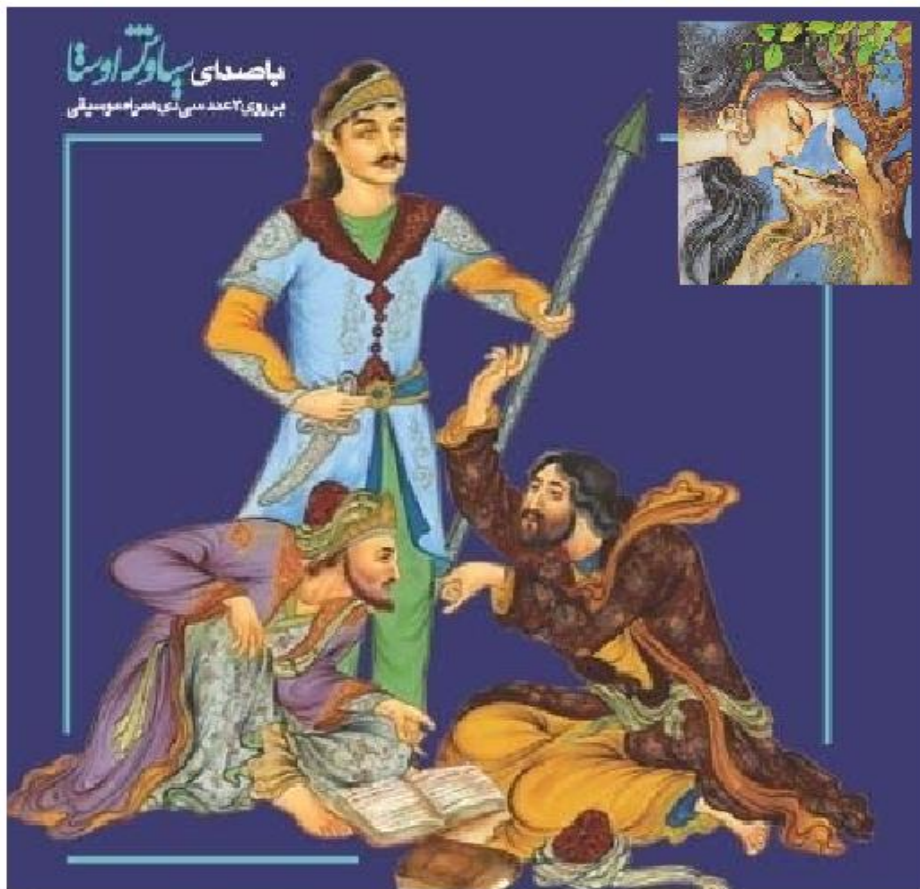


David Albasi

Omar Khayyam

and two school friends



Look not above, there is no answer there;

Pray not, for no one listens to your prayer;

Near is as near to God as any Far,

And Here is just the same deceit as There.

KHAYYAM AND THIS WORN OUT WORLD

Adventures of the Sage Omar Khayyam Neyshapoori

Chapter one

*Beware that your soul will leave your body; you will
become part of God's many mysteries.
Be joyful! You don't know where you have come from.
Drink wine; you don't know where you are destined to go*

kayyam and This Worn out World

**During these couple of days that you are given to live,
drink wine, the pure wine. Beware, this very short existence
won't be granted again.
If you are wise enough to know that the world is destined for
destruction,
then, you too, must num yourself with wine, day and night**

On 28 Ordibehesht of 956 years ago (1048 A.C.)

lady Zahra gave birth to a baby in Sepahan district of the city of Neyshapoor. Many years later, this child offered the world and its population the answer to many unknowns including astrology, mathematics, poetry and literature, algebra, medical practices and pharmacology.

Ibrahim, the father of the baby, after consulting with his wife, named him Kayvan. He had a grocery shop in Neyshapoor and was keen on familiarising himself with the stars. He also had a big library at home, which consisted of many books that he had inherited from his ancestors, or books that he had copied himself from their original scripts, as well as books that he had obtained in exchange for medicine, perfume and other things in his grocery shop.

Through his mother's persistence, Kayvan learned to walk

at an early age whilst his father's perseverance helped him learn to speak sooner than usual.

His parents were his first teachers. When he was four, he could read and write and attended school in the district of Sepahan.

There were three teachers at the school. One taught the Qoran, the second one covered the world's geography, the numbers, the moon and stars. The third teacher taught poetry and poetical art including those of Roodaki, Daghighi and Ferdowsi (three famous Persian poets).

The Qoran teacher was a Sheikh (elder) who had a white beard and was more than fifty years old. He was called "the Sheikh of the city (Sheikh-e-shahr)" but the students called him the evil Sheikh (Sheikh-e-shar), because he was nasty and made their lives difficult, always carrying

a cane to punish those students who were not thorough in learning the Qoran or did not answer him correctly.

The astrology teacher was a seventeen-year-old young man. He always smiled and was humorous. One could hardly notice the darkness of his newly formed beard on his face. They called him Sheikh Aboo Ali.

The poetry and poetical art teacher was Sheikh Dawood who was less than thirty years old. He was a conscientious and brave man. He frequently talked about Ferdowsi and his eyes would well up, whenever he talked about Daghighi.

Kayvan was very fond of the last two teachers. He was five years old when his first dispute with the evil Sheikh began. After reading some verses from the Qoran, the evil Sheikh translated and explained them and said: God (Allah) who is our creator will punish those who do evil by sending them to hell, letting them burn in its fire.

The evil Sheikh continued to expand on his interpretations but Kayvan's mind, thoughts, and spirit were far away from the teacher, school, and the lesson. Thousand questions whizzed around his little head: "How could God, who is our creator, let us burn in hell? Why would he create us, only to let us burn later?"

Kayvan was absorbed in his thoughts when suddenly he felt the evil Sheikh's cane on his shoulder, shouting: "Child! Read the verse of retribution and punishment."

Kayvan didn't understand the question. The teacher read the verse in Persian and asked him to read it from its original Arabic script. 7

Kayvan paused and with his innocent voice he whispered:

- "I do wrong and God imposes severe punishment. So what is the difference between God and me?"

The evil Sheikh who had become enraged by these words shouted and told him to be quiet. "That is blasphemy. Where did you learn these blasphemous words? You are not Kayvan; you are devil!" Shouting and beating him with his cane, the evil Sheikh sent Kayvan out of the class. In much pain, Kayvan cried and crawled to a corner of the school. Later, Sheikh Aboo Ali Hasan arrived. He saw Kayvan's state and asked what had happened. Kayvan explained what had gone on.

Who in this world has not sinned?

Confirm if a non-sinner ever existed?

I do wrong and you punish;

so what is it that differentiates you from me?

Sheikh Aboo Ali Hasan took Kayvan's hand and led him into another classroom which was for seven year olds

.He comforted Kayvan by telling him that he was the life of Neyshapoor and that "Kayvan" was a beautiful name. He then told him to go and sit next to Hasan.

Hasan was seven years old. He was witty, naughty, and full of energy. From then on, Hasan would always be with Kayvan and whenever Kayvan was mocked or called evil by other children, Hasan would repeat Sheikh Aboo Ali's quote that Kayvan was the life of Neyshapoor.

Sheikh Aboo Ali Hasan was a friend of Kayvan's father, as well as having a scholar and student relationship. Aboo Ali had been going to

Ibrahim's house and had enjoyed from the wealth of his books, just as Kayvan had enjoyed them. If Kayvan went to school for half of a day, he would spend the other half, researching his father's books.

Ibrahim's library included the ancient AVESTA book, the books of Sheikh-ol-Raiis Aboo Ali Sina, and "the book of kings" by Ferdowsi. For every word that Kayvan learned at school, he would learn hundreds at home. Kayvan (the life of Neyshapoor) wrote poems and composed quatrains from time to time. Influenced by Hasan (Kayvan's best friend), school children would write these poems and quatrains on the class doors and school walls. The evil Sheikh, who had suspected that these had something to do with Kayvan, lined up the children and quizzed them, establishing that Kayvan composed the poems and Hasan had them written on the walls. Hasan was fourteen now and Kayvan twelve. The evil Sheikh expelled them both from school, accusing them of blasphemy and atheism. Before leaving the school Hasan asked permission to say a few words in his and his friend's defence. The evil Sheikh permitted. Hasan stood on a platform, composed himself and loudly said:

O you, the evil Sheikh!

You always address me with resentment.

You continually accuse me of being an atheist and an unbeliever.

I confess to what you accuse me of, but act with fairness; it seems that you hate me

The evil Sheikh approached Hasan to bring him down from the platform and to send him out of the school, when someone said:

*In monasteries, schools, convents and synagogues, all fear hell
and search for heaven.*

Someone who is as one with God, does not heed it

The enraged evil Sheikh ran from one side of the school to the other and as he managed to throw out one child out of the school,

the voice of another could be heard from the other side

As God is our creator, so he is fully aware of our weaknesses or capabilities.

Therefore, our inclination to sin is not without his knowledge.

So why would he want us to burn on Doomsday?

The children who were expelled from school went to Ibrahim's house. Kayvan's mother, Lady Zahra, cooked them a warm delicious meal. That evening, Sheikh Aboo
 10 Ali Hasan also joined them. Children sat around Sheikh

Aboo Ali who told them:

"Take no notice at all. Our territory has been in foreigners' hands for many years. Our wise thinking has been engulfed in the fire of ignorance of such evil Sheikhs. The Persia that ruled the world and its forward thinking that dominated over one hundred and thirty two countries is now taken captive by the Arabs' ignorance and the Turks' scourge. You must keep united and build on your knowledge every day. One day we will regain the grandeur and power, which we once had in the past.

The next day the walls of Neyshapoor's alleyways had transformed into proclamation boards. The children wrote quatrains on the walls and doors, bearing the name of their composer "The life of Neyshapoor". The town's population read his name as "Omar" instead of "Omr" (life). Thereafter, the enthusiastic Kayvan "the Omr of Neyshapoor" became known as Omar. Now known as Khayyam, Omar pitched a large tent in his father's big garden when he was fourteen, where he could assemble his friends to study or hold forums.

People came to Neyshapoor from different parts of the Persian territory to attend Omar's forums to discuss and learn. Hasan, Omar's closest friend had also formed classes for children and adults, promising them the dawn of victory and freedom, proclaiming "We will get through the dark nights of cruelty imposed by the Arabs, Turks or other foreigners and will reach the brightness of the dawn.

Hasan, the enthusiastic and brave friend of Khayyam had become

known as “Sabbah”, since he persistently promised eventual victory and the dawn of freedom, 11

while Omar’s continued to teach science, general knowledge, algebra, mathematics and astrology.

For this reason he became renowned as Hasan Sabah, the one who would lead people to the dawn of victory and freedom. Hasan Sabah was a great medical practitioner and chemist.

Omar Khayyam was fifteen when he married a beautiful girl from Ferdows district. One day Sheikh Aboo Ali Hasan came to his house and asked if Omar Khayyam would visit her at her house. The next day, accompanied by Hasan Sabbah, Omar went to Sheikh Aboo Ali’s house and saw that the whole household was packed up as if the Sheikh was about to set off on a journey. Books were stacked up on two sides of a room. He offered the books on one side to Omar and those on the other to Hasan Sabbah and told them:

“The day for deliverance, freedom and honour for Persia is in sight.... Hasan and Omar looked at each other with wonder. Sheikh Aboo Ali Hasan continued “The Saljugi King has called me up to the capital. He has written an affectionate and sincere letter, referring to me as “Khajeh” and “Nizam-ol-Molk” I think that the god of Persia has come to help our people and us. By granting these titles, I think that he intends to appoint me as a Minister or a Prime minister. As soon as I settle in, I will send for you two to join me, then working in unison, we will overcome both the Turkish Saljugi King and the Arab caliph and will rid Persia of the evil of foreigners.

Their eyes welled up. They embraced each other and wished each other well in their journeys. Sheikh Aboo

Ali Hasan Ali Zadeh Poor Esagh, who had been given the title of Khajeh Nizam-ol-Molk by the Saljugi King, was seen off by Omar Khayyam, and Hasan Sabbah, followed by Omar’s students, along with hundreds of Neyshapoor’s citizens, waving good-bye, as Khajeh’s caravan headed towards the city’s gate.

As his caravan disappeared into the distance, hundreds of people waved them off.

On the way back to town, with Hasan Sabbah's arm around his shoulder, Omar started to sign loudly so that those behind could hear:

O wise man! Wanting to know what is round the corner is wishful thinking.

Being able to boast in this world is a fancy thought.

