18KP2E08- WORLD CLASSICS IN TRANSLATION **1**

UNIT- I- POETRY(DETAILED)

1.Gabriel Okara - The Mystic Drum
2.Anna Akhmatova - The Way of All the Earth
3.Octovia Paz - No more Cliches

POETRY(NON – DETAILED)

1.Omar Khayyam - The Rubaiyat (1 – 12 quatrains)
2.Pablo Neruda - The Way Spain Was (From Third Residence 1947)

UNIT- V - FICTION

1.Hermann Hesse -Siddhartha

The Mystic Drum- Gabriel Okara

The mystic drum in my inside

and fishes danced in the rivers
and men and women danced on land
to the rhythm of my drum

But standing behind a tree
with leaves around her waist
she only smiled with a shake of her head.

Still my drum continued to beat,
rippling the air with quickened
tempo compelling the quick
and the dead to dance and sing
with their shadows -

But standing behind a tree
with leaves around her waist
she only smiled with a shake of her head.

Then the drum beat with the rhythm
of the things of the ground
and invoked the eye of the sky
the sun and the moon and the river gods -
and the trees bean to dance,
the fishes turned men
and men turned fishes
and things stopped to grow -

But standing behind a tree

with leaves around her waist 2
she only smiled with a shake of her head.

And then the mystic drum
in my inside stopped to beat -
and men became men,
fishes became fishes
and trees, the sun and the moon
found their places, and the dead
went to the ground and things began to grow.

And behind the tree she stood
with roots sprouting from her
feet and leaves growing on her head
and smoke issuing from her nose
and her lips parted in her smile
turned cavity belching darkness.

Then, then I packed my mystic drum
and turned away; never to beat so loud any more.

Gabriel Okara's The Mystic Drum

The drum in African poetry, generally stands for the spiritual pulse of traditional African life. The poet asserts that first, as the drum beat inside him, fishes danced in the rivers and men and women danced on the land to the rhythm of the drum. But standing behind the tree, there stood an outsider who smiled with an air of indifference at the richness of their culture. However, the drum still continued to beat rippling the air with quickened tempo compelling the dead to dance and sing with their shadows. The ancestral glory overpowers other considerations. So powerful is the mystic drum, that it brings back even the dead alive. The rhythm of the drum is the aching for an ideal Nigerian State of harmony.

The outsider still continued to smile at the culture from the distance. The outsider stands for Western Imperialism that has looked down upon anything Eastern, non-Western, alien and therefore, 'incomprehensible for their own good' as 'The Other'. The African culture is so much in tune with nature that the mystic drum invokes the sun, the moon, the river gods and the trees began to dance. The gap finally gets bridged between humanity and nature, the animal world and human world, the hydrosphere and lithosphere that fishes turned men, and men became fishes. But later as the mystic drum stopped beating, men became men, and fishes became fishes. Life now became dry, logical and mechanical thanks to Western Scientific Imperialism and everything found its place. Leaves started sprouting on the woman; she started to flourish on the land. Gradually her roots struck the ground. Spreading a kind of parched rationalism, smoke issued from her lips and her lips parted in smile. The term 'smoke' is also suggestive of the pollution caused by industrialization, and also the clouding of morals.. Ultimately, the speaker was left in 'belching darkness', completely cut off from the heart of his culture, and he packed off the mystic drum not to beat loudly anymore. The 'belching darkness" alludes to the futility and hollowness of the imposed existence.

The outsider, at first, only has an objective role standing behind a tree. Eventually, she intrudes and tries to weave their spiritual life. The 'leaves around her waist' are very much suggestive of Eve who adorned the same after losing her innocence. Leaves stop growing on the trees but only sprout on her head

signifying ‘deforestation.” The refrain reminds us again and again, that this Eve turns out to be the eve of Nigerian damnation. Okara mentions in one of his interviews that “The Mystic Drum” is essentially a love poem:

“This was a lady I loved. And she coyly was not responding directly, but I adored her. Her demeanor seemed to mask her true feelings; at a distance, she seemed adoring, however, on coming closer, she was, after all, not what she seemed.” This lady may stand as an emblem that represents the lure of Western life; how it seemed appealing at first but later came across as distasteful to the poet.

The Way of All the Earth - poem

Sitting in the sleigh, setting out on the way of all the earth . . . —Testament of Vladimir Monomakh to his

children

Ducking right under bullets,

Through dense years I plow,

Januarys, Julys—

I’ll still get there somehow.

None to see that I’m wounded

Or hear when I moan.

My city is Kitezh,

They’re calling me home.

The birches’ massed ranks

Drive me on from behind,

Through the frost a path streams,

Like a glass wall it shines.

A post long since burned

And a charred sentry shack.

‘‘Here’s my pass, comrade,

Let me go back.’’

He lowers his bayonet,

Lets me go by.

And then there sprang up

A magnificent sight!

An island of red clay

And sweet apple groves . . .

O, Salve Regina!

The setting sun glows.

The little path trembles

In its steep climb.

I need someone’s hand

To take hold of mine . . .

But I don’t hear the wheeze

Of the barrel organ now.

What the woman of Kitezh hears

Isn’t that sound.

2

Trenches, everywhere trenches—

Can’t find a clear path!

What’s left of old Europe

Is only a scrap,

In its smoke-shrouded cities

Fire and death reign . . .

The dark ridge of Crimea

Already shows plain.

Mourning women approach,

Follow me in a band.

Oh, the aquamarine cloak

Of that quiet land! . . .

A medusa lies dead,

Over it I stand lost;

The Muse met me here once,

I pledged her my troth.

‘‘*You*?’’—she didn’t believe me,

She laughed long and loud,

Drop after drop

Fragrant April spilled out.

And I approached

The high threshold of fame,

But then a cunning voice

Warned me away:

‘‘You’ll return many times,

This won’t be the last,

But you’ll strike against diamond

And it will stand fast.

Reviled and revered,

You’d best keep going straight,

Best go back to your father’s,

His garden still waits.’’

3

The evening draws on

With its thickening gloom.

When I walk to the corner

Let Hoffmann come too.

He knows just how hollow

A stifled scream sounds,

And whose doppelganger

Is wandering around.

After all, it’s no joke

That for twenty-fifive years

I’ve been seeing the same

Shadow fifigure appear.

‘‘So just round the corner?

Go right—that’s it now?

Thanks a lot!’’—There’s a ditch

And nearby a small house.

Who could know that the moon

Was in on it all.

Plunging down a rope ladder, 7

It’s paying a call,

Through each empty room

Calmly making its way,

As at a round table

145*The Poems*

The fading night gazed

Into a shard

From a mirror long smashed,

In the dark slept a man

Whose throat had been slashed.

4

Sound at its purest,

How lofty its might,

As if separation

Brimmed full of delight.

Long-recognized buildings

Now face out from death—

But the real grief will come

From the meeting ahead,

Grief a hundred times keener

Than any I’ve known,

Through the crucifified capital

Lies my way home. 8

5

A bird cherry tree flflashed—

A dream slipping by.

And ‘‘Tsushima!’’ a voice

On the telephone cried.

It’s coming, it’s coming—

The time is at hand:

Korean and *Viking*

Set sail for Japan . . .

An old pain arises,

Winged like a bird . . .

In the distance the dark bulk

Of Fort Chabrol lurks,

Like a past era’s tomb

Now reduced to a wreck,

Where a crippled old man

Became blind and deaf.

Boer sentries with rifles

Won’t let him go past.

Their stern scowl confronts him:

‘‘Get back, get back!’’

6

The great winter is here, 9

My long wait is done.

Its pure white I take

Like the veil of a nun.

In the swift sleigh I sit,

My heart now is light . . .

To you, people of Kitezh,

I'll come before night.

The old way station's past,

Just one crossing to go . . .

Now the woman of Kitezh

Journeys alone,

Without brother, or friend,

Or the man I loved first,

Bearing only a pine branch

And one sunlit verse

Dropped by a beggar

And picked up by me . . .

In my last dwelling place

May I find peace.

The Way of All the Earth - Critical Analysis

The themes of time and memory underlie all three of Akhmatova's long poems of the year 1940, *Requiem, The Way of All the Earth,* and *Poem Without a Hero.* In its early stages, this need expressed itself not as a conscious program, but as a force that unconsciously began to express itself in her poetry.

