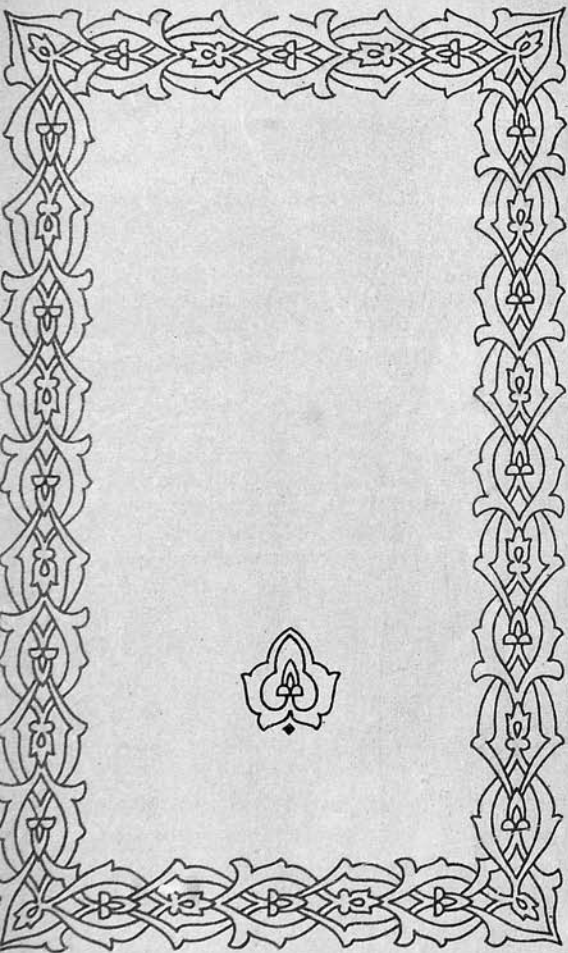




MOLLA PANAH VAGIF



ARAZ DADASHZADE

MOLLA
PANAH
VAGIF

(An outline of life and creative activity)

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Not every learned can
become Molla Panah.

An Azerbaïjan proverb

1717. In the settlement of Gyraç Salahly (the Kazakh district of Soviet Azerbaïjan) a son was born to the family of Mehti-Aga. The boy was given the name Panah. Years passed and Panah won the favour of the people and to his name another word Molla (teacher) was added. The name Molla Panah became the symbol of wisdom and talent among the people. Soon Molla Panah became famous as a poet under the pen-name Vagif.

Unlike the poets of Europe, the eastern poets in the 18-th century could not yet publish their books. However, wise poetic words reached their readers and were appraised in a fitting manner. The great fame of Vagif is a vivid example of

this. It was in the last century when Vagif's poetry drew attention of T. Lada — Zabolotsky a polish poet, F. Kreutzwald, an Estonian enlightener, N. G. Chernushevski, a Russian revolutionary democrat A. Berge an orientalist, N. Kulak a Ukrainian. In Germany, in the country such geniuses as Goethe and Schiller, the press rated Vagif's poetry above the German one. Vagif's verses were rewritten in Armenian and Georgian alphabets and were invariable on the lips of folk singers, ashugs. They played an important part in the evolution of folk poetry of Daghestan. Such is the might of real poetry, which knows no limits, such is invigorating power and high perfection of Vagif's poetic words.

When reading passionate, emotional, exciting lyric poems of Vagif, one involuntarily recalls famous love singers of world poetry—Anacreon, Petrarca, Khayyam, Hafiz, Fizuli, de Musset, Bodler, Lermontov.

There is a safe criterion, which allows to precisely determine grandeur of each artist and his undying masterpieces. It is an unending in-

terest of readers to the works of a poet, it is his skill to give artistic delight, to excite, to set thinking.

Vagif is one of those lucky artists who find their way to hearts of people. A great distance—two centuries separates us from Vagif. However his poetry is still on everybody's lips, it is heard in songs, in music, makes men happy and moves them.



Vagif's life is rich and full of interesting dramatic events. On his path in life which was not easy he had to overcome quite a number of serious obstacles, to unravel complicated affairs, to withstand grave dangers. It is only due to his talent that Vagif won the right to become the chief vizir of the Karabagh khanate.

Vagif was a harmoniously developed person. It is known that he was a good marksman and a teacher, took a lively interest in astronomy, studied the motion of stars, was enthusiastic about architecture; being a vizir he became known as a far-sighted and resourceful statesman.

However, all his ardour, all the flames of his inspired soul Vagif devoted to poetry. Poetry was the only means for him to express his feelings and thoughts, his hopes and dreams.

Vagif's poetry was inseparable from his life. Many of his works written in connection with certain events help us in specifying and making clear the facts of poet's life. But of course we value Vagif verses above all as works of art.

