of the Water Castle is as follows:

"And this is the story: There was a king who fell in love with a princess, and he called sorcerers and made magic spells over her until he caught her in his love and brought her to his palace.

"But once at night he dreamed that the princess arose from her bed and murdered him. The king was terribly frightened; he called all his sages to him and asked them the meaning of his dream. They told him, 'The dream is true. As you dreamed, so it will happen.' At this, he did not know what to do. He could not kill the princess, for he loved her; and he could not send her away, for he had suffered so much for her, and if he sent her away someone else would have her, and if she went to someone else she might return to do what she had done in his dream; yet he was afraid to keep her by him.

"The king did not know what to do, so he did nothing; and as the days passed his love for the princess waned, for he thought of her always as the murderess in his dream; and as his love waned the spell fell from the princess, and her love waned, until it became hatred, and she hated the king. Then she ran from the palace; but he sent out searchers to find her. The searchers returned and said, 'We have seen her wandering near the Palace of Water!'

"For the king had a palace that was the most wonderful of all places on earth: it was built entirely of water! The walls of the palace were of clear water, they stood

and glimmered in the sun; the earth upon which the palace stood was deep water, and the gardens about the palace were of water, and they were filled with all manner of fruits and flowers, luscious and gold and green, all liquid as the sea. The palace and its garden were surrounded by ten watery walls; no man might come into that place, for surely he would be drowned.

"When the guards told the king that they had seen the princess wandering near the walls of water, he cried, 'We will catch her there!' and the king went out with his men to pursue the princess. But as she saw them coming, she was seized with terror, she thought she would rather die than be taken by them again; she looked at the walls and thought, 'perhaps I can even pass through the walls and reach the palace!' Then she ran into the water.

"As the king saw her run into the water, he cried, 'My dream was true! She is a sorceress!' And he shouted to his men, 'Kill her!' They shot their arrows after her, and each of the ten arrows struck the princess, and upon each arrow was another of the ten poisons. But she found the gates beneath the watery walls, and she passed through the ten walls, and fell within the palace, and there she lies in a swoon.

"Only I can heal her, for only he who has the ten virtues in his hands can pass through the ten walls of water. And when the king and his men sought to run after her, they all were drowned in the sea.

"But under the walls of water are the ten winds, and each wind blows beneath the sea and raises the waters up into a wall, and while the wind remains under the ocean the water remains on high; but I can seize the ten winds, and I can pass through the ten walls of water, and I can go into the palace and draw the ten poisoned arrows from the princess; and I can heal her ten wounds with my ten fingers, for through ten melodies she may be healed entirely.

"And then they understood that I might truly heal the princess, they agreed that the greatest power was in my hands, and now I bestow that power upon you, my children!"

The Evil King: A Study in Obsession

Below I have made some interpretive comments (regular characters) on the story (bold italics) followed by my own personal meditation (underlined).

Rabbeinu encouraged his followers to comment and discuss his work however creatively. Whereas the evil king has been likened in Breslov literature as an allegory for the evil impulse the *Yetser Hara*, for me that metaphor lies deep within and until I/we can integrate this dark shadowy character as one of the main protagonists that needs unpacking psychologically, we will not plumb the depths of Rabbeinu's paradoxical imagination (and theology). I found myself drawn to this fellow, his obsessional pursuit of the princess and his torn feelings after the dream.

"And this is the story:

“There was a king who fell in love with a princess, and he called sorcerers and made magic spells over her until he caught her in his love and brought her to his palace.

This desire...the king is all powerful yet powerless over his love and desire for her. In his desire he makes use of sorcery “to catch her in his love”, she is thus trapped. We are early on brought into a fantastic world of magic and sorcery where the king cannot seem to win over the princess by ordinary means and resorts to magical spells in order to fulfill his desire. We are already this early forced to leave our reality for a magical mythical fairy tale genre, where we will expect surreal happenings and supernatural events to take place.

Will I do anything to catch you? Will I wreck your life and your marriage? Will I do something love will make me regret forever in this manic pursuit of your heart? Of course I will. I am obsessed with you. I must have you. The deep wound within my heart is shaped like your body! I've been searching for you all these years! What did you do to me? I think and breathe you. I cannot sleep. What will become of me? Where might this lead? Like in the past? To even more suffering? This surely cannot be fulfilled. And yet, I am driven to you.

But once at night he dreamed that the princess arose from her bed and murdered him. The king was terribly frightened; he called all his sages to him and asked them the meaning of his dream. They told him, 'The dream is true. As you dreamed, so it will happen.'