During World War II, when she was a refugee in Tashkent, Akhmatova gave the following account of the creation of *The Way of All the Earth*: This wish to reconstruct the past, to bring the past back to life, also underlies *The Way of All the Earth,* as shown by the epigraph that gives the poem its title. The epigraph is a conflflation of two quotes from different sources that are linked by parallel circumstances. The source that Akh-matova identififies is the Testament of Vladimir Monomakh, a medieval prince who ruled Kiev from 1113 until his death in 1125. The Testament opens with the words, ‘‘Sitting in the sleigh, I ponder in my heart and praise God.’’ In Old Russian, the phrase ‘‘sitting in the sleigh’’ evokes the image of a funeral cortege; the Testament, then, is the work of a man who anticipates his death and who looks back upon his life to see what lessons he has learned so that he may pass them on to his sons. The source of the second part of the epigraph is the Old Testament, which recounts the final advice that the dying King David gave to his heir: ‘‘When the time of David’s death drew near, he gave this last charge to his son Solomon: ‘I am going the way of all the earth. Be strong and show yourself a man. Fulfifil your duty to the Lord your God’ ’’ (I Kings 2:1–3). Thus both sources of the epigraph suggest the possibility that although men die the past does not, that its experience remains valid for those yet living. Russian folk tradition is also the source of the central image of *The Way of All the Earth,* the legend of the city of Kitezh. The fifirst lines of *The Way of All the Earth* immediately evoke Fevronia’s fate. The narrator-heroine wanders alone, wounded and suffering, through a war-torn landscape, driven onward by a harsh Russian winter, seeking her way back to her home in Kitezh. Then a contemporary detail jarringly intrudes: she approaches a Soviet sentry (addressed as ‘‘comrade’’) and shows him her pass. In response, he lets her through, and

she enters a landscape that is exactly the opposite of the one she just left: peaceful, fruitful (the apple grove), beautiful, with the possibility of ‘‘someone’s hand / To take hold of mine.’’ But she realizes that this idyll is nevertheless the wrong place, not the place to which she was summoned:

But I don’t hear the wheeze

Of the barrel organ now.

What the woman of Kitezh hears

Isn’t that sound.

Forward into the Past Citing other mentions of a barrel organ in Akhmatova’s poetry, Kees Verheul suggests that ‘‘the barrel organ formed one of the associative symbols of everyday life of the early twentieth century.’’ Thus its absence would imply that the place the narrator-heroine has reached is not the place that the woman of Kitezh must fifind—her past. Alternatively, in her notebook entries on *Poem Without a Hero,* Akhmatova several times mentions ‘‘Fate in the form of an organ grinder’’ who shows prominent figures of 1913 their future.5 In this case, the absence of the barrel organ implies that the place the narrator-heroine has reached is not her fated one. The two interpretations are compatible because when her period of wandering is completed, Fevronia will find her destined future in a miraculously preserved past. In the second and third sections of *The Way of All the Earth,* the analogy between Fevronia and the narrator-heroine breaks down; for while the heroine does indeed return to her past, it is a

past that has become distorted, infected by the chaos and agony of the present. The ‘‘old Europe’’ of the past has become a scene of devastation. The narrator turns from it to the island of Crimea, where Akhmatova spent the summers of her girlhood and where she became aware of her poetic vocation (a

theme echoed in her long poem of 1914, *At the Edge of the Sea*). But everything about this return to the past is wrong. The heroine finds not the promise of youth, but the panoply of death: the mourners who escort her, the dead medusa washed up from the sea. The Muse to whom she offered her youthful fidelity now treats her with incredulous scorn. the narrator-heroine continues her journey into her past. In the third section of *Way*, she tries to return to the early years of her first marriage; but here terror and bloodshed block her way back. The last time in her life that Akhmatova had a home of her own was when she

and Gumilyov were married, and the image of the eerie, abandoned house is associated in her poetry with his death. In a poem written days after his execution, ‘‘Terror that picks through objects in the dark . . . ,’’ she describes herself as being alone at night in a house where a moonbeam falls on an ax and ominous noises come from behind the walls. She imagines her own execution, which is seen as preferable to waiting in fear and breathing in the bedsheets’ smell of decay. The poem alludes to each of these events because they are all part of the same larger phenomenon, the decay of the old European order that would soon be shattered by World War I. Just as the narrator-heroine cannot reach her own past despite all her efforts, so the past, symbolized as an enfeebled old man, is hemmed in and unable to advance, to go into

the future (the narrator’s present). In the poem’s first section, the heroine is driven on by winter, the season of death; in the last section, she accepts the winter in a spirit of self-renunciation. (The translation’s image of her as taking the nun’s veil is correct but inadequate; in the Russian original, she takes the *schema*, the strictest of all monastic vows.) Like Vladimir Monomakh, she ‘‘sits in the sleigh’’ that will take her on her last earthly journey. She has already forfeited all the human ties that sustained her during her mortal life and goes ‘‘Without brother or friend / Or the man I loved first.’’ Instead, she bears with her the tokens of immortality: a pine branch, whose green in winter makes it a symbol of lasting life; and a poem, which, though treated as if it were of little value (even a beggar makes no effort to hold on to it) nevertheless is ‘‘sunlit’’ (*solnechny*), preserving in winter the radiance and warmth of the sun, giver of life. And the poem ends with a prayer for the rest of her own soul: ‘‘In my last dwelling place / May I find peace.

No More Cliches by *Octavio Paz*

Beautiful face
That like a daisy opens its petals to the sun
So do you
Open your face to me as I turn the page.

Enchanting smile
Any man would be under your spell,
Oh, beauty of a magazine.

How many poems have been written to you?
How many Dantes have written to you, Beatrice?
To your obsessive illusion
To you manufacture fantasy.

But today I won't make one more Cliché
And write this poem to you.
No, no more clichés.

This poem is dedicated to those women
Whose beauty is in their charm,
In their intelligence,
In their character,
Not on their fabricated looks.

This poem is to you women,
That like a Shahrazade wake up
Everyday with a new story to tell,
A story that sings for change
That hopes for battles:
Battles for the love of the united flesh
Battles for passions aroused by a new day
Battle for the neglected rights
Or just battles to survive one more night.

Yes, to you women in a world of pain
To you, bright star in this ever-spending universe
To you, fighter of a thousand-and-one fights
To you, friend of my heart.

From now on, my head won't look down to a magazine
Rather, it will contemplate the night
And its bright stars,
And so, no more clichés.

No More Cliches- Analysis

In *No More Clichés,* Paz is saying that he won't write the usual, cheesy love poem about a woman's good looks and how she can "cast spells" on men with her magazine-good looks. Paz is saying in this poem that he does not find beauty solely in a woman's physical features, but in their personality, character and

intelligence. He is comparing himself to, and criticizing, other "narrow-minded men" who only think about a woman's physical attributes and don't see any further. In his mind, it is their loss if they can't see beyond a pretty face. He is upset at how they can't see further and get to know a woman more than through physical attraction. Paz is also saying that he is interested in a woman's story and what they are going through. He is writing this poem for that reason, not to mention how good looking a woman is. However, later on in the poem, he says, "From now on, my head won't look down to a magazine." Perhaps even before he wrote the poem, he was one of those "narrow-minded men" who only noticed a woman's physical attributes as well. He is using this poem to criticize himself and his old ways too. Paz's tone switches from romantic in the beginning to regretful in the middle as he says he will not make one more cliché and write the typical love poem, hinting that he did write those types of poems before. Paz structures the poem so that when we first start reading it, we think that it is another poem about how someone loved a woman and thought they were beautiful. When the poem transitions, it still is a love poem, but it is about a different kind of love. It is about a love for who a woman really is on the inside, and how the beauty of a woman is in so many other places besides on the outside. When Paz says that his mind will now contemplate the night, he means that he will think about and see things that people usually don't see. The stars are a metaphor for the good traits of those things that aren't usually seen. They also mean that even things that seem as small as stars can mean a lot and have beauty. In this poem, Paz could be sending a message to the reader to look beyond outer beauty and see "the stars in the night." Paz had been known to reference sexual/ gender topics and even incorporate eroticism into his works. A theme of Paz's is that "A man's loneliness could be transcended through sexual love, faith and compassion." Paz is criticizing the men who try to relieve their loneliness through sexual love by contrasting it with his views of transcending his loneliness through compassion for the "battles" women face and faith in those women.

RUBAIYAT- Omay Kayyam- with explanation

Verse 1.

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light.

Sunrise. The Sun (the Stone), when it rises (is flung) into the Sky (the Bowl of Night), causes the Stars to become invisible (it puts them to flight). According to FitzGerald's note on this verse, "Flinging a Stone into the Cup was the Signal for 'To Horse!' in the Desert." The image thus likens the start of the day to the start of a journey. The Hunter of the East is, again, the rising Sun, the Noose of Light being the hunter's lasso.

This verse is a prime example of the assertion that the freshness and originality of the first edition of The Rubaiyat was rather spoiled by the revisions made in subsequent editions. The flinging of the stone into the bowl was particularly problematic, and may even have arisen from a scribal misreading of the original Persian (see below), but the image was, as FitzGerald put it (II.280-1), "so pretty and so smacks of the Desert Life….that it is worth risking it." As Martin (note 1e, p.205) says:

"Unfortunately, he was nagged by his friends and his conscience until he felt compelled to eliminate what he had invented. He ruined a superbly evocative opening in so doing, and for years thereafter he fiddled inconclusively with the stanza, trying unsuccessfully to find another way of breathing life into the flatness of the original."

The verse in the fifth edition reads:

Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

The stone has disappeared – and in fact, it only ever appeared in the first edition. FitzGerald's most detailed thoughts on the image are contained in one of his letters, written to Cowell in the summer of 1857 (II.280-1, as cited above.) Here he talks of the throwing of a pebble into a cup as "a sign of breaking up the Party…though in this case it does not mean breaking up any Party but that of Night, whose departure is a sign for the Drinkers to assemble." (Hence this serves as a lead in to verses 2 and 3 below, with the drinkers assembling before the tavern door.) It does seem odd that the stone flung into a cup at the end of a party becomes, in verse 1, the Stone flung into the Bowl of Night to signal the start of the day's party, but there it is!

