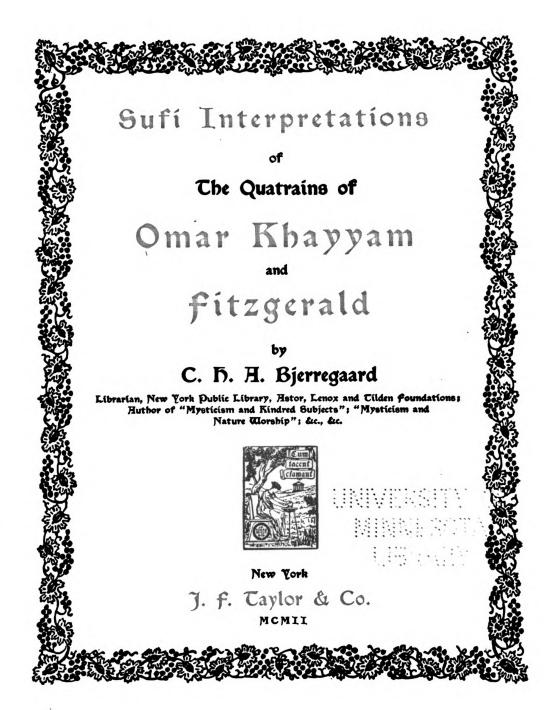


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## PREFHCE

Ect no one suppose that the study of Omar Khayyam has brought out all there is in his writings. Che West has scarcely begun to realize the value of the gem that was discovered a few years ago. Che readers of Omar have been and are drunk with "new wine." It is about time that the carousal ended and sobriety took command. Wine or wisdom is of course supreme and the primary object. But why not dig into the mines under the vineyards? Chose mountains that grow the Omarian vine hold treasures of Cruth, which shame both the philosophy and the dogmatic religions; they run with veins of satire, upon the idleness of common talk; they spring with songs and praises of hature far superior to anything written by modern hature-worshippers; they contain a hature mysticism entrancing and full of solid food for the soul. Chey are truly an "unknown world" and Hladdin's cave and lamp.

Che people of Persia and India have taken to publishing and to reading Omar by the side of Abu Said, Abd-Allah Ansari and Attar, Sufis of purest water and Mystics of spotless morality. Why should not we of the West do likewise? A spirit of Mysticism has fallen upon our people and the Occult is clamoring for revelation.

As an encouragement to study and a key to the riches of the Sufism there are in Omar, the following interpretation is offered. On opposite pages are given Fitzgerald's rendering and what Sufis recognize in it. Che Sufi speaking is not always a contemporary with Omar, nor a Persian or Mohammedan. A Sufi is simply a Mystic in Mohammedan garb. Che Sufi speaking is now and then, though rarely, using phraseology which is Western.

In the main he keeps strictly within Sufi lines and uses constantly Sufi quotations. Che exceptions are easily discovered by the reader who has a literary knowledge; sometimes the sources are given in the exposition. Nothing is stated on the authority of Western scholars and the judgments of such authorities (?) as Choluck, Sir William Jones, &c., have all been passed over as of little or no value, if not erroneous. Che translations are from the well-known works of Whinfield, Reynold H. Nicholson, &c., &c.

My thanks are due to Mr. Robert Arnot, a lover of Omar, for suggesting to me the urgent need of such a work as this.

C. B. H. Bierregaard.









T

THE! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight

The Stars before him from the Field of

Right,

Drives Night along with them from Beav'n, and strikes

Che Sultan's Curret with a Shaft of Light.

П

Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Cavern cried,
"When all the Cemple is prepared within,
"Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

111

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



Che Muezzin's call in the morning is urgent, compelling, great as "Allah is great!" and his sentence "Prayer is better than sleep!" is true, yet the Muezzin's call is but trifling compared with the Sufi's call: Wake! Chat call cuts the veil of illusion; it recalls man to his senses! It heralds the Sun, the One, known by ninety-nine names and who nevertheless is unnamed!-The One whom the devout likes to call Al-Fattah, the Opener. Be. Al-Mohyi, the Life-giver, is manifested in that call! He, Al-Muta'ali, the Sublime, it is who asks, "Why nods the drowsy worshipper outside?" Outside—where? Outside the Cemple! Hh, but where is the Cemple? Did not Nanac also ask that question? and was he not told he might turn his feet anywhere, they would always turn to Mecca, the Boly! Che Beloved is Everywhere except outside the Beart. Whose is that Voice within the Cavern that calls? It is that of Al-Jami, the Assembler,—the Glorious God, Al-Jalil. And what is the Cavern? What but the Beart, the Provider Bimself, Ar-Razzaq! "Chere is no other tavern here below."

The Sufi is in the heart. It is he who calls "Wake!" and those friends who hear him follow to their salvation. Chis world hears no more of them. Chis world is not in them, nor are they in this world. Chey are The world! When that call strikes in sinful men the rocks of self, it reverberates, and the echoes wailing cry, "Open then the door!" It is but a voice; no heartburn of love. It is but discontent, with no response. In the desert of unfulfilled vows and mis-spent lives, the cry goes wandering from weak hearts to shallow brains, from impure desires to black thoughts, and fills waste places with the ghosts of men, who speak, indeed, the awful truth when they do cry

"You know how little while we have to stay, And, once departed, may return no more."

Chough the Sufi's heart were all love, he could not open the door for them. Chey were once both Cavern and Door; now they are but a semblance. All he can do for them is to listen to their bit-terness and try to reason with them. Be cannot convert them. Bis reasons may act like the limestone that goes into the smelter with the iron ore: it draws the dross. Be cannot go along himself. Che fire of purgation and the oven are the "infidel" himself.





TU

TOW the New Year reviving old Desires,

Che thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,

Where the White Hand of Moses on the

Bough

Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires.

U

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose

Hnd Jamshyd's Sev'n=ring'd Cup where no one knows,

But still a Ruby kindles in the Uine, Hnd many a Garden by the Water blows.

UT

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine

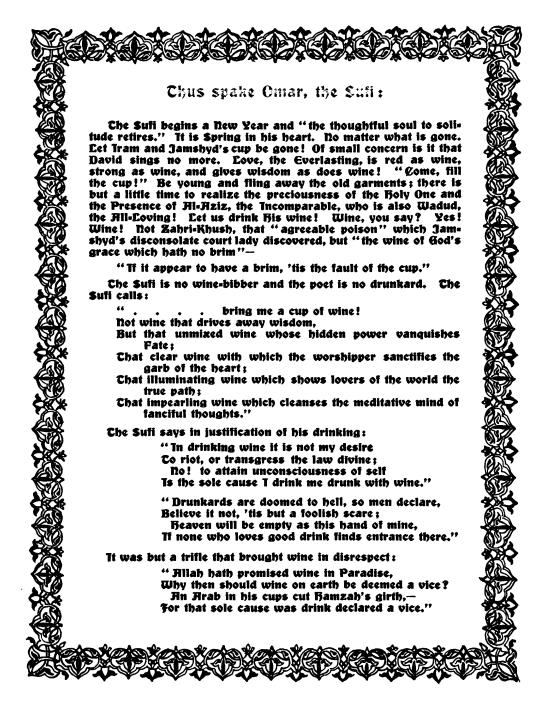
Bigh-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!

Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the

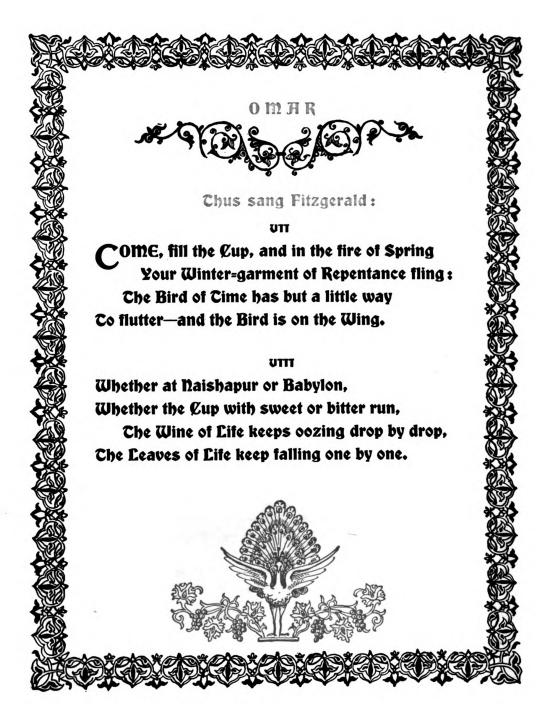
Rose

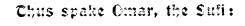
Chat Sallow cheek of hers t'incarnadine.











The Sufi tells us a story to show how all men instinctively ask for wine. Four travelers, a Curk, an Hrab, a Persian and a Greek, having met together, decided to take their meal in common, and as each one had but ten paras, they consulted together as to what should be purchased with the money. Che first said Uzum, the second Ineb; the third decided in favor of Inghur and the fourth insisted upon Stafilion. On this a dispute arose between them, and they were about to come to blows, when a peasant, passing by, who happened to know all four of their tongues, brought them a basket of grapes. Chey now found out, greatly to their astonishment, that each one had what he desired. Men come together from the four quarters of the earth; they do not speak the same language, but they think the same thought: Wisdom is but One.

"Life's fount is wine, Khizr its guardian,
I, like Elias, find it where I can;
'Cis sustenance for heart and spirit too,
Illah himself calls wine 'a boon to man.'"

Che Sufi scorns material essences: the wine he drinks is wisdom from the vats of Allah, "the Eternal Saki." Cherefore, says the Sufi:

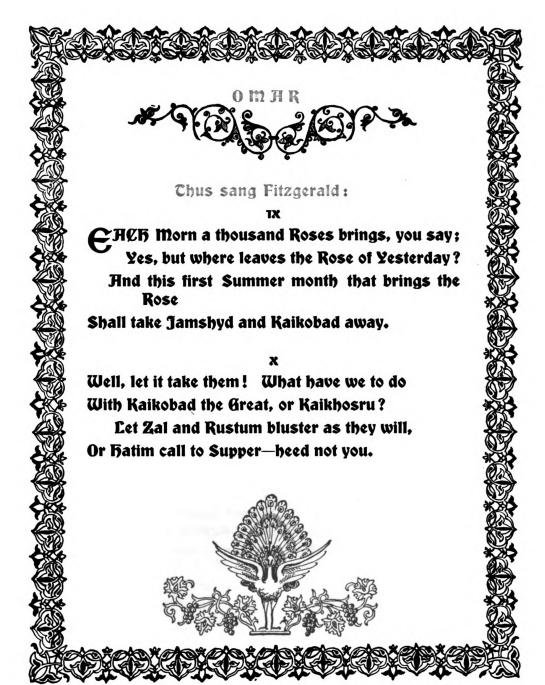
"Uhere have I said that wine is wrong for all?
"Cis lawful for the wise, but not for fools."

Wisdom is the law for the wise, but not for fools. How could it be? Foolishness knows not wisdom. Learn from the Sufi that

" Eup is the body, and soul is the wine."







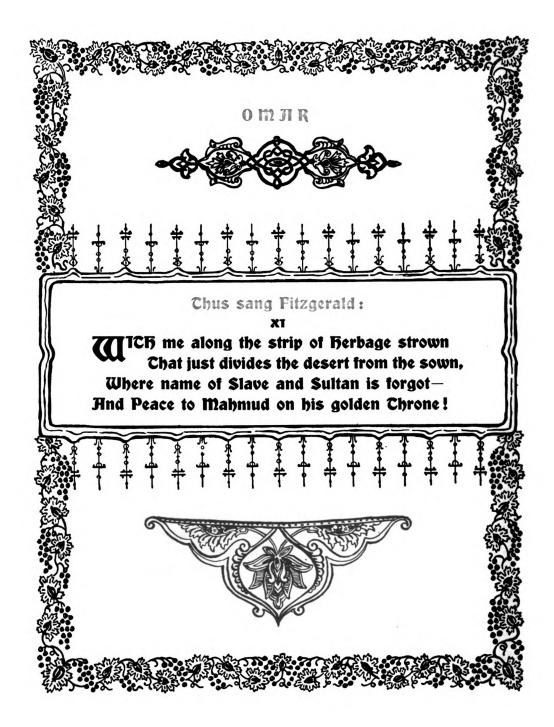
## Thus spake Comar, the Suii:

n

Che Sufi meditates. Wine looseneth the tongue, they say. Should not they know that wine opens the heart to Al-Wali, the Beloved, who is "the rose"? But those who do not know what that wine is are like the fishes that said they had never seen the sea and did not know what water was. Wine is that ocean in which sails the ship divine, called Love. In emblem of that caravel is the rose. In the world there are two kinds of roses: one that comes in the spring and leaves before summer. The nightingale will stay with that rose as long as he may, till in amorous intoxication he at last falls down "where thorns point their daggers at his bleeding breast." Che Sufi, too, loves this rose; still, he will say with the caviller: "Where leaves the rose of yesterday?" He knows, however, that the rose of yesterday is the rose of to-day in transmutation. Che Eternal Womb is never barren. Chere is another rose: a rose of mystery. Its petals are the planetary curves, and its stamens and pistils are Divine Presences. Che Sufi reveres that rose. In it he finds the Beloved.

The Sufi does not question that Kaikobad the Areat is but a name; his measuring rod reads differently from that of the world, whose greatness is but littleness measured by his standard. Kaikhosru has left Shirin, and Zal and Rustum are heroes of legend,—how else the tales? But why question the wisdom of Malik-ul-Mulk, the King of Kingdoms, who is both HI-Mohyi, the Life-giver, and HI-Mumit, the Death-giver? The Sufi will not do it; He is not like a detractor. Why should he censure? He is a lover!





## Thus spake Omar, the Sali:

Che Sufi has always known that "a strip of Berbage just divides the desert from the sown." But why should he fear? God is "Che Only Agent," and "Love is all there is;" so say his teachers and his own heart.

"Whatever instrument Be makes me, that I am." Be is the "Resigned One," because "resignation hurries the soul along 'the path of reunion." Be is not a fatalist, "the instinct of the soul protesteth against it as an error."

The Sufi goes smilingly into Death. It is to him the expected "Union." Bis Mesnavi teaches:

"Death, that dread thing of which all mankind stand in fear,

Is laughed and mocked at by Saints, when it draws near."

Death is the door to Life. Che dewdrop did not perish—
"But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Into a pearl of marvellous beauty grew."

And when the diver tore the shell from the ocean bed, it came to still greater glory, for it

" came to gleam

Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem."

Che Sufi has a deeper understanding of death than the shallow critic of Nature's law. He has heard that the Earth refused to give of her substance for a body, when Hllah commanded Cabriel, Michael and Israfil to mould one for Adam, and that Israfil, the Angel of Death, therefore took the substance from himself. Chat the body dies or follows the law of Israfil is but natural, for

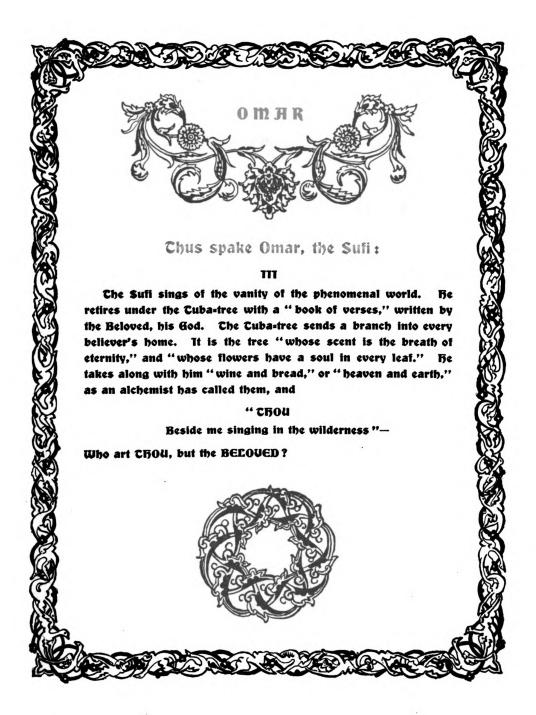
"Everything returns to its source."

Again says the proverb:

"Death's terrors spring from baseless phantasy, Death yields the tree of immortality; Since Isa breathed new life into my soul, Eternal death has washed its hands of me?"