Who are these sages who advised me? I love her, I am obsessed with her! I used all my powers to cunningly bring her to my palace. What is this dream? Why would the object of my desire rise up against me? After all the cunning ruses I employed to seduce her and make her love me. Why would they advise me as to the truth claim of the dream? After all it's only a dream, right? Are these sages interested in my welfare? What is the nature of this dream? Why do you wish my death? Is this a premonition of my wish fulfillment? Do you already now know that it is either you or me in the end? One of us will die from love and the other because of it. You will arise from our love bed and when I am most vulnerable, wound me mortally. How else might you survive my power? After having spent so long in the chase, having been enveloped by the archetype of Venus, the price for worshipping at her altar must be paid.

At this, he did not know what to do. He could not kill the princess, for he loved her; and he could not send her away, for he had suffered so much for her, and if he sent her away someone else would have her, and if she went to someone else she might return to do what she had done in his dream; yet he was afraid to keep her by him. The king did not know what to do, so he did nothing;

This dream, the king's sleep is disturbed by this recurring nightmare, the very object of desire now turns on him, his conscience pricks him, she becomes the instrument of his imagined death. His anima, his inner soul: that which he sees projected in her, now comes to haunt him, why? Was it the violence by which he pursued and procured her, now prisoner in his palace? The object of desire sooner or later turns into the subject that controls and destroys the lover. And his fear? That someone else would have her, love her, possess her is intolerable, no!...she is his trophy, his obsession, it consumes him by day and night. He knows deeply his love for her. He also respects his unconscious godly soul which informs him of the ruse, and the power that cannot ever hold another's heart. Love must be free to choose. This was not love. Obsession turns to fear very quickly, possession turns to violence when challenged or threatened.

I am so torn. I love you more than life itself, but this love is an obsession. I can think of nothing else and I want to hold onto it with every fiber of my being. I want to possess you. But I already do! Well only in my waking life. This bloody dream haunts me. I am stuck between my wakeful state and my dream life. I do nothing for I am paralyzed by my inability to privilege my dream over my lucidity. (The thought of another possessing her kills me and, if the dream be true, she will return to haunt me in another guise). After chasing for so long you do succumb, I have won you over, against your better judgement, for you too are wounded. You have never been loved only used. You rightly suspect this has no future between us. Yet I am powerful, class, money and position affords me, like other men, advantages in the work place. So now I “got my way” and you allowed your guard down, allowed this seduction. This dream recurs and forces me to confront the ugly truths about my projected shadow, about how fierce I am driven to get what I desire, a mirror in the attic of Dorian Grey.

“And as the days passed his love for the princess waned, for he thought of her always as the murderess in his dream; and as his love waned the spell fell from the princess, and her love waned, until it became hatred, and she hated the king. Then she ran from the palace; but he sent out searchers to find her. The searchers returned and said, 'We have seen her wandering near the Palace of Water!'”

Love wanes as he is torn between his fear of the object of desire returning to murder him, for love needs nourishment and unconditionality, it is so vulnerable it dies quickly when threatened.

My love is also burdened. It waxes and wanes between desire longing and fear. Fear it might overtake me and destroy us both. It hovers in this space of longing causing dread fear agony yet bliss. I want you but I also know the price of wanting. In knowing you I know the consequences of knowledge. You have given me the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and I am now entranced and bewitched. I am torn between experience of love and knowledge of love. The Tree of Life has been split off and I am banished from *the garden of purity in ecstasy*. Once having tasted the fruit of your body I now live in a post apocalyptic world, where the knowledge of you is split from the experience of you and my old wounds resurface. I had imagined once day of healing the split deep within me between the virgin and the whore, the mother who played violin in concerts on a stage in that black velvet V neck dress, violin cocked on her shoulder her eyes closed in mystic preparedness like a goddess. But the mother

who also evoked desire in me all the while a strict disciplinarian at home and in profession. Love was always to be earned and just a little beyond my ability. This deep split revealed itself in all relationships thereafter. The long pursuit of inaccessible women culminating in yourself, the placing them on pedestals like in the Greek section of the British Museum, white goddesses looking beyond this world naked yet cold marble virginal. The darker side of this pursuit of the virginal goddess was the simultaneous pursuit of darker passion. The sexual and the “dirty” the tension that needed relief and a childhood spirituality that cyclically followed the divine until the fall from grace due to periodic release of sexual tension. Finding you and overcoming you, I felt as always, once there was a little give, a little lessening of resistance, a little show of reciprocal interest, the usual immediate revulsion, and loss of interest followed. I thought maybe this time, maybe now you might have been able to heal this terrible split within me, allowing to love you physically as well as spiritually. That the usual revulsion wouldn't ensue. But now you are in my castle I am haunted. With no future, no conquest, I profess love but the words are hollow and empty. Worse, you have now become a threat, joining a long list of ex-lovers, who I must somehow placate for fear of exposure and embarrassment. The obsession now seems like a crazed mental illness leaving me in astonishment how my heart can really lead me down wrong paths so easily. Ignoring the mind and the inner “kritic”, I pursued the pain in my chest over all other voices. How wounded is this?