According to Heron-Allen (as note 11a, p.3-5) FitzGerald's source of inspiration for the stone was verse 134 of the Calcutta Manuscript. But in the corresponding verse in other manuscripts, a word for "wine" (bāda) is used instead of one for "stone" (muhra), leading to the possibility that the verse from the Calcutta Manuscript is a scribal misreading, and that the image should be one of splashing wine into a bowl rather than casting a stone into a bowl. (If that sounds odd, the idea seems to have been that the spreading reddish colour of the dawn sky was being likened to the pouring of rosy wine into the bowl of the sky.)

Heron-Allen also says that flinging a stone into a cup or pot "is the signal for 'striking camp' among tribes of nomad Arabs", an assertion taken up by, for example, R.A.Nicholson in his notes on the verse (in the A & C Black edition of 1909): "Among some nomadic tribes the signal for striking camp was given by casting a stone into a bowl." Where the "striking camp" and "tribes of nomad Arabs" have come from is a mystery, and neither Heron-Allen nor Nicholson gives a source to enlighten us. I personally have never seen any actual reference to this practice in any book of traveller's tales, and it seems extremely unlikely (though see below) that casting a stone into a bowl would make enough noise to rouse a whole camp! Far more effective, surely, would be gunshots, drums or gongs, or even something akin to the call to prayer. However, as FitzGerald indicates in the above cited letter to Cowell, Francis Johnson's A Dictionary – Persian, Arabic and English, under muhra (stone), certainly does give (in the 1852 edition, p.1280) the following entry: "muhra dar jām afgandan, To throw the pebble into the cup (a signal for mounting on horseback.)." This is clearly the source of FitzGerald's note on the opening verse of his first edition, so there is some substance behind this, but unfortunately Johnson's own source is not stated, and that source remains stubbornly unclear despite considerable co-operative efforts to find it, these efforts involving Sandra Mason, Bill Martin, Garry Garrard and myself. The most promising lead so far has come from the translation of The Shahnama of Firdausi by Arthur George Warner & Edmond Warner, published in 9 volumes between 1905 and 1925. The Warners tell us that the signal for an army to march forth was given by the Shah dropping a ball into a cup attached to the side of his elephant, both cup and ball being made of bell-metal (vol.1, p.79.) Thus, for example, prior to Zal leading his army against Afrasiyab, we read (vol.1, p.381):

"....When he mounted
His elephant and dropped a ball the sound
Made by the cup was heard for miles around."

Poetic licence ? Possibly. Bell-like resonance ? Possibly. But, of course, neither FitzGerald, nor Heron-Allen, nor Nicholson, said anything about marching armies, so the whole business remains something of a mystery!

Verse 2.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
"Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry."

Dawn's Left Hand (which became "the phantom of False morning" in the second and subsequent editions) was referenced as follows by FitzGerald in his Notes to the First Edition:

"The 'False Dawn': Subhi Khasib, a transient Light on the Horizon about an hour before the Subhi Sadhik, or True Dawn; a well-known Phenomenon in the East. The Persians call the Morning Grey, or Dusk, 'Wolf-and-Sheep-While.' 'Almost at odds with, which is which.'"

The rather puzzling 'Wolf-and-Sheep-While' sentence, which FitzGerald dropped from the note in subsequent editions, was probably taken from Robert B.M.Binning, A Journal of Two Years' Travel in Persia, Ceylon etc (1857):

"Most travellers in this country have noticed the frequent phenomenon of the false dawn; but this is of too common occurrence in India, to attract the notice of anyone coming from that country.

The gray of morning just preceding daybreak, is called by the Persians hava e goorg u meesh (time of the wolf and sheep) as at that time a man is supposed to be able to see these animals on the road before him, but would be unable to distinguish the one from the other. The phrase is very similar to the French 'entre chien et loup.'" (vol.1, p.176.)

The False Dawn is certainly a reference to the zodiacal light, as was very ably demonstrated by J.W.Redhouse back in the nineteenth century (see The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, vol.10, p.344-354 (1878) and vol.12, p.327-334 (1880), particularly the latter, p.333, letter from W.J.L.Wharton.) It is now known to result from the reflection of sunlight from interplanetary debris in the plane of the Earth's orbit around the Sun (the ecliptic), and so is more especially visible (in the northern hemisphere) after sunset in spring and before dawn in autumn, at lower latitudes, where and when the plane of the ecliptic is more steeply inclined to the horizon. Being relatively faint, it is also more easily seen in places where the air is clear and free from the light pollution of modern cities. Hence in Omar Khayyam's time and place, it would have been a much more visible phenomenon than it is for most of us today. As indicated above, in the northern hemisphere, it is visible both before sunrise (especially in September/October) and after sunset (especially in March/April), but only its morning appearance has ever been of any significance to Islam, as it can give a false message to the faithful about the onset of the true dawn, when the morning prayers begin, and especially during Ramadan, when both prayer and fasting begin. The phenomenon is referred to, somewhat obscurely, in Surah 2.187 of the Qur'an: "Eat and drink until the white thread of dawn appears to you distinct from its black thread, then complete your fast till the night appears." (translation Abdullah Yusuf Ali) For a scientific account of the phenomenon, see M. Minnaert, The Nature of Light and Colour in the Open Air (1954), p.290-295.

In this verse is the first of many references to the Tavern and drinking wine, the recurring theme of the poem being "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die, and there is NOTHING after death." The last two lines use Cup in a dual sense – "fill the Cup" in the third line means "pour a cup of wine to drink", whilst the Cup in the last line is the first of many symbolic references to human beings, Cups being made from Clay as Adam was made from Clay by God (compare verse 35, for example.) The life disappearing from the body of a human being at death is likened to the wine drying out in a cup.

It is of interest to compare this verse of FitzGerald's with verse 200 of E.H. Whinfield's translation of 1883:

When false dawn streaks the east with cold, grey line,
Pour in your cups the pure blood of the vine;
The truth, they say, tastes bitter in the mouth,
This is a token that the "Truth" is wine.

This, of course, is a good example of a Sufic verse, where the wine is unequivocally symbolic.

As regards drinking wine in the morning, the Persian poet Hafiz, in one of his odes, refers to the "enlivening draught of morning wine" (translation by John Nott), to which Nott appends this footnote:

"A cheerful cup of wine in the morning was a favourite indulgence with the more luxurious Persians. And it was not uncommon among the Easterns to salute a friend by saying, 'May your morning compotation prove agreeable to you.'"

See Samuel Rousseau, The Flowers of Persian Literature (1805 ed), p.164-5. Rousseau (whose book, as mentioned earlier, was published as "A Companion to Sir William Jones's Persian Grammar") also quotes the following translation (by Jones himself) of another ode of Hafiz (p.158):

The dawn advances veiled with roses.
Bring the morning draught, my friends, the morning draught!

Whilst the morning draught might seem quite civilised to many of us, the injunction, made later in the same ode, to "drink…incessantly the pure wine" seems considerably more worrying! But then Hafiz did live in the days before a glass of wine counted as two units of a suggested weekly intake, and, in any case, his injunction may be a Sufic one, a striving for increasingly Divine Intoxication!

Verse 3.

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted – "Open then the Door.
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

This verse continues the Dawn theme of verses 1 and 2 with a Cock crowing. Lines 3 and 4 say, in effect, life is all too short, and when we die, that is it – there is no coming back. (Cf. "Drink! – for once dead you never shall return" in verse 34.)

The injunction to drink while you live, for once dead there is no going back either to the Tavern or to the World of the Living, finds an echo in an epigram from The Greek Anthology (a fascinating collection of short poems, mostly epigrams, ranging in date from Classsical to Byzantine times). The translation used here, and in later quotations from it, is by W.R.Paton (Loeb, 1919):

"This is the monument of grey-haired Maronis, on whose tomb you see a wine cup carved in stone. She the wine-bibber and chatterer, is not sorry for her children or her children's destitute father, but one thing she laments even in her grave, that the device of the wine-god on the tomb is not full of wine." (7.353)

I regret that I do not know more of the story of Maronis, for she has at least two such epitaphs! A second one is quoted in the notes on verse 23 below. (The explanation of the two epitaphs of Maronis is probably that some of the so-called epitaphs in the Greek Anthology are not real ones but imaginary ones, written in jest or to make a philosophical – often Omarian – point about Life and Death..)

Verse 4.

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

This is a puzzling verse at first. The "New Year reviving old Desires" is, as FitzGerald indicates in his notes, a symbolic reference to the renewal of Nature associated with the Spring Equinox, here associated with human thoughts and feelings – as Tennyson put it in Locksley Hall, "in spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." The spring revival is here illustrated with the twinned references to blossoms bursting forth on the trees ("the White Hand of Moses on the Bough puts out") and flowers bursting forth from the ground ("Jesus from the Ground suspires"), this twinning being nicely illustrated in FitzGerald's quote from Robert B.M.Binning, A Journal of Two Years' Travel in Persia, Ceylon etc (1857):

"The sudden approach and rapid advance of the spring, are very striking. Before the snow is well off the ground, the trees burst into blossom, and flowers start forth from the soil." (vol.2, p.165.)