Sigh for the Clories of this World; and some Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come,

Hh, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,

Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

XTU

Look to the blowing Rose about us—" Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
It once the silken tassel of my Purse
Cear, and its Creasure on the Garden throw,"

XU

And those who husbanded the Golden grain, And those who flung it to the winds like Rain, Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

TUX

Che Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon Curns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon, Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face, Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.



# Thus spake Omar, the Suil:

The Sufi knows that "some for the glories of this World, and some sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come." For some "the worldly hope men set their hearts upon turns to ashes"; for others "it prospers." "In a little hour or two," however, it is all gone, because this world, which men make, is Non-existent. It is the will of Allah! Others are deaf; they do not "heed the rumble of a distant drum" and its call to join the caravan on "the way to God." None of these understand the nature of "this batter'd Caravanserai" in which we stop for a moment on the journey for Sarab, "Wine" or Divine Love in the heart.

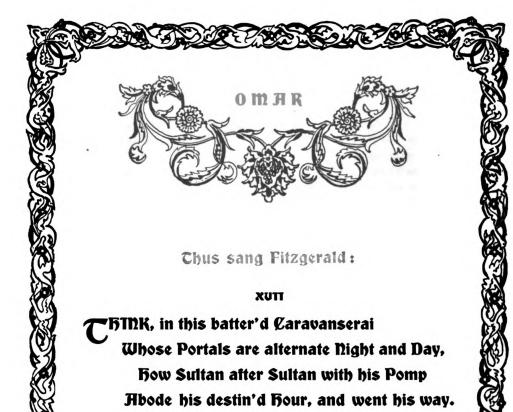
Che Sufi will not countenance the worldling's idea of taking the cash and paying no attention to the drum that starts the caravan. Co him that is as wrong as to live on credit. Che mercenary's cash is worth no more than the credit of the credulous. Look to the rose which blows as richly for the poor as for the Sultan and which sheds a perfume in the garden of the infidel as well as in that of the Sufi. Chey say the Greeks carved roses on the ceilings of their private reception rooms as an admonition to all within that that which took place sub rosa should remain secret. What was the thought behind the custom? Che truth that God comes from Heaven to look on Nature through our eyes?

Che Sufi is a seminal spirit. He is also a granary. He contradicts the Sophist who says that he who husbands is no richer than he who throws away, because

"Alike to no such aureate earth are turn'd As, buried once, men want dug up again."

Co be sure, the grave may hold, if it could, two such irrational souls, but the Sufi and the manly race that follows him have realized that giving is getting and holding is but losing. In all growth there is the mystery of self-contrariety: we are not yet, but ever going to be. Our becoming, or "coming-to-be," is our being. We "fling away" and we "husband," and gold comes out of that alchemic process; let the ignorant deny it.





### TTTUX

Chey say the Lion and the Lizard keep
Che Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank
deep:

And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

# Chus spake Omar, the Sufi:

The Sufi knows the Caravanserais of the route as well as the merchant; he, too, knows about goods and the discomforts of inns. But he does not complain. He belongs to that class of travelers who are searchers after God. He is a Calib and also a Salik. He does not travel to avoid ennui or to run away from himself. He is 'Ashiq, the Lover, and God is M'ashuq, the Beloved. Che two keep company. The Sufi has the artistic soul and sees the beauties in a "battered Caravanserai," and the ever-changing alternation of "Night and Day" is to him the heartbeating of the Beloved. He has drunk deep of the Beloved's wine; and therefore "thinks" with calm

"How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp

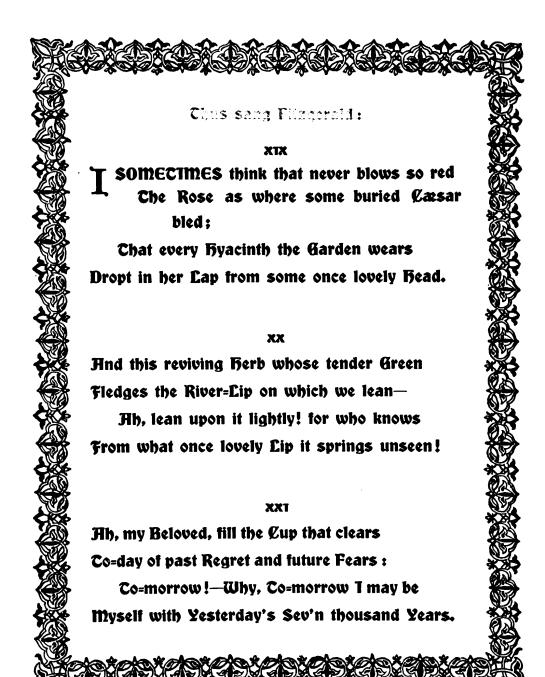
Hbode his destin'd Hour, and went his way."

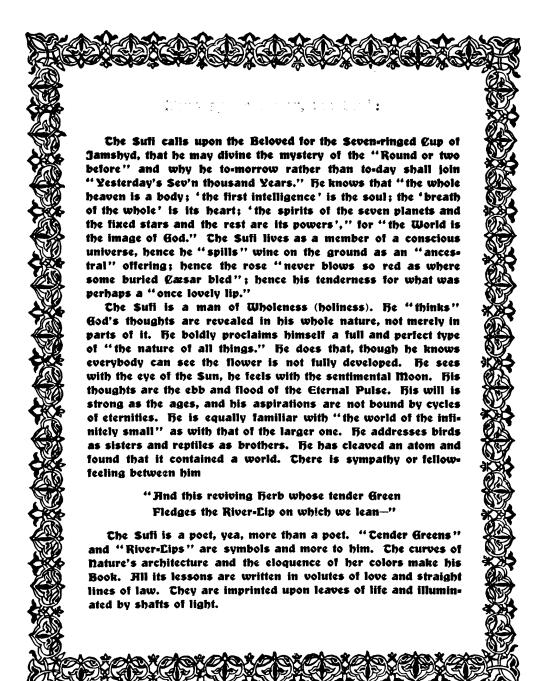
Che camel-driver of his caravan may see the funeral pageant, but he does not "think." "Chinking" involves initiation.

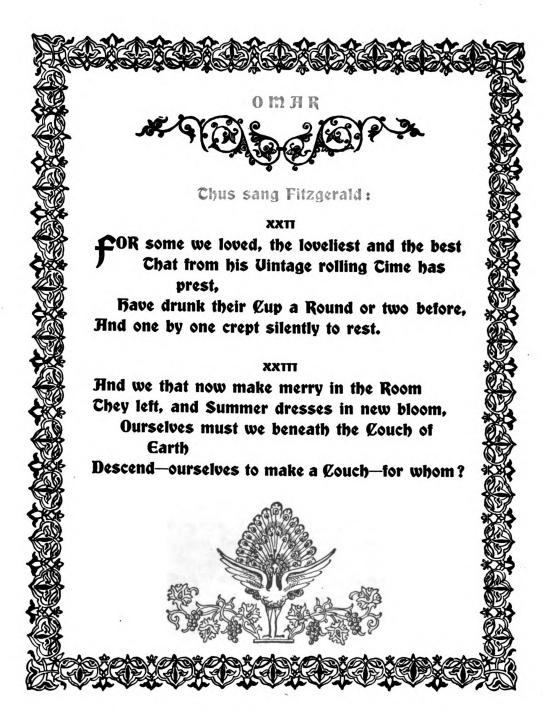
Che Sufi realizes what means the tragic drama which is enacted in Jamshyd's courts by Lion and Lizard. Che irony of fate that drives the Wild Ass over Bahram's Head, "but cannot break his sleep" is a perpetual memento mori to him and he is grateful for it. No drunkard, no voluptuary can understand that mystery. Chey see the loss, but not a friend "gone before." Chey feel the scythe, but do not see the Master of the Harvest. Chey have enjoyed the see-saw of passion; things have played with them, but they have not played with the things. Chey have seen the Manifoldness of the One, but not the One in the Manifold. Now they burn in the fire of the passion they generated and they shall burn until that fire burns itself out, and the One starts it anew.











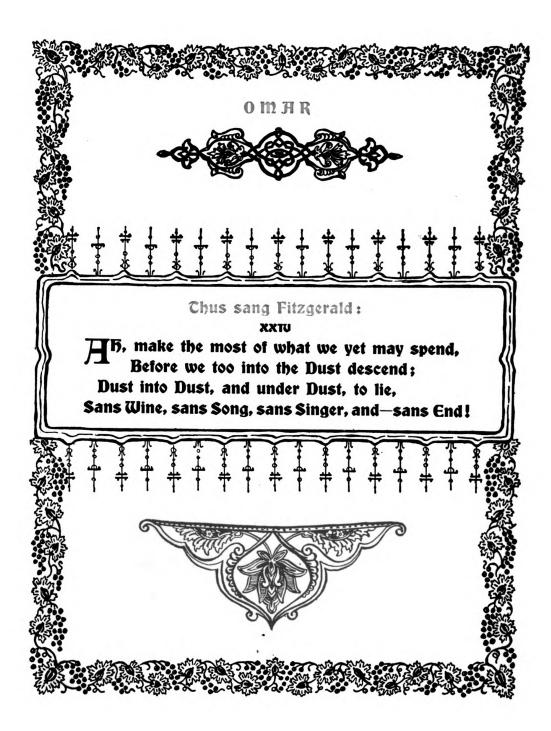
## Thus spake Omar, the Suli:

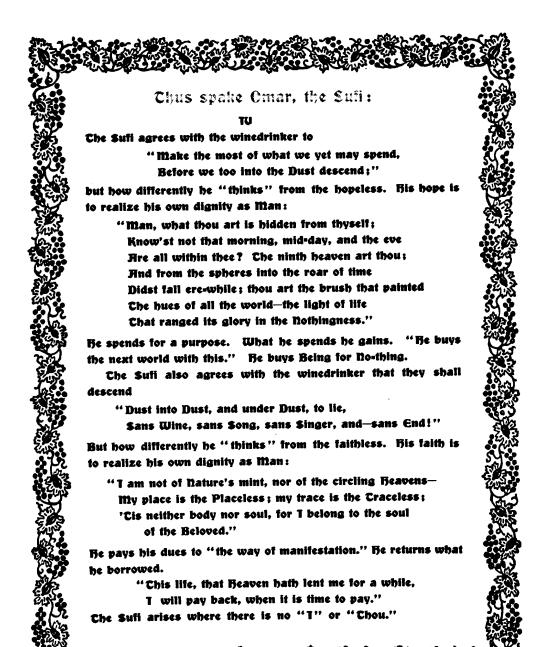
Che Sufi can see the grave humor of existence, though he is fully as exalted as the noble Roman who told us to consider ourselves standing on a bridge, seeing the torrents below carrying away everything we hold dear. Che bridge is our own individuality, which is indestructible, and the stream is the constant mutation of things. Since this stream is not in our power, it is neither good nor bad, but indifferent. Hs we cannot conceive how the universe is maintained, but know enough of Nature's workings to see the relationship of many things and to conclude that a Universal Reason binds them together, we should see the solemn humor of

"Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?"

Che Sufi's healthy optimism and sweet laughter drive away base pessimism and tears. Che latter are only "externals"; they never spring from a divine life and they have never revealed to man a profound understanding of "the workings of God." Che Sufi is only a pessimist to the unwise. He does not put any value in "these things." His regrets are not really his, but his listeners'. What he says metaphysically, they understand morally and that is the perpetual mistake of the listener whose reason has not been spiritually cleared.







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## Chus sang Fitzgerald:

#### UXX

Hnd those that after some Co-morrow stare.

A Muezzin from the Cower of Darkness cries, "Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor Chere."

#### TUXX

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd Of the two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn

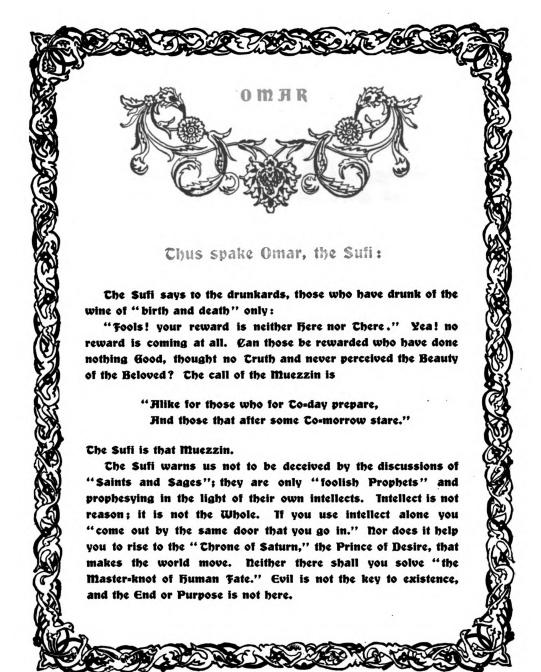
Hre scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

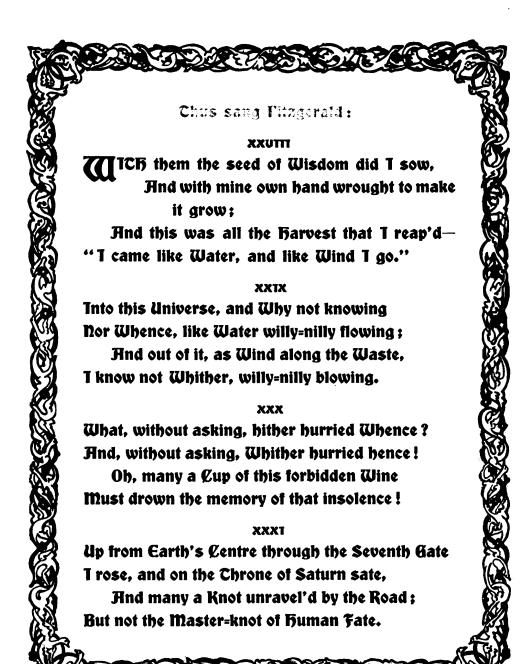
#### TUXX

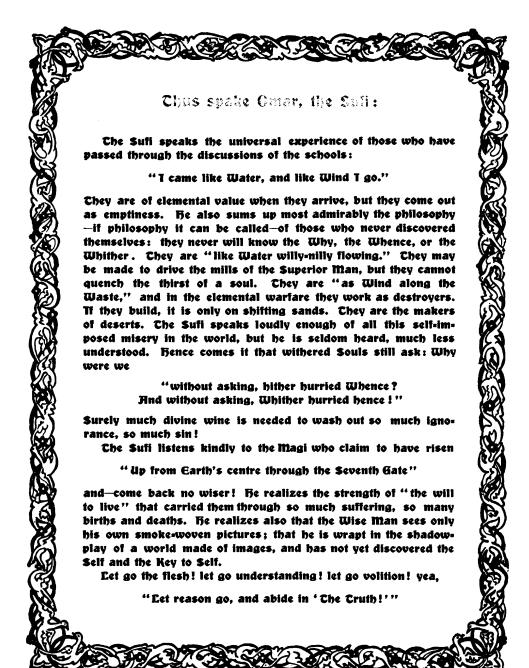
Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
Hbout it and about; but evermore

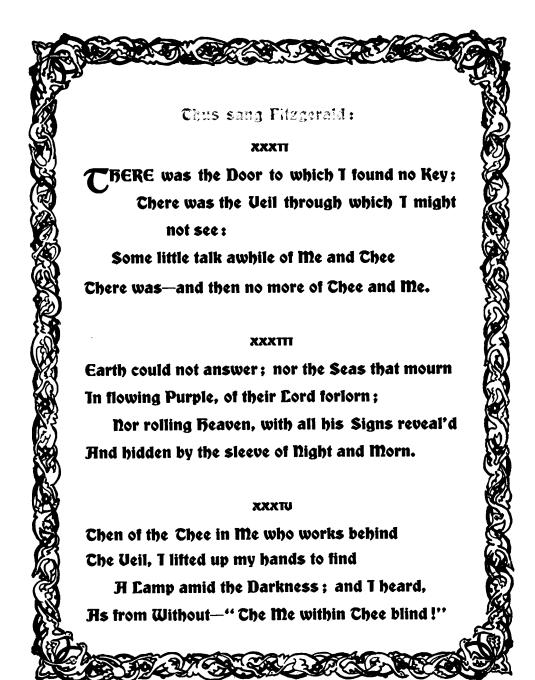
Came out by the same door where in I went.













