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RUPUNZEL RUPUNZEL let down your hair
Get off your bum and jump off your chair

“We have more moral, political, and historical wisdom, than we know how to reduce into practice; we have more scientific and economical knowledge than can be accommodated to the just distribution of the produce which it multiplies. The poetry in these systems of thought is concealed by the accumulation of facts and calculating processes. We want the creative faculty to imagine that which we know; we want the generous impulse to act that which we imagine; we want the poetry of life: our creations have outrun conception; we have eaten more than we can digest. The cultivation of those sciences which have enlarged the limits of the empire of man over the external world, has, for want of the poetical faculty, proportionally circumscribed those of the internal world; and man, having enslaved the elements, remains himself a slave.”

Shelley.

Rupunzel, a Zen master, lived the simple kind of life in a little hut at the foot of a mountain. Shortening a thread until it was nearly invisible, he took the fine thread and wrapped it around the tree. He then sat down in a silent meditation, his face empty and serene. Suddenly, a tiny voice called out, "Master, I am hungry!"

Rupunzel opened his eyes and saw a little old lady standing before him. She was breathing heavily, her face pale and her hands shaking. "My dear," he said, "what brings you to this place?"

"Master," she said, "I have been on a long journey, and I am very tired. I have no money to buy food, and I don't know where to go next."

"You are very welcome," Rupunzel said, "I will give you food and shelter for the night."

The old lady sat down on a mat and began to eat. Rupunzel watched her closely, his mind filling with thoughts of the world outside his mountain. He knew that people were hungry and suffering, and he wanted to help them. But how? He could not leave his mountain, for then he would lose his connection to the earth and the universe.

Rupunzel thought deeply for a long time. Then he closed his eyes and meditated. He felt his body become lighter, his mind clearer. Suddenly, he opened his eyes and spoke with a powerful voice. "I will help you, old lady. I will help all the hungry people of the world."

The old lady was astonished. "How can you do that, Master?"

"I will use my knowledge of the universe to help others," Rupunzel said. "I will use my compassion to guide me."

The old lady smiled. "Thank you, Master. I will never forget your kindness."

Rupunzel watched her as she left. He knew that he would never forget her either. He knew that he had found a new purpose in life, and he would use his knowledge and power to help others.

That night, Rupunzel dreamed of a great mountain, higher than any other. He climbed to the top, and there he found a great river, flowing through the valley below. He knew that this was the river of life, and he would use it to help all the hungry people of the world.

The next day, Rupunzel spoke to the people of the mountain. "I will use my knowledge and power to help all the hungry people of the world. I will use my compassion to guide me."

The people listened, astonished. They had never heard anyone speak like this before. They knew that Rupunzel was a Zen master, but they did not know that he could speak with such wisdom and power.

Rupunzel spoke for hours. He gave指导 on meditation, compassion, and the nature of the universe. He spoke of the need to help others, and the joy that comes from doing so.

When Rupunzel finished speaking, the people were silent. They looked at each other, and then at Rupunzel. They knew that they would do as he said.

From that day on, Rupunzel used his knowledge and power to help others. He gave guidance and compassion to all who sought it. He helped the hungry people of the world, and he did it with a smile on his face and a light in his heart.

Rupunzel lived happily ever after, using his knowledge to help others and bringing joy to the world.

D. H. Lawrence