A similar image is to be found in Sir James Baillie Fraser's Narrative of a Journey into Khorasan in the Years 1821 and 1822 etc (1825), which FitzGerald may well have read (42):

"Spring here claimed and enjoyed her full sway; the wood in many places lofty and magnificent, consisted of oak, beech, elm, alder; with thickets of wild cherry, and thorns, which were covered with a sheet of white and maiden blush blossoms…….flowers of various kinds, primroses, violets, lilies, hyacinths, and others no less lovely though unknown, covered the ground in the richest profusion, and mingled with the soft undergrowth of green herbage." (p.599)

But of course there is no direct reference in these accounts to either Moses or Jesus, who are both, incidentally, present in the original Persian verse: "The hands of Moses appear like froth upon the bough, / And the breath of Jesus comes forth from the earth." (Heron-Allen, as note 11a, p.13.)

One suggestion is that the White Hand of Moses and Jesus are both blossoming plants of spring named after the two prophets (in Islam, Jesus is regarded as just another prophet, like Moses). The name of the

first, a white tree-blossom ("on the Bough"), relates to two verses in the Qur'an (Surahs 7.108 and 26.33), and to a similar verse in the Bible (Exodus 4.6), in which the hand of Moses is miraculously turned as white as snow (or leprous) by God. (In Persian poetry, hand and leaf are poetically interchangeable.) As for "Jesus from the ground suspires", this means that the plant bursts forth in life from the ground – the word "suspires" = "breathes forth" is used because the life-giving power of the prophet Jesus was believed to reside in his breath.

However, a rather more likely suggestion is that though the White Hand of Moses may be the name of a particular tree-blossom (though I have to say that I have been unable to discover which), Jesus is not the name of any particular flower. Rather the reference is to spring flowers generally bursting forth from the ground, as if enlivened by the life-giving breath of Jesus.

This reference to the Breath of Jesus probably stems from Surah 5.110 of the Qur'an, in which Jesus makes a model bird out of clay, and, by breathing upon it, brings it to life. The Qur'an in its turn probably borrowed this story from a source like the apocryphal Infancy Gospel of Thomas (Greek Text A, II.3-4; Greek Text B, III.1. A standard translation can be found in M.R.James, The Apocryphal New Testament (1924).) By way of explanation of this, since living beings breathe, it is natural to connect life-force with the breath, and in New Testament Greek the word pneuma can refer both to the spirit that animates the body and to the breath from the nostrils or mouth. Associated with this is the episode described in John 20.21-22 in which Christ appears to his Disciples after the crucifixion:

"Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

Here pneuma is used in relation to the Holy Ghost (or Spirit). Compare also Genesis 2.7:

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

Verse 5.

Irám indeed is gone with all its Rose,
And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water blows.

"Iram with lofty pillars" (as it is dubbed in Surah 89.7 of the Qur'an) was a fabulously wealthy garden city, adorned with trees and fruits and flowers, said to have been destroyed by God for its wickedness, and long ago lost in the desert sands of southern Arabia. It is equated with the lost city of Ubar and the ancient Omanum Emporium of Ptolemy, its legendary wealth being a result of the frankincense trade. It was dubbed "the Atlantis of the Sands" by Bertram Thomas, an explorer who had ventured across the so-called "Empty Quarter" of Arabia, and who wrote a book about his adventures, Arabia Felix, published in 1932. Thomas wrote:

"Suddenly the Arabs, who were always childishly anxious to draw attention to anything they thought would interest me, pointed to the ground. 'Look, Sahib,' they cried. 'There is the road to Ubar.'

'Ubar?' I wondered.

‘It was a great city, our fathers have told us, that existed of old; a city rich in treasure, with date gardens and a fort of red silver. [Gold?] It now lies buried beneath the sands in the Ramlat Shu’ait, some few days to the north.’

Other Arabs on my previous journeys had told me of Ubar, the Atlantis of the sands, but none could say where it lay.” (p.160-1)

Iram/Ubar was finally located with the help of satellite images, and an expedition to investigate the site (at modern Shisur), using geophysical scanners and such like, took place in the early1990s. It turned out that the city (actually, more of a town in size) was destroyed when it collapsed into a sink hole. See Nicholas Clapp, The Road to Ubar: Finding the Atlantis of the Sands (1998) – the figure on p.201 (reproduced in Gallery 7F, Fig.8) gives a vivid impression of its extraordinary demise sometime between about 300 and 500 AD. Ironically, Bertram Thomas had actually been there, without realising that it was Ubar (Arabia Felix, p.135-137.)

As for Jamshyd, according to various sources, most notably the great epic poem of Persia, The Shahnama, written by the poet Firdausi around 1000 AD, Jamshyd was a (legendary) Persian King, said to have reigned over a Golden Age lasting 700 years, during which pain, suffering and even death were unknown. During his reign Jamshyd is said to have raised humanity from a state of abject barbarism to a state of true civilisation, giving them the security of houses, the luxury of silk, and the delights of jewellery and wine. He is also credited as the first person to create a structured society, by dividing his people into four classes – priests, warriors, artificers and husbandmen. He is further said to have founded the great city of Persepolis, now in ruins (Persepolis was the Greek-derived name of the city, meaning “The City of the Persians”; in Persian its name was Takht-e Jamshyd, meaning “The Throne of Jamshyd”, in accordance with the legend.) But pride comes before a fall, as they say: Jamshyd set himself up as a god, his nobles deserted him and, with the help of King Zohak, they deposed him and “sawed him in twain”.

Jamshyd’s discovery of wine, briefly mentioned above, is referred to in an engaging footnote in Sir John Malcolm’s The History of Persia, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time (1815):

“Jemsheed was the first who discovered wine. He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some, which were placed in a large vessel and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened, the grapes had fermented; their juice, in this state, was so acid, that the king believed it must be poisonous; he had some vessels filled with it, and poison written upon each; these were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favourite ladies was affected with nervous headaches; the pain distracted her so much, that she desired death; observing a vessel with poison written on it, she took it and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell down into a sound sleep and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the doses so often, that the monarch’s poison was all drunk. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made; and Jemsheed, and all his court, drank of the new beverage, which, from the circumstances that led to its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of zeher-e-khoosh, or the delightful poison. – Moullah Ackber’s MSS.” (vol.1, p.16)

Jamshyd is said to have owned a fabulous Cup whose precise nature is every bit as mysterious as the Christian Holy Grail. It is sometimes said that it was used for the magical purposes of drinking the Elixir of Life, but more usually it is associated with Divination Its interior is said to have been decorated with seven rings, corresponding to the 7 regions of the world, the 7 seas and the 7 heavens (or the 7 planets –

see the notes on verse 31 below.) This would give anyone using the Cup for scrying purposes the power to see what was happening in any corner of the 7 regions of the world.

The idea of glimpsing the future, or spying on distant events, by peering into a cup or bowl of water (or other liquid), which is clearly related to gazing into a crystal ball or magic mirror, is both widespread and ancient. It is said, too, that the technique originated in Persia. Thus, St Augustine, in his City of God (7.35), says of Numa Pompilius, the second King of Rome after Romulus, that he resorted to such practices, "making his gods (or rather his devils) to appear in water and instruct him ….which kind of divination, says Varro, came from Persia." (Translation John Healey, Everyman's Library, 1945.) Strabo, in his Geography (16.2.39), in a list of types of divination in use amongst various peoples, says of the Persians that there are "the dish-diviners and water-diviners, as they are called." (Translation H.L.Jones, Loeb, 1930.) Thomas Taylor, in a footnote to his translation of Iamblichus – on the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans and Assyrians (3.14) in which Iamblichus talks of divining in water, says:

"This divination according to the imagination through water may be illustrated by the following extract from Damascius (apud Photium): 'There was a sacred woman who possessed in a wonderful manner a divinely gifted nature. For pouring pure water into a certain glass cup, she saw in the water that was within the cup the luminous appearances of future events, and from the view of these she entirely predicted what would happen." (2nd edition, 1895, p.150-1)

There is a biblical example of such a divining cup – albeit an infuriatingly fleeting reference to one – in Joseph's silver cup (Gen.44.2) "whereby indeed he divineth" (Gen.44.5 & 15). S.R.Driver, in The Book of Genesis (1909) says, in his note on this:

"The allusion is to the method of divination called hydromancy: water was poured into a glass or other vessel, pieces of gold, silver, or precious stones were then thrown in; and from the movements of the water, or the figures which appeared in it afterwards, the unknown was divined." (p.358)

In his footnote to this, Driver adds:

"Norden (quoted by Knobel), whose Travels were published in 1752-5, relates that when he and his party sent their firman to a local dignitary in Egypt, they were met with the reply, 'The firman of the Porte is nothing to me. I have consulted my cup, and I find you are Franks in disguise, who have come to spy out the land.' And Lane (Modern Egyptians, vol.1, p.337ff.) mentions a 'magic mirror' of ink: in order to discover the author of a theft, ink was poured by a magician into a boy's palm; he was directed to look into it steadfastly, and at last declared that he saw in it the image of a person, who proved to be the thief. See also Wade, Old Testament History, p.81." (p.358)

Joseph's divining cup makes only a fleeting appearance in the Old Testament, and it is equally fleeting in Louis Ginzberg's meticulous compilation Legends of the Jews (1925). Here Joseph pretends not to recognise his brothers (as in Gen.42.7), but, unlike in Genesis, says to them that "by this magic cup I know that ye are spies." (vol.2, p.83). Somewhat curiously, later in the story, Joseph has "a magic astrolabe…whereby he knew all things that happen" (vol.2, p.98), but the cup hidden in Benjamin's sack (as in Gen.44.2 & 12) is now mentioned as if it is only an ordinary silver one (ib.p.99-100). (Interestingly, the cup seems only to be an ordinary one in the Qur'an, Surah 12.70 & 72.) However, Robert Graves and Raphael Patai's account, in their Hebrew Myths; the Book of Genesis (1964) is more consistent: Joseph uses his divining cup to denounce his brothers (p.265) and it is this same cup which is hidden in Benjamin's sack (p.269).