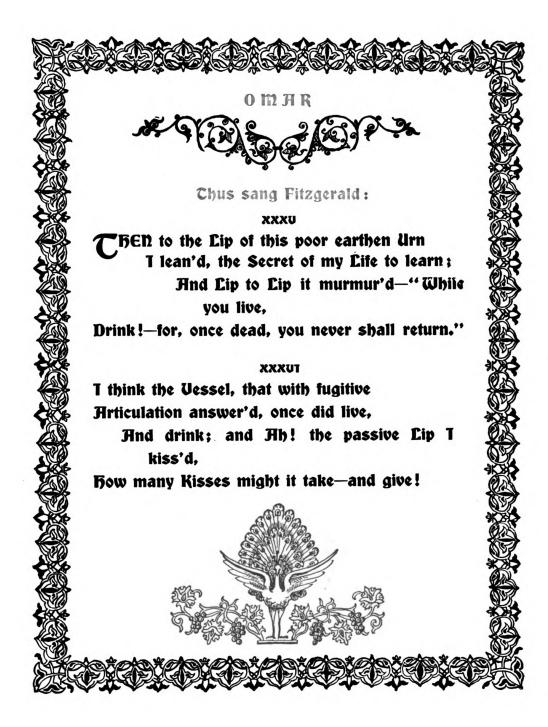
### Thus spake Omar, the Suff:

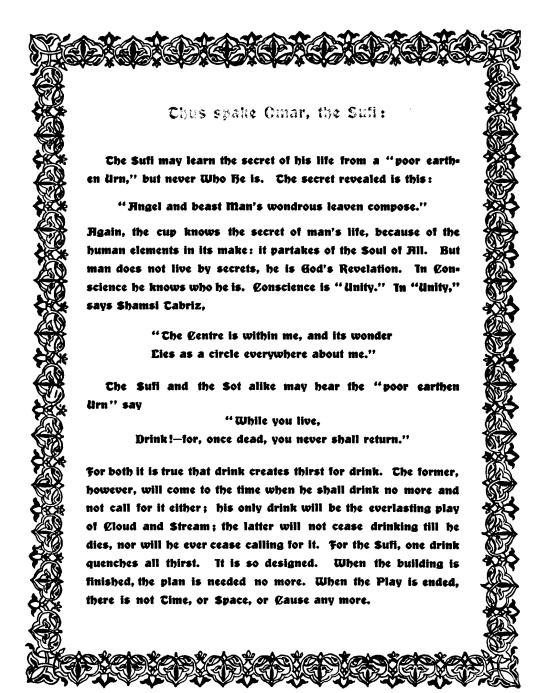
Che Sufi speaks of veils which do not hide, but which reveal. The "Me" and the "Chee" are veils through which we do not see. But when there is "no more of Chee and Me," then we see the Mystery in that veil. "Unity" is its Name. In that is unravel'd "the Master-knot of Human Fate" and in that Name we may drink deep and freely. In that Name we read the tablet of Creation. Chat name is a veil which reveals. But the mystery can only be seen by the Seer. Che mere student does not understand that "not only are the nightingale and the rosebush chanting praises to God, but every thorn is a tongue to extol Him."

Che Sufi is not so positive as the materialist. To be sure the Earth, the Seas, the Heavens cannot answer loudly. Cheir language is silent, but is nevertheless easily understood by a child. Chey themselves are the language of the intuitive. Chey are the universe-al language which expresses God's thoughts, or, as novalis puts it: "Nature is a kind of illuminated table of contents of the Spirit." Che most direct language, the language of love, is that of the heart. It is

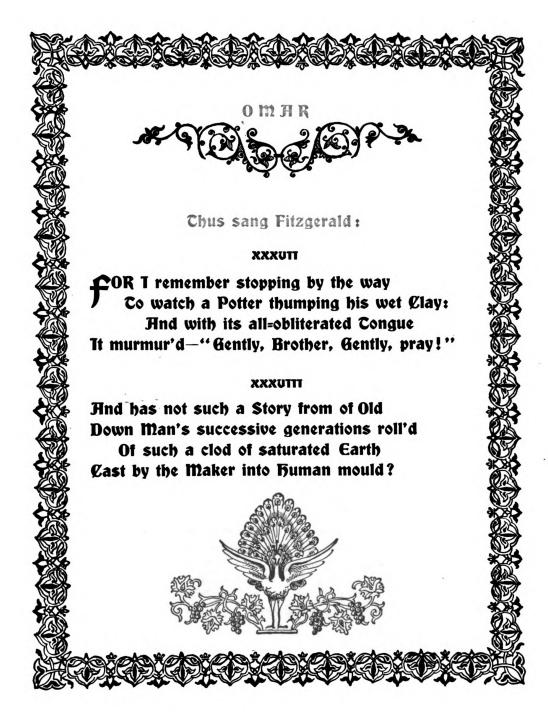
"The Chee in Me who works behind The veil."

But to the earth-bound ones it is as mysterious as that of the Universe. Che drunkard cannot speak it. Che scoffer cannot hear it.













Thus spake Omar, the Sufi:

Che Sufi Attar tells the sweetest of all stories; one of brothers bood in the bitter-sweet flavor of mortality:

"One day the Prophet on a River Bank, Dipping his lips into the channel, drank A draught as sweet as honey. Chen there came One who an earthen Pitcher from the same Drew up, and drank: and after some short stay Under the Shadow, rose and went his way, Ceaving his earthen Bowl. In which, anew Chirsting, the Prophet from the River drew, And drank from: but the Water that came up Sweet from the stream, drank bitter from the cup. Ht which the Prophet in a still Surprise For Answer turning up to Beav'n his Eyes, The Vessel's earth'n Lips with Answer ran: 'Che Clay that I am made of once was Man, Who dying, and resolved into the same Obliterated Earth from which he came, Was for the Potter dug, and chased in turn Chrough long Vicissitude of Bowl and Urn: But howsoever moulded, still the Pain Of that first mortal Anguish would retain, And cast, and re-cast, for a thousand years Would turn the sweetest Water into Cears."







## Chus sang litzgerald:

#### XXXXX

For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
Co quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
Chere hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

XE

As then the Culip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Uintage from the soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
Co Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.



### Thus srake Omar, the Sufi:

Che Sufi is not a Re-incarnationist. Sunnites speak of metempsychosis but Shiites do not. Cesavuf is not Re-incarnation, but Regeneration. Fana is not extinction, but transmutation and ascension. Self-unfoldment is the Sufi's life:

"From the moment you came into the world of being A ladder was placed before you that you might escape. First you were mineral, later you turned to plant, Chen you became animal: how should this be a secret to you?

Afterwards you were made man, with knowledge, reason, faith;

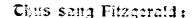
When you have traveled on from man, you will doubtless become an angel;

After that you are done with this earth: your station is in Beaven.

Pass again even from angelhood: enter that Ocean! Chrough it all you are and you remain You."

The Sufi while he walks in the garden of the Beloved does, like the Culip, open his bosom for the "morning sup." In the morning both lift up their eyes to the "Curkis-vaulted dome of the sky" to be united with that Supreme Intelligence that moulded both. When Mother Earth washes the sleep from her eyes with dew and cold breezes, they both "utter speech" and their hearts throb with the One Life of Brotherhood that binds all the spheres in Unity. When the Maker of Day, the symbol and eye of His glory, puts the stars away and clears the firmament for a new Revelation of the Eternal Beauty, the Culip and the Sufi put on their brightest colors, which are their flags of allegiance, and they profess their joy. Chere is an hour of silence in the morning just before the day becomes noisy. In that hour the Culip prays and communes with new-born innocence. The Sufi folds his hands as a symbol that he embraces all the world in Brotherhood of the One Caw, the One Life, the One Love, the One Light.





XET

Co-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,

Hnd lose your fingers in the tresses of
Che Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

XCTT

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press, End in what III begins and ends in—Yes;

Chink then you are Co=day what Yesterday
You were—Co=morrow you shall not be less.

XETTI

So when the Angel of the darker Drink

At last shall find you by the river-brink,

And, offering his Eup, invite your Soul

Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.





Che Sufi after prayer is

"Perplext no more with Buman or Divine."

His prayer is no vulgar petition. He never asks. He has no occasion for asking. He only praises and gives thanks. He wills as his Beloved wills. He spends his day most religiously "fingering the tresses" of his Beloved and emptying the cup. Is that not religion? What else is religion? Is it discursive wrangling about "Pan-theism or Pot-theism?" Is it recitation of formulas, once full of magic but now dead? Hay, religion is the enfoldment of God and His world in one embrace. It is the enjoyment of love and wisdom. It is telling Him how sweet it is to live, how precious He is and how we long for "Unity."

"And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press End in what All begins and ends in—"

You shall cultivate them ceremoniously and never neglect them. Such ceremony is prayer, too. It is universal religion.

The Sufi will least of all men shrink when he meets

"The angel of the darker Drink."

Darkness is universality to him. It is the All that lies beyond day and night; the All for which he yearns: the All in which he shall meet the Beloved. Death is Re-union, not separation. Death is gain, not loss. Chey tremble whose bodies reverberate with desire and pain, and whose souls are strangers to themselves. Such ones fear death; it is to them the Unknown, and the Bereafter is a Bades of bloodless shades that fear one another. Chese unhappy ones are cowards in darkness, because they cannot see their own shadows, the only evidence they possess of being alive.



### Chus sang Flizgeraid:

XETU

The Soul can fling the Dust aside,

And naked on the Hir of Heaven ride,

Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame
for him

In this clay carcass crippled to abide?

XEU

'Cis but a Cent where takes his one day's rest H Sultan to the realm of Death addrest; Che Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

XEUT

And fear not lest Existence closing your

Account, and mine, should know the like no more;

The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd

Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.



### Thus spake Omar, the Sufi:

The Sufi is not "perplext with Buman or Divine." Knowing the mystery of veils, everything to him is symbolical. How could be appreciate a curve but for lover's tresses? How uplift himself but for the flameshaped Cypress? How know the difference between Co-day and Yesterday but for the wine of life which "keeps oozing drop by drop"? But he will not "fling the Dust aside," though TC be only dust and HE a Microdeus! He is a free man! No matter if

"Che Eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour."

The Sufi will not remain here materially and let the Beloved wait. "Were't not a shame—were't not a Shame for him" to be engaged with earthly adornment when "unadorned is most adorned" and Cruth is Nakedness? He will not stay. He will not delay, linger, and wait in the tent. Hnother Sultan may have it. He, the Sufi, goes up higher! But the Sufi does not spurn the body; he is no irrational ascetic. Hs a tabernacle, the body is built on the plan of fourfoldness, which is the plane of Wholeness or Harmony. He sings,

"I am the brick, the mortar, the builder, and his plans,
Che groundwork and the roof-tree, the building and its fall."

The Sufi needs the body to express his beauty in. A lovely body, a strong body, a perfect body, a rich body, each and all are his mirrors. All beauty is essentially human-Divine, Divine-human, and the Sufi is an artist who cultivates it. Hesthetics is the perception of this mystery. Experience is the only teacher. The body is the studio, the student, and the study. It is "the Gate called Beautiful", it is "the city within," and the King's palace. Still the body is only a halting-place in our pilgrimage from world to world.

# Chus sang Fitzgerald:

#### XCUTT

Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,

Which of our Coming and Departure heeds Hs the Sea's self should heed a pebble=cast.

#### XCUTTT

H Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
Hud Co!—the phantom Caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!

#### XETX

Would you that spangle of Existence spend

Hout Che Secret—quick about it, Friend!

H Hair perhaps divides the False and Crue,

Hnd upon what, prithee, does life depend?



# Thus spake Omar, the Sufi:

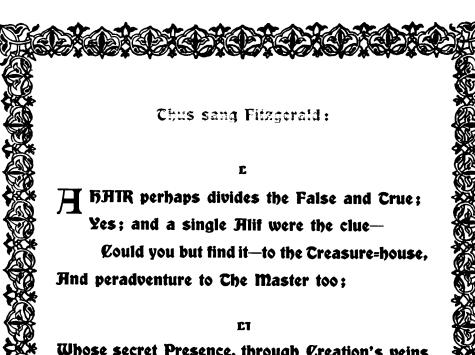
The Sufi is no sophist, when he compares our Coming and Departure to the insignificant drop of a pebble in the ocean. Even the wise may at times wonder what the meaning may be of a trifling act of theirs. What is the effect upon me to-day of the sinking of the fabled Atlantis? Why did I meet my soul-mate yesterday and not years ago, when I searched? Why now, when I search no more? Upon such mysteries the Sufi may give sophistic answers. He may also lay his finger upon the lips and demand silence. But is a pebble not full of "the presence of some unknown heavenliness"? Jacob Boehme thought a stone was "God minus warmth." A geologist thinks the pebble came into existence in the angry and passionate fight between fire and water in the infancy of our earth. When the ocean rages upon the shore, the poet can hear the pebble moan—it then tells its reminiscences. Che fall of the pebble into the sea starts concentric movements that never end till they reach the brim of existence. Surely, the pebble is both no-thing and some-thing!

Che Sufi may be equally sophistic when the discussion turns upon the moment! In daily life it is next to nothing! It is wasted and we seem none the worse for it. It is after all full of emphasis! Che poet certainly strikes some of the deep-tuned chords of the human heart when he compares life to

# "A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste Of Being —"

Che moment is "that indivisible point" where eternity and time meet! What clock measures it? It is contained in the flash of the eye when the eye knows an enemy. It is the suddenness of the spirit's movement, too quick for time to catch. Che idea of the moment connects itself with the eye. Instinctively we describe the moment as a flash upon the eye, whether it comes as a lightning from the sky or from within as a sudden illumination of grace. In either case it is the meeting of worlds. How important then is the moment! If we did not stop for "A Moment's Halt," we should not know what this Midgard is. If we did not taste "of Being from the Well amid the Waste"—viz., the vastness of the incomprehensible, we should not know of his bountifulness. Without the Balt and without the Caste, we might have been high and pure angels, but never human beings. Look well to the Moment! Festina lente!



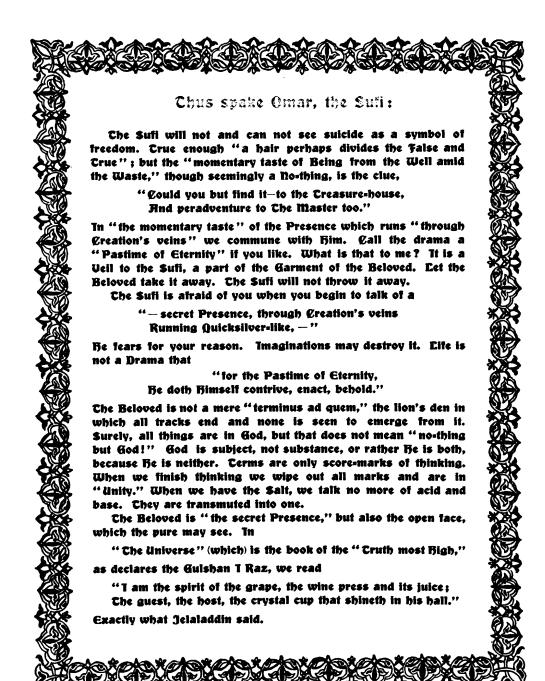


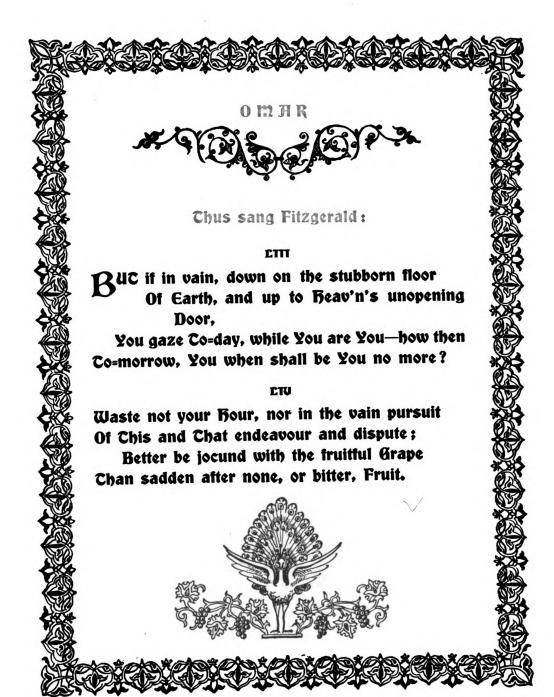
Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins Running Quicksilver=like, eludes your pains;
Caking all shapes from Mah to Mahi; and Chey change and perish all—but he remains;

CTT

A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd Which, for the Pastime of Eternity, Be doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.