Vagif spent his childhood in those places where the art of ashugs (minstrels—folk poets and singers) and traditions of folk poetry had already taken deep root. The ashug poetry was long before famous with such poets—singers as *Gurbani*, *Ashug Abbas Tufarganly*, *Sary Ashug* and continued to grow rapidly. Vagif was listening with delight to the folk singers who were playing *saz** and singing, he was watching them for hours, studied the richness of folk language, the depth of folk spirit.

As early as the 12-th century Azerbaijan, the land of poets, gave the world literature the

* A national stringed musical instrument.

poets of genius Khagani Shirvani and Nizami Gyanjevi, the author of the immortal «Kham-sa» (The Pentad) consisting of the poems «The Treasury of Mysteries», «*Leili and Majnun*», «Khosrov and Shirin», «Seven Beauties», «Iskandarnama» (The book of Alexander). In the 14-th and 15-th centuries there lived and created such lyric poets as Gazy Burhaneddin and Habibi, the singer of benevolence and freedom Nasimi, the author of «Dahname» and splendid ghazals Khatai. Each of them left his indelible trace in the history of Azerbaijan literature. Finally, in the 16-th century a great master of poetic word Mahammad Fizuli began to creat his immortal ghazals and poems, which raised the national poetry to its highest level.

Not every country might be proud of such a remarkable galaxy of great talents in the Middle Ages. One had to possess a unique and quite original individuality, great mastery in order to hold a prominent place in rich and bright poetry which has excellent traditions.

Vagif's creative work met the highest standards and played an important part in the history of the Azerbaijan literature.

Vagif is the biggest lyric poet in the Azerbaijan poetry. Fine lyrics is the key-note of the his creative work. Vagif's goshmas, tajnises, mustazams, mukhammases, ghazals enriched lyric poetry considerably. His lyrics has won fame due to its radiant fullness and unfading freshness, due to national character, richness of types, lively and expressive language.

With his profound knowledge of classic poets of the East, especially of Azerbaijan, Vagif's skill grew and polished under the influence of his predecessors.

However, his poetry was influenced primarily by folklore and ashug poetry. Vagif's grandeur lies in the fact that he managed to join, to combine these two branches. Beneficial results of this interesting amalgamation and interaction of classical poetry and folklore were reflected in his creative work. Vagif's works as though summed up all the preceding poetry and opened wide horizons for the new one.

In his works Vagif touched quite a number of themes, however heart and soul of his poetry is praising the beauties. To the end of his life the poet was faithful to this leading theme of his creations. His poetry is distinguished by all the features inherent in real lofty lyrics: sincerity, cordiality, the spirit of intimacy, high degree of emotionality.

At the same time Vagif's verses differ, in their spirit and style, from lyrical poetry of other classics of the East. All the outstanding poets preceding Vagif, when praising love, saw its main goal in torments and sufferings, misery and sorrow, in the ability to live for the sake of the vain hope to meet one's sweetheart. When speaking about a beauty these poets implied just the inaccessible ideal, inviolable being. In their ghazals they centred their attention on the image of the beauty which was the hub of the universe. For these poets love was mostly a symbol, an ideal of Beauty and Virtue taken as a united whole.

As opposed to them, Vagif is far from such moods. He does not like abstract images. He

praises closer earthly beauties which he meets and sees in everyday life. Vagif describes their physical beauty, their living, concrete features, praises them with violent passion.

The poet's lyrical hero is a real, living man who is firmly tied with life and native land. «Ideal love» does not satisfy him, he is not going to wait for blessings promised in the next world. He strives to enjoy the good things of this world, to love and to be loved. Passive waiting, self-torture for the sake of love are alien to him. He is a man of action, and therefore it is much more important and attractive for him to meet his beloved one than to reason about lofty and ideal things.

Vagif denies hypocritical morals of clergy which consider human love as sinful, or rather he violently protests against such assertions. His lyrical hero expresses his feelings for his beloved one boldly and frankly. He is hurrying to meet her, calls her to enjoy blessings of life.

Sweet bliss of ours might last till morning light,
The quiet play might run the whole night,

And fondling each other without fear
We'd weave a narrative of love, my dear.

Vagif's verses are rich in images and simile, which sounded rather boldly for his time. Blind faith in religious dogmas was alien to Vagif. So he compares his beloved one even to the sacred Moslem towns Kaaba, Mecca, Medina giving preference to her. He calls her «sacred altar, great Kaaba; reason and consciousness, body and soul, my faith and my light». These hyperboles reveal poet's serene and clear personality, free of any superstitions.

Racial and religious superstitions are also alien to Vagif. His hero falls in love with a Georgian girl returning from the Church. The poet acknowledges that he now understands and approves Sheikh Sanan's deed (according to the legend Sheikh Sanan turned away from Islam because of his love for a Georgian girl).