The article on Jewish Divination in Hastings' Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics (vol.4, p.807) says of Gen.44.5 & 15 that:

"To judge from later parallels, the practice must have consisted in filling a cup with water or wine, and gazing intently on the surface till the beholder saw all kinds of images."

To this is added the following survival of this technique:

"To find out whether a man will survive the year: take silent water from a well on the eve of Hosha'anah Rabba, fill a clear glass vessel with it, put it in the middle of the room, then look into it; if he sees therein a face with the mouth open, he will live, but, if the mouth is closed, he will die. This must be done in the hour of the domination of the moon. Some do it on the Day of Atonement, with a vessel filled with lighting oil instead of water. (Mifaloth, 119.)" (ib.p.807)

The article on Christian Divination in the Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics (vol.4, p.789), in talking of divining the future by gazing into water, and referencing St Augustine as mentioned above, says this:

"This practice still survives in the water of silence and other ceremonies associated with Christmas Eve, Halloween, St Mark's Eve, and Midsummer Eve. A love-couplet quoted by Abbott from Salonica illustrates the practice: 'A lump of gold shall I drop into the well, that the water may grow clear, and I may see my husband that is to be.' (Macedonian Folklore, p.51-57.)"

Getting back to Jamshid's Cup, in the Shahnameh, in the story of Byzun and Manijeh, Kai Khosru uses Jamshid's Cup to divine that the missing Byzun is still alive, and though bound in fetters, he will soon be successfully released.

Of FitzGerald's verse 5, Heron Allen (as note 11a, p.13) says that it is "a very composite quatrain, which cannot be claimed as a translation of all, or the main part" of any particular quatrains in the Calcutta or Ouseley manuscripts, and he gives no specific antecedents for it. Indeed, he says, "I have never found any reference to the Garden of Iram in quatrains attributed to Omar Khayyam." Nor does he give any manuscript source for FitzGerald's reference to "Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup" However, verse 355 of E.H.Whinfield's 1883 edition reads thus:

To find great Jamshid's world-reflecting bowl
I compassed sea and land, and viewed the whole;
But, when I asked the wary sage, I learned
That bowl was my own body, and my soul!

The last two lines, of course, are a Sufistic version of Jamshid's Cup, meaning, as Whinfield says, that "man is the microcosm." Originally, though, it was undoubtedly a real divining cup

The overall theme of verse 5 is that everything man-made must perish, but that nature herself continues on regardless of time – "still the Vine her ancient Ruby (grapes/wine) yields" etc.

Verse 6.

And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine
High piping Pélevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!" – the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek of hers to'incarnadine.

This is a very obscure verse. David is the author of the Psalms in the Bible (see also the Qur'an, Surahs 4.163 and 17.55), but instead of singing his holy songs (Psalms), he calls for wine, perhaps because, from an Omarian point of view, singing about Wine is ultimately just as significant as singing about God. Actually, there is a little more to it than this, as we shall see shortly, but first we need to take a look at the strange connection between the Nightingale and the Rose.

Persian folklore links them in variations on the following basic story: Originally, the Nightingale could not sing very well, and all Roses were white. But then one day the Nightingale noticed the Rose and fell in deeply in love with her. So inspired was he by her beauty that he actually began to sing melodiously for the first time, but not only that, in pressing his body against the flower, a thorn pierced his breast, and his blood poured out over the Rose, turning it red. Thus were created together the Song of the Nightingale and the Red Rose. Prof. R.A.Nicholson, in his notes on this verse in a 1909 edition of The Rubaiyat, says:

"In Persian poetry the Nightingale (Bulbul) is constantly represented as the lover of the Rose (Gul), a charming fancy, and one that is supported by rhyme, if not by reason."

Rhyme alone, of course, cannot account for this strange association, and I have been unable to trace its origins. One contributory factor, however, may well be supplied by the following observation about the nightingale in Persia, taken from Robert B.M.Binning, A Journal of Two Years' Travel in Persia, Ceylon etc (1857):

"It is migratory here, as in England, making its appearance with the roses in April, and disappearing with the rose, at the end of the summer." (vol.2, p.311.)

A good example of the association between the nightingale and the rose in Persian poetry is the following, taken from ode 14 in Gertrude L. Bell's translation of Poems from the Divan of Hafiz (1897):

The nightingale with drops of his heart's blood
Had nourished the red rose, then came a wind,
And catching at the boughs in envious mood,
A hundred thorns about his heart entwined.

Getting back to FitzGerald, though, in verse 6 the link between David and the Nightingale is singing, and the reference to the Nightingale, the Rose, and "that yellow Cheek of hers to incarnadine", derives from the foregoing folktale, FitzGerald using "to incarnadine" meaning "to make blood-red", the link with red wine being, of course, that it is like blood in colour. But whatever, according to Heron Allen (as note 11a, p.15 n.2), in Persian literature yellow is the colour of sickness and misery (compare yellow = jaundiced in English), so that the Nightingale's song, in turning the yellow cheek of the rose to incarnadine (the colour of healthy flesh) is effectively infusing it with health and happiness. Incidentally, in editions after the first, FitzGerald changed "yellow" to "sallow".

But getting back to David, why are his lips "lock't; but in divine / High piping Pélevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine! / Red Wine!"? The explanation of this curious phraseology appears to be that David is here not

literally the Psalmist (Singer of Holy Songs), but a fore-image of the Nightingale, whose Song is not a Psalm but a bird-call: "Wine! Wine! Wine! Red Wine!", if repeated over and over again, would have the characteristic repetitiveness of birdsong. That, I think, is why David's lips are "lock't" – they are locked in repetitive bird call; why they are "high piping" – which relates more to birdsong than a sung Psalm; and why he sings in "Pehlevi", the ancient language of Persia – which relates more easily to the Persian Nightingale than to the Jewish David, for, as FitzGerald tells us in his note on this verse, "Hafiz also speaks of the Nightingale's Pehlevi, which did not change with the People's." That is, in Persian lore the Nightingale's song preserves the original language of Pehlevi, whilst that of the People changes with time.

Linking David with the Nightingale does occur elsewhere in Persian poetry, notably in FitzGerald's own translation of Attar's Bird Parliament (lines 192ff), where the Nightingale says: "Yea, whosoever once has quaff'd this wine / He leaves unlisten'd David's Song for mine." However, David does not feature in the original verse on which FitzGerald based his verse 6, as can be seen from Heron-Allen's translation of it (as note 11a, p.15-17):

It is a pleasant day, and the weather is neither hot nor cold;
The rain has washed the dust from the faces of the roses;
The nightingale in the Pehlevi tongue to the yellow rose
Cries ever: "Thou must drink wine!"

In verse 6, then, FitzGerald himself has brought David into things, adding what is seemingly his own novel twist: he has David literally morphing into the Nightingale as the verse unfolds.

Verse 7.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly – and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

"Come fill the Cup" – the eat, drink and be merry theme again; don't regret the past (Winter), live for today (Spring) – for life is short. "The Bird of Time" image is very neat.

Similar sentiments are to be found in John Gay's The Beggars Opera (1728), in the second verse of the 22nd Air:

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not tomorrow.
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring.

John Gay, it should be remembered, was buried in Westminster Abbey, beneath an epitaph which included his own Omarian couplet:

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once and now I know it.

God had the last laugh, however. In the 1930s it was discovered that Gay's epitaph obscured a medieval wall-painting, and so it was removed to the abbey triforium, away from public gaze, where it remains today (2011).

Inevitably here "tempus fugit" (time flies) comes to mind, a catch-phrase whose original form is not so catchy: "fugit inreparabile tempus" meaning "time flies beyond recall". It comes from Virgil's Georgics (3.284) and its context is surprisingly mundane. Virgil has decided to change his subject from animal lusts in the breeding season to putting herds of sheep and goats out to pasture. The original "tempus fugit" is simply part of a poet's way of saying, "time to move on" or "time to change the subject." Thus it was actually a mundanely used turn of phrase, rather than a carefully considered attempt to be clever, which became a world famous dictum fully two thousand years after its author penned it! Perhaps not surprisingly, "tempus fugit" features on the occasional tombstone (I recently came across one quite by accident in the Kensal Green Cemetery in north London) and also quite regularly on old sundials (for example, at the Parish Church of Reigate, Surrey.)