But he, who is wise, knows that the whole world is as short as a single breath

Hasan Sabbah smiled and told Omar "Don't despair. I believe in Sheikh Aboo Ali, his will power and his knowledge. Be assured that he will influence those at the palace, gain power and would mesmerise them all with his knowledge. When he is ready, he will send for us. We must start to organise a secret and devoted army." Omar responded with a quatrain:

*Pity the heart that feels no sorrow,
nor any joy from the affections of a beautiful woman.
There is no day more wasted than that which passes by, 13
without loving or being loved*

They reached the town's tavern. Hasan Sabbah, who was familiar with all Omar's quatrains, pointed his finger to the tavern and whispered:

*It would be pleasant to drink a goblet of rosette wine in joy;
it would be pleasant to drink it while listening to the sound of lute
and harp.
We would be better off being as far away as possible,
from the believer who doesn't appreciate what a goblet of wine is
worth*

On entering the tavern, Khayyam and Sabbah noticed an old beggar asking for change. Hasan and Omar looked at each other and suspecting that he was the evil Sheikh! Khayyam threw a coin

in his bowl and said :

*Beware that your soul will leave your body; you will become
part of God's many mysteries.
Be joyful! You don't know where you have come from.
Drink wine; you don't know where you are destined to go*

Chapter Two

*Once upon a time, the clay that this pot is made of,
used to be a helpless lover like me, entrapped by a beautiful girl's
locks.*

*The handle that you see on its neck would have been his same
hand*

that curled around his sweetheart's neck

khayyam travels to Basra

As well as being a scholar in medical practice, Hasan sabbah taught history and pharmacology in Omar Khayyam's school. Whenever he felt that any of his students showed an interest in the Persian's ancient history, he would promptly arrange individual private sessions with them and would asked them to organize groups of seven students who could educate and inform people who lived on the outskirts and had no access to school. He soon succeeded in organizing tens of groups throughout Khorasan. 15

One day one of the followers of Hasan Sabbah introduced him to a fifty year old man who was keen to speak to him. The man who introduced himself as Mobarez-o-Din, told Hasan Sabbah:

“I come from Egypt. Your reputation for knowledge and bravery has reached Egypt. The Fatemid’s security officials have carried out extensive research about you and are keen to invite you to attend their annual scientific forum to be held in front of the Fatemid caliph.”

Hasan Sabbah accepted the invitation. On saying farewell, Omar Khayyam advised him:

“Beware Hasan; there is serious rivalry between the Fatemies and the Abbasids. If you manage to favourably influence the Fatemid caliph that would pave our path to our ultimate national motives.”

Smilingly, Hasan Sabbah embraced Omar Khayyam and replied “I will do as you advised.”

*Associate yourself with the pure, wise and worthy people;
keep far away from the unworthy. Accept a poisoned drink
from the wise,
but pour away a drink that is offered by the unworthy*

Hasan Sabbah proceeded to Egypt accompanied by a group of forty worriers.

Omar Khayyam, who was upset about parting with Khajeh Nizam-ol-Molk and Hasan Sabbah, prepared to go on a journey to Basra.

Omar Khayyam accompanied by seven companions entered Basra. Asking directions to find Qavam-o-Din, he was guided to a magnificent house. Qavam-o-Din was very pleased to see Khayyam; he embraced him and said:

*Give or take a few, this religion encompasses seventy two nations.
Among them I like yours best. Whether a believer or not,
whether a worshiper or sinner,
let us not make excuses, you are what we try to accomplish*

Khayyam asked Qavam how he knew his quatrains by heart, despite being the Chief Judge of Basra. Qavam replied:

*We are the main purpose of this creation. We are the essence
of wisdom.*

*this world is like a ring and doubtless we are its stone
traces*

Khayyam looked on as Qavam sang, but his thoughts travelled
backed to many years ago, reminiscing the good times that they
had left behind. He remembered
the enthusiasm, delight and ecstasy, which they had 17
experienced in Neyshapoor, at school, on the streets and at
evening gatherings.

Qavam realised that Kayvan's thoughts were far away and said:

*The cloud has only temporarily shielded the flower from the sun,
My instincts and my heart are willing me to drink wine.*

*Don't fall asleep as it is not yet time to sleep Keep the wine
flowing my dearest, the sun is still out*

Both laughing with joy, they entered a big room and sat on soft
mattress. The judge called out his wife, Nahid, asking her to bring
them some ice tea.

"What is ice tea? Isn't hot tea more palatable?" Omar queried.
Qavam explained that as fanaticism was so excessive, he drank
wine from a white teapot. Calling it ice tea helped his drinking go
unnoticed by the rest of the house. He explained that he also
drank wine with caliph but feared the other Foghaha (jurisconsult
in Mohammedan's law).

Carrying a teapot and two cups, Nahid entered the room.

Khayyam said:

**Don't fear the events of the on-going time, don't fear
from what is to happen, as nothing is eternal. Live up this short
life. Don't
think about what has gone by, and don't fear
what is to come!**

“Tomorrow is Friday and we have a lot of cases to investigate and judge” Qavam explained. “You must come along with me and help me in tomorrow’s judgments. I shall introduce the great Khayyam, the scholar in mathematics, astrology, algebra, medical profession, philosophy and history to the people of Basra. Study these cases and pass judgement over the accused and the guilty persons. You shall go up the pulpit and make a speech”, he continued.

Khayyam replied:

**This hand of mine that holds the wine goblet,
would be too good for holding that book and pulpit.
If we take you, the believer, to represent the dry, while I, the lewd, to be
the wet,
I am not aware of anything wet ever catching alight**

Khayyam and Qavam drank and talked about their pleasant past memories until the midnight.

The following day they went to the town square where a crowd had gathered. Twelve accused stood in line and their cases were read by five of Qavam-o-Din’s junior judges. After introducing Omar Khayyam, the scholar, to the crowd, Qavam-o-Din continued to explain that, in Omar Khayyam’s honour, he would standby and let his five junior judges reside over the cases.

It seemed like that the entire town’s population knew Omar Khayyam, the scholar. Everyone applauded, even five of the accused applauded. The judge whispered to Kayvan that this was the first time that the accused applauded anyone.

The first accused was called upon to stand up:

“Abou Ayaz! You are thirty-five years old and have been arrested several times on drinking charges and you have not repented. Today you will receive thirty lashes in the town square so that others would see and heed.”

Aboo Ayaz screamed:

**I drink wine but never been drunk,
I am not in a habit of taking things unless it is goblet of wine;
and do you know my reason for worshipping wine? I do so to avoid
being self-obsessed like you!**

The judge angrily ordered silence, adding: “don’t be abusive and don’t utter blasphemy.” Aboo Ayaz continued: Today that the great scholar, Omar Khayyam, is present here, I request him to stand as my defence barrister.

The judge angrily asked what a defence barrister was.

Asking permission to speak, an old man stood up, composed himself and explained:

“In the palace courts of the ancient Persia, after hearing the accusations, it was customary for the accused to say something in his own defence or to appoint someone to defend him.”

The judge thanked the old man for his explanation and looked at Qavam-o-Din for direction “We have no such custom in our religion or judiciary system. We have a strict order which dictates that drinking wine is an evil act and must be avoided.”

Qavam-o-Din advised that as a sign of respect to Omar Khayyam, he could defend Aboo Ayaz if he so wished.

Khayyam enthusiastically stood up and addressed the judge: “I refer to the same document that you referred to which prohibits wine drinking, I would like to inform you that the same source also mentions the benefits of wine, when drunk appropriately, which Sheikh Aboo Ali Sina lists in ten pages of his “Medicinal Rules”:

Drinking wine may be religiously prohibited, but its consumption depends on who drinks it, how much of it and with whom it is drunk.

When these three conditions are all in place, one must admit,

if the wise wouldn't drink it, then who would?

A great uproar from the crowd could be heard from those who disagreed and cursed him, as well as those who praised him. The judge who seemed to be in trouble, looked at Qavam-o-Din for guidance. Qavam-o-Din showed his ten fingers. The judge who appeared to have understood declared. "Drinking wine is religiously

prohibited. However, in honour of our great guest and town's supreme judge, Sheikh Qavam-o-Din Khorasani, we will reduce the twenty lashes and condemn Abou Ayaz to be whipped with ten lashes.

The uproar from the crowd was swamped with the loud voice of **Abou Ayaz declaring:**

O you, expounder of Mohammedan law:

We may have drunk but are more sober than you.

Your thirst is for the people's blood whilst we desire the blood from grapes.

Now judge in fairness, which one of us is more bloodthirsty?

Khayyam, who couldn't bear to see Abou Ayaz being lashed, asked Qavam-O-Din if he could leave. Accompanied by seven friends he headed home. On the way back a small crowd who conveyed their messages of love and affection followed him. Khayyam kindly returned their complements and occasionally with a quatrain, in particular, he praised a young man:

*I am familiar with the appearance of existence and non-existence;
I know in depth, about the life's ups and downs. Despite all this, I
would be ashamed of my knowledge, if I admitted to knowing of
any status in life
that could be considered to be beyond drunkenness*

A bearded young man demanded to know what gave

Khayyam the right to think himself so wise to dare insult his religious jurisprudence.

With a kind smile, Khayyam replied to this young man who had an Arabic accent and couldn't speak Persian fluently:

**I have never been deprived of knowledge
and only a few unknowns have been left for me to discover.
Now that I can observe the world with my wisdom, it is become
evident that nothing has been uncovered**

That evening, Qavam-o-Din's house was filled with enthusiasm. The scientists and students had gathered at his house to communicate with Omar Khayyam, with discussions and disputes continuing until the morning.

Omar Khayyam enjoyed his time in Basra as he had set up a class five days a week, training students in different sciences. At dawn of a spring day Qavam approached Omar Khayyam conveying good news. Contained in a sealed letter, the Caliph of Baghdad who had heard of the scholar's good reputation invited him to attend a significant forum at the festival of Fetr in Baghdad. Qavam explained to Khayyam:

Every year hundreds of scientists and jurisconsults (in Mohammedan law) from all parts of the world come together in Baghdad, before the Caliph, to discuss different subjects. The Caliph has invited you as a distinguished scientist. Prepare yourself for this journey. I will provide you with an escort of twelve people who will guard and serve you.

Chapter Three

**I am familiar with the appearance of existence and non- existence;
I know in depth, about the life's ups and downs. Despite all this,
I would be ashamed of my knowledge, if I admitted to knowing of any
status in life
that could be considered to be beyond drunkenness**

Omar Khayyam the scholar, in Madayen

Khayyam's caravan proceeded towards Basra from Baghdad accompanied by his friends, students and his guards.

As his caravan left town, Omar Khayyam ordered the leader of caravan to head for Madayen before going to Baghdad.

His caravan approached Madayen. Omar's eyes welled up as he looked at the ruined condition of Madayen palace. With the same gentleness as the wind that caressed the caravan and with great sorrow he sang :

I can see the dead on the soil surface;

I can see the bodies that are buried under the ground. This reminds me of Doomsday,

I can see those who haven't come to this world as well as those who have gone from it

The caravan stopped. Khayyam and his fellow travellers set off towards the Madayen palace on foot. On the way, the villagers sold dates, pots and fruits. In a spot an old man was making pots. He had arranged around him some beautiful pots, each surpassing the beauty of the preceding one. Khayyam approached the potter and picked a pot. As if embracing an angelic body of a beautiful girl, he kissed and smelled the pot and said to the potter:

Behold! Stand up potter if you are sober.

How long have been carvings on the man-eating clay?

What do you suppose you are doing by putting Fereydoon's finger and Keykhosro's hand on the pottery wheel?

The potter stopped working, stood up and explained that despite what one may have been, Keykhosro, Fereydoon, Qobad or Nooshiravan., this is how they would all end up, expanding:

Whether you live two hundred or three hundred years, you will inevitably be taken from this old world.

It makes no difference, whether a king or a beggar, we all meet our ends in the same way

Khayyam embraced the old man and expressed his amazement at the fluency with which he spoke Persian.

The old man explained that a Persian must be able to speak Persian fluently. He expanded by explaining that he had had twelve children all of whom worked in Madayen. His thirty year old son, Mazdak, had been to Basra to see Omar Khayyam. He considered it a great privilege that Khayyam had now come to see them. He further explained to Omar that since the cemeteries' soil was known to be best for making pottery, he had decided to set up his business of making potteries beside the cemetery.

The old man then searched among the pots and found a painted little pot with poems on it and offered it to Omar

“Refresh your throat, you, the honour of Persia and the great scholar!”

Khayyam smelled the pot's snout, paid respect to the old man, and then he drank from it.

As he was drinking, one of the old man's sons who was fifteen years old and had stood beside his father sang:

**Once upon a time, the clay that this pot is made of,
used to be a helpless lover like me, entrapped by a beautiful girl's locks.
The handle that you see on its neck would have been his same hand
that curled around his sweetheart's neck**

Khayyam noticed that the young man read the quatrain from the scripts on the pot. The pot's surface was beautifully decorated with hand-written scripts of Omar's quatrains.