Minbar, mihrab—the faith of every Musulman—
Forgotten by Vagif who saw her look and figure,
Who now realized the fate of Sheikh Sanan.

It is easy to guess from Vagif's works that he sympathized with women who hid their faces with yashmak, wished them to walk open-faced.

«What for is yashmak at the mouth,
What for is the cover over the face?
It is only the ugly who hide themselves, their
faces».

As a poet Vagif cannot reconcile himself to the fact that the feminine beauty which spiritualizes a man, an artist and inspiring in him lofty feelings is concealed by force. He writes with regret:

«What's the use of bud-like cheeks
Which are hidden from one's view?»

Your poppy-blooming cheeks are faultless,
Your teeth and lips are blameless,
Your eyebrows, eyes, face, figure are perfect,
What for to keep under cover?
Stop waiting, leave that shyness.

In these lines poet's indignation develops into a daring protest.

Vagif's attitude towards love is exacting. He expects that lovers should be devoted to each other, show mutual cordiality. They must respect and trust each other, understand each other at a glance, at one hint.

Oh, Vagif, remember your darling,
I love her who calls me beloved,
A loving one won't let his beloved go far,
Their hearts are tied with unseen threads.

On the path of love hardships, obstacles and sacrifices are awaiting lovers, and only those who are true to the end can endure these trials.

Vagif's verses show his great respect for feminine dignity and pride. He considers a woman as an associate.

A clever beauty blameless is,
She loves and is a wise companion.
Ashug's in need of a true friend,
Without a true friend like gall is honey.

Real love does not become weaker or fade with years, it more and more warms man's heart:

Good-hearted woman won't dim with time,
If soul is ruby-bright, pains won't make it
darker.

Vagif is a skilled craftsman of poeti pictures. He can draw a beauty's portrait with a few sparing and keen touches. Portraits drawn by him are real living men.

Vagif often has a recourse to ethnographic features, describes in detail clothes and ornaments of urban and rural women, gives pictures of folk life, skilfully conveys national colour: «A skirt embroidered with gilt, a pink shawl outlining the figure . . . a valuable ornament on her head is sparkling, radiating light as the sun» etc.

Often subtle irony characteristic of him alone is found in Vagif's poetry. Especially it is displayed in his goshma «Bairam has come». This poem dedicated to the Novruz festival dates from the period when Vagif moved from Kazakh to Karabagh and became a village teacher. Here he had pecuniary embarrassment, besides he was disappointed in the fact that ignoramuses were dominating in the village. However even describing his disastrous situation the poet retains his pluck.

Soon Vagif moves to the capital of the Karabagh khanate—S h u s h a fortress, where he

teaches at his own school. After a short period of time his name becomes popular with everybody. Khan Ibrahim invites him to his palace, Vagif becomes first a butler and then the chief vizir. The fame of this clever and far-sighted statesman spread far outside Karabagh.

Living in the palace Vagif was straightforward and modest in his manners, tried to assist population, was as sincere with friends as ever. Vagif's activity as a statesman was vividly described in Yusif Vezir's novel «In Blood» and the play in verse by Samed Vurgun «Vagif».

In these years Vagif's patriotism showed itself in full measure. Being proud of his native land and his compatriots, Vagif keenly feels a cruel fate of poor people:

Gyrakhasan's kishlaks are ever green,
The cattle's grazing all the year round.
But you won't find a single yurta
On the sea-shore, this desert of deserts.

Poet regrets that the marriagable girls in these parts fall behind others only due to poverty and hard life. However:

There are such beauties in those parts,
You won't find such even in Cathay:
Smooth-tongued, playful, graceful.
Pity they have no attire, no ornaments.

But Vagif did not confine himself to words of sorrow. Vagif was a notable figure of the Karabagh khanate. The years of his life in the palace coincided with a very involved period in the history of Azerbaijan. In the middle of the 18-th century the khanates of North Azerbaijan acquired independence, however many of them were not yet strong enough. The Karabagh khanate was rather powerful, capable of leading its own policy. An important role in political and diplomatic acts of Karabagh was played by Vagif. From Shusha to Petersburg, Iran, Turkey, Tiflis and various khanates of Azerbaijan letters and ambassadors were sent systematically. Such numerous acts were organized immediately by Vagif. He advocated the establishment of sincere relationships with Russia and Georgia.

Vagif took part in the repulse of foreign invasions. His stand in the government of the Karabagh khanate at that period was of progressive nature.