"For the king had a palace that was the most wonderful of all places on earth: it was built entirely of water! The walls of the palace were of clear water they stood and glimmered in the sun; the earth upon which the palace stood was deep water, and the gardens about the palace were of water, and they were filled with all manner of fruits and flowers, luscious and gold and green, all liquid as the sea. The palace and its garden were surrounded by ten watery walls; no man might come into that place, for surely he would be drowned.

What is this mythic place? A mythic place of beauty and paradox, the *Garden of purity and ecstasy*, a primordial space where laws of physics do not apply. Eden? This palace of water, why would she run there? What attracts her to this watery place? Surely she realizes it is a paradoxical place and possibly a watery grave? Surely she knows one will drown there? Is her hatred of the king so deep? Her escape knows only one place that might protect her from him? Does hatred make people run to dangerous places? What is she afraid of? Is this is hatred alone? She begins her daily walks around this place looking, thinking and dreaming.

I know my pursuit causes you to fear me. You fear the consequences of this tryst. You fear a disruption of your life too, your family, your feel threatened by it for it will destroy us both right? So you run from me and I watch helplessly, torn between my sense of right and wrong, and my obsession. I know it's impossible this love. I know it can lead nowhere but to a watery death for both of us. Yet, I pursue. I pursue. There is this hope that you might see me, feel my gaze. Reciprocate?, a gesture, a facial expression, a wink, a nod, something! Can't you imagine bathing in my longing gaze?

You knew all along didn't you. You were so careful for 8 months until your own needs and desires allowed you to lift your guard. And since succumbing to my wiles you keep attesting to how you love me more and how torn I am. How I have joined the long list of men "being men" using women for their own purposes but not loving them really. How much I have hurt you with my revulsion and my distance.

So you speak of this place of healing for you where love by another might be possible a mythic place where abuse and intrigue were magically absent.

"When the guards told the king that they had seen the princess wandering near the walls of water, he cried, 'We will catch her there!' and the king went out with his men to pursue the princess. But as she saw them coming, she was seized with terror, she thought she would rather die than be taken by them again; she looked at the walls and thought, 'perhaps I can even pass through the walls and reach the palace!' Then she ran into the water.

Finally the king finds her. His guards are quick to do his bidding. He is at rest. By finding her he means to kill her and rid himself of this existential threat. He has made a decision based on his hatred. Does he not know that hatred and love are intertwined? That by killing her he is killing himself? He cannot bear the pain and the fear that she might kill him. This is stronger than whatever love he had for her. She had awakened a deep wound within him, a wound that might destroy him if made conscious. A wound revealing his ultimate weakness despite his kingship. A woman, the Great Mother archetype incarnated in this princess for whom he had longed for, now had teeth. Deep inside his soul She worked herself into him with her charms and now exacts revenge.

Now the ball is in your court. It always was right? So you make this decision, terrorized by my incessant obsessions, better die in freedom than submit to further powerlessness. My powerful guards include money, prestige, power, social position, who know how to diminish you, make you feel small, and my insanity makes use of any tools to crush you into submission. Then you also make a moral decision to risk death yet also a glimmer of hope remains, for possible life if you can reach this place of safety? Inside the castle will you be any safer? Is this a castle of illusion? A paradoxical Water Castle/Palace. Is this the place you seek? For resolution to love and obsession can only take place in this space. In this paradoxical space where water is miraculously hard enough to make walls and rooms and furniture. Here you prefer safety with all its contradictions. But you run away knowing my betrayal my dream broke the spell. My dream drove me to hate you my ancient wound caused me to distant you after love making, you cause you to feel revulsion despite me hiding it so well with patronizing skills.

"As the king saw her run into the water, he cried, 'My dream was true! She is a sorceress!' And he shouted to his men, 'Kill her!'"

In total denial of any deeper wound within himself he projects all his anima energy onto the object of his desire and now his hatred. In indulging in his power over her, by destroying her, he feels he might be able to solve the painful condition within. Blissfully ignorant of her desire to escape even at the cost of her life, he blindly misinterprets her rushing into the watery walls as proof of her sorcery.

This love business makes one insane! I see you as a sorceress! I always did! You cast your spell over me in your white silk shirt and black tights and those high heels. Holding you margarita you entertained us with your wit and humor, your bubblyness and grace, your largesse and inclusiveness. What happened to me? I was dizzy in free fall! Have not stopped falling since then. Yet I also know of the impossibility of this love, and rage inside when others attract your attention. I'd rather destroy everything than allow them access to you. Yet once overcome the magical spell is broken leaving the shards of destruction. Now looking at the mess I caused, I stare in amazement at the wreckage. What destructive force overtook me then her and destroyed us both? What is this archetype that demands such blood? How powerless was I over all of this? How hungry I was to possess and be loved for a few moments that I'd pursue for so long with such energy? How deep is this wound that motivates me to pursue inappropriate avenues to seek relief?