Khayyam handed back the pot and thanked the potter, adding:

**Without wine and the goblet bearer, life is in vain. Without the
humming of the Iraqi's pipe, life is in vain
Whichever way that I look at the world, the answer is that apart from
the life's pleasures,
the rest of life is in vain**

Khayyam and his companions proceeded towards Madayen palace. The potter stopped working and with his sons, followed Khayyam. Omar Khayyam stayed in Madayen for three days. He was received and greeted like a king and celebrations were held in his honour at all the outskirt villages.

On the morning of the fourth day, the caravan of Khayyam prepared to head towards Baghdad. The potter tearfully embraced Khayyam and warned "Beware; there are many fanatical Foghaha (jurisconsult in Mohammedan's law) in the Caliph's palace court. Those who come from Mecca and Medina would be after your blood. Also they consider Persians as unclean and unbelievers, you in particular. Do not engage in any disputes with them because your existence and health is valuable to us. Do not risk parting with your head.

Omar Khayyam replied:

**As death happens once, then let us die once! What helplessness
this life is?
Some blood, excrements, veins and skin. Imagine you never
existed, why worry?**

The old man responded: "If we had thought like this, there wouldn't be any one left to think and speak in Persian, hundred years after the Arabs' invasion. Think and speak like a Persian. Not only the existence and presence of illiterate villagers like us is necessary but also the existence and presence of great men like you is even more valuable and useful."

It seemed like Omar Khayyam was listening to Hasan Sabbah. The old man's words deeply affected him.

Omar replied:

One must be alert when one's life is concerned, one must not interfere in how the world revolves. For as long as one has eyes, tongue and ears, one must ignore to see, speak or hear

Their eyes welled up. Khayyam's caravan slowly disappeared from sight. The old man like his pots remained motionless, gazing at the dust trail behind the caravan.

The caravan later approached Baghdad's gates. A few of Caliph's horsemen approached to welcome Khayyam.

He entered the town. The residents had stopped working. Different messages could be heard: "Peace be with you Khayyam! ... One can't but baptize in taverns... It is time to adorn the world with zephyr... Eat with friends and together defeat the enemy...

Favourable friends have become united... A goblet of wine is worth more than religion..." Khayyam had never imagined that in Baghdad, the capital of the Arab's caliphate, his way of thinking or his quatrains would have had such profound influence.

Khayyam was led to the Caliph's palace court and shown to a large room to relax in. Later a group entered the room to accompany him to the Caliph. He requested 29

time to dress up appropriately, after which he proceeded towards the palace court, taking with him the presents he had brought for Caliph from Basra..

The Caliph embraced Omar and greeted him, using a mixture of Arabic and Persian language. Khayyam was surprised by the Caliph's ability to speak Persian. Realising this, the Caliph explained "What did you expect? We have come to know Khayyam through his quatrains. Every night, you take part in our thousand and one night banquets."

Khayyam smiled and replied:

**My life is worth sacrificing for a person who is worthy;
I would consider parting with my head for a worthy person.
If you want to know what hell is like for certain? then it is like the
words of an unworthy**

The Caliph invited Khayyam to be seated, before they began talking seriously.

- The Fatemids have caused some political and spiritual concerns. They have secret groups throughout our territories that encourage non-Arabs to revolt against us. They have opened the gates of Egypt to everyone and declared Egypt as the land of refugees. They shelter the discontents, provide them with military training and once their financial needs are taken care of, they are sent to the cities that are under our influence to undermine power. Most significant though, it is the spread of new and philosophical ideas in dismissing the supremacy of Arabs and undermining the principle of resurrection, or eternity of the Qoran which have all has created great problems for us.

I would like you to prove your mental superiority to the judges who will attend this year's forum from regions under the influence of the Abbasid regime and to familiarize them with the new science and philosophy of debate, discussion and communication, so that they can handle the Fatemid's intellectuals with ease. You have a few days until the holy day of Fetr to prepare yourself for the grand gathering.

Full of thoughts, Omar Khayyam left the court of Caliph. On the holy day of Fetr, prayers were said, and in the town's big square, the Caliph sat on the throne, facing the crowd and the religious leaders (Ulama). A preacher from Medina began to speak " God graced the people of the world by choosing 'Qoreysh' from the Arab tribes to lead the world and promised the believers that if they abide with his messages, on Doomsday, they will reside in eternal paradise with the angels, while the unbelievers will burn in hell.. The Caliph looked at Omar Khayyam and prompted him to speak. Khayyam moved closer to the Caliph and sat beside him and whispered "How could I possibly respond to this man and in

particular, in front of such a huge crowd?”

**He addressed the crowd “As God is our creator,
so he is fully aware of our weaknesses or capabilities.
Therefore, our inclination to sin is not without his knowledge.
So why would he want us to burn on Doomsday?”**

Once again, the Caliph signalled to Khayyam to stand up and say a few words to the crowd. Khayyam smiled and whispered to the Caliph:

**Some nations have fallen due to their excessive arrogance.
Others have fallen because they only cared for beautiful women and the
palaces.
If one searches for the truth, it becomes clear that
they both deviated from what would have led them towards you**

While Khayyam and the Caliph were whispering to each other, a few religious scholars (Foghaha) from other cities had begun to address the crowd with their opinions.

The last speaker had hinted that God governs us all whether we move along the right path or deviate from it. Allah (God) guides as he wishes and burns in fire, those who deviate from his commands. At this time, a young man stood up and said loudly:

**You (God) place thousands of traps in my path,
letting me know that you would catch me, should I trip.
The smallest being wouldn’t come to being without your will.
Your will brings me to being, then you brand me a sinner**

A large group of people applauded him. Looking at each other, those who hadn’t understood his words insisted on hearing these words in Arabic. Another young man stood up and addressed the Arabs in Arabic “You have gathered in a town which has a Persian name “Baghdad”. “Bagh” means “God” and “dad” means “to bestow gifts”. A city which is the gift from God and we have a caliph who is familiar with the Persian language. Where in Cairo people would address the Fatemid’s Caliph in ten languages, it wouldn’t be appropriate to speak in Persian in the presence of the Caliph of Baghdad.

Nodding his head, the Caliph smilingly approved of the young man's words and added "We would like our guest from Khorasan to bring today's presentations to a satisfactory conclusion."

Omar Khayyam who had gathered that the day's event could result in him losing his head avoided a response, and sufficed with quoting this quatrain to the Caliph:

In monasteries, schools, convents and synagogues, all fear hell and search for heaven.

For someone who is as one with God, you have not heeded.

Amidst the uproar and applause of the Persians and tumult of the Arabs, Khayyam contented himself with this quatrain and approached the Caliph and paid his respects. The Caliph said "Why were you so ungenerous with your words, scholar?" Khayyam replied "My interest lies with the stars and sky and I thought that I could work in an observatory when I came, but now what I see is the existence of large mosques and bearded clergymen.

It is preferable if the Caliph would allow me to construct an observatory in Khorasan where the sky is clear and to continue my research away from these clergies, religious scholars and judges."

The Caliph put his arm around Omar Khayyam's shoulders and while proceeding towards the palace court he told him tonight is the eve of the holy festival and we must celebrate till dawn. Khayyam queried "Away from the eyes of these scholars and judges from Mecca and Medina?"

The Caliph whispered:

The feast of Aiyd (Persian New Year's celebrations) is upon us so things will turn out for the better.

The wine bearer would pour the purest wine from his jug.

Religious fasting and prayers would be put to one side. Aid ends these miseries.

Omar Khayyam went to his room for a short rest and to prepare himself for the Caliph's evening banquet. As he entered, he saw a soldier standing by the curtain. Omar asked him:

-“What do you want?”

-“Nothing.” he replied. “I have a message for you.”

The soldier gave a letter to Omar Khayyam, paid his respects and left the room.

The letter read “Praise the great scholar and my kind friend. Omar Khayyam Neyshapoori, Khajeh Nizam-ol- Molk has asked us both to join him in Samarghand, at this year's Norooz festival (the first day of the Persian year).

Burn this letter”. Signed Hasan Sabbah Omar Khayyam looked around and with a grin he went toward a candle, and burned the letter.

Chatting to himself he muttered:

Give or take a few, this religion encompasses seventy two nations.

Among them I like yours best. Whether a believer or not,

whether a worshiper or sinner, let us not make excuses, you are what we try to accomplish

Chapter Four

I wouldn't be able to go on with life without the wine that is pure.

Carrying my body would be a task, without a goblet of wine.

The moment that the wine bearer offers to pour me another drink which I can't accept,

then that would be my moment of non-existence

Meeting of the Three Friends in Samarghand

Apart from the Caliph, Abolfath Qiyas-o-Din Omar

Khayyam Neyshapoori hadn't managed to make many other friends in Baghdad, despite being popular with the citizens and youngsters. Omar Khayyam returned back to Khorasan accompanied by his followers and rested in Neyshapoor for several months. Like everyone who loves his or her birthplace, he was very fond of Neyshapoor. He didn't have many friends in Neyshapoor; instead, his books and his astrology workshop were his best friends.

During his time in Neyshapoor, he occupied himself with his numerous book collections, whilst at evenings he would climb to the top of a minaret that he had constructed and end the night with the stars, always concerned with the lack of equipment. Whilst private investors were not forthcoming, he himself couldn't finance a modern and equipped observatory. He secretly hoped that all his problems would be resolved in Samarghand, with Khajeh Nizam-ol-Molk, his former tutor, turning this important old wish into reality.

The promise day arrived. Khayyam prepared himself for the journey to Samarghand. Five of his students and followers announced their willingness to accompany him on his journey. With Khayyam enthused about being re-united with his friends again, the caravan began its journey.

It is you (God) who gives life or takes it

It is you who is the master of this universe

**Even though I may be a bad being, I consider you as my master. Since
you are the creator,
how can anyone ever be guilty of any fault?**

During his long journey to Samarghand, what attracted Khayyam's attention most was the people's awareness of both Ferdowsi, and Aboo Ali Sina's accomplishments and their

familiarity with Omar Khayyam's quatrains. Khayyam said to his companions "It is a wonder that our accomplishments in astrology, mathematics, philosophy, medical profession etc, have not been recognised enough in the cities of the world, yet these quatrains which are the product of lonely moments or seclusion, have become so widely adopted.

Keyhan, one of his companions, who was a twenty-year old man pointed towards Samarghand and said:

"Great scholar, people work from morning till dusk. Very few are literate and not everyone has the means to afford reading a fascicle or a book; but a line of poem is easily imprinted on the mind and stays on it forever. Hence, your quatrains or Ferdowsi's creations find it easy to engulf the Persian world."

The scholar, Omar Khayyam, was so fascinated by Ferdowsi that he would always begin his speech by a verse from the scholar from Toos (Ferdowsi) whenever he spoke in Persian:

In the name of God, the provider of life and wisdom

The most supreme thought that can never be surpassed

Anyhow, Khayyam's small caravan approached Samarghand. As they passed through the city's gate, they noted a crowd gathering in a small square. As they approached they heard a man's moans, groans, curses, cries and abusiveness as well as the strong sound of whips. He asked "What is going on?" He was told "He is "Khosro Piran". He has drunk wine and has become drunk and now Hajji Gholam Hussein is punishing him."

Khayyam asked : "Who is Hajj Gholam Hussein? Is he the town's judge or watchman?" They replied "No, he is the muezzin (the one who calls people to prayers) of the mosque." Khayyam cried "What has a muezzin got to do with a wine drinker's punishment?" Khayyam pushed his way through the crowd and approached Hajj Gholam Hussein. He took his whip and threw it to a corner and shouted at the crowd:

"Why do you allow cruelty by one citizen to another and not

intervene by taking the whip from this cruel man?”

The crowd hummed, with some confirming their approval, whilst others disapproved.

Khosro Piran stood up, struggling to raise his voice:

“This Hajj Gholam Hussein, who considers himself as the deputy to the mosque’s sheikh, always belittles me by calling me a drunkard. I ask you and the Sheikh this question. Is it better to be drunk or be captivated by ignorance? He added:

Drinking is not advised as it gets one into trouble.

It would also lead one to ending up in fire on Doomsday.

It may be true that this poison leads you to both,

but it is still preferable to be merry in this very short life

by drinking wine

Omar Khayyam held Khosro Piran’s hand and led him away from the crowd. Suddenly stones and insults started being thrown at Khayyam by some, led by the mosque’s Sheikh with Hajji Gholam Hussein by his side.

Omar Khayyam’s followers cried:

“Aren’t you ashamed to insult the Khajeh’s guest?” Sheikh asked: “who is the Khajeh’s guest?”

They replied: “Omar Khayyam, the scholar.” Khosro Piran fell on Khayyam’s feet and said:

“Ah! It is you, the great scholar. You saved my life. For years, your words have managed to get me through life. I have soothed the pains caused by the cruel oppression of the Saljugi Turks and the whip of the Arabs’ rule with Samarghand’s pure wine and Neyshapoori’s quatrains. What an honour to be at your feet now.