Chus spake Omar, the Sufi:

Che Sufi will die daily:

"Were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?

'Cis but a Cent where takes his one day's rest."

Yes! he calls: "Oh, make haste!" to come out of the dust and pass behind the Ueil! For certainly if

"You gaze Co-day, while You are You—how then Co-morrow, You when shall be You no more?"

Chere are no repetitions! Co-day is the accepted hour! You cannot wade through the same stream to-morrow which you waded to-day. Make haste!

"And naked on the Hir of Beaven ride!"









Chus sang Fitzgerald:

EU

YOU know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse

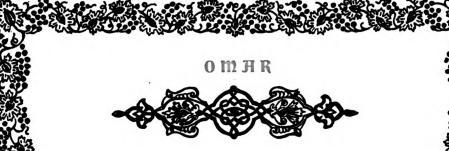
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
Hnd took the Daughter of the Uine to Spouse.

CUI

For "Is" and "Is-not" though with Rule and Line,

And "Up-and-down" by Logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.





Chus spake Omar, the Sufi:

UT

Che Sufi never "plays the game of love alone," he is a twice-married man. In Youth he takes barren intellect to his bed, but when he tastes "life's pure elixir," he quickly divorces her for "Che Daughter of the Uine." Ht first by Logic he defines "Is" and "Is-Not." Ht last he finds the Logos in the Wine—the "trance divine"—for to the Sufi

"Che wine-cup is as Jesus: life once more
Tts potent tide can to the dead restore."

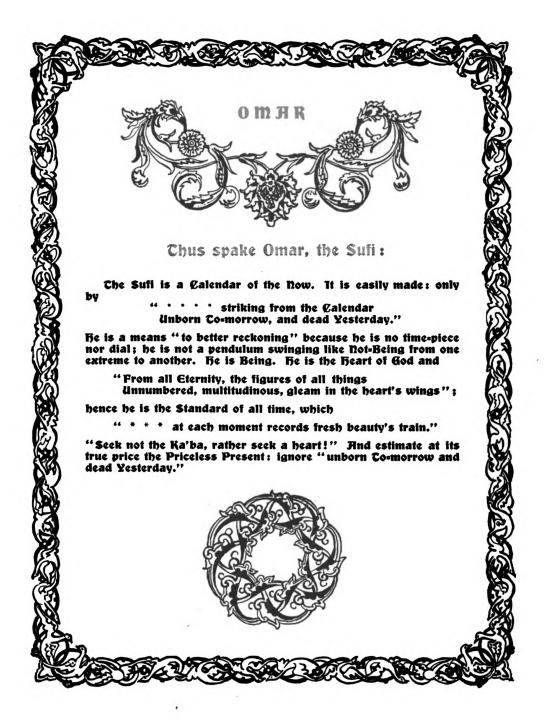
He begins in the Senses, but soon discards them:

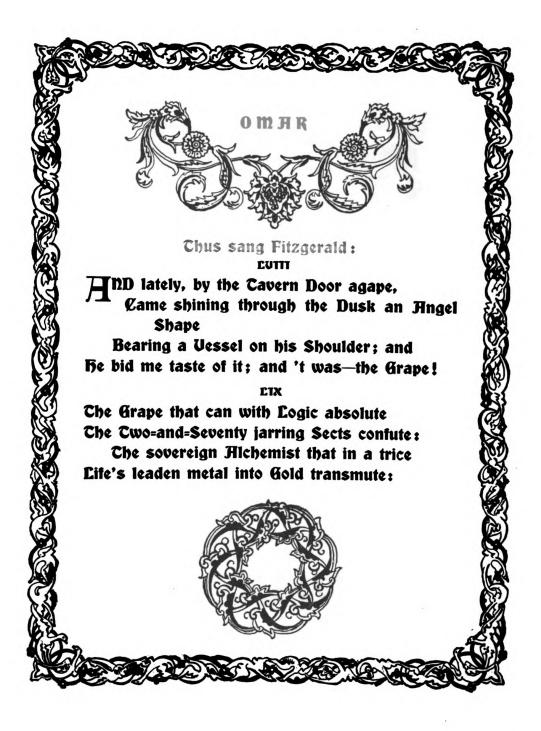
"Our senses barren are; they come from barren soil."

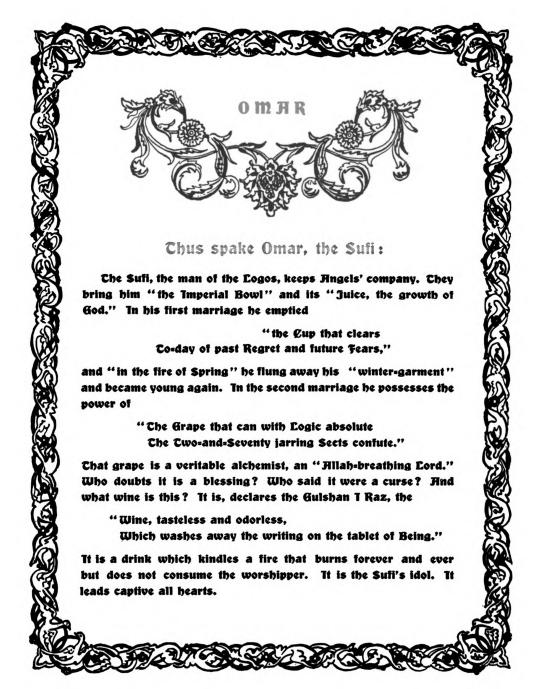
He ends in the Heart: "'the spacious land of God,''tis named in Holy Writ."

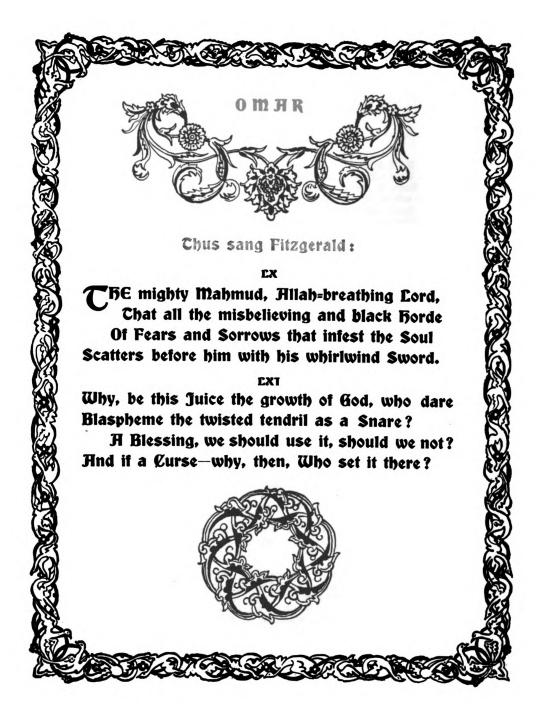


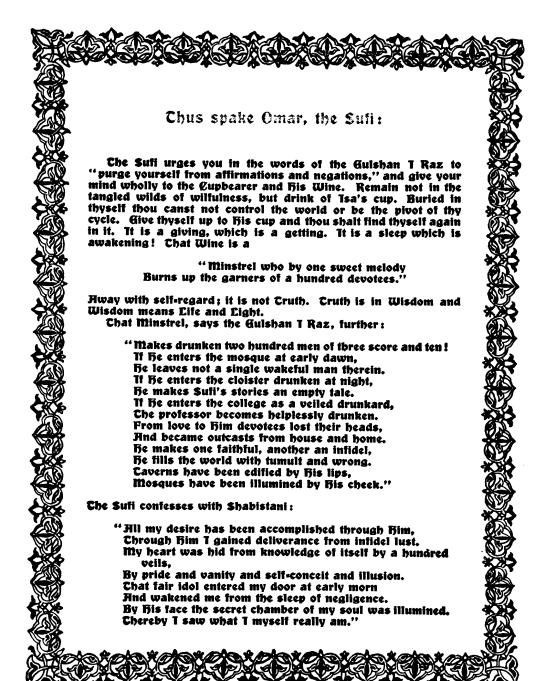


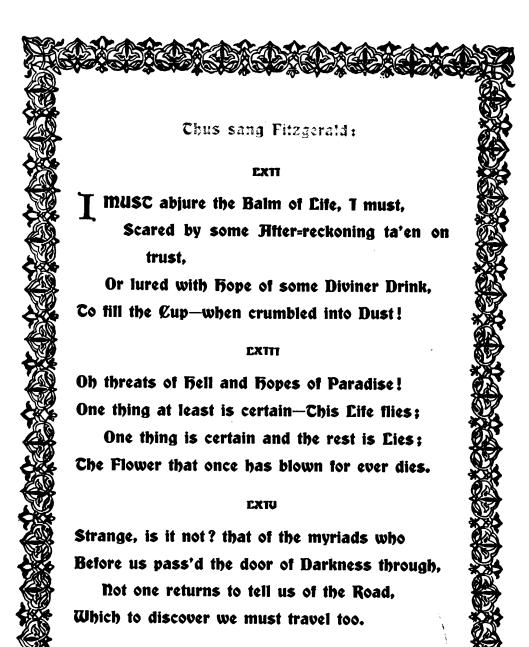


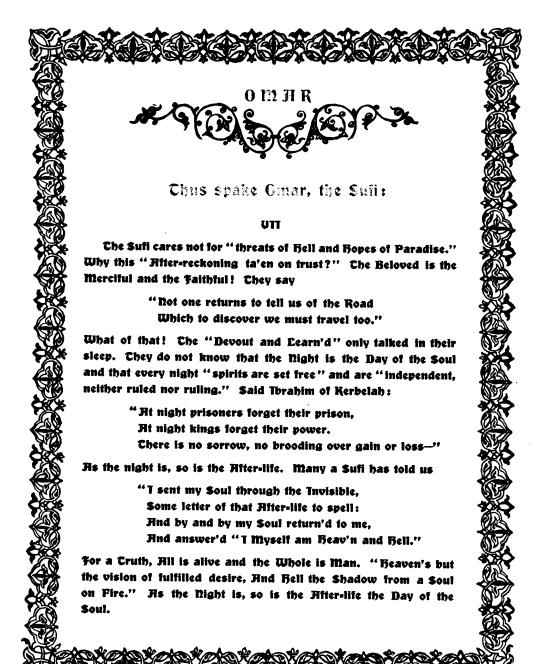














**EXU** 

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
Hre all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
Chey told their comrades and to Sleep return'd.

### **EXUT**

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,

Some letter of that After-life to spell:

Hnd by and by my Soul return'd to me,

Hnd answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell:"

## **EXUTI**

Heav'n but the Uision of fulfill'd Desire,

Hnd Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire

Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,

So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.



## Chus spake Cmar, the Sufi:

#### Che Sufi disputes the sensual fact that

"The Flower that once has blown forever dies."

Che rose of yesterday is gone! Crue! Yet its aroma lingers upon my Soul. Che maiden of last night is the matron of to-day. T ate the apple that yesterday held the life of futurity. Hill true! But is not yesterday a part of to-day? Is not that aroma the Breath of my Beloved? He not the maiden and the matron the Mother-hood of God? Hnd the apple? Is that not fruitfulness? Where does it begin? Where does it end? Only the individual rose truly is! Only its aroma is aroma! Only my maiden is the mother! Only that apple is the apple! Individuality is nothing superadded nor anything subtracted! Che pessimist does not say so! Che Sufi says so! Be stands for individuality and for immortality in the Beloved!

Che pessimist declares that it is only in the microscope that our life looks so big. He enjoys the little world in the valley, like the worms their pond. His lungs never breathed Alpine air, and his eyes never beheld the azure blue of the heavens: those blues which open like doors when your soul dwells upon them. He sees only the scaffolding of life, but not the building. He is lost in the Many; Manifoldness is a swoon. Che flower that once has blown never dies.

Che Sufi sees in Nature a background on which appear innumerable eyes and swarming intelligences. Chey are the monadic existences that make up the world, the throne of God. Chey are unformed and imperishable. As "trailing clouds of glory" they appear in the form of men. Others remain in their office as "powers and principalities." Whatever they do, they are individualities or indivisible entities. Clothed in personalities or naked as pure spirits, they elude definition. Definition is limitation. In themselves they are Infinities and they form the web and the woof of existence. Che Beloved is both pattern and weaver:

"He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for right side ever."

When the weaving stops, and the web is tossed and turned, the real handiwork will be seen. The poor pessimist has not time to wait! What shall we see? The Mystic thinks he shall see the One is a multiple personality and that the World of Spirits is the City of God.



# Chus sang Fitzgerald:

## EXUTT

Of Magic Shadow=shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun=illumin'd Cantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

#### KXXX

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days:
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,

Hnd one by one back in the Closet lays.

#### CXX

The Ball no question makes of Hyes and Noes,
But Here or Chere as strikes the Player goes;
Hnd He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—He knows—HE knows!



# Thus spake Omar, the Sufi:

The Sufi will not listen. Do not tell him the Beloved is "the Master of the Show" and "we are no other than a moving row." It is only a delusion to think so. We are on board ship, to be sure, but the land does not move, while the ship does; yea, and if we "keep the rudder true" it brings us to the haven where we would. Be knows—Be knows, when it is best we stop the game. It is not Be that plays. It only seems so! We are the travellers. Gurbat Kurbat ast, says the Persian proverb: "Cravel is travail"—the giving birth to the New Man. No man was ever born without the shedding of blood. Eife means death to another. Che

## "Magic Shadow-Shapes that come and go"

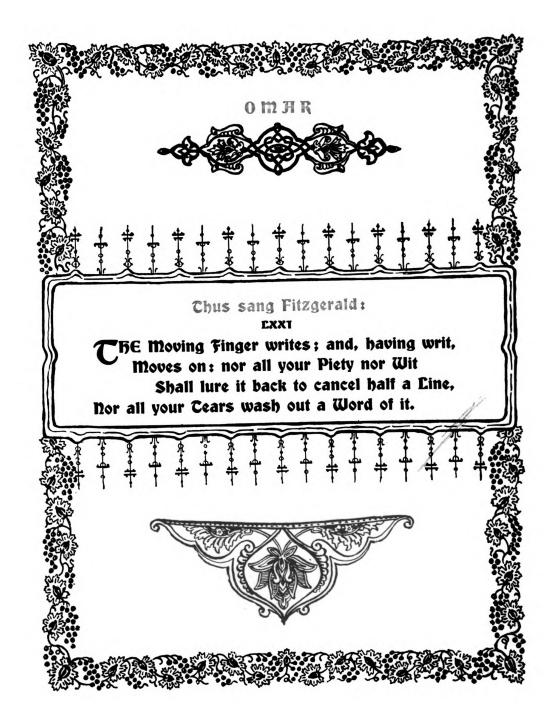
appear to be "helpless Pieces," but "they reveal a mystery in a veil." Cherefore say with Shamsi: "At Being and Non-Being fret not." "In every place Love has its tenants."