They shot their arrows after her, and each of the ten arrows struck the princess, and upon each arrow was another of the ten poisons.

My only recourse was to destroy, to use my power to stop the pain. You were the source of my pain. It was intolerable. Sleepless nights, horrific dreams, unrequited love, rejection, all this opened the wound deep within my heart, you stabbed me with a serrated edged knife then turned it around and around. I had to stop your magic. I had to kill you to stop this insanity. My wound is active after all these years. The flesh is still inflamed. It produces poisons. It poisons my soul. Unfinished business, unwillingness to confront them, the demons rise out and do their work. You represent the unrequited love of mother, the unsolved mystery of her remoteness and her emotional unavailability. It is a place of such pain that I must do anything to soothe the god shaped hole in my heart.

But she found the gates beneath the watery walls, and she passed through the ten walls, and fell within the palace, and there she lies in a swoon.

Of course she swoons! Exhausted by my constant pursuits you finally fall yourself, unconscious and wounded by the ordeal, you too are overcome by the battle. Having made the moral decision to risk your life to be free of me, you lie there in a swoon, not dead but not really alive, in a vegetative state where you do not need to feel any more. Free at last from my advances and my poisons. You seek your own wholesomeness once more as you are such a great survivor.

"Only I can heal her, for only he who has the ten virtues in his hands can pass through the ten walls of water. And when the king and his men sought to run after her, they all were drowned in the sea.

Who is this beggar? What power does he possess? He must be a magician! He has no hands after all! How does he feel about me? Why does he wish to revive her? And her pain? What will become of her? Will she remain there forever in this dreamlike watery grave? Poisoned and in a coma she has now been injected with my 10 poisons. Each one could have killed her by my resentments, hatred and desire to never let her love or be loved, if she cannot have me: there is a sort of satisfaction here, a morbid

sense of settling scores. But here comes some magician to exorcise her from my poison, who knows the antidotes to my poisons.

"But under the walls of water are the ten winds, and each wind blows beneath the sea and raises the waters up into a wall, and while the wind remains under the ocean the water remains on high; but I can seize the ten winds, and I can pass through the ten walls of water, and I can go into the palace and draw the ten poisoned arrows from the princess; and I can heal her ten wounds with my ten fingers, for through ten melodies she may be healed entirely.

Can he heal me too? Of course not! I am the perpetrator! It is my obsession with this princess that caused all this hubris. I must retreat, I have lost everything, the princess, the dream of happiness, her attention, her love. I am left with my dark dream becoming a reality, for this sorcerer might come after me. She might have my dream fulfilled after all. I am alone now in my castle. In my palace I face only my demons and dreams, I am the one who really died. I wanted too much, I schemed too much, I misused my power to control another for my wishes, I objectified her. She was no trophy. My error.

Post script

The usual interpretations surrounding this story focus on the king as *yetser hara*, princess as a metaphor for *klal yisrael*, and the beggar as the *Zaddik*. Above I have focused on the obsession of the king with the princess as an oblique view of the story within the story. I was moved by how obsessional love can overtake the life of even the king archetype within each of us. I wanted to take back the evil king projection and integrate it within the shadowy side of our nature, claiming it and "sweetening the strict judgement from where it originates from above (*gevurah*). If we translate this into the *nimshal* what do the interpreters see as the evil king? is he the yetzer harah? the "other Side" the Shadowy Side of the *kelippot*? Rather than mythifying him I felt him deep within me and moving the forces that fuel my obsessions and more importantly the engine of my wound directed behaviors.

In my approach I internalize all the characters of the story as figures within my own soul's architecture. Each is an archetypal figure within myself. Analyzing the story then provides a fertile landscape to project my own feelings and issues onto the characters. In this story I too contain the evil king within me. His obsession is my obsession his ruses are mine, his dreams are mine and his pursuit is my pursuit. I am the lost princess too, wounded and poisoned by the arrows from the dark unconscious desires. I am also the Zaddik who has the ability to heal, as yet not found.

The nature of reality is not hidden from Rabbeinu. He realizes the power of evil and obsession. He pulls no punches and allows for no sentimentalism. In the end we are not told how she is rescued. We know she currently is in a swoon awaiting rescue. That is all. I find comfort in his stark realism. In my meditation I found myself associating with the king's obsession and his objectification of the princess. I found his wound deep within mine, and the need for healing. I also found that deep sensitive feminine wounding waiting for healing.