Khayyam helped Khosro stand up and embraced him. At this moment the crowds’ insults intensified and a group of ten attacked Khayyam and his companions. Khayyam fell on the floor, stamped on by the Sheikh’s followers... Suddenly a group of young men, who were dressed up in white and appeared to be part of an organised army, entered the stage. With daggers in their hands, they attacked the invaders and cut their heads off one by one. The white-

dressed troop then took Khayyam and his companions to the palace of “Nasr Khan” the king of Samarghand and handed them over to the commander of the king’s guard and said:
Here is Omar Khayyam, the scholar, the Persia’s powerful thinker.

He is the guest of Khajeh Nizam-ol- Molk.
He is now in your custody for his safe keeping.

A young man embraced Khayyam and whispered in his ear:

“Hasan Sabbah has sent thousand greetings to you and asked me to inform Khajeh that Samarghand is not a safe place and that he will meet you in Sepahan.”

Stunned with all that was happening, Khayyam thought about the fitness, good organisation and efficiency of this young group as well as the message from Hasan Sabbah and thought to himself well done! How well you have managed to train your companions! King Nasr Khan’s guard accompanied Khayyam to the palace. Abou Taher, the prime minister and the chief judge of Samarghand, had come to greet him. He embraced Khayyam and apologised for the bad treatment that he had received. Khayyam replied:

**The love that is false is not worthy of nourishment,
in the same way that a fire that is on its way out is not worth blowing
on to.**

**A real lover shouldn’t be able to rest, eat or sleep, day or night,
month after month or year after year**

Abou Taher said to Khayyam: “I am one of your devoted followers with many questions to ask and would ask you to write your answers down in a note book before Khajeh Nizam-ol-Molk’s returns from his travels to the provinces.

Khayyam asked him: “Khajeh is in town, isn’t he?”

Abou Taher replied: “No, Khajeh and the king have gone on a tour of the provinces, they will be back in a week’s time.”

Khayyam rested at his rest house and the following morning he

began to read judge Aboo Taher's questions, with ten to twenty page responses to each question.

It is within these responses that Omar Khayyam the scholar introduces to the people of the world the "X", the symbol for the unknown.

Within this epistle, Khayyam refers to an "unknown" as a "thing". This reference to "thing" reached Greece and took the form of XAY and gradually, on its way from Greece to the west, it became "X" or the symbol that represents an unknown.

Aboo Taher was very pleased with Khayyam's wise answers and threw a banquet in his honour. He apologized to Khayyam for not being able to serve wine at the table.

Khayyam smiled and humoured:

I wouldn't be able to go on with life without the wine that is pure.

Carrying my body would be a task, without a goblet of wine.

**The moment that the wine bearer offers to pour me another drink
which I can't accept,**

then that would be my moment of non-existence

Aboo Taher said: "we have supplied your rest house with adequate wine. You can also drink wine with the king and Khajeh as much as you like. I am the chief judge of Samarghand and although we have many taverns in this town but we can not allow wine drinking because people do not drink it moderately."

Khayyam interrupted the judge and said:

It would improper to blame the wine,

if one dances after drinking a goblet of wine.

**What substitute do you suggest to a goblet of wine? Wine is like a
spirit that moulds a person**

Aboo Taher said: "With respect, I do not drink wine and I won't allow wine at the table. I wouldn't allow my name to be tinged nor would I allow what is prohibited to be mixed with what isn't."

Khayyam interrupted **Aboo Taher again and said:**

Wine is pleasant, even though our faith prohibits its use

It is pleasant because it is like a servant on the palm of the wine-bearer

I enjoy it even though it tastes bitter as well as being religiously prohibited

From long ago, all things that are forbidden would also be those that are most pleasant

In any case Khayyam turned down the judge's invitation using a mixer of humour and serious response. The next morning a beautiful Samarghandi woman brought Khayyam's breakfast to his room and informed him that the king and Khajeh had returned from their journey and that they would have lunch with him. Khayyam shaved his beard and prepared himself to meet his friend.

Omar Khayyam was about to go out of his quarter when the door opened and an expensively dressed tall man, wearing a "turban crown" on his head entered the room. With his arms open to embrace Khayyam he cried:

"Kayvan, the life (omr) of Neyshapoor, welcome to Samarghand." Khayyam embraced the Khajeh and their eyes welled up.

Khajeh asked Khayyam:

-Are you aware that if Hasan's army hadn't come to your help, you would be dead?

-Omar queried: "Do you have information about Hasan and his activities?"

-Yes I do. Hasan and his army are like my eyes and ears. I have provided him with all that he would need. They obtain information for me from all over the country, as well as looking after my security and my companions. Khajeh responded.

-You mean that you have organized a secret security and information organization? Omar asked.

-I did not organize it. Hasan proposed it and I accepted. Hasan Sabbah has learned so many things from his travel to Cairo. In Sepahan, he came to me and said that a noble person would be faithful to his promise. I asked

him what he wanted. Whether the command of the army in the capital or in Neyshapoor? He proposed if he could organize the security and information organization and I accepted. He does his job with superior quality. I feel that I can't go from one town to another without him. On the other hand he has influence everywhere, from the Caliph's court in Baghdad, to the palace in Cairo and all our provinces, as if he has an army of ants which are present everywhere.

-Well, where is Hasan Sabbah now? Is he in Samarghand? Omar asked.

- Tell you the truth, I do not know of his whereabouts but he has informed me that from the security point of view it is not advisable for us to carry on our historical conference here. He is of the opinion that capital Sepahan offers us better security. replied Khajeh.

-Khajeh Nizam-ol-Molk finished his words which followed with a few seconds of silence. Suddenly a soft voice could be heard:

Friends! Whenever you are in each other's company, you must commemorate your absent friends aplenty.

**Drink a wholesome wine together and may this take so long remembering different friends
that by the time it is my turn to be remembered, you would be legless.**

Eyes welled up, the three embraced each other and then they sat down on the floor. Hasan Sabbah began to speak. Khayyam and Khajeh stared at him. He spoke like a powerful and influential leader, giving them first

hand information and analysis. Nodding of their heads indicated confirmation of his statements. Finally he said our main serious meeting will be in three month's time in Sepahan. I can not stay in Samarghand much longer. Farewell.

Chapter Five

Agreeable friends have died, submitting themselves to the angel of death one by one.

**We were served with the same wine in the life's banquet,
But some became more drunk than others (Referring to some who died sooner).**

Assassination of Khajeh Nizam-ol-Molk and his death in Khayyam's arms

The historical meeting between Nizam-ol-Molk, Omar Khayyam and Hasan Sabbah took place as planned in the city of Sepahan. 47

Hasan Sabbah proposed that the great scholar Nizam-ol-Molk would chair the meeting. He requested the slot for the first speaker for himself:

“Today, we have organized numerous forces in Persia and around the Islamic world. Forces whose knowledge, love and affection for Persia would make them ready to sacrifice themselves for the good of their country. Most of our companions can speak several languages such as Arabic, Persian, Hebrew and Armenian. Our people have become tired of the Saljugi's dictatorial rule and the Arabs' stupidity. It is time to ask the Saljugi king to subdue the Baghdad's caliph and then we would subdue the king.”

Nizam-ol-Molk commented that they shouldn't act quickly and hastily. First they should gradually undermine the worldwide power of the king and Caliph and utilise the knowledge and the intellect of Omar Khayyam.

Omar Khayyam requested to be exempted from politics and positions of power. He agreed to act as an advisor only but reluctant to accept political responsibilities, adding:

Live with less greed for the worldly goods and be satisfied.

Detach you from the good and bad of the world

**Grab a goblet of wine and feel a sweetheart's hair in
your hand,**

as life would pass by quickly and these few days of life won't last forever.

Hasan Sabbah replied to Omar Khayyam:

-My kind friend! You have access to both the sweetheart and the wine. O you are life of the world! When you came from Samarghand, you married this beautiful Samarghandi girl who is an old friend of Saljughi queen, whilst the best wines of Shiraz and Samarghand are available to you, so why you do not wish to accompany us in this historical step?

Khajeh Nizam-ol-Molk commented: "I wish that Kayvan Neyshapoori Omar Khayyam, the scholar, would do whatever he desires. Please write us a book about the rules of statesmanship, explaining existence and the time philosophy. Omar Khayyam put his hand in his bag and brought out his books about "How to Govern" and "Existence or non-existence" then put them on the Saljughi court's Kashan crafted carpet and asked:

-Do you suppose that I had been sitting idle during these times? I have spent every moment of my life thinking, reading or writing." Then he handed his books on "The basis of philosophy" and "An account of Euclid" to Hasan Sabbah. Hasan Sabbah asked Omar Khayyam, the scholar, if he would also give him his book on "Existence and the science of existence.

Omar Khayyam replied: "It is surprising to know how well you are aware of the fruits of my thoughts and efforts.

I finished this latest piece of my work while travelling from Samarghand to Sepahan.

Hasan Sabbah informed: "my men, who are also followers of you and Khajeh, had been with you every step of your journey to protect you, whilst also informing me of your works."

Omar Khayyam brought his book of “Existence and the science of existence” out of a bag and handed it to Hasan Sabbah.

Khajeh Nizam-ol-Molk said: “Tomorrow, I will introduce you to the king. I will introduce Hasan Sabbah as the minister for information and security and Omar Khayyam as the Saljugh government’s director of the universities, as well as being responsible for the country’s observatory.”

Omar Khayyam responded by saying that he needed sufficient budget to establish an adequately equipped observatory in Sepahan and Neyshapoor.

Khajeh asked why he wanted an observatory in Neyshapoor, while he intended to reside in Sepahan. Khayyam replied: “I have no confidence in this world and its rulers. I fear that one day I wouldn’t be able to stay in this town. So I would like to have also an observatory workshop in my birthplace.”

His two friends agreed. The next day three of them went to the palace of the Saljugh king and Khajeh Nizam-ol-Molk introduced Omar Khayyam and Hasan Sabbah to the king.

The king asked Hasan Sabbah what would be the use

of intelligence and security when we have a powerful, intelligent, trained and capable army.

Hasan Sabbah replied: “we should have merchants, beggars, soldiers and caravan keepers throughout the country to inform us of every little on-goings which happen on every corner of the world. This way we can quickly suppress all possible plots and dangers and neutralize every possible plan prepared by the strangers against us.”

As Hasan Sabbah was speaking, the Caliph, Khajeh and Khayyam were fascinated by his words and listened to his every word carefully. The chief judge of the Saljugh government, who was a Turk Sheikh, whispered to two white-bearded men beside him:

-This man is an Alavi (a branch of Islam) and his words are Fatemi. He is a danger to the king, Saljugh’s clergies and the court of the Caliph.”

As if Hasan Sabbah had heard the whispering of the Foghaha

(scholars in Mohammedan's law), he pointed to Khajeh and Khayyam and said:

**A secret that is kept by a wise man,
should be more discrete than a phoenix (refers to the discrete transformation and sub sequential rise of the mythical bird of great wisdom from ashes).**

**That is how well an oyster conceals the secret (refers to a grit) that the sea places within it,
until it is turned into a pearl.**

Khajeh commented:

"This is one of Omar Khayyam's quatrains. Hasan Sabbah knows all his written work by heart. Your Majesty, as the rest of our discussion is about the security and intelligence, it is to be confidential and remain among the four of us."

By the king's order, Foghaha left the court and the first seed of hatred was planted against Hasan Sabbah and his two other friends.

Hasan said to the king:

"Your Majesty, in order to prove the efficiency and loyalty of myself and my friends, I inform you that Sheikh Abd-ol-Qader who had stood beside the chief judge is the spy of the Baghdad's caliph. Using three messengers, he informs Baghdad of all the palace court's affairs every ten days."

The king asked for the names of those three persons. Hasan Sabbah looked at Khajeh and Khayyam for direction. "Hasan, the command and order of the king is worthy of obedience." Khajeh said.

Hasan gave their names: "the judge Ashas, Sheikh Jabbar and Osman the carpenter." The king immediately ordered their arrest and submission to Hasan Sabbah for interrogation.

Hasan Sabbah told the three: "If you reveal your secrets in the king's presence, not only you will be acquitted but also your lives will be spared and you will be allowed to keep your jobs, but only if you work to serve the Saljughhi king."

He added: "Abd-ol -Qader was arrested and it was him who confessed your names."

Addressing the other two spies Ashas cried:

-I had said many times that this stupid old man couldn't be trusted. He has feared and betrayed us.

All three admitted before the king that they had acted as Abd-ol-Qader's messengers for the caliph and that they had employed five to seven people each.