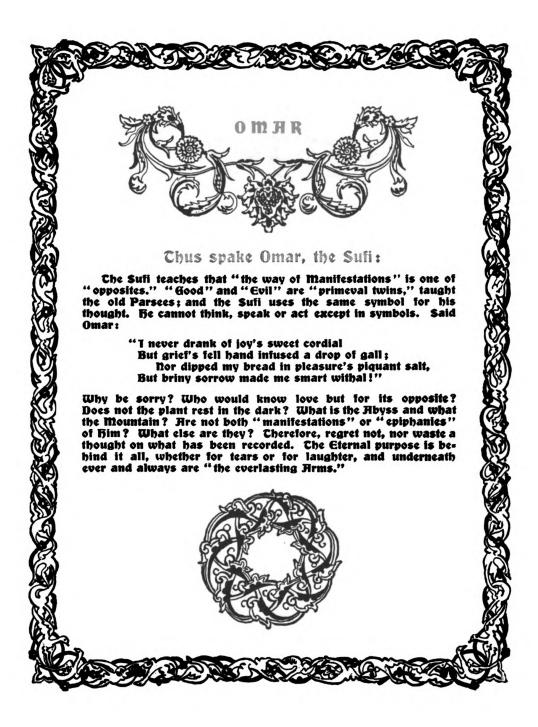
Che Sufi again opposes the pessimist. It is not

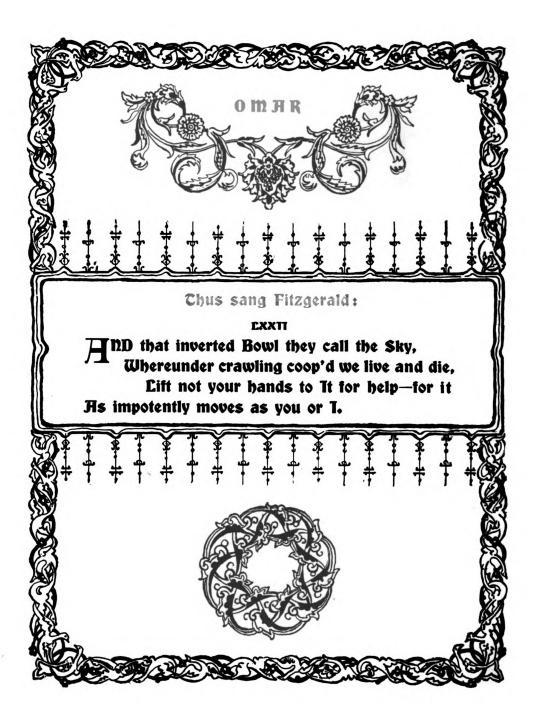
"He that toss'd you down into the field."

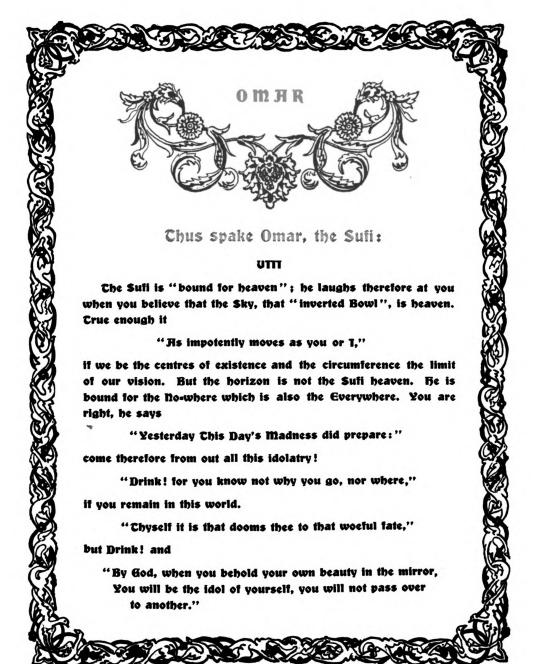
It seems so to one who does not see the play, but reasons from the methods of the boy's game. We come freely and our departure is voluntary. Some atomic fellow-travellers, who have not yet opened their eyes, because they need not, do not journey without guides and restraints. But Man, that proud Being, whose name is derived from his power "to look up," goes alone because he "sees life steadily and sees it whole." Is the pessimist such a man or is he only a semblance? Surely he who is not awake is asleep! The sleeper has but an imperfect knowledge of what is going on. They say a sleep-walker never falls. He is innocent of his dangers, therefore the angels guide him. Che pessimist and the faithless do not even see that the Will-o'-the-Wisp is a lampa lamp to the wise, but a phantom of destruction to the headstrong and disloyal. Chey are sleep-walkers because they are not friends with rest and peace. Chey will not see steadily, hence they end in the morass and must pass involuntarily through death.

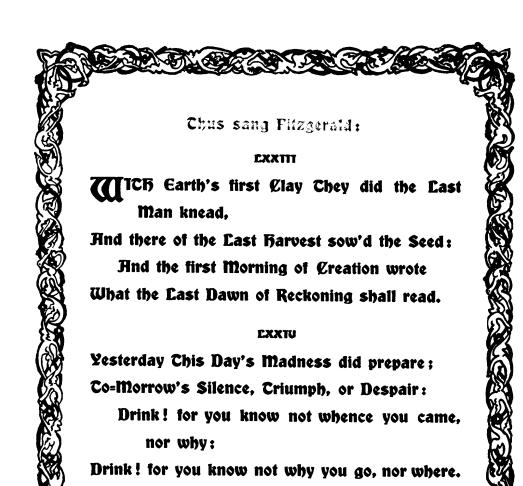






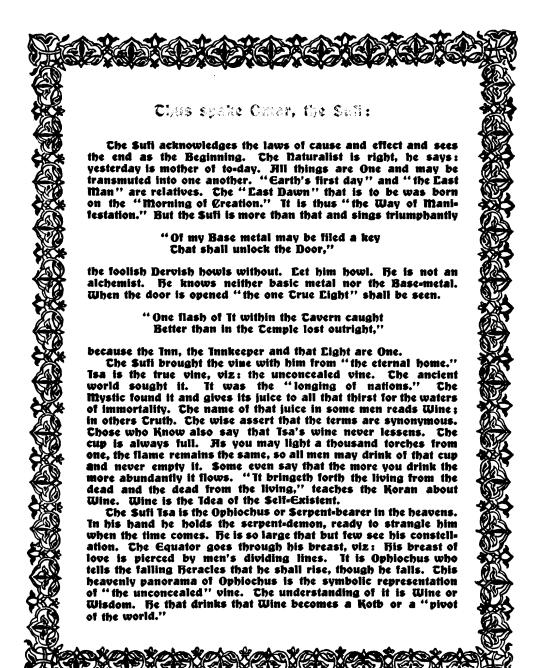


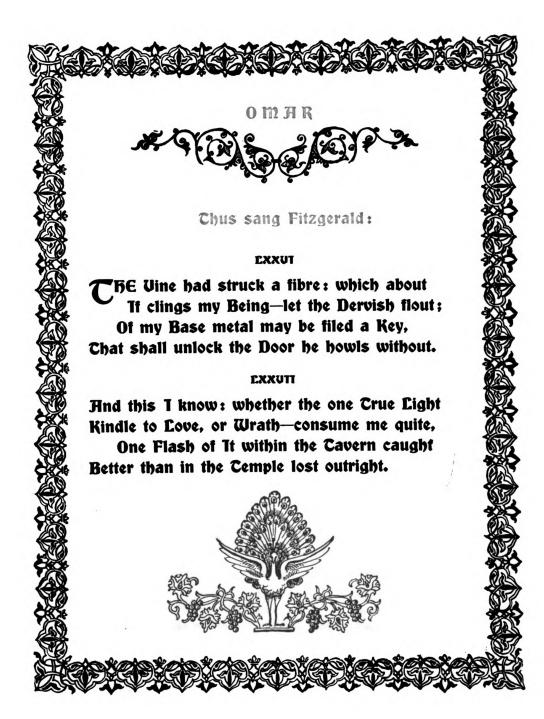


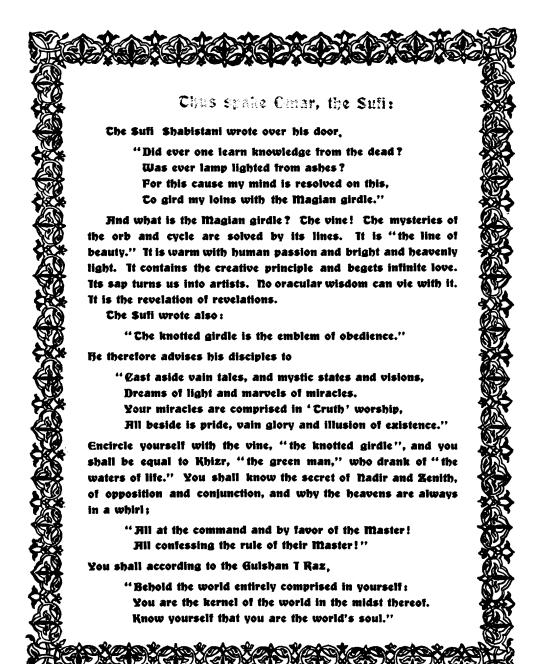


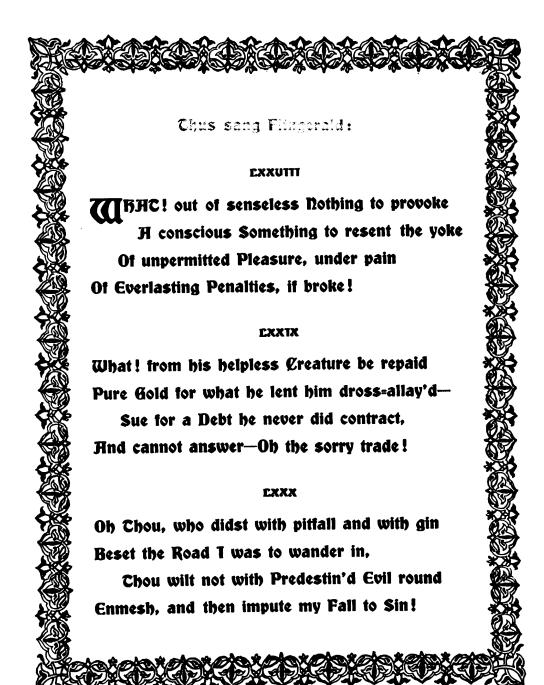
**EXXU** 

T tell you this—When, started from the Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul.













## Thus spake Omar, the Sufi:

TX

Che Sufi cries aloud to Iblis, the Betrayer, who lingers in the unlighted crevices of the mind, "Do not say that He provoked a conscious Something out of senseless Nothing and will resent unpermitted Pleasures under pain of Everlasting Penalties." He never provoked consciousness out of unconsciousness—He never permitted or forbade pleasures—He possesses no everlasting penalties! Illusions betray us! Illusions are our own! He never made us evil! He does not need us, either good or bad! Illusions are our own shadows, they show that we are not transparent yet. Hittle more fire; a little more sublimation—and the base metal becomes gold!

Che Sufi shrinks back in horror at the idea of heaping "everlasting penalties" upon a "helpless creature," that enjoys life unconscious of breaking a law. He is as determined as the scoffer and enemy of God. He will say to the Beloved,

"Oh Chou, who didst with pitfall and with gin Beset the road I was to wander in."

Chou wilt not "impute my fall to sin!" but to my carelessness and ignorance of Chy Will and I will thank Chee for correction! "I trust Chee, though Chou slay me!"

Co the agnostic who asks him for a definition of his philosophy of life, the Sufi says:

"My words are dark, but I cannot unfold

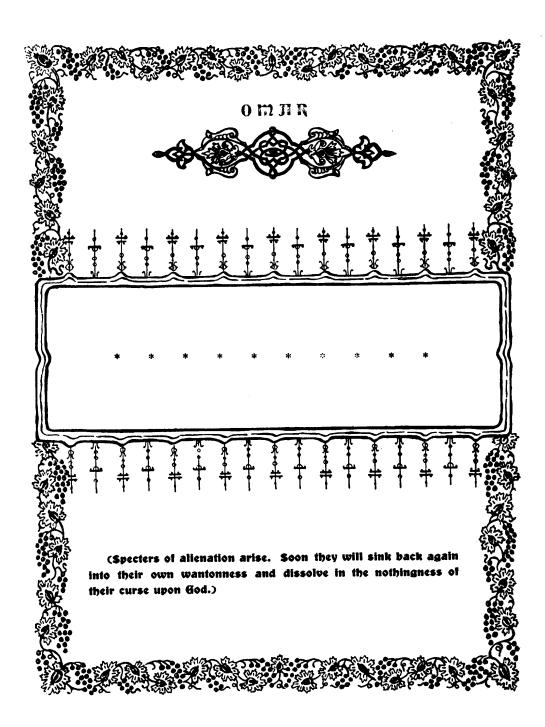
Che secrets of the 'station' where I dwell."