Incidentally, another Latin catch-phrase regularly quoted on old sundials (at Cadder House, near Glasgow, for example) is one already used a couple of times in the course of the main essay – namely, "carpe diem," meaning "seize the day". This comes originally from the Odes of Horace (Book 1, Ode 11), its context being so Omarian that the relevant lines of the ode are well worth quoting here, in the neat translation by W.G.Shepherd (1983):

"Be wise, decant the wine, prune back / your long-term hopes. Life ebbs as I speak: / so seize each day, and grant the next no credit."

For the use of these Latin catch-phrases on sundials, see, for example, The Book of Sundials, originally compiled by the late Mrs Alfred Gatty, enlarged and re-edited by H.K.F.Eden and Eleanor Lloyd (1900): (#108; p.221-2) for "carpe diem" and (#1337; p.425-6) for "tempus fugit." Also of interest is The Book of Old Sundials and their Mottoes, illustrated by Alfred Rawlings and Warrington Hogg, with an introductory essay by Launcelot Cross (1922), for in addition to "carpe diem" (p.29) and "tempus fugit" (p.73; p.92), we see that by 1922 some of FitzGerald's verses were actually appearing as the mottoes on sundials (verse 46 on p.63 & verse 51 on p.94.) For more a more detailed account of Omarian themes in epitaphs and on sundial.

Lord Byron made a famous use of "carpe diem" in a letter to John Cam Hobhouse, written from Bologna, and dated August 20th, 1819:

"My time has been passed viciously and agreeably – at thirty-one so few years months days hours or minutes remain that 'carpe diem,' is not enough – I have been obliged to crop even the seconds – for who can trust to tomorrow? tomorrow quotha? to-hour – to minute –- I can not repent me (I try very often) so much of any thing I have done – as of any thing I have left undone – alas! I have been but idle – and have the prospect of early decay – without having seized every available instant of our pleasurable year.- This is a bitter thought – and it will be difficult for me ever to recover the despondency into which this idea naturally throws me." (Byron's Letters and Journals, edited by Leslie A. Marchand (1976), vol.6, p.211.)

But to return to the subject of Time, Hector Berlioz, in a letter to his friend Saint-Georges, dated 27th November 1856, wrote: “Time is a great teacher, it is said; unfortunately, it is a cruel teacher that kills its pupils!” (For the original French, see Pierre Citron, Hector Berlioz – Correspondance Générale (1989), vol.5, p.2187.)

Verse 8.

And look – a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke – and a thousand scatter'd into Clay:
And this first Summer Month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.

For every thousand flowers that grow, a thousand others die (return to dust, earth or Clay); more than this, at the same time as a single Rose blossoms in a garden, great kings may pass away – Kaikobad, like Jamshyd in verse 5, was a legendary Persian king, mentioned in the great epic poem of Persia, The Shahnama, already mentioned in connection with Jamshyd in verse 5 above. For Kaikobad in particular see verse 9 below. Compare also the association of the Rose with a buried Caesar in verse 18 below, But the Blossoms in line 1 and the Clay in line 2 have deeper connotations, for the Blossoms are symbolic of people, and the Clay symbolic of “the dust of the ground” from which God created Man (Gen.2.7), and to which, on death, Man must return: “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust”, as it says in the Book of Common Prayer. See also notes on verse 36, verse 53 and verses 59-66 in the Kuza Nama.

For this image of flowers “scatter’d into Clay”, compare Walter Crane’s strange painting “The Mower”, in which the winged Mower – the Angel of Death – scythes down human-faced flowers in a meadow (see Gallery 3D, Fig.3.) The scythe also features in a similar sense in Millais’ painting “Spring (Apple Blossoms)” (see notes on verse 72 & Gallery 3C, Fig.7.) It also features, of course, in his “Time, the Reaper”, as mentioned in chpter 11 of the main essay. Another unusual use of the image of Time as the Reaper is to be found in a clock designed by Gustave Doré, now much more famous for his engravings than his paintings or his sculptures. The clock is being scaled by numerous cherub-like figures, who, as they reach the top, are scythed down by the winged figure of Time (illustrated in Gallery 8D, Folder 2, Fig.2.) Returning to poetry, another use of the scythe of Time is to be found in Shakespeare’s 12th Sonnet (“nothing ‘gainst Time’s scythe can make defence”) and yet another in Edward Young’s Night Thoughts, first published in the 1740s, but very popular throughout the Victorian period. This extract comes from Night 1, lines 193-8:

Each Moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each Moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

For a number of Omarian parallels to be found in Young’s Night Thoughts see Appendix 12c. For Doré’s clock, see “Design for a Clock, ‘Time mowing down the Hours’, modelled by Gustave Doré” in Amelia

B. Edwards' article "Gustave Doré: Personal Recollections of the Artist and his Work" in The Art Journal (Dec 1883), p.390. It is Edwards' illustration of the clock that is shown in Gallery 8D, Folder 2, Fig.2, as mentioned above. For the origins of Father Time and his Scythe see Appendix 14c.

Verse 9.

But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot:
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper – heed them not.

Kaikobad and Kaikhosru are Kai Kobad and Kai Khosru, legendary kings of the Persian Kayanian Dynasty or Kaianids (hence the Kai). Kaikhosru was the great grandson of Kaikobad.

Rustum (or Rostam) is, as FitzGerald notes from his first edition onwards, the Hercules of Persia. He was the all-action hero, who, according to the Shahnama, required the milk of ten nurses at birth and felled a rampaging elephant whilst still a child. He grew up to slay a dragon, outwit a cunningly disguised witch, single-handedly rout an army, and destroy a demon known as the White Deev, these being four of the so-called Seven Labours of Rostam (which of course naturally invite comparison with the Twelve Labours of Hercules.) A key episode in the Shahnama is the story of Rostam and Sohrab. Sohrab was the son of Rostam by the Princess Tahmina, but grew up with his father being unaware of his existence. The two were destined to meet, unrecognised by each other, in single combat at the head of two armies – Rostam at that of Persia, and Sohrab at that of Turan. Rostam slew Sohrab, but only learned that he was his son after the event – the core of the tragedy. The episode was taken up by Matthew Arnold in his poem "Sohrab and Rustum", first published in 1853. For some Persian Miniature illustrations of the deeds of Rustum, see William Lillys's section of Oriental Miniatures: Persian, Indian, Turkish, edited with Introductions and Notes by William Lillys, Robert Reiff and Emel Esin (1965).

Hatim Tai, that is, Hatim of the Tribe of Tai, is the epitome of generosity and hospitality, just as Rostam is the epitome of courage and strength. It is said that while Hatim's mother was pregnant with him, she dreamt that she was given a choice between ten ordinary sons and one son of extraordinary generosity. She chose the latter option. It is further said that Hatim would refuse to feed at his mother's breast unless she suckled another child on her other breast at the same time. In another story, the adult Hatim received a royal emissary whilst his flocks were in pasture, so he slaughtered his own horse to feed his guest. Hatim died an infidel, for which he should have been tormented in the fires of Hell after his death. But on account of his virtue, an exception was made for him, and, by way of compensation, he was allowed to dwell in a paradisical garden in the midst of the Flames of Hell! (This, of course, is one of the problems of religious dogmatism: there are always the truly virtuous outside that dogma!) See the articles "Hatem Tai" in the (online) Encyclopædia Iranica and "Hatim al-Tai" in the (First) Encyclopedia of Islam.

Verse 9 means let you and I forget the Lot (fate) of Kings Kaikobad (verse 8) and Kaikhosru; ignore the feats of that greatest of heroes, Rustum; and ignore, too, Hatim Tai, that great chieftain famed throughout the world for his hospitality (for they are all of no real consequence.)

Verse 10.

With me along some Strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán scarce is known
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne.

(Following on from verse 9) Ignore all that Earthly power, and come with me to a quiet place where no-one cares who is a Sultan and who is a Slave; indeed, let us pity Sultan Mahmud (= Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni, in Afghanistan, ruled 998-1030 AD) with all the problems that his kingship brings him. ("Strown", used to rhyme with "sown", is an old form of the word "strewn", meaning "scattered"; the wording is a bit artificial, but is intended to convey the idea of a piece of land, at the edge of the desert, where grass and flowers grow, but which is not cultivated, and is thus, symbolically, well away from it all – in other words, well away from the ordered court of the Sultan, and all its power struggles.) A.J. Arberry (note 1d, p.200) has suggested that the linking of Slave and Sultan in line 3 is a reference to "the celebrated passion of Mahmud for his slave-boy Ayaz, frequently cited by the Persian poets as an instance of the unpredictable vagaries of human love." Even if only a possibility, the idea is of some interest.