The king ordered Abd-ol-Qader to be beheaded in the city's square and issued an order for the appointment of Hasan Sabbah as the minister. He also allocated a budget of five hundred thousands Dinars (a monetary unit) for the ministry of intelligence and security to be established in the best possible way.

By distributing his budget throughout the country, Hasan Sabbah employed more forces. In all cities, towns and villages this force became his sharp-sighted eye for controlling the smallest on-goings, the activities of those in positions of responsibility and the general public. Putting all this to good use, Hasan Sabbah associated all those liberal Persians that were identified by his forces to his organization and ministry.

Khayyam established his astrology centre in Neyshapoor and Sepahan. At the same time he inaugurated schools and universities in large cities that taught medical science, algebra, astrology, philosophy, history and etc. to Persian children. Khayyam attached importance to the Persian language; hence teaching of Poor Sina's book or Ferdowsi's "The king's memoirs" formed the main part of all schools and university's syllabus. This way the Persian language and culture was propagated, whilst under the occupation of Saljugi Turks and Arabs caliphs.

The Saljugi king and most of his family members were Omar Khayyam's students. Malik Shah was devoted to Omar Khayyam. Omar Khayyam's book of "Malik Shah Zig" (method of astrology) was written in his dedication. Omar Khayyam showed him different stars at his observatory and explained them all to him. Malik Shah had become strongly accustomed to his chats with Khayyam or learning from him, to the extent that his wife Turkan Khatoon, as well as the palace court's Foghaha became jealous.

On the other hand, people were being harassed by Hasan Sabbah's intelligence and security operations. From time to time Hasan Sabbah would identify spies who worked against the interests of the Fatemin or Baghdad's caliph who would be presented to the king and subsequently ordered by him to be beheaded. The Turks' found the presence of Khajeh, Hasan and Khayyam as a big barrier against their tribal interests and began to conspire in order to eliminate them. The palace court's judge fabricated reports to prove to the king that, Hasan Sabbah had employed all Alavies who are strongly pro- Persian and anti-caliph. It was also alleged that Khajeh Nizam-ol-Molk had allowed financial affairs or public organisation to be run by the Jews, whilst appointing the command of the army to the Armenians. Moreover, the palace court's staffs were mainly made up of Alavi Shiites. The Foghaha together with Turkan, (the king's wife), persuaded the king to seek an explanation from Hasan and Khajeh as to why thousands of golden coins were being put at the disposal of those (Jews, Armenians and Shiites) who were neither Muslims, nor loyal to the king or the caliph. The king gave in to the persistence of Turkan khatoun and recalled Hasan, Khayyam and Khajeh. He asked Khajeh why he had given the country's financial and accounting affairs to the Jews, the command of the army to the Armenians and other affairs to Shiites.

Khajeh replied: "I have chosen the best for each post, the best ones that are also loyal to the king and Saljughis government. I have not asked them about their religion because Jews, Armenians and Shiites all believe in God."

The crafty judge interrupted by saying:

"No, that is not true. The Shiites are witches and unbelievers, the Jews are money grabbing misers who backstab and you yourself Khajeh, you are a Jew. The Armenians are not Muslims and not loyal to the king."

Hasan Sabbah interrupted and as the minister of information and security he expressed his opinion: "Khajeh is right. He has appointed the best ones for the best posts."

Turkan Khatoun interrupted Hasan and said: "You yourself are in

the circle of accusation. You have placed all the Persians, Alavies and the followers of Fatemies at positions of influence everywhere and also you are the first advisor to Khajeh.”

Their discussion and dispute intensified. Hasan Sabbah assumed all the responsibilities because he felt that the Foghaha and Turkan Khatoon had decided to eliminate the three friends. He thought that while the dispute and discussion continued, all three were in danger of losing their lives. However, if one assumed responsibility, then the other two lives could be spared. So he said to the king:

“Your Majesty, I am the minister of information and security and the advisor to Khajeh. He has appointed these persons on their jobs on my recommendation. Now, if a mistake has been made, that would be my fault.”

Turkan and the Saljughī religious scholar loudly interrupted Hasan and demanded his death.

Malik Shah said: “we will behead you to teach other Jews, Armenians and Alavies a lesson”. Khajeh interrupted and said: “Your Majesty it is better to punish him to five hundred lashes or to blind him. That would be better than death.”

Turkan, who had witnessed the murder and unemployment of so many members of her tribe by Hasan Sabbah, cried “No!! His death would be the only appropriate punishment.”

Malik Shah looked at Omar Khayyam and asked for his judgement.

Khayyam looked at Khajeh and Hasan, stood beside the king and bravely said:

“Your Majesty, Hasan Sabbah is a great man. He has many friends throughout the country. His death will start many riots all around Persia and even the Arab world. I advise you to exile him.”

Turkan wanted to speak when the king screamed:

“Be quiet. Omar Khayyam does not say things in vein. He is a skilful astrologer. He speaks based on his prediction of what is going to happen tomorrow.

We will exile Hasan Sabbah to the desert of Khorasan and Tabas.”

The king ordered twenty horsemen to take him to Tabas, twelve of

whom were members of Bateni group and Hasan Sabbah's followers. The eight Turk soldiers were killed along the way and Hasan Sabbah and his twelve followers headed for the Alamoot fort. He had selected that place as his main place of residence from a long time ago.

Hasan entered the fort. He called for the mayor to attend at Poorkian's house (one of his leaders) and gave a big banquet, at the end of which he made a speech. He addressed Poorkian "Give the mayor ten thousands golden coins and purchase Alamoot fort from him.

The mayor replied "we are the caliph's servants and under the command of Saljugi king." Hasan commented that both these cruel foreigners have oppressed our women, men and children and will continue to do so. He asked the mayor whether he wanted to serve Persian or be a servant to foreigners.

By dawn and after a long discussion the mayor of Alamoot converted to a follower of Hasan Sabbah and handed the village and the splendid fort of Alamoot, over to Hasan Sabbah. From that moment on, by taking possession of new headquarters everyday, Hasan Sabbah and his companions began to shake the foundations of the Saljugi's great empire which had already brought the Caliph of Baghdad to submission.

Hasan Sabbah had become a thorn in Malik Shah's side. At a meeting where Khayyam presented the king with his Jalali calendar that had been composed on the king's order, Khajeh Nizam-ol-Molk is put on trial.

The Saljugi king said:

"Khajeh, you have served us well in many ways, such as introducing us to the scholar, Omar Khayyam. But we have also suffered a lot at the hands of Hasan Sabbah and still do to this day. Hasan Sabbah is still under your command. This time we wouldn't exile you but will have you killed because we wouldn't want to repeat our experience with Hasan Sabbah."

Khayyam turned pale and thought: "O My God. Our great Sheikh,

reminder of Neyshapoor and my childhood is going to be killed.” He couldn’t believe it. He approached the king and whispered in his ear:

“Your Majesty, if Hasan is still a follower of Khajeh, then he will take revenge if he is killed.”

The king cried:

“I don’t agree. The Turks have assured me that our army and security officials are all on our side and Batenies have no influence among them.”

Khayyam kept persisting with his opinion but the king would not accept.

Khajeh began to speak and with determination he screamed: “Your Majesty, beware that should anything happen to me, you would only survive forty days after my death. It would be wise to listen to your great astrologer. My death won’t go unanswered.”

The enraged king left the meeting, limiting Khajeh’s efforts. He then called Khayyam and asked him to assume the responsibility as the prime minister.

Khayyam refused and said :

One who has a bit of bread to live on and a small shelter to live in,

need not be a servant to anyone, nor would he need a servant.

Lead a happy life as happiness is a world of its own.

He added: “Leave me alone with the stars, my books and pen; I am not one for power and government.”

The king said: “you are one of the most intelligent among us and aware of the world’s secrets; you can be our best servant in government.

Khayyam replied:

**There has been no knowledge that my mind has been deprived of;
I know not of many unknowns.**

**For seventy two years I have thought every day and night;
only to find out that not much is known.**

The king kissed Khayyam and went to bed. A couple of days later, Turkan poured a strong and fatal poison in Khajeh's food. While he was dining with the king and Khayyam, Khajeh turned pale. Realizing something was wrong; Khayyam picked his plate up and threw it out. A couple of the palace court's dogs ate the remainder of the food and fell to the ground. Khajeh said: "Does it mean that we are more resilient than these animals?" He

stood up and asked Khayyam to take him to his room, as he did not wish to die in the presence of that cruel bunch. Khajeh died in the bosom of Khayyam. Arms rose to the sky, Khayyam was mourning his death when two soldiers entered and slit Khajeh's throat.

**Agreeable friends have died,
submitting themselves to the angel of death one by one. We
were served with the same wine in the life's banquet
but some became more drunk than others (referring to some
who died sooner).**

Chapter six

*My friend, let's not worry what tomorrow might bring and make the
most of this short life.*

*We would end up exactly as those who died seven thousand years
earlier,
if we depart from this ancient world tomorrow.*

Khayyam's escape from Sepahan and the Norooz feast in Neyshapoor

After the death of Khajeh Nizam-ol-Molk, Omar Khayyam, the scholar, found himself alone and he did not feel at home in

Sepahan. He had imprisoned himself in his house for many days with Jahan Banoo, his kind wife until one day Malik Shah knocked on the door and entered Khayyam's rest room querying

- Our great scholar, what has been happening to you? Why haven't you come to the court for a while?

Khayyam replied: "Your Majesty, after the death of Khajeh I have been feeling lonely."

- But I am with you as are the people and also you have the territory of Persia." Malik Shah commented.

- Your Majesty, you and people and our country are toyed with by a deceitful woman and the stupidity of several jealous Foghaha!!" He replied.

- What do you mean Khayyam? Turkan likes you and she is an old friend of Jahan. Malik shah commented.

- Khayyam replied: "I have a Jahan (the world) in my bosom at home but Turkan has taken away from me and people the world of kindness."

"Are you referring to the murder of Khajeh? He was killed by Hasan Sabbah. According to the investigations of our officers, Khajeh was killed by two devoted Bateni secret officers." Malik shah commented.

- Your Majesty, you witnessed that Khajeh was poisoned at your palace.

- That is not true. It was Hasan Sabbah who killed him with his dagger.

Malik shah replied.

- I do not agree with you. Have you forgotten that two of the court's dogs died after eating the remainder of Khajeh's food? I saw two men who had daggers; they were both members of the guard and Turkan's officers.

Turkan intended to make out that Batenies were behind Khajeh's death. He responded.

The saddened king kneeled down before Khayyam. Khayyam took his hand and he kneeled too. The king said with a trembling voice:

Omar Khayyam, you are a great astrologer and have taught me a great deal but you never mentioned about women's power and capabilities. Turkan reasons her actions in a way that I can not question them. What can I do? I am left choosing between Turkan and the others. Malik shah replied.

-Your Majesty, you knew that Hasan Sabbah was a faithful servant, although he was an enemy of Turkan's tribe and Foghaha but you went against him in favour of Turkan and the stupid jealous Foghaha." Khayyam responded.

-But it would not be possible to rule without the tribes, wife's tribe, Foghaha and judges." Malik shah replied.

-It would have been possible, using wisdom and reliance on all tribes. You would have been able to secure the devotion of the Baghdad's caliph, using pure wisdom, the intelligence of Hasan Sabbah and the ingenuity of Khajeh but you gave into the temptations of "a woman and theologians"! Khayyam commented.

-Malik shah asked what he should do now.

-You must put Turkan on trial for Khajeh's murder.

-Do you mean that I should put my wife on trial? She has a great deal of influence within our tribe and army. That would be suicidal." Malik shah commented.

-Khayyam commented that time wasn't on Malik shah's side. Malik shah asked him to clarify.

-Fortieth. You have forgotten the fortieth day of Khajeh's death. Hasan Sabbah will send a group to take vengeance. Malik Shah stood up and screamed:

-Omar Khayyam, you have now ranked with my enemies.

-Your Majesty I just intended to remind you of his words.

Malik Shah grabbed two goblets, filled them with wine and gave one to Khayyam saying:

The grains of hope will be reaped after the harvest.

The house and the garden will be left behind after our death.

Find wealth in wine. Drink it with your friends Otherwise you would feel pain."

Khayyam took Samarghand's red wine from the king and sang:

*You, who lead a busy life, drink wine. As I have reminded
a thousand times, There is no return after death.*

Both laughing, Malik Shah said to Khayyam:

- Before the fortieth day of Khajeh's death arrives, complete the "The method of astrology" to be taught in schools of Persia in my memory.

Khayyam went to his library, took two books "Malik Shahi Zig" and the annual "Six thousand solar years' book and offered them to the king.

-Your Majesty, the "Malik Shahi Zig" book is the same as "The method of astrology" which I had dedicated to you in consideration for your supports for this science.

The king asked .Is this "six thousand years' the same calendar which you showed me the last time that we lunched with Khajeh?