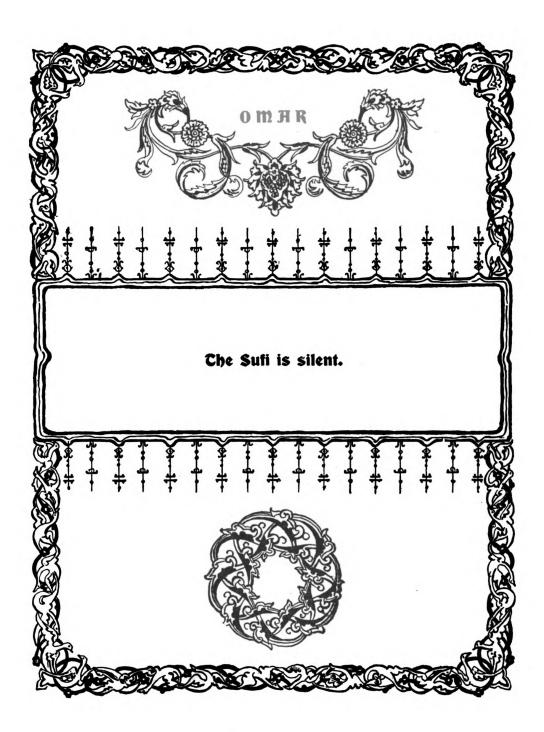






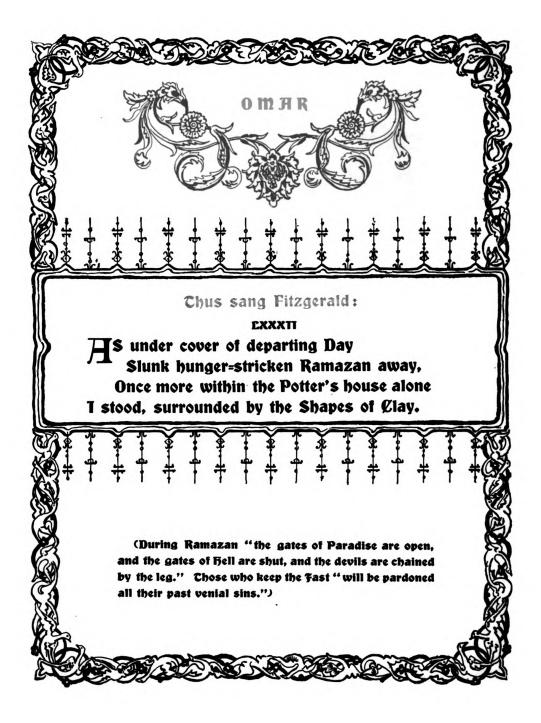


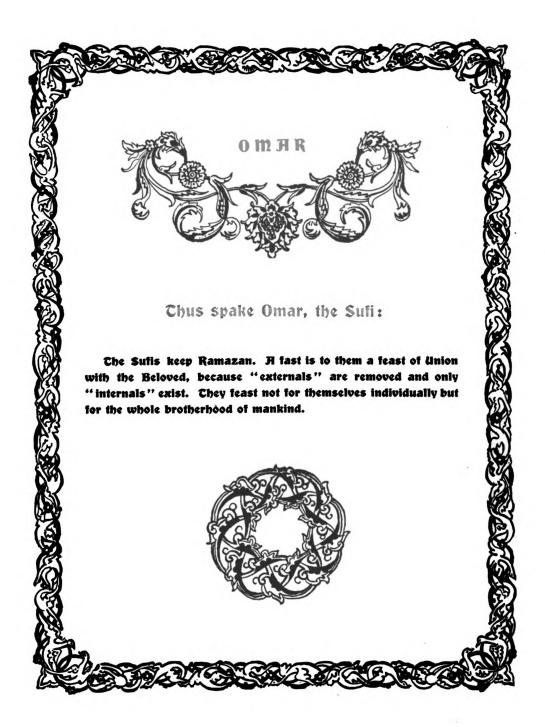




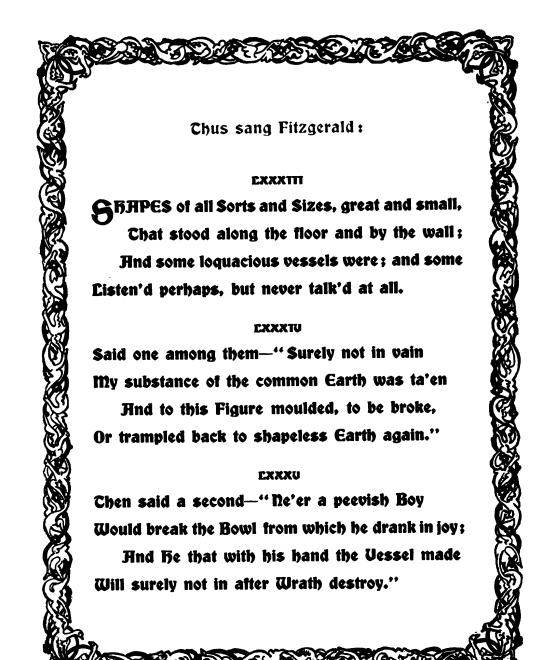


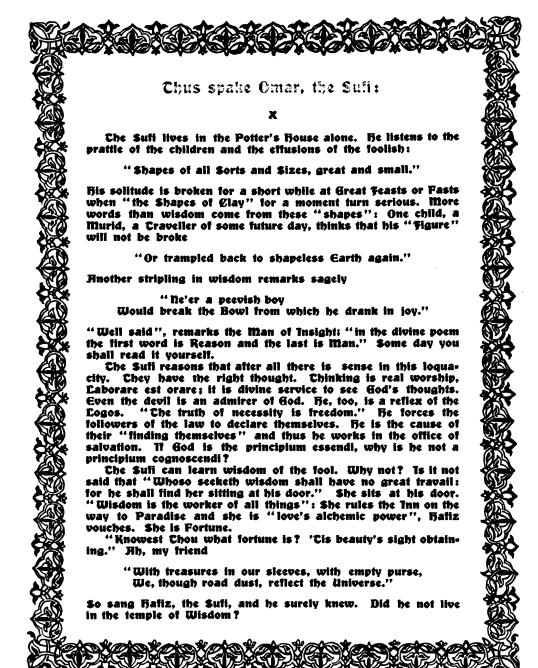




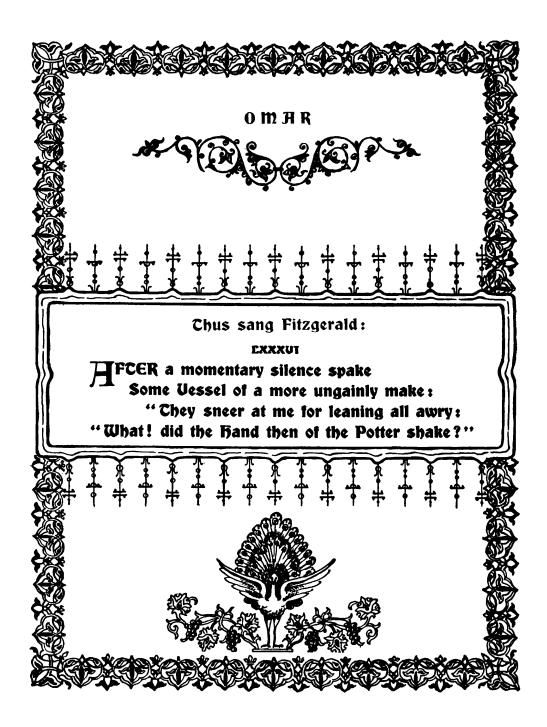


















### Chus spake Omar, the Sufi:

The Sufi will meet with patience "the loquacious lot", among them "the Sufi pipkin," that flings about with words, dogmatic and empty. He knows that the wind blows only for awhile and it will be still again. He cannot help saying to himself: "Oh! man of learning! Oh! philosopher of great repute! How often have ye held up to the world a lantern which had no light in it!"—"not by the understanding alone can man attain to the Truth, but by the submission of the heart to the soothing influence of Beauty."

You ask:

"Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

and you answer yourself correctly and in Sufi wisdom: "Che two are One", but I fear your "logic is only an instrument of deception." Have ye love, which is the longing for the Beautiful? Does your heart contain him, that is

"Alike

Che Creasure and the Casket?"







Chus sang Fitzgerald;

#### CXXXUTTI

- "MFY," said another, "Some there are who tell
- "Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
  "The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—
  Pish!
- "Be's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

#### CXXXIX

- "Well," murmur'd one, "Let whoso make or buy,
- "My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
  - "But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
- "Methinks I might recover by and by."



# Thus spake Omar, the Sufi:

The Sufi has love even for the wag:

"Be's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

though for the sake of an epigram this "luckless pot" will risk the Uision of the Beloved. Why should not the Sufi be silent? The Sun is silent! "Why not forgive? Where is the Sound of the last howling storm? Only the Word creates; the Sound does not. The wag has not created anything that lasts and the Beloved—

"Be's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

Is He not? Observe "the sorting, sifting and distributing process of "Nature" and you shall understand! The world is vital and alive with the Breath of Him, who is

"The Boly One and The Grand."

Che Sufi smiles when one who otherwise stands solitary, "along the floor and by the wall" and whose "clay with long oblivion is gone dry," calls for Wine, for Wine indeed is the Balance and the Restorer. In vino veritas. Even Mr. Punch is a minister.

"O Saki, give me that imperial bowl Which opens the heart, exhilarates the soul."

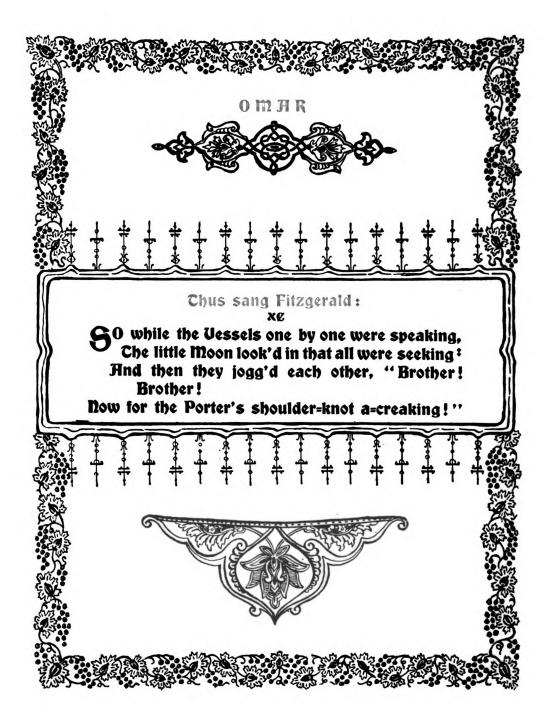
Che Sufi thought of the Badis which says: "Chink on the mercies of God, not on the essence of God." Wine-Wisdom is the intro-sum ascendere, and reveals God.

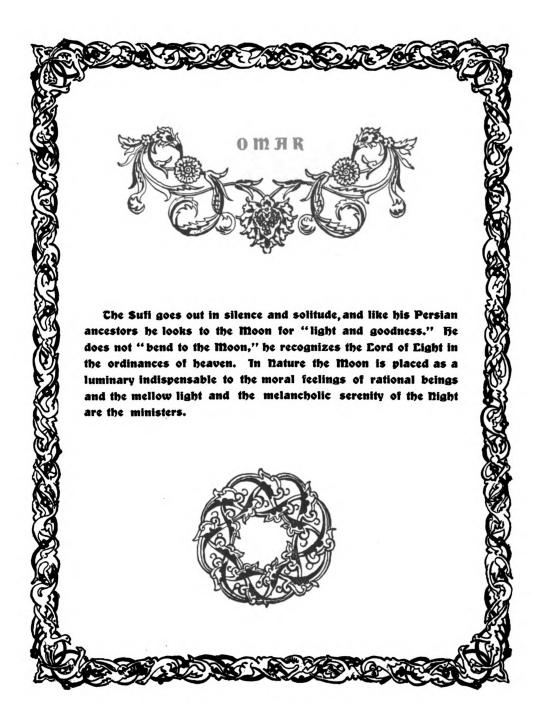
"Wine, the torch and beauty are epiphanies of Verity,
For it is that which is revealed under all forms soever."

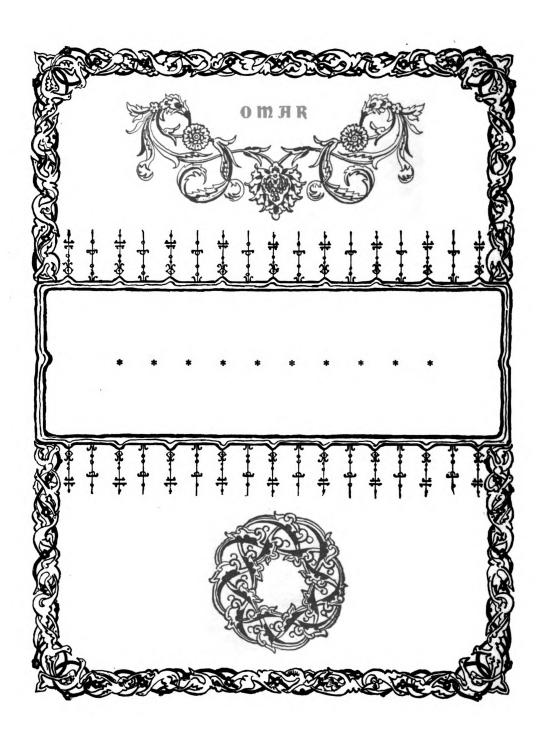
Eahiji, the Sufi, wrote: "Wine is the rapture which makes the Sufi beside himself at the apparition of the Beloved; the Corch, the Eight Kindled in his heart by the same apparition, and Beauty, the Cruth itself manifested and present." For, says the Sufi, "In Caverns better far commune with Chee, than pray in Mosques, and fail Chy Face to see!"

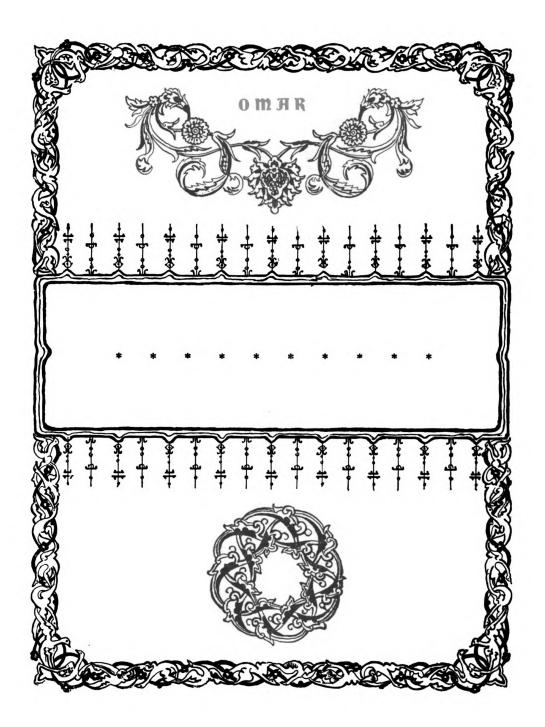
















XI

Che Sufi will also in Death remain the witness to Cruth, that he has been in Life. He asks to be

"shrouded in the living Leaf"

and laid aside

"By some not unfrequented Carden-side"

that even his buried ashes shall testify the Crue-believer, the Man of Wisdom. Hs for this world; it has condemned him long ago, never knowing what his song of Wine really meant. He admits—with regret—that "oft before" he tried to conform to the opinions and usages of the world, "but was I sober when I swore?" Day! Chis world's men are intoxicated. He was sober in the Spring and then he Rose-in-hand his "Penitence apieces tore."

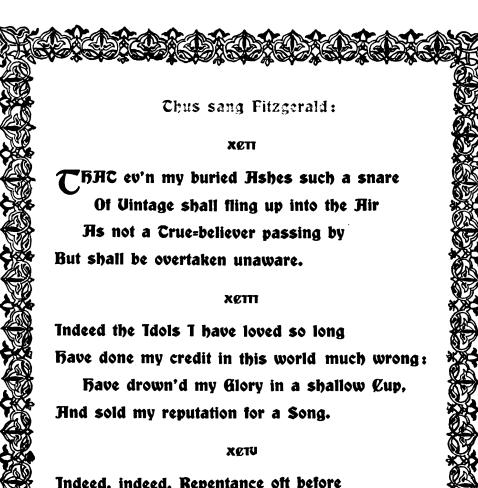
Che Sufi askes for a "living" leaf as a symbol of his living though he seems dead. Che Eord of Eife should not be worshipped with faded flowers and it is an ancient custom that they who sleep on the bier should be covered with flowers from their own gardens. What more significant shroud for the Sufi than the living leaf of the vine, "the tree of life"? He asks also to be laid

"By some not unfrequented Garden-side."

In his case the grave is not a place where men fear to go. It is a place of pilgrimage. He was a pilgrim to the Infinite in life; how much more so in death? His interior illumination will continue to shine over the tomb and triumph over all illusions. Echoes and shadows will move among the living and they will be his voice. Chey will unite with the Innermost Voice within and souls shall be resurrected!





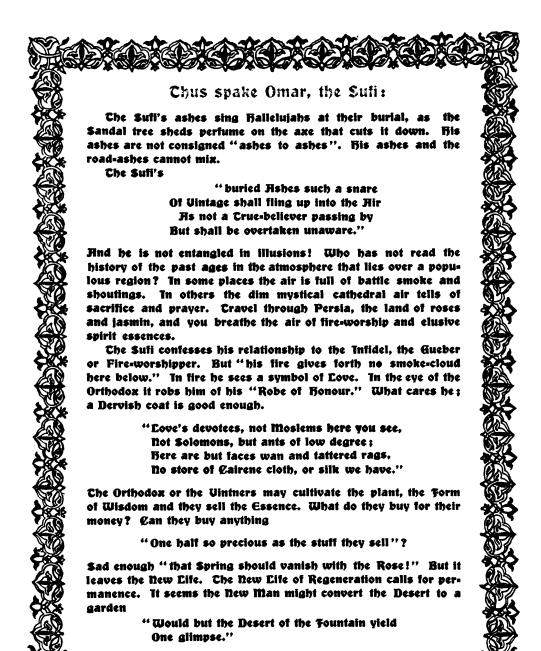


Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?

Hnd then and then came Spring, and Rose=
in=hand

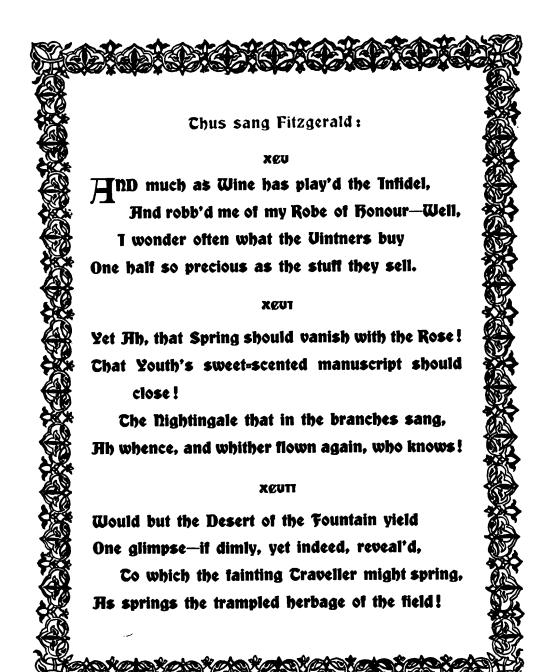
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.













The Sufi does not lament for his own sake

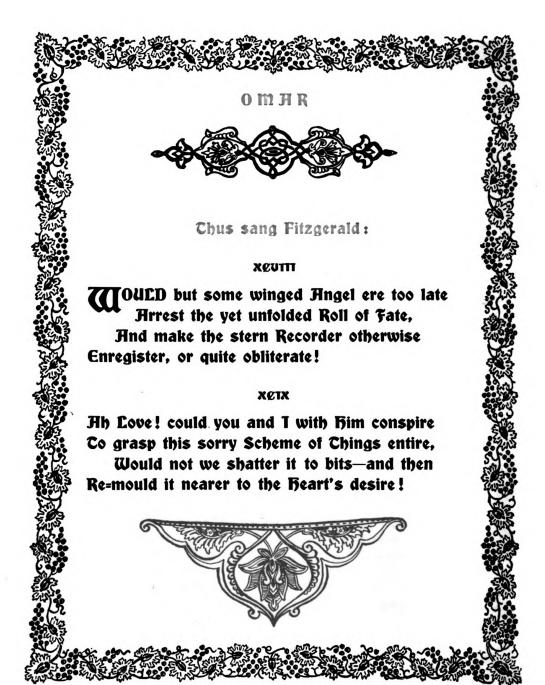
"that Spring should vanish with the Rose!"