Sadi, in his Gulistan , tells us that on one occasion Sultan Mahmud was asked why, when he had so many handsome slaves, he had such high regard for Ayaz, who was in no way remarkable for his looks. Mahmud replied, "Whatever pleases the heart appears fair to the eye." (E.B. Eastwick, The Gulistan of Sadi, Ch.5, Story 1, 1880 ed., p.158.) Sadi repeated the story in his Bustan (= Orchard) thus:

"Someone found fault with the king of Ghazni, saying: 'Ayaz, his favourite slave, possesses no beauty. It is strange that a nightingale should love a rose that has neither colour nor perfume."

For the strange love of the Nightingale for the Rose, alluded to here, see the note on verse 6 above.

The homosexual love of the Sultan Mahmud for the Slave Ayaz finds something of a parallel in the love of the Roman Emperor Hadrian for Antinous. Antinous was not a slave, and unlike Ayaz, he was gifted with classical good looks (not unlike Michelangelo's David, in fact!), but, nevertheless, their love crossed social boundaries. Antinous is said to have drowned himself in the Nile, as a voluntary sacrifice which would ensure the success of some chosen undertaking of his beloved Emperor. Hadrian was grief-stricken at his death, and had numerous statues of him set up throughout the Empire. Hadrian seems genuinely to have believed that a newly visible star, presumably a nova, was a celestial manifestation of the soul of Antinous, a belief which brought him much ridicule. (See Dio Cassius 69.11.)

Of course, there are also unpredictable vagaries of heterosexual human love, a good example of which is the (albeit fictional) love of the African King Cophetua for the young beggar-girl Penelophon. The King never took any interest in women at all until, one day, he just happened to catch sight of Penelophon through his castle window, and, in the words of the poet, Cupid had speared him with his dart. She was apparently soon as speared as he was. The two were married and lived happily ever after. Indeed, they were eventually buried together. The story, which seems to have originated as a medieval romance, was

told in some detail in Richard Johnson's Crown Garland of Goulden Roses (1612), and was well enough known for Shakespeare to make a passing reference to it in Romeo and Juliet (Act 2, Scene 1: "…Cupid, he that shot so true/when King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.") Johnson's text was reprinted in Thomas Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry (1765), and it was probably Percy's version which was read by Tennyson and inspired his poem "The Beggar-Maid" (written in 1833, but not published until 1842). William Holman Hunt illustrated Tennyson's poem in the famous Moxon edition of Tennyson's poems, published in 1857. The story was also the inspiration for Edward Burne-Jones's wonderful painting, "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" (1884)

The lessons to be learned from contrasting "Slave and Sultan" find another example in a verse of Omar Khayyam's, not used by FitzGerald, but used to great effect by E.H. Whinfield (listed in note 13) as verse 473 of his translation of 1883

A Shaikh beheld a Harlot, and quoth he,
"You seem a slave to drink and lechery";
And she made answer, "What I seem I am,
But, Master, are you all you seem to be?"

The equalising of Slave and Sultan in FitzGerald's verse 10 brings to mind an epigram from The Greek Anthology. It is the epitaph of a slave named Manes. The translation is again that of W.R.Paton:

"This man when alive was Manes, but now he is dead he is as great as Darius." (7.538)Darius was, of course, the great King of the Persians.

Again, Marcus Aurelius, in his Meditations (VI.24), wrote:

"Alexander the Great and his groom, when dead, were both upon the same level, and ran the same chance of being scattered into atoms or absorbed in the soul of the universe." (Translation of Jeremy Collier, 1891)

Another aspect of Death as the Great Leveller is to be found in Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, in particular in the dialogue of "Nireus, Thersites and Menippus." The scene is set in Hades. Menippus is basically a philosophical observer who appears in several of the dialogues, whilst Nireus and Thersites are characters from Homer's Iliad – the former having been in life the most handsome of the Greeks to sail to Troy (Iliad 2. 672-3), the latter the ugliest (Iliad 2. 219). Both are now skeletons in Hades and they enjoin Menippus to judge which of them is the most handsome. In their skeletal state, of course, they are indistinguishable. As Menippus says to Nireus, "Neither you nor anyone else is handsome here. In Hades all are equal, and all alike." (Translation by M.D. Macleod, Loeb 1961.)

Verse 11.

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse – and Thou

Beside me singing in the Wilderness –
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

In the quiet place of verse 10, with bread to eat and wine to drink, and with you reading poetry to me, such a place would be Paradise. ("Enow" is an old fashioned poetical word for "enough".) This is one of the most famous verses in FitzGerald's translation, and one much illustrated, and though there is a possible antecedent for it in the original verses of Omar Khayyam (or of one of his imitators!), it is amusing to reflect that one of the verses which FitzGerald actually used in his 'translation' featured a loaf of bread, a gourd of wine and a leg of mutton (Herron-Allen, as note 11a, p.23) – no book of verse! But then for most of us today there is little romance in a leg of mutton! Incidentally, in contrast to Professor Arberry's assertion, mentioned above, that the poet's companion on this picnic was "a pretty young boy", another picnic verse (verse 32 in the Ouseley Manuscript, quoted in the notes on verse 56 below) has him accompanied by "a playmate houri-shaped" – a girl. Again, another Persian original has him accompanied specifically by "a tulip-cheeked girl." (See the translation by Avery and Heath-Stubbs, cited in note 13, verse 234.) Certainly, most illustrators opt for a pretty young girl when it comes to illustrating this verse! (See Galleries 1C & 2C for some examples)

There is an interesting classical parallel for the sentiments of this verse in the Latin poem Copa. Formerly thought to be a minor poem of Virgil's, it is now thought merely to be written in the style of Virgil by some unknown author, at some unknown date. It is contained in a collection of such pseudo-Virgilian poems, all probably by different authors, in a collection known as the Appendix Virgiliana. Copa – it means the Barmaid – is a song sung by the hostess of a roadside tavern to her customers. The following is extracted from the translation of H. Rushton Fairclough, revised by G.P.Goold (Loeb, 2000):

"Why go away when you're tired with the heat and the dust? How much better to recline on a couch with a drink! Here are panelled booths and cabins and goblets, roses, flutes, harps, and a pavilion cooled by a shady curtain of reeds…..And there are little cheeses, dried in rush baskets, and waxen plums of autumn's season and chestnuts and sweetly blushing apples: here are loaves of purest bread, here Love, here wine…Come here and rest your weary limbs beneath the shade of vines, and entwine your drooping head in a coronet of roses, and kissing the luscious lips of a pretty girl….Why save fragrant wreaths for ungrateful ashes ? D'you want your bones buried under a garlanded tombstone? Set forth the wine and dice! To hell with him who thinks of tomorrow! Death is tweaking my ear and says: 'Live it up now, for I am coming!'" (p.439-441)

And again:

"This is life, and nothing else is; life is delight; away, dull care! Brief are the years of man. Today wine is ours, and the dance, and flowery wreaths, and women. Today let me live well; none knows what may be tomorrow." (5.72)

Verse 12.

"How sweet is mortal Sovranty!" – think some:
Others – "How blest the Paradise to come!"
Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest;
Oh, the brave Music of a distant Drum!

How enticing is earthly kingship; how enticing is the promise of heaven after we die; but better to take the good things you have now ("the Cash in hand"), than to long for things we might never have or which are unattainable ("the brave Music of a distant drum"). A recurring idea throughout The Rubaiyat is that not only is Heaven unattainable, but that life after death does not even exist.

With FitzGerald's verse 12 we may compare Horace, Odes 1.9 thus:

"Avoid speculation / about the future; count as credit the days / chance deals; youth should not spurn / the dance or sweet desire." (Translation by W.G.Shepherd.)

PABLO NERUDA'S THE WAY SPAIN WAS

Spain was a taut, dry drum-head
Daily beating a dull thud
Flatlands and eagle's nest
Silence lashed by the storm.
How much, to the point of weeping, in my soul
I love your hard soil, your poor bread,
Your poor people, how much in the deep place
Of my being there is still the lost flower
Of your wrinkled villages, motionless in time
And your metallic meadows
Stretched out in the moonlight through the ages,
Now devoured by a false god.

All your confinement, your animal isolation
While you are still conscious
Surrounded by the abstract stones of silence,
Your rough wine, your smooth wine
Your violent and dangerous vineyards.

Solar stone, pure among the regions
Of the world, Spain streaked
With blood and metal, blue and victorious
Proletarian Spain, made of petals and bullets
Unique, alive, asleep - resounding.

"The Way Spain Was"- Analysis

"The Way Spain Was" is in the poetic collection Third Residence, which Neruda had written when he was a member of the Communist Party of the Chile. He is very much concerned about the common people of the land. Although his mind is burdened with seething social issues, he spoke as simply as possible to communicate his sentiments to the public. He recounts with passion the repeated suffering recorded in the history of Spain.

How unto crying out, unto the very soul

I live your barren soil and your rough bread, your stricken people!

How in the depths of me

grows the lost flowers of your villages, timeless, impossible to budge,

your tracts of minerals

bulging like oldsters under the moon, devoured by an imbecile god.

The poet brings out the harsh realities of life through various images. Fresh bloom of life that cannot be found, "the lost flower of your villages" continues to clamour in his mind. He is enraged that an idiot like god is punishing the land that he loves. Through the deep love for Chile he begins to consider Spain as his motherland. When he witnessed the ruins of Machuchu Pichchu, his love for the land became more intense. His mourning for the Spain's glorious past is evident in the words "our stricken people". Silence and isolation are repeated and cries of "Taut and dry Spain", this phrase shows the core of his sensibility and the memories of war reminds him of the dull and loud sound of drums.

In spite of the fertility of Spain the poet is more concerned about the inhabited of the land affected by the civil war and dictatorship. He is very much conscious of the Spanish soil aged by years of sunlight and of regions invades by various races.

your harsh wine and your sweet wine. Your violent and delicate vineyards.

Stone of the sun, pure among territories,

Neruda also mourns for his best friend Garcia Lorca and Miguel Herna'ndez, who died in the Spanish civil war. "Spain veined with bloods and metals, blue and victorious", this clearly shows the history of "king discoverers" and the tragedy of civil war which made him Republican and he uses his poetry as a weapon to fight against the violence.

The ordinary people of the society i.e, the common people are suppressed and their life's plight is showcased clearly in the line "proletariat of petals and bullets/ alone alive, somnolent, resounding." The people of rich fertile land are depended on their daily labours; their life is beautiful with the horror of war in it.

Opposition of ideas can be seen in the words "sweet" and "harsh", in "violent" and "delicate" in "petals and bullets" these words confirms that Neruda is fighting against the suppression of "proletariat" He writes about a poor, but beautiful Spain, historically rich and glorious in the past, crushed and destroyed

in the present. It is a fact that Pablo Neruda openly reacted to the contemporary political events in Spain and his own country that made him summaries his own life as follows:

I have had to fight and struggle, love and sign. I have had to see the breaking world, the triumph and the defeat. I tasted the bread and the blood. What more can a poet want? And all the alternatives, from the songs to the kisses, from the solitude to the people, exist in my poetry, participate in it, because I have lives for my poetry, and my poetry has sustained me.

Intense feeling for the colonised people is very much seen along with the reaction to the social and political events in his mother country.

SIDDHARTHA- AN OUTLINE

The story takes place in the ancient Nepalese kingdom of Kapilavastu. Siddhartha decides to leave his home in the hope of gaining spiritual illumination by becoming an ascetic wandering beggar of the Śamaṇa. Joined by his best friend Govinda, Siddhartha fasts, becomes homeless, renounces all personal possessions, and intensely meditates, eventually seeking and personally speaking with Gautama, the famous Buddha, or Enlightened One. Afterward, both Siddhartha and Govinda acknowledge the elegance of the Buddha's teachings. Although Govinda hastily joins the Buddha's order, Siddhartha does not follow, claiming that the Buddha's philosophy, though supremely wise, does not account for the necessarily distinct experiences of each person. He argues that the individual seeks an absolutely unique, personal meaning that cannot be presented to him by a teacher. He thus resolves to carry on his quest alone.

Siddhartha crosses a river and the generous ferryman, whom Siddhartha is unable to pay, merrily predicts that Siddhartha will return to the river later to compensate him in some way. Venturing onward toward city life, Siddhartha discovers Kamala, the most beautiful woman he has yet seen. Kamala, a courtesan, notes Siddhartha's handsome appearance and fast wit, telling him that he must become wealthy to win her affections so that she may teach him the art of love. Although Siddhartha despised materialistic pursuits as a Shramana, he agrees now to Kamala's suggestions. She directs him to the employ of Kamaswami, a local businessman, and insists that he have Kamaswami treat him as an equal rather than an underling. Siddhartha easily succeeds, providing a voice of patience and tranquility, which Siddhartha learned from his days as an ascetic, against Kamaswami's fits of passion. Thus Siddhartha becomes a rich man and Kamala's lover, though in his middle years he realizes that the luxurious lifestyle he has chosen is merely a game that lacks spiritual fulfillment. Leaving the fast-paced bustle of the city, Siddhartha returns to the river fed up with life and disillusioned, contemplating suicide before falling into a meditative sleep, and is saved only by an internal experience of the holy word, Om. The very next morning, Siddhartha briefly reconnects with Govinda, who is passing through the area as a wandering Buddhist.

Siddhartha decides to live the rest of his life in the presence of the spiritually inspirational river. Siddhartha thus reunites with the ferryman, named Vasudeva, with whom he begins a humbler way of life. Although Vasudeva is a simple man, he understands and relates that the river has many voices and significant messages to divulge to any who might listen.

Some years later, Kamala, now a Buddhist convert, is traveling to see the Buddha at his deathbed, accompanied by her reluctant young son, when she is bitten by a venomous snake near Siddhartha's river. Siddhartha recognizes her and realizes that the boy is his own son. After Kamala's death, Siddhartha attempts to console and raise the furiously resistant boy, until one day the child flees altogether. Although Siddhartha is desperate to find his runaway son, Vasudeva urges him to let the boy find his own path, much like Siddhartha did himself in his youth. Listening to the river with Vasudeva, Siddhartha realizes that time is an illusion and that all of his feelings and experiences, even those of suffering, are part of a great and ultimately jubilant fellowship of all things connected in the cyclical unity of nature. After Siddhartha's moment of illumination, Vasudeva claims that his work is done and he must depart into the woods, leaving Siddhartha peacefully fulfilled and alone once more.

Toward the end of his life, Govinda hears about an enlightened ferryman and travels to Siddhartha, not initially recognizing him as his old childhood friend. Govinda asks the now-elderly Siddhartha to relate his wisdom and Siddhartha replies that for every true statement there is an opposite one that is also true; that language and the confines of time lead people to adhere to one fixed belief that does not account for the fullness of the truth. Because nature works in a self-sustaining cycle, every entity carries in it the potential for its opposite and so the world must always be considered complete. Siddhartha simply urges people to identify and love the world in its completeness. Siddhartha then requests that Govinda kiss his forehead and, when he does, Govinda experiences the visions of timelessness that Siddhartha himself saw with Vasudeva by the river. Govinda bows to his wise friend and Siddhartha smiles radiantly, having found enlightenment. Thus he experiences a whole circle of life. He realizes his father's importance and love when he himself becomes a father and his own son leaves him to explore the outside world.

Govinda

Siddhartha’s best friend, Govinda, is also an earnest spiritual pilgrim but does not question teachings to the same extent Siddhartha does. For example, though Govinda is excited at the chance to follow Gotama, Siddhartha goes along but says he has lost his faith in teachers. When Siddhartha decides to leave Gotama’s side, Govinda instead remains stalwartly committed. Govinda does not choose his own path but follows the suggestions of others. Similarly, when the two old friends meet in the end, Govinda quickly apprentices himself to Siddhartha because Siddhartha has attained the Nirvana they both seek. The significant difference between Govinda and Siddhartha is that Govinda is primarily a follower, whereas Siddhartha is more inclined to strike out on his own path. This difference is one of the reasons Siddhartha is eventually able to achieve enlightenment through his own efforts, while Govinda needs assistance in order to achieve the same state. Siddhartha is better able to see the truth before him because of his self-reliance. Govinda needs others to point out the wisdom he should follow and is unable to see when he is following a flawed path and, ultimately, when he is nearing enlightenment.

At the beginning of their quest, when Govinda joins the Samanas, he may well have gone along simply to be with his friend. However, the severity and austere nature of their new lifestyle leaves little reason to doubt Govinda’s conviction. He may be more of a follower than Siddhartha is, but his conviction and determination to find enlightenment are still strong. He does, after all, eventually find enlightenment, just as Siddhartha does—he just arrives at it in a different way.

Vasudeva- CHARACTER

Vasudeva, the enlightened ferryman, is the guide who finally leads Siddhartha to enlightenment. Siddhartha first meets Vasudeva after leaving Gotama and Govinda and immediately notices Vasudeva's serenity. Although Vasudeva lives within this world, his presence seems to transcend it, and all who meet him feel his divine, enlightened energy. He does not boast about his power or wisdom but simply credits all knowledge he has to the river. His primary action, other than ferrying passengers across the river, seems to be listening to whatever wisdom the river imparts to him. He is such a powerful figure that when a desperate, suicidal Siddhartha, convinced he'll never reach enlightenment, encounters Vasudeva a second time, he asks to become Vasudeva's apprentice. In a way, Siddhartha relies on Vasudeva to save his life.

Vasudeva does not teach Siddhartha a complicated philosophical belief system, only that he should learn from the river and allow it to explain its wisdom. Throughout Siddhartha's spiritual progression, Vasudeva keeps him moving in the right direction by prompting him to listen to the river whenever he has questions or doubts. In a bittersweet ending to their time together, Siddhartha's achievement of Nirvana coincides with the end of Vasudeva's time on the river and on earth. Vasudeva, who has literally and figuratively ferried Siddhartha to enlightenment, can now leave the earth, with Siddhartha taking over as ferryman. Vasudeva will live on in Siddhartha's own enlightenment and teachings. Vasudeva is a name for Krishna, an incarnation of Vishnu, one of the powerful gods in a Hindu trinity, and means "he who lives in all thoughts, and who lives in all people." He is the most godlike figure within the book, yet he acts with surprising humility.