"Yes" He replied. "Your Majesty. The lunar year is always variable and as such the government's affairs can't be regulated around it. We have measured the year based on the sun, with its advent to be the birth dates of Mehr and Mithra, the first Persian intellectuals, nearly six thousand years ago. By adding the number of years of the Malik Shah's rule, we will have the special Persian calendar.

-Have the Saljughhi Turks, Islam and Baghdad's caliph any place in this calendar? Malik shah asked.

- Your Majesty, they have their own lunar Hegira variable calendar. The advent of their calendar is the migration of Islam's prophet from Mecca to Medina. The advent of the calendar of the people that you govern is five thousands five hundred years older.

-What will the Foghaha say? Malik shah wondered.

That night Malik Shah called for a governmental meeting. The king ascended to the throne. Khayyam sat on his right hand side and Turkan sat on his left. Jahan, Khayyam's wife and Turkan's friend sat beside the king's wife. Twelve Foghaha and judges of Saljughhi's

government also sat around the king.

Seeing this gathering, Khayyam sighed. May be he thought that he was alone among that assembly.

Malik Shah said: "Omar Khayyam the scholar and his astrologer companions have created a calendar for us that we pride ourselves in. Hereafter months and days will be fixed in four seasons and taking account of the leap years, we will always celebrate the beginning of spring with the first day of Farvardin (around 20th of March). The summer will begin with Tir (June). Mehr (October) would be the first month of autumn and Day (January) will be the beginning of the winter. Khayyam has also included another great detail by incorporating in this calendar the reminiscence of all the great men such as the scholar of Toos, the great Ferdowsi and Poor Sina Sheikh-ol-Raiis and other great scientists. With Khayyam's proposal we will celebrate all these days from the next year."

Once the king's words came to an end, Turkan Khatoon pointed to the chief judge for his opinion

-O you the great king of the holy and stable territory of Persia who has attained the Baghdad caliph's obedience and ...

-The judge complimented until Malik Shah interrupted him to remind him to move on to the main subject.

Pleased Khayyam and Jahan smiled but Turkan frowned.

The judge continued: Your Majesty, we are Muslims and are proud of our Islam. The date of the migration of the great prophet is the origin of our calendar.

Omar Khayyam is a man of pleasures and does not agree with Islam and religion. He has promoted wine drinking, astrology, philosophy and pharmacology which are all blasphemy and against Islam. Now he has decided to change our history.

The king interrupted the judge and asked Khayyam to defend the calendar.

-Khayyam said: The history of any nation begins with the birth of its culture, civilization, just like the date on which a person is born. If the migration date of Islam's prophet from Mecca to Medina had been the first time that nomadic people had progressed, became powerful enough to dominate other tribes and cities, then they have the right to choose it as the advent of their

history. Although the Persians have become Mussulman but they were Persians who had established their civilization earlier. So when we talk about their calendar, we must take into account the birth date of their culture and civilization...

Another Saljughī Faghih stood up, interrupted Khayyam and said: Islam has overtaken everything. Having Islam and the Qoran, we do not need any other thought.

There began a strong uproar. Khayyam was alone among the Foghaha and fanatical judges. The king cried:

-Be quiet. You are in the presence of the king. Let the scholar Omar Khayyam end his words.

Khayyam stood up, picked up the “six thousand years’ calendar” which had fallen in front of the Foghaha. He sat in a corner and on its first page he wrote:

The Jalali calendar which is the fruit of the Persian astrologers’ labour is given as a present to the kind king Jalal-o-Din Malik Shah. Ferdowsi sang an immortal epic poem about this advent date and I drew up a calendar base upon it. Khayyam approached the king and politely offered him “The Jalali calendar” and said:

“Your Majesty, you can choose between six thousand and six hundred.”

The king took “The Jalali calendar” and said that he was pleased with his reasoning with Foghaha.

Khayyam whispered in the king’s ear:

There is a cow in the sky (refers to a cow figure shaped by the stars) named Parvin.

There is a cow beneath the ground.

Use your wisdom and you would certainly see

Many more cows in between (reference to cows implies ignorance in people).

The king embraced Khayyam and replied:

**If I had the same powers as God, I would destroy this world
And would make a new world
such that a liberal person could live liberally.**

Khayyam quietly reminded Malik Shah:

“Do as much as you can of whatever you have not yet done because only twenty days remain from the forty.” Malik Shah frowned and cried:

–“You reminded me of the Khajeh and the dagger of Sabbah again. Let me pass the night in peace.”

While leaving, the smiling Omar Khayyam sang:

**My friend let's not worry about what tomorrow might bring
and make the most of this short life
we would end up exactly as those who died seven thousands years
earlier
if we depart from this ancient world**

When Khayyam left the court the chief judge grinned and commented:

–We did not accept his six thousands years' calendar yet he has increased it to seven thousands years! All the Foghaha and Turkan Khatoon laughed boisterously.

The king pointed at Turkan to stand up and said to Foghaha: “Go and eat your fodder (comparing them to animals). You annoyed a great man whom everyone desires to be associated with.”

On the morning of the fortieth day of Khajeh's death, a group of seven men who were dressed in white entered the Malik Shah's room as Khajeh had predicted. They woke him up and gave him a goblet of wine and a cup of water. The king said “I do not drink wine in the morning, give me the water. He drank the water and

asked: "Is it the fortieth day of Khajeh's death?" and one of the seven men confirmed by nodding his head. The king told him: Is it you Afshin? I recognize you from your eyes. Do you suppose that I would not know someone who has served me for fifteen years by covering your face?"

Afshin removed the veil from his face and inserted the first dagger in the king's heart. The king fell to the ground. An hour later the servants found out about the king's murder, leading to an uproar within the palace. A group of people rushed to the house of Omar Khayyam and took him with them. Khayyam cried "Who are you? Where are you taking me? What is all the fuss in the palace for?"

With their horses galloping, one of the men shouted "The great scholar, you write the calendar and you are an astrologer but you do not know what a day today is?"

Khayyam slowed his horse down and sighed. In respect, the horsemen also stopped. Khayyam turned his face towards the sky and said: "Praise to friends. Praise to the three missed friends."

One of the horsemen who seemed to be the leader of the group asked Khayyam:

-The scholar, today was the fortieth day of Khajeh's death and the day of Malik Shah's murder, so who is the third friend?

-The God of Alamoot. He replied.

-Do you mean Hasan Sabbah? He is alive and gives life to others. The horseman commented.

-How can someone give life by killing and murdering? Khayyam responded.

The man removed his veil and Khayyam recognized him.

-You! You were the member of Malik Shah's special guard, were you not? Khayyam asked.

-Yes I was. The horseman replied.

-So why you are running away the town? Khayyam enquired.

-Because I killed the king and saved you. Upon Malik Shah's murder, Turkan Khatoon ordered her guard to kill you. I accepted the mission and saved you. Praise with Hasan Sabbah the leader of Persian warriors and wise men. I am sorry about your kind wife, Jahan Banoo. We could not save her and she was killed by the Saljughis' sword. He replied

-What? Are you one of Hasan's followers? Khayyam asked.

-Yes, I am his devotee and have a duty to take you to Alamoot. The horseman replied.

-Never. I will never go to Alamoot. I had told your leader that I am not a politician. Khayyam declared.

-The great scholar, where would you wish to go? Khayyam was asked to which he replied.

-Neyshapoor. I have missed its sweet alleyways, its wine, its wine-bearers and its students and intellects.

Afshin threw himself at Omar Khayyam's feet and said: "We are devoted to you. Hasan Sabbah has ordered us to take you wherever you wish to go."

Omar Khayyam galloped his horse and said:

-Hasan Sabbah is a generous man and he has always supported me since my childhood. He has saved my life many times.

Afshin said:

-The great scholar, do not worry yourself about these few murders. They are a few who are unworthy and must be killed. In contrast though, medical and pharmacology groups are being dispersed throughout the world each year, from Alamoot, who save the lives of thousands of people. Moreover we send our medicine and physicians to the west as well these days.

Khayyam smiled and said:

If there was any fruit to be found on the branch of hope, I would have hoped for self betterment.

How long must I be imprisoned within my body? I wish there

would be a way to escape.”

Afshin smiled and said: “The scholar, each day of your life equates to thousands of other’s. The world will praise you forever, for what you have done and written.”

Hasan Sabbah has requested that you prepare the following books to be taught in the University of Alamoot “Algebra”, “methods of calculating the square and cube root of a number”, “Algebra equation solving through conical sections”, “Wisdom’s light”,

“The heart’s garden” and “Norooz book”.

Khayyam described to Afshin the books’ hiding place in Sepahan.

Afshin charged a member of his group to

pick up the books and to take them to Alamoot.

Khayyam told Afshin “I wish we could celebrate Norooz in Neyshapoor this year where I could complete “Norooz book” and prepare it for Hasan Sabbah.”

Afshin said: “So we shall gallop towards Neyshapoor.”

People of Neyshapoor came to greet Khayyam and surrounded him. Two days were left to Norooz. The citizens received Khayyam by beating on kettledrums and playing musical instruments. The boys and girls of Neyshapoor were singing quatrains and the songs of Norooz:

Clouds arrived and wept over (rained) the meadow again.

One shouldn’t live without the rose-coloured wine. Now you are watching this meadow,

but who will watch the meadow that will grow over our graves?”

A young Neyshapoori girl dressed up in a long red dress carrying a tambourine approached **Khayyam and said:**

When the cloud washes the face of tulip at Norooz, get up and drink wine with a reason.

Our lives pass by with the coming of the spring and the going of the winter.

**Drink wine and do not be sad because the scholar had said so.
The entire world's bitter sadness is the same as that of wine**

A ten-year old child accompanied by a young man playing the Tar (A Persian musical instrument) approached Khayyam and sang:

**It is pleasant when the spring breeze caresses the flower's face.
It is pleasant to see a cheering face on the garden lawn.
It is not pleasant to talk about the winter during the spring.
Enjoy yourself and do not talk about the winter,**

as today is pleasant (refers to the appreciation of the pleasantness of the day that is already here).

The Norooz feast of that year was the greatest and best one that Khayyam had ever seen. There were celebrations, singing and rejoicing everywhere in Neyshapoor during the month of Farvardin. Khayyam prepared copies of "Norooz book" in large quantities and offered them to most schools within the country.

Chapter seven

"Those who have grown old as well as those who are young, all follow their own individual aspirations.

This old world won't ever belong to anyone. Our ancestors died; we will die, others will be born and die"

The sky wept in grief "Khayyam's assassination order is issued"

The scholar, Omar Khayyam was thrilled that he could celebrate the Norooz feast, after so many years, at his birthplace,

Neyshapoor. The thirteenth day of the feast fell on Saturday and people headed out of town. Thirteenth day of the feast is a Persian tradition to spend the thirteenth day of the New Year outdoors. In the morning of Farvardin the thirteenth, a crowd consisting of hundreds of people accompanied Omar Khayyam to the gardens of Neyshapoor. Following Khayyam, young boys and girls danced and played musical instruments.

Omar-ibn-jaber, the city's religious scholar (Faghih) who had come from Medina to Neyshapoor, had been updated minute by minute about Khayyam's arrival to the city. Accompanied by around ten people, they began to conspire against Omar Khayyam from their quarter. Omar-ibn-jaber commented "This man has come to Neyshapoor after many years and we Arabs do not understand his language. Why does he compose his poems and give his lecture in Persian? Why does he encourage the young people of the city to speak Persian and why doesn't he attach the same importance to Arabic which is the language of Islam and Qoran? What is this solar calendar that he has brought for us? What are these names belonging to rebellious Persian kings that he encourages people to name their children after? Names such as: Cyrus, Mani, Mazdak, Anahita, Poorandokht, Afshin, Nooshin, Nasrin, Parviz, Ladan and Siavosh.

All who had gathered in the Faghih's house confirmed their agreement with him and one of them angrily declared that they must get rid of him.

Omar-ibn-jaber said "It is not so easy. People of the city would side with him. They will rebel and tear us to pieces if we kill him. We must befriend him and one night, when least expected, suffocate him with a pillow; this way we won't shed his blood.

It would be up to Valid-ibn-taha to decide how to carry this out. As the head of the Caliph's security in Neyshapoor he can find the appropriate way. Ali-ibn-Hamzeh who had sat in a corner, suggested that it would be better to ask the Caliph about the procedure. Omar-ibn-jaber commented "A Faghih and a judge in Islam do not need to consult with the Caliph.

Moreover, if we wait for the Caliph's answer, influenced by Khayyam's words, speeches and actions, these people will ruin our houses over our heads. Another person from a corner of the room began to talk and said:

"I have just been informed that white bearded Omar Khayyam, is dancing and singing at the festival of Sizdehbedar (thirteenth day of the new year), surrounded by girls. The Sizdehbedar festival is a festival of blasphemy, revelry and impiety. What is unlucky thirteen all about? God has created all the numbers alike."