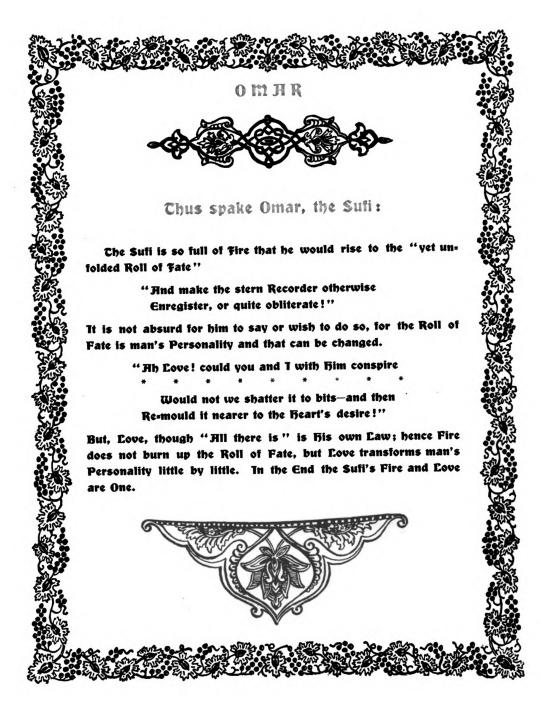
Nay, Nay! He is only a bird of passage and he is ready to leave with the Spring and the Rose. He laments the fate of all the children and promising souls, who for so short a time perceive the ebullitions from the eternal springs. All hasten to the nuptial feasts and there is scarcely time to decorate the brides. So many journey but a day and leave life's riddles all unsolved. It seems they ought to stay and take another goblet. However, Wisdom solves the riddle, since

"When sober, I find everything amiss,
But in my cups cry: 'Eet what will be, be!'"

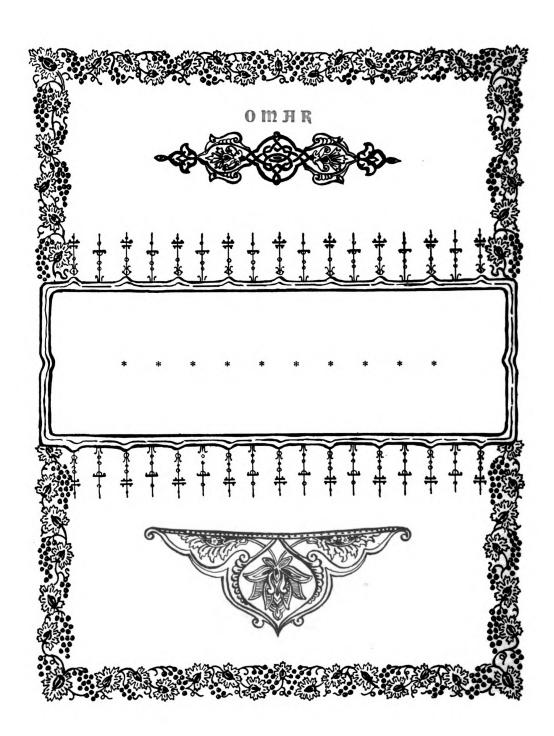
The Sufi compares the world to a desert that covers the fountain—the fountain of youth. Some deserts are brown heaths and stretches of melancholy lands, but even there rises the lark and pours out his song. The heather grows in solitude, but the eyes of the stars look down upon it and the spirits of the air wonder at the beauty of a heather blossom. Other deserts are the scene of thature's fight against fertility, that she may preserve the balance of power in her family. By sandstorms, winter colds, cloudbursts or scorching sun she makes wastes and spreads desolation where life might abound. Nature's deserts are awe-inspiring and sublime. When man makes a desert, destroying hopes and aspirations, there is the desert indeed. He closes all the fountains, and sterility ensues. Neither nature nor angels can revive the tracks of desolation he leaves behind him. The Beloved must make a new Beginning!



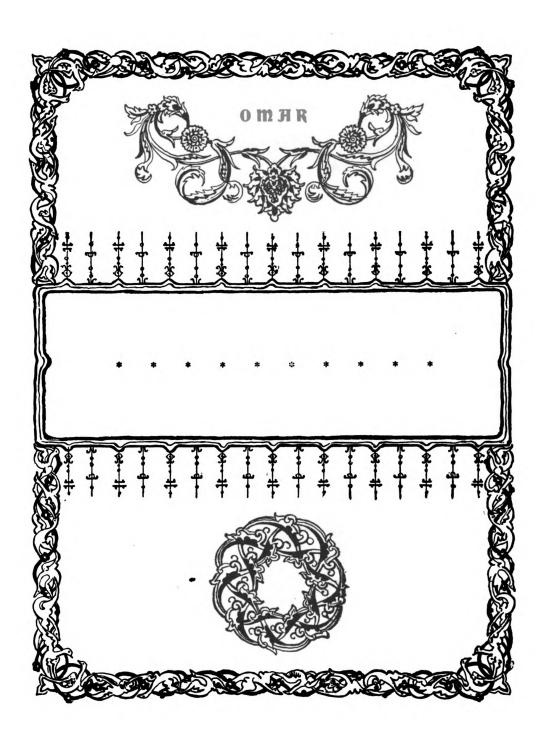






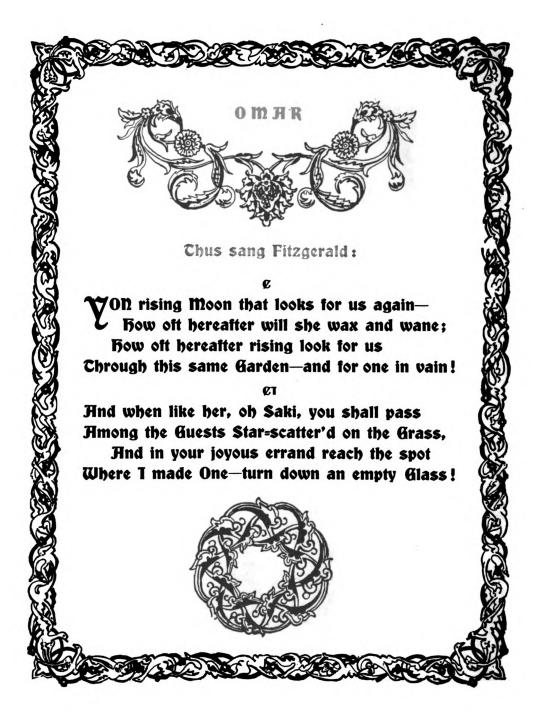


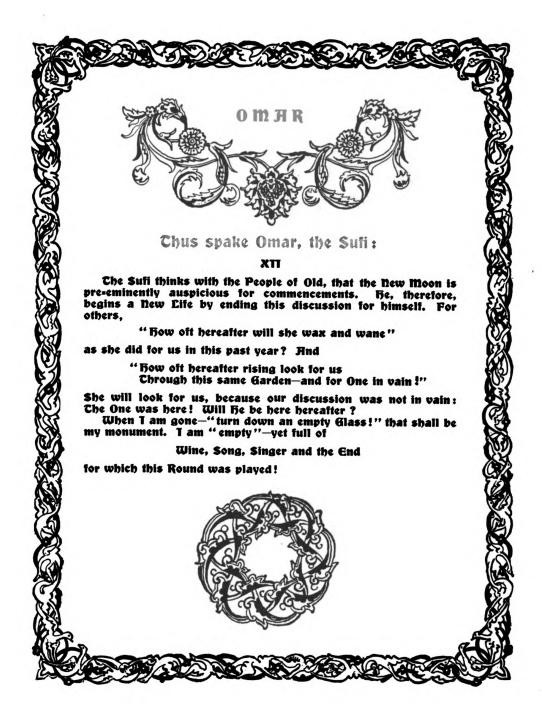




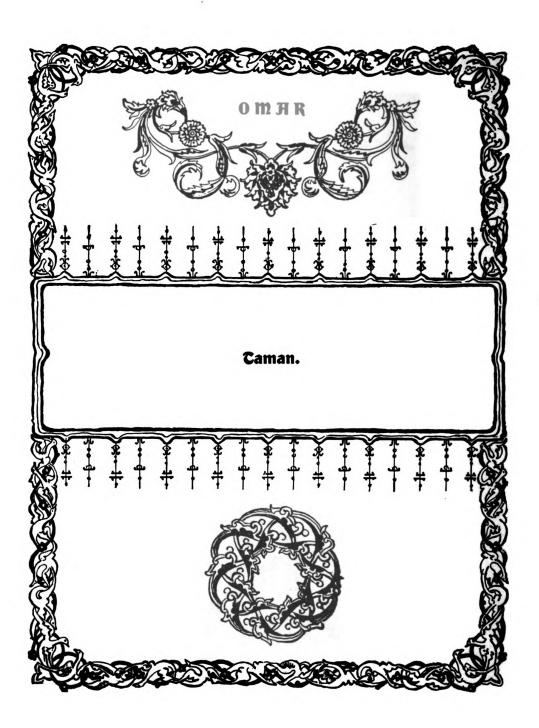




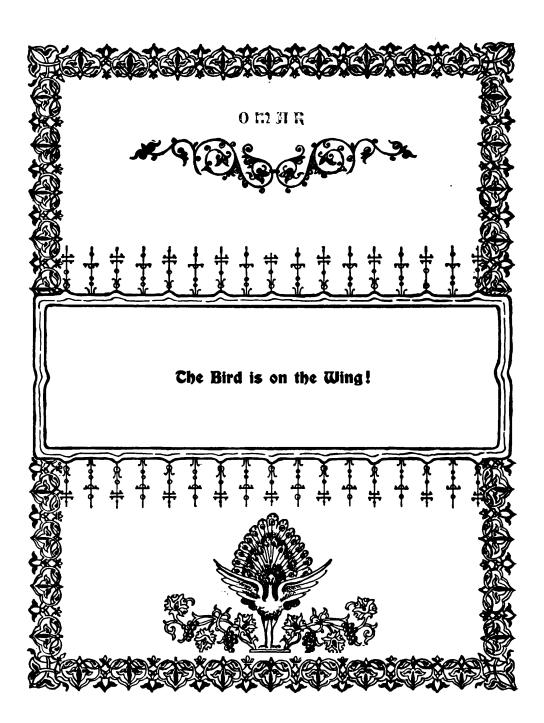








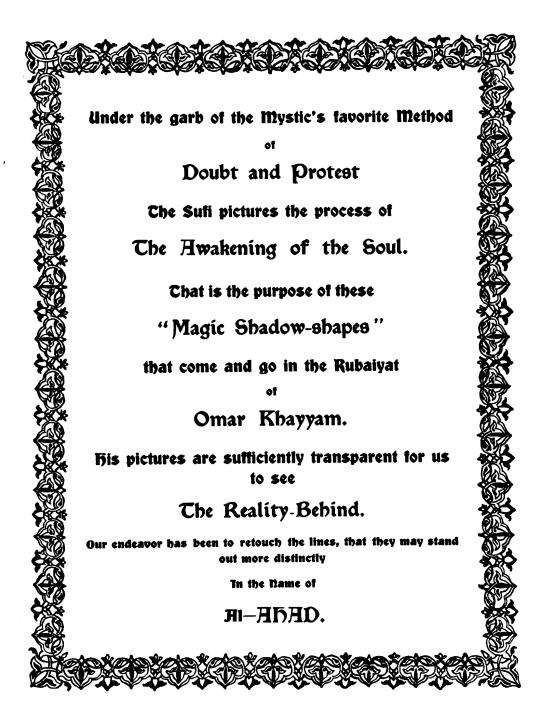




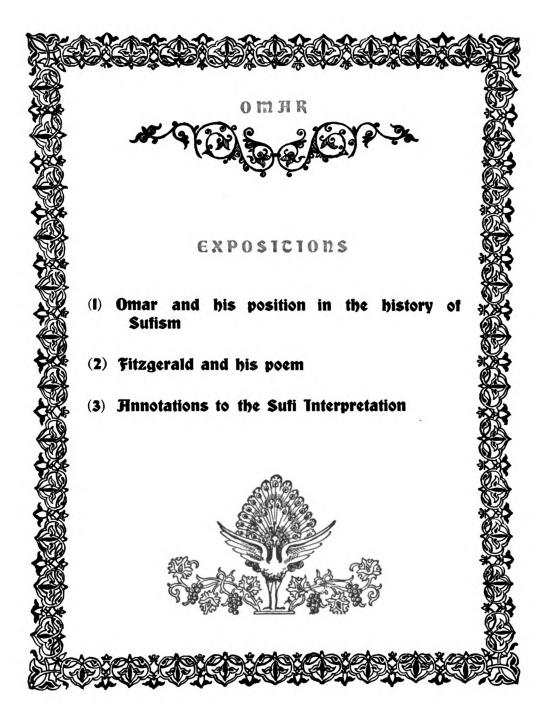


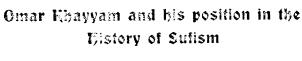












Seldom has a poet suffered from his friends and foes as has Omar Khavvam.

"He has been regarded," says a writer in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, "as a free-thinker, a subverter of faith; an atheist and materialist; a pantheist and a scoffer at Mysticism; an orthodox Mussulman; a true philosopher, a keen observer, a man of learning; a bon vivant, a profligate, a dissembler and a hypocrite and a blasphemer—nay, more, an incarnate negation of positive religion and of all moral beliefs; a gentle nature, more given to the contemplation of things divine than to worldly enjoyments; an epicurean sceptic; the Persian Abu-l-Hla, Voltaire and Heine in one." The writer has in view the well-known criticisms of Yon Hammer, Renan, Ellis, Nicolas, Garcin de Cassy, Whinfield, Hug. Muller, &c. He might have added Vedder's curious misunderstanding of the "Beloved," making him a damsel and a playtoy, and the thousand and one small ideas set forth in Omarian Societies.

All this criticism is curious because it is so completely out of harmony with the facts of Omar's life. It is true that no complete authentic manuscript of Omar's is known and equally true that no comprehensive biography is known, but detailed information has come down to us from his contemporaries. From these notes enough can be gathered to show that Omar was a great man indeed, one who clearly and forcibly shows the four sides of a perfect character.

H perfect character is first and fundamentally powerful. It is based upon the One, be it in idea or in action. Dext it is so simple and direct that all extraneous thoughts and purposes are unknown to it. Chese two sides condition one another. Do power without simplicity and no directness without power. Che third side of a great character is love or human feeling; a fullness that seeks to draw all men to the One and the fourth and last characteristic is harmony or a welding together into One of all these four. Che last characteristic is of course an impossibility where the others do not exist; nor can the others attain any vividness or fullness without love.

A perfect character is rare. We see, however, glimpses of it here and there. Omar Khayyam was a type of perfect character. Be is full of the One; Be knows of No-thing but the One; Be burns to draw his fellow-men to the One; Be belongs nowhere but in the One, in whom he indeed can be said to move, live and have his being. In the One he attained Wholeness, harmony.

Omar's philosophy is that of the Sufis. In that, too, he is consistent. Che One is Cruth; Cruth is the reality of things; Cruth burns to draw men to Itself; Cruth is the Law or "Universe."

Omar's method is Symbolism, viz.: he chooses the transparencies of Nature in order to show his hearers how Cruth or Wisdom, Eove or Devotion, everywhere appear to be the reality behind "the magic Shadow-shapes that come and go." his most prominent symbols are Wine and Love; Roses, Springtime and Death.

Omar's ethics are not those of Mohammedanism. He advocates Resignation, to be sure, but not Mohammedan fatalism as popularly understood. His morals spring from his conception of the fullness of the One, and as such they are in harmony with the most universal notions of mankind.