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Whatever important and significant was Vagif's statesmanship, we value him above all as a glorifier of pure and noble feelings, as an optimistic artist. Life-assertion is the most attractive and distinctive feature of Vagif's lyrics. He praises in his poems the sense of beauty, joys of love, the bright side of life. His creations, except those of a very short last period, shine with joy and happiness. His poetry calls people to live full life, awakes their good feelings, puts fresh heart into them, it shines like a bright star in the gloom of medieval night. This distant but unfading shine is still seen and felt by people today.

Vagif's optimism was a significant phenomenon in the history of the East and especially of Azerbaijan literature. To appreciate it one has only to think that the motives of grief and sorrow were strong in the poetry of his time, a model example being the philosophy of Weltschmerz which we find in the poetry of sorrow by Khatai who wrote: «Grief and distress are the two vizirs of mine, they are sitting on my both sides». However Vagif's optimism is far from epi-

cureanism dominating in Omar Khayyam's Rubayyat, it is more realistic and stronger tied with life, as it is not death, it is life that Vagif speaks of, he does not frighten people with transitory nature of world and with Doomsday.

Vagif has much in common with his contemporary poet and sincere friend Molla Veli Vidadi (1709—1809). Vidadi, the most prominent representative of poetry of sorrow, is known by his intimate lyric poems.

Both these poets made creative use of folk poetry, folk speech. The warmth of their relations is seen from the letters in verse they exchanged with each other. However their attitude towards the events of life was diametrically opposed. Vidadi who endured grave trials of life waited no benefits from it and was convinced that in their cruel age no one could be really happy to the end.

Vagif's and Vidadi's poetry is of enormous interest, being as though two mirrors reflecting life from two quite opposite sides and at the same time supplementing each other. It is no

mere chance that when speaking about Vagif's optimism his poetic dispute with Vidadi is usually cited. The contrast between the world outlooks of these two poets were displayed in full measure in this poetic contest. In this poetic dialogue, quite new in its content, simple and clear in style both poets starting from the problems of everyday life, morality, religion, trivial at first sight, express their attitude towards and their thoughts of such eternal categories as life, death, happiness, sorrow.

In this dialogue in verse we see the clash of two philosophies, two programmes of life. The dialogue poses, though in jocular form, a very, serious question: can one treat life optimistically when one sees misery around him and knows of the transiency of life?

Vidadi answers in the negative, Vagif—in the affirmative. Vagif calls his elderly and reserved friend to revel in joys of life. He advises Vidadi to value life, to get rid of empty illusions of the next world he advocates earthy, wordly ideals and tries to distract his friend from pessimistic mood. Here Vagif rises to the boldest

humane ideas of his age. His words sound as a life-asserting hymn:

If heart of yours is beating still,
Khans, beks compar'd to you are nil.
My friend, your days with pleasures fill!...
But what I see? You're sad and crying.

Enjoy the life, leave grief alone,
Forgive your darling who has gone,
Dry up your tears and do not moan:
She won't return, if you are crying.

But Vidadi is quite indifferent to all these. Wise by experience and steeled in life battles he answers his friend with a bitter irony of a philosopher:

That's youth speaking in you, my friend.
That's your mind hovering in gay plays.
Your callous heart is not burning,
If you knew death brings end to all you'd be crying.

Like a youth you treat feelings with ease
And you're easily carried away like a child.

Of course, calling Vagif «a youth» Vidadi meant not the age of his friend but his life experience—Vagif did not go through an ordeal yet.

Vagif answers to the poet with the passion of a man who knows the price of every minute and ranks the love of life above all:

There is no much sense in your grief, Vidadi,
Have a walk, make a joke, be not sad, Vidadi,
Like a child who went off the right path
And can't find his way home, you are crying.

Vagif asserts that a man has come to this world not to be distressed. One must not lose heart and sink into despair. While man breathes he must live and take advantage of the good things of life. Everyone comes into the world only once, and none will present him with happiness as a gift. So, instead of moaning and crying one should be proud, avoid sorrowful thoughts:

While you are breathing though bowed with age,
With trembling hands and ears failing you,
Don't envy padishah What's he to you?
I see no reason why you are crying.

In this poetic dialogue Vagif struck a heavy blow to religious and mystical pessimistic views.

He proclaims a real life and happiness not in the world to come, not in the paradise, but on earth, among living people. Vagif's words turn into the song of love for life, for free man.

However, Vidadi who knew much sorrow in his day and gathered rich experience was not too far from the truth when expressing his anxiety about the fate of the friend. A period full of dramatic events began in Vagif's life in the seventies.

In 1795 the Shah of Iran Aga Mahammad Gajar who ascended the throne not long before, gathered the large army and advanced on Karabagh.

The town of Shusha placed in an advantageous position resisted for 33 days the enemy forces which besieged it. An episode showing Vagif's wit and wisdom is known in this connection. During the siege of the town Shah Aga Mahammad trying to put in fear its defenders, especially