Ali-ibn-Hamzeh tried to speak by commenting "The new year and the thirteenth are the nature's way of celebrating. Nature revives itself and the prophet (Mohammed) is known to have said that...

He was interrupted by the Faghih: "These narratives and traditions that confirm the New Year and the Thirteenth are fabricated by the Alavies and are all fictitious. These festivals, dancing and revelries make people distant from religion. We shouldn't let people forget religion and God's commandments."

Ali questioned whether God would be opposed to people's happiness.

Faghih explained that happiness and sin were one and the same and questioned whether happiness served any purpose.

He went on "Mankind has been brought to this world to be experimented with and experience suffering in order that his soul is polished and to enable him to take possession of the Garden of Eden."

Ali replied "So it is for a good reason that Khayyam does not make false promises and recommends that it would be preferable to take what is on offer in this life, rather than to wait for an imaginary paradise".

Ali then laughed and two other Sheikhs also smiled but the enraged Omar-ibn-jaber sent Ali out of their gathering.

On his way out Ali said sarcastically "I see how much you suffer in order to go to heaven!"

Omar-ibn-jaber ordered Ali to get out and get out of their sight, adding "You must have connections with those Alavies; you are a Jew who has penetrated among us. You may even be Hasan Sabbah's spy. Get out, leave this gathering."

Ali left the Foghaha's gathering and informed Omar Khayyam through his wife, to be aware, as the city's Faghih had ordered his death warrant.

As soon as Omar Khayyam was informed about his death warrant, he called his friends to assemble at his house to discuss the matter. The majority proposed that he should leave Neyshapoor, travel to Egypt or go to Baghdad and see the Caliph.

Khayyam commented that the Arab Faghih will not let me leave Khorasan and will have me killed on the way. Others proposed Khayyam should attend the Friday's prayers and invite the Faghih to a debate. Khayyam replied that it was not possible to discuss with such an ignorant race. Hundreds pray behind this Imam and follow him blindly. We won't be able to sway

the opinion of his ignorant followers our way, through a debate.

Midday passed by, with some putting their comments and opinions forward for discussion,, while Khayyam and others studied and analysed them, which went on until that evening when Khayyam's servants turned the lights on. Suddenly two panic-stricken young men came to Khayyam's house and interrupted the meeting. They kneeled down before Khayyam and one of them said:

-Great scholar, Ali was killed.

-Who killed him?" Khayyam asked.

-Officials of Faghih Omar- ibn- jaber. They replied.

-Where and how? Khayyam enquired.

They explained that, praying behind the Faghih, Ali took a dagger out of his sock and as soon as the Faghih bent (refers to a routine part of Muslim prayer), he trusted it into the Faghih's heart. Jaber gave up his life that very moment after which Ali declared:

"Long live Hasan Sabbah, the God of Alamoot and the Imam of the freemen, the Persians and the wise."

The Faghih's officials then attacked him and killed him in the same altar. Khayyam went to the court-yard of his house to have a private moment. He walked around the little pond in his court yard in which little red fish swam.

Two young men who were dressed in white appeared beside

Khayyam and one of them said to the scholar of Neyshapoor:

“Our leader (Hasan Sabbah) has ordered us to ensure that you are securely taken to Alamoot whenever you wish.”

Khayyam began to sing this pleasant song:

“If there was any fruit to be found on the branch of hope, I would have hoped for self betterment. How long must I be imprisoned within my body? I wish there would be a way to escape.”

Khayyam headed towards the exit door when the young men approached him and said:

“Scholar, danger lies in wait for you so do not go out. After Jaber’s murder, the city is not safe. Stay here.”

But Khayyam carried on heading for the exit door. The young men said “Then let us accompany you.” Khayyam put his hand around their shoulders and sang:

“As I look around, I see a stream that runs through the garden which originates from the Paradise.

Let’s not say much about the paradise’s river as the desert is like paradise when in company of an angelic beauty.”

Khayyam headed towards his large garden followed by a group who whispered:

“Khayyam will be with Samarghandi girl tonight.

It is known that the Samarghandian girl is his favourite.”

A white bearded old man approached Khayyam and said:

“Our great scholar, it is rumoured in the city that you collaborate with Hasan Sabbah and you approve of his armed struggle against the Islamic government.”

“Do you want me to confess?” Khayyam asked.

- God be my saviour, who am I to want you to confess? I expect to be under your command as we all follow you a leader.” The old man replied.

- Why follow me as a leader? After many years of studying and communication, I still do not know where I stand and now you, an old man, and that young man want to follow my lead? Even animals shouldn’t imitate let alone humans. Khayyam sang:

The particles that make up this world are behind the wise coming into the world. Don’t slip from track of wisdom as those who do, wonder.

The old man smiled and sang:

Those who have grown old as well as those who are young,
All follow their own individual aspirations. This old world
won’t ever belong to anyone.

Our ancestors died; we will die, others will be born and die”

He continued: “However, the great scholar, we want to leave a good name after our death. Before we die, we want to be on the same side as the God of Alamoot. Why did you not confirm the armed struggle against Arabs, Turks and other foreigners?”

Khayyam replied: “It is obvious that you do not study as much as you talk. What do you suppose I mean when I refer to the birth pain?

The birth of “modernism”, freedom and intellectual thinking wouldn’t come about without blood being spilled; just as a mother suffers much pain giving birth. Occasionally it is inevitable to expose health to danger in order to generate new life.

The world must run as the wise wish. Wise men must be contented and this contentment would come at a cost that must

be paid for and everyone must pay their share.

My input has been the fifty years of mental searching, which today has manifested itself in the Batenians' swords and it is your responsibility to reinforce its army. I have fulfilled my share of contributions.

Follow the wise men because your body is originally
nothing
more than some dust, breeze and a few breaths.

Khayyam stood on the entrance to the garden that he had inherited from his father and addressed his young and old followers:

"I have left my will with the old man of our city. Return to your houses peacefully. The garden, flowers, wine and the wine-bearer have been my most favourite things whenever I stopped writing. The New Year's feast made me both happy and tired. I ask you, my kind friends, to let me rest here for a few days."

People scattered and went back to their houses or work.
Four young men dressed in white followed Khayyam into the garden.

Khayyam enquired what they were after.

They replied "Great scholar, your life is in danger and we have a duty to protect you."

He replied "My protector is the one who brought me into the world without my knowledge. You too, return to your houses. Pass my warmest greetings to the God of Alamoot.

Recruit men from Neyshapoor. I gave my final recommendations to the wise of Neyshapoor, regarding you and your leader.

The old and the young of the city are behind you.

Go and carry out what Sabbah has ordered in order to send these ignorant foreigners out of the country of Roodaki, Ferdowsi and Daghighi. May your swords be the sharpest and your daggers the most incisive! No dialogue would be more effective than that of a sword when dealing with these savage warriors who kill us for the way we think and our love for our country.

We gained experience through Khajeh Nizam-ol-Molk's politics that cost us dearly.

The foreign leaders should be killed. Leave their inferiors alone. Advise Hasan Sabbah to kill the Turk and Arab leaders. Then the rest will flee from this Ormuzd's country."

Daggers in their belts, the eyes of the young men welled up as if it was the Alborz and Damavand mountains crying. Khayyam embraced them and sang:

Be happy as your future life destination is already mapped out
And your wishes have already been addressed.
What can I say, but that tomorrow is all planned out for you
without your consent.

The young men left. Khayyam locked the door behind him and went back to the garden. From amongst the jasmines, Damascus roses and spring narcissus the Samarghandi girl appeared holding a goblet of wine in her hand. She embraced the scholar Omar Khayyam who sang:

"O, the wine-bearer! How long must we engage in world's affairs for?

Whether dealt with one problem or a hundred thousand, we will
all turn into dust after death.

Life is like a short passing wind, so keep the wine goblets coming"

Samarghandian girl entered the hall and played the harp on Khayyam's request.

The scholar Omar Khayyam passed another happy night and went to bed with his Samarghandi beauty.

Once silence prevailed over the garden and the pleasant cold breeze of Neyshapoor began to caress the leaves and branches, creating a beautiful and tranquil tune, four bearded grim-faced men climbed down the garden's wall and quietly entered into Khayyam's bedroom.

They held Khayyam's and the Samarghandi girl's hand and feet and placed pillows on their faces.

Minutes later Khayyam and Zohreh gave up their lives. The grim-faced Arabs left the garden, while mosque in time for the morning prayers. Neyshapoor was quiet; somewhat sad.

The city was asleep and the prayer queues were empty. Soon after, it began to drizzle. The sky then grieved for Khayyam with a heavy downfall.

Winter 2002 Paris

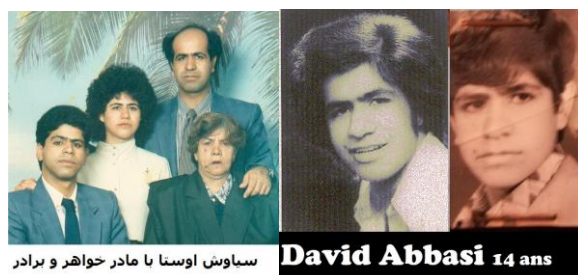
David Abbasi

BIOGRAPHIE

David Abbasi his biography

David Abbasi was born the 22 of July 1957 by the side of his mother, lady Zahra Mirzai and of his father Abas Abbasi in the city of Mashad.

From 14 years old, he started writing in the following newspapers: khorasan, nabard ma, aftar sharg and karikature.

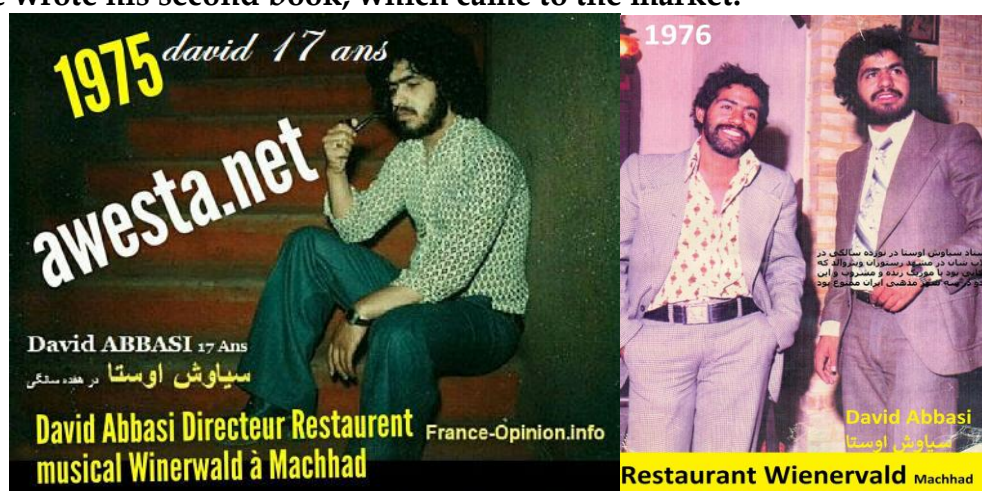


At 16, he was nominated head of the people's party for the student organisation of which Naser ameri was the principle of it.

At 17, his first book " the ridiculous people of our city" was printed

At 21, he became the pioneer and director of " nashrie adab"

At 22, he wrote his second book, which came to the market.



He was the student (for history and philosophy) of professor Mohamad Taghi Shakiati and of sheikh Ali Tehrani and of the two first years of the revolution, he was their politic assistant...

At 24 he was forced to quite his country and lived and studied in Lebanon and Syria for a time and after that he went to Paris and stayed there.

David Abbasi is the pioneer and the head of the cultural centre of Iran -France, of the étoile publication, shahre farang, homa, kehian jahani, in Paris.

“Doctor khourosh Aria manesh” and “ Siavash Basiri” and his friends and partners....

In France, he was the pioneer of the advertising services by computer and of the coffee net.



David Abbasi is the producer of dozens of theatrical plays and of cultural works. From which we can name “another rostam; another esfandiar” a work of Iraj Jenati Atai where famous actors such as:

Behrooz Vossoughi, Malek Jahani Rozai, Esfandiar Monfared Zadeh, and 17 other person were playing in it and this play was around for about 2 months in Europe and Canada.