In one word, Omar's theology, philosophy, method and morals are Sufistic, Sufism taken in the highest sense as the unifying notion for Wholeness, Eove, Cruth and Power. A study of Sufism will reveal the real Omar—hitherto but little known, if known at all.

In the following shall be given an exposition of the interpretation of Omar's Rubaiyat presented above. Che exposition will not only justify the interpretation and prove it to be the only one that can be given, but it will also show Omar as that perfect character it is claimed he represents, and it will open new and unknown mines of Omarian beauty.

No one has attempted, so far as I know, to classify the various Sufistic systems. It is not so difficult to do so when a key can be found to them. Che best key is that four-foldness which manifests itself in all human character, endeavor and work. Corresponding to the four-foldness of character delineated above, I shall now take the terms Eife, Love, Eight and Law, and say that Al Chazzali and Jelaladdin represent the first and as a proof point to their constant emphasis of will as

being the dominant power of existence, and the prominence they give to moral worth. The type of Love, in the form of poetry and feeling, is represented by Hafiz and Jami. The third group is fully and completely filled by Shabistani, the author of Gulshan T Raz. It is Eight, and its form is Philosophy, Cruth, and Understanding. Che last, the Fourth, sums up in a measure the three preceding and is also a clearly defined group by itself. It is Law, Order, Unity and Reality. Chere is more independence in it than in any of the others, because it is the nearest approach known in existence to Wholeness or Unity. It contains the opposites of existence, both cosmic and human, viz.: the protest of the Mystic and also his affirmation, and the New Hope he represents. Omar Khayyam belongs to this fourth group. I do not say he alone fills it. But he exhibits that Independence and Protest which is the first and outward characteristic of it. He is also from time to time soaring into the realms of the Cruth or Unity in a way not found in any other Sufi poet or Doctor. Of course a mere study or reading of Fitzgerald's so-called translation cannot prove this statement. Che reader must be invited to peruse all the known quatrains, and to compare them with other Sufistic writings. Here is not the place for detailed discussion. The author has elsewhere contributed much to this subject. While so much is claimed for Omar, it must not be forgotten that it has not been said that he is the only perfect Sufi. It is

While so much is claimed for Omar, it must not be forgotten that it has not been said that he is the only perfect Sufi. It is not our intention to say or to intimate that. Omar is great enough when we attribute to him the office of an Awakener; not merely that of a John the Baptist, but the office of one who is himself full of the Awakening he preaches. Such an one is a unique character, and is truly an At-oner, One who heals all wounds and binds up broken limbs.





## Fitzgerald and his Poem

Che interpretation given above is based upon Fitzgerald's translation, popularly known as the third and fourth edition.

All readers of Fitzgerald, of course, know that he has pieced his manuscript authorities together to a whole to suit himself. Far from this being a criticism on Fitzgerald, it should be looked upon with both favor and high praise for him. It shows how he, in spite of himself, was permeated with Sufistic ideas and what a true poet he was. It shows how he was filled with Omar's spirit; how they two were one, though Fitzgerald denied his master.

Che interpretation could not have been made if Fitzgerald's Sufistic rendering had not been so complete and so true to Symbolism. Fitzgerald's rendering presents the inner life of a soul through the period of one year. It begins with a call to "Wake" and it ends with "Death", viz.: the departure of the Soul from the present state and condition. It runs through the discussion of Sufistic problems, but in the main only in their negative aspects. Omar raises all those questions that linger in the natural mind, those of doubts about the wisdom of creation, the origin of evil, the final outcome of life, &c. He raises them for the purpose of suggesting to the mind of the hearers that there might be other answers than those of the mere intellect. Fitzgerald has caught the idea of all this constructive scepticism in a marvellously correct manner. Chis will be seen in the transparencies his translations reveal everywhere. He makes Omar put his objections so that the one who undertakes to reply will always be in doubt about the satisfactoriness of his reply and will find himself driven into the mystic mazes of his own mind. And it is into these meshes that Omar desires to drive the disputant. Once caught in these meshes, the reasoner never can, will or cares to liberate himself, because he finds himself wrapped in the garment of the Beloved. Omar was a Socratic accoucheur and Pitzgerald in a sense was "his prophet."

It has been asserted that there is no continuity in the Rubaiyat. Bow utterly false that idea is will be seen from the division of



the above Interpretation in twelve parts. Che first (Stanzas I-UIII) naturally is the introduction: the call and the admonition to drink Wine or Wisdom, without which none shall see God.

Che second section (IX-XI) dwells on Love, which is the complement of Wisdom. Love and Wisdom are the two main forms of the Revelation of the One. As Wine or Wisdom gives the Vision of God, so Love creates Resignation or Devotion to God's Will. In this section therefore we find a discussion of the

In the third division (XII-XXIII) comes the natural sequence of the two preceding ones, answering the question concerning man's real nature: it is life with the Beloved and not a stay in this Nothingness. Incidentally the Sufi also sees "the world as the Image of God."

questions of Death, and incidentally those of Life.

Che next part (XXIU-XETTI) is an appeal to man "to spend this life for a purpose and to live in the way of manifestation" because that is the sure road to God. Chis appeal is backed up with the assertion that it is foolish to think of rewards here or there, and an attempt to demonstrate the doctrine of veils or that "the way of manifestation" is a symbol of God's doings or his method of life. Chat doctrine naturally leads to an exposition of how God can be the soul of all and it is illustrated by the beautiful and touching legend of "the bitter-sweet flavor of mortality" that attaches to some cups. It also brings up the doctrine of re-incarnation.

In these four parts, man's real dignity and power have been intimated. Che thought suggests that which follows in the fifth portion of the Rubaiyat (XETU-ETU), namely this: if man is as great as he is represented, why does he not commit suicide and end his misery? Che answer is that suicide is no demonstration of freedom and worth.

Che sixth and seventh sections (EU-EXXT) contain more positive teachings than any of the preceding, because the usual intellectual questions in the beginning of the "journey to God" are answered. Che Sufi now proves himself a twice-married man and a man not bound by time. He is a man of the Logos or "logic absolute." He cares not for heaven nor for hell; he lives now in the night, viz.: removed from positives and negatives. Sacrifices



are no burdens, they are incidents on the road and epiphanies of the Reloved.

Che eighth chapter (EXXII-EXXUII) is devoted to scientific subjects natural to the sequence of the evolution of thought in the preceding seven chapters.

In the ninth part (EXXUTTI-EXXXI) a new note is heard. Bitherto all has been intellectual, now all of a sudden the will of man comes into play and asserts itself by reproaching God and silently cursing Bim. Chis last thought is of course not Omar's. It is Fitzgerald's only.

The poem would have ended here had it been the intention to sing the praises of scepticism and pessimism. But it does not end. Che feast of Ramazan is introduced. Co the Sufi it is a feast. To the evil man and scoffer it is a sacrificial time, during which he purges himself of sin. The thought can therefore continue. It does so in part ten (EXXXII-XQ). The tone of the parts is softened. No bitter discussions are heard any more. The intellectual-volitional sides of man are repressed and the feelings begin to assert themselves. They are childlike and obedient. They yield themselves readily to the influence of Beauty and Wisdom. The Sufi retires to the quiet and melancholic serenity of the Night and the Moon.

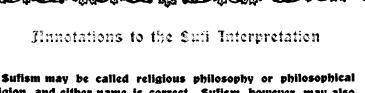
Part eleven (RCT-C) is the beginning of the end. Che Sufi is preparing to depart. He says as "his last will and testimony" that he is "a man of fire" and so full of Love that he wishes he could remould the world. Life has not crushed him or dulled his senses. On the contrary the effect of life has been a true unfoldment. Cherefore is part twelve (C-CT) simply for the scoffer a turned down empty glass, but the Sufi is

## "The Bird Upon the Wing."

Fitzgerald is weakest in the twelfth part. His rendering does not forcibly emphasize the logical conclusions of the opening word, "Wake". He closes with Caman. But the Sufi does not: Che Sufi now begins the real life.







Sufism may be called religious philosophy or philosophical religion, and either name is correct. Sufism, however, may also be said to be a systematic Symbolism by which is taught the way to God. It is principally as Symbolism we meet it in Omar Khayyam and Fitzgerald.

Symbolism is found everywhere and in all religions, philosophies, literature and art. The essential and perennial element in them is their symbolism or power to show "the invisible things of God by the things that are made." But none of them are wholly symbolical or devoted to the exclusive service of pointing the Way to God, with Sufism as an exception. Hnd Sufism is not entirely Symbolism either. It, too, is loaded down with the heavy weight of extraneous matter. But Sufism is more nearly an exclusive and systematic Symbolism than any religion or philosophy.

What is Symbolism? In the case of Sufism it is a series of emblems or linguistic figures which express the universal echo there is between man and nature. It is a collection of images that arise in the human mind and heart. Chey are "nature" or God's objective manifestation. It is a dictionary of the hieroglyphics written upon the sky and every object in Nature. It is also a grammar or a guide to the reading of these signs of the omnipresent God. Sufism is also the school in which that dictionary and grammar are studied. God, or as Sufism prefers to say, the One, the Beloved, has not left himself without witnesses anywhere. The marks of his fingers, the impress of his foot and the breath of his spirit are engraved upon every atom in space and Symbolism is the systematic arrangement of all these "correspondences." Symbolism may be called, and has been called poetry or the language of the gods, and the expression is correct. It expresses "the inspiration" there is in "these things."

With this definition of Symbolism and Sufism in mind, an understanding of Omar and Fitzgerald is possible. It is also the underlying and pervading idea of the Interpretation given above.



The interpretation begins with "Wake!" Under the symbol= ism of the call that comes to the caravan in the morning to break up to continue the journey, if it is a day march, or in the evening if it is a night-journey, the Sufi starts his teachings. The correspondence is perfect. The similarity between a spiritual awakening and an awakening from sleep is natural and profound. Moreover, Sufism has a clearly defined "journey to God," or an emblematic presentation of the soul's progress in regeneration. Previous to the "journey" we are asleep, they say. The "natural" condition of man is sleep, though he be in his own opinion wide awake and alive to the nature of existence. We are asleep if we do not wander at all times and every moment in the Presence of the Beloved. Che Sufi's "Wake" strikes deep and makes an incurable wound. It destroys the illusionary existence of the dreamer, and transports him to another condition of existence. It is the call of the "God who is God," viz.: Allah. It is heard all over Nature. Chere is no time and place where that call is not sounded. Everything is a mouthpiece of him who is Al-Fattah, the Opener. And his Cemple is everywhere, because his Presence is Everywhere. He is found especially in the Cavern called the Heart, the human heart. Omar said," there is no other tavern here below."

## Omar also said:

"Chy being is the being of Another,

Chy passion is the passion of Another.

Cover thy head, and think, and thou wilt see,

Chy hand is but the cover of Another."

Chis expression and numerous other and similar ones so common among Sufis have been said to be pantheistic. But the charge of pantheism is absurd. Chese and similar expressions are love expressions and mean the same as we mean in ordinary language when we say that lovers are absorbed in each other. Che Sufi expression is love language and nothing more; certainly not science or philosophy. Our being is that of the One, because



we rest and have our being in the One. The philosophy that is involved in that expression is wonderfully correct as psychology. It is only by means of "Another" that we discover ourselves. Eovers never know their own value till "Another" discovers it. With that discovery comes self-knowledge and also self-respect and "the law we live by," so beautifully expressed by Cennyson in Oenone. From this it ought to be apparent why Sufis talk so much about love and why they constantly seek "Union." The main subject of the Quatrains presented by Fitzgerald is this "Union" and the way to it by means of "Wine" or Wisdom.

In all mystical philosophy and poetry the End is always synonymous with the Beginning, viz.: the purpose of the coming exposition is set forth in the opening words, or paradoxically we are shown that the branches of the tree are the cause of the trunk and the roots. Che Divine purpose is the Wine; hence arises the Uine, says Sufism and all Mysticism. Chey teach a descent. Science begins the other way and ends with an ascent. Its God is a climax or result. God in Mysticism is the End or purposive beginning and also the End or conclusion.

Che Sufi begins the new year not with an enfoldment as the natural man would expect. He is not full of new energy and new schemes. He retires from such externals into solitude and silence, which to him are the two beginnings, because they are the springs of life. Everything begins in silence and grows in solitude. Does it not? Who ever heard the first coming of a soul into flesh? Who helps it to grow? Experienced gardeners tell us to let the rose alone if we want the best results. On the other hand we "worry" weeds out of existence. To act thus is to drink Wine, or to fill ourselves with the sap of the Cree of Life. Should we not therefore ever and always call to our friends to "come and fill the cup"?

How absurd to think that the Sufi means vulgar and licentious drinking. He does not even mean that fine and health-giving juice of the vine discovered by accident according to the Parsee story. One day, so runs the tale, when Jamshyd was about to start for a hunting expedition, he left some grapes in a



jar. On his return they had fermented, and the King, astonished at their new flavor, wrote "Poison" upon the vessel. Soon afterwards a disconsolate lady of the Court, noting the inscription on the forgotten jar, conceived the idea of terminating her miseries by drinking the fatal beverage. Intoxication and sleep restored her to health and happiness. From this auspicious event the qualities of wine became celebrated and henceforth it was named "Zahri Khush," the agreeable poison.

Che Sufi calls the Beloved, by which term he always means God, the Rose, and the symbol is apt, the circular form of the rose being easily seen to be the circle of infinity. Its leaves are set spirally, and that the Sufi says, symbolizes the movement of our solar system towards the constellation Heracies; and the general appearance of the rose, when we look into it, is like a cup. The Middle Ages for that reason connected the rose with the Holy Grail cup. The perfume of the rose seems to contain the essence of all sensuality in the most spiritualized of forms. It is the perfume that holds the nightingale in the spell even as the feminine holds the masculine. The nightingale is the type of earthly love, but in Sufi symbolism the perfume represents Divine Love.

Sufis are Islamites as a rule. Co be an Islam means to be a "Resigned one", but Sufism does not teach that destructive fatalism so often wrongly attributed to Mohammed. Contrary to the common opinion, Mohammed did not speak definitely on the subject of preordination, &c. Mohammedan doctors have elaborated the doctrine of fatality. Sufism says in the words of hay Ibn Ibrahim of Kerbela, that "the instinct of the soul protesteth against it as an error." Che instinct of the soul is in all cases the supreme and last authority for the Sufi. Che Sufi, however, is a "Resigned one" in the sense of following most implicitly and in all particulars the Will of the Beloved, as far as he discovers it. Living so simple a life, he has no difficulty in adjusting himself to his "environment" and in that he sees a Divine guidance, which he must follow. Co follow the personal will of the Supreme, the Beloved, is far different to submitting to

a blind and impersonal impulse of "things" and misunderstanding that impulse to be the Divine Will.

Che Sufi goes smilingly into Death, as we have said. Che story of the dewdrop quoted is from the Mesnavi and the last quotation is one of Omar's. Che legend of the formation of Adam's body is common in the East and among Mohammedans.

The Cuba-tree is the Soul's home and the Soul is a "sacred bird" sings Hafiz. The legends about that tree, the reader will find in Lane's "Preliminary Discourse to the Kuran", but he must not be led to believe that because some ignorant Mohammedans take the legends literally, the Sufis also do so. They do not. The Cree to them is the symbol of life, viz.: the Divine Presence.

It was Paracelsus who said that wine and bread were heaven and earth in one. He said so, because "heaven and earth" go to make them.

The "book of verses" is of course the inspired Soul. With these, even in the wilderness of the world, the Sufi is most happy.

The tales of Jamshyd's cup are familiar to all Omarians. But perhaps they do not think of it as a symbol of the planets and their orbits. It was so constructed that the inside revealed these to the drinker. Only he who emptied the cup could see and understand the symbol. Che cup symbolizes the "rounds of existence" or "the breathing of the world"; the world is namely a living existence. All this is of course more or less occult and cannot very well be explained in detail in this place.

The Sufi is a man of Wholeness or, as it is nowadays spelled and pronounced, Holiness. By Wholeness is to be understood the Whole of reality and ideality, viz.: that everything there is or which can be conceived to be, constitutes one indivisible and inseparable entity. The conception includes both cause and effect, both God and the World. The Sufi also calls himself a man of