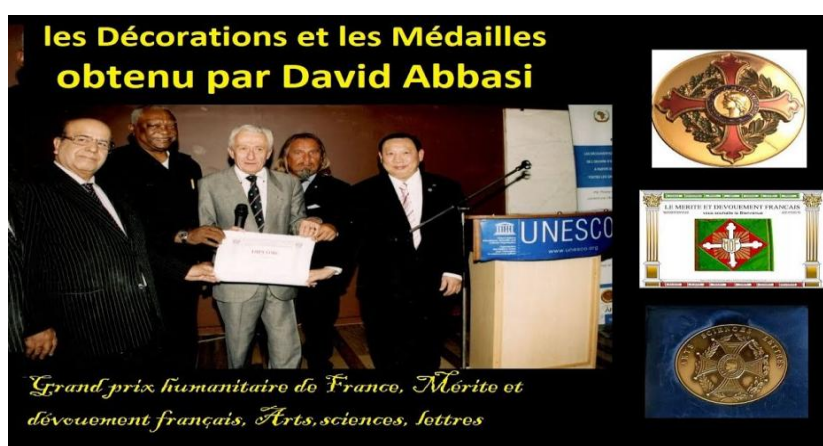
At 30 years old, he created the first Persian radio in Paris which was called “3avaye Iran” (without any dependency from any government) and for the first time in the Iranian radio history, he made it possible for the listeners to talk live on the radio. David Abbasi at 31 years old became the creator of the show of the French radio “ici&maintenant” and continued his career in the radio by using the French as language.



Then he participated and spoke to many important personalities in radio and TV programs



Darioush Farouhar, prime minister Bazargan, doctor Yazdi, Mahdavi kani, Hossein Ali montazeri, Sheikh Ali Tehrani, the sister of Seid Ali Khamenei.... and interviewed more than a dozen of other people and this method was adopted by other Iranian media throughout the world. Many of David Abbasi's interviews, from what the interviewee said, had a prosecution style, at a point that that the prime minister Bazargani, after having spoken with David Abbasi, has rejected the political Islam for which he fought for more than 50 years and said that " Islam didn't come to teach us about living, politics, cooking, architecture... !!!



Many important French figures like the senators and the minister and others were

invited for the radio program of David Abassi. Personalities like: senator Henri Caillavet who is the father of rationalism of France, general Henri Paris who is the consultant of the French president, Pierre Marion head of the French service intelligence, Francoise Hostalier, French minister of education, Roland Dumas, French minister of foreign affairs, the actor Daniel Jalen, Jose Bové head of the French agriculture syndicate and many more...



At 37, David Abassi was introduced to the Internet and continued his political and cultural activities throughout the world with this media .By opening a learning centre for Internet in Paris, he became one of the first Iranians to introduce the Internet to many of his people!!

At 45 years old, he created the international TV channel of Mehr and the 24-hour Internet/radio called ava.com.

David Abassi has up until now done around 100 hours of TV shows, produced 3500 hours of radio programs in Persian and French, and wrote more than 2000 articles.



He is the author of the book "Persia, 7000 years of civilisation" and is also the author of dozens of subjects and new words and expressions forgotten for many years from which we can name: " the political Islam", the secularism civil society , "the changing of names into Persian".



He is the first animator of ancient Persian celebration in a foreign country. David Abbasi is the author of more than 140 books written in Persian, Arabic, French and English, his last book in French is called “the women and the fight inside the political Islam” , with a nice preface written by the quill of Henri Caillavet who is the father of French rationalism and French psychology.



David Abbasi has been honoured to receive the golden prize of humanity in France, which is a great prize and also the golden and silver medal of merits and gratefulness of France and the art medal of knowledge and literature.



Dr Reza Mazlouman, Général Henri PARIS, Roland Aria et David ABBASI



List of books written by David ABBASI :



1 - The ridiculous people of our country (in Persian)

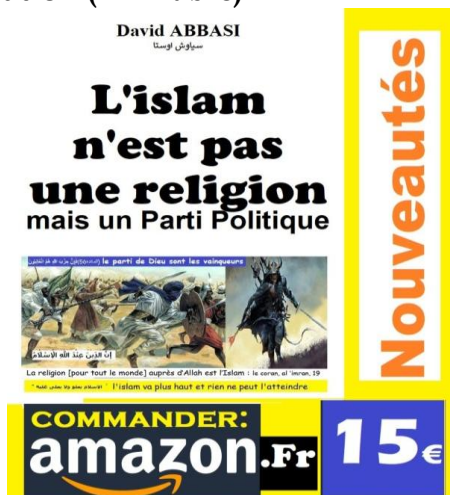
A few comic sketches written when he was 17 and banned after they were published.

2 - Shiism in Iran (in Persian)

Historic research on the fight the Persian people carried on against the Muslim invasion by creating a political movement named schiism which was diverted for centuries by religious and political leaders ... in order to obtain power, the last one was diverted by

KHOMEINI.

3 - The master of the Revolution (in Arabic)



Analysis of Ali SHARIATI's ideas and character who, after he got his DEUG of Sociology degree, went to Iran and played a rather important role to Islamize Iranian youth and society and lead them towards a Revolution the ayatollahs look advantage of.

4 - Yes indeed, that's the way it was, brother (translated from Persian into Arabic) Speech of Ali SHARIATI

5 - Islam without moulla! (in Persian)

Historic research on the appearance of the Islamic clergy.

6 - Where is my gun ? (in Arabic)

Collection of documents about a people's resistance against Nazi fascism.

7 - Religious despotism (in Persian)

Book by KAVAKEBI translated from Arabic.

8 - Higher than Ali SHARIATI (in Persian)

Review about Islamization of the Iranian people by Ali SHARIATI's ideas and encouragement of the intellectual people to work toward the way of rationalism rather than religion.

9 - When liberty is beat up ? (in Persian)

Four articles about liberty in Iran, written in the papers.

10 - Women : stand up for your liberty! (in Persian)

Very profound explanation of what Muslim women went through for several centuries, taking Koran verses in to account.

11 - And he also left (in Persian)

Written work in memory of a great master.

12 - Edjtehad : renewal of the thought (in Persian)

Analysis of the reactionary ideas of the ayatollahs and proposition of a renewal of the thought of the Muslim people.

13 - From Mitra to Mohamad (in Persian)

Historic research on religions and rational ideas.

David ABBASI

سیاوش اوستا

Ainsi pensent Zarathustra's



de Mithra à Zarathustra,
Moïse, Jésus, Mani et Bouddha



14 - Religion and Rationalism (in Persian)

Historic analysis of the fights between secularism and religion...

15 - Koran, poetry in Persian style (in Persian)

Research on the poems of the Islam prophet which were collected several years after his death and named Koran.

16 - History of histories (in Persian)

Play on the idea of the world creation.

17 - A mission for Sammad (in Persian)

Comic play paying tribute to great Persian film-maker Parviz SAYYAD.

18 - Discussion with History (in Persian)

Discussions with General GHARABAGHI, former chief of administrative staff of the Iran Shah, Ari BENMENACHEH, leader of a MOUSSAD group, BAZARGHAN, Prime Minister of Iran, YAZDI, former Iranian Minister of Foreign Affairs, FOROUHAR, former Iranian Minister of Labour, savagely murdered last year, professor ASSEMI, chief of Tajikestan Academy, murdered in 1997, Roger HERNU, President of a Masonic lodge in France and General Henri PARIS.

19 - History of the Persian people and national identity (in Persian)

Two speeches for two conferences in Washington and Tajikestan.

20 - Citizen (in Persian)

Comic play which has guessed the 7th presidential elections in Iran where a conflict between ayatollahs was beginning

21 - Terrorism et neo-colonialism (in Persian)

Conference given in Los Angeles in 1997 where acts of terrorism of the Islamic Republic were unmasked.

22 - Pen, my love (yes indeed, that's the way it was, brother) (in Persian)

Forty articles from Hassan ABBASI published in international newspapers and forty articles written about him when he was 40. (1997).

23 - Esther : Queen of the Persian Empire (in Persian)

Scenario on the life of Cyrus and his son who married Esther.

24 - I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby (in Persian)

Book which defends the kindness and innocence of God and unmasks the demagoguery of the clergy and religious leader.

25 - Book of ERCHAD (in Persian)

Collection of 50 numbers of ERCHAD newspaper.

26 - Book of Homa (in French)

Collection of 11 numbers of monthly Homa, the letter of the Persian secular writers.

27 - Book of Share-Farang (in Persian)

Collection of 10 numbers of monthly Share-Farang.

28 - I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby (in French)

29 - Esther and the Persian King (in Persian)

Scenario on the appearance of Esther in Persian monarchy...

30 - Meeting in Paris (in Persian)

Scenario about the success and failures of Iranian expatriates after the Islamic Revolution.

31 - Regret of KHOMEINI!? (in French)

Biography of Hassan ABBASI, existence of several Islams, proposition of a Protestantist Islam turned towards secularism and last days of KHOMEINI who was in love with his daughter-in-law and wrote many poems for her.

32 - The secrets of Islam (in French)

New research on the poems of the Islam prophet which were compiled after his death and were called Koran.

33 - Seven interviews (in French, in the process of being published)

Interviews of Hassan ABBASI on the air of radio "Ici et Maintenant" with General Henri PARIS, Roger HERNU, Daniel GELIN, BAZARGHAN, Ari BENMENACHEH, FOROUHAR.

34 - Persia : 7000 years of civilisation (in French)

Collection of thoughts on Persian philosophy, culture, civilisation and literature since 7000 years.

35 - I dreamed of God, he was crying like a baby (in English-1995)

David Abbasi

**I dreamed of God
he was crying like a baby**



-God and the Internet
-A journey around the world in God's ship,
-God and the 124000 prophets!

36 - History of 7000th year's Revolution (in Persian)

Explanation of the Islamic Revolution which, as a matter of fact, was the Revolution of the English against the interests of the Americans in Iran. Once the Iran Shah had gone away from the English and come near the Americans, moreover, he had cancer, the

English had been able to take advantage of the naiveté of the Americans to replace the Iran Shah by KHOMEINI.

37 - Medium (in Persian)

Scenario about the tear of families.

38 - An interview with Sheik Ali TEHERANI (in Persian)

Interview made in 1983 with the son-in-law of the Iranian spiritual guide, who was also the master of this guide, where he issued a fatwa against all leaders of the Islamic Republic.

39 - Terror in Paris (in Persian)

Scenario about political murders in France.

40 - Ayyne A VEST A (in Persian)

Historic research on AVESTA and ZARATUSTRA.

41 - History of the Saviour and beauty of Kashmir

Play about the life of Jesus and his trips to Egypt, Persia, India and Kashmir where he had learned medicine, pharmacy...

42 - Persian calendar, 7000 years (in French, Persian, English, Arabic)

This pocket calendar has been published since 1994 and is distributed everywhere in the world.

43 - HAFIZ, the shrewd man of Shiraz (in Persian, in the process of being published)

Research on the life and adventures of a great Persian poet.

44 - Women in Islam (in French)

Research on the situation of the woman, specially in the Koran, treated like an object or a slave, who has to submit to man's wishes.

45 - BAZARGHAN's will (in Persian)

Mehdi BAZARGHAN, Iranian Prime Minister after the Revolution, confides in Mister ABBASI a few weeks before his death and confesses that, after more than a half century of fight for political Islam, Islam cannot teach us how to run the country.

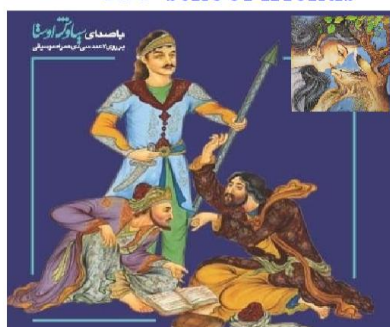
46 - Candidate at the 7th presidential elections, why ? (in Persian)

David ABBASI was a candidate at the 7th presidential elections in Iran after Iranian people appointed him, in an opinion poll, on a U.S. radio, as the 6th right-hand man. He published 10 principles, the first one was the replacement of an Islamic Republic by a secular Republic. Although he was an official candidate after he obtained his registration certificate, he was not allowed to go back home. A few of his principles were borrowed by KHATAMI...

47...48...49...50...51...52...53...54...70.....

David Abbasi

Omar Khayyam and two school friends



*Look not above, there is no answer there;
Pray not, for no one listens to your prayer;
Near is as near to God as any Far,
And Here is just the same deceit as There.*

And... 2500 hours of radio & TV (Mehr) broadcast on the FM, "Ici et Maintenant" (in French and Persian).

141-L'Islam n'est pas une Religion...

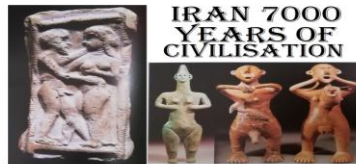
142-Ainsi present Zarathustra..

143-Iran, 7000 years of civilisation



DAVID ABBASI

داود اباسي



Iran, The second holy land of the Jews

*History, science, Culture, Economy, Art, Tourism of Persia
From 7000 years : Neolithic and medieval periods. Royal roads.
Achaemenes, Sassanids, Islamic, Mongols, Qajars, Pahlavis...*

TRANSLATE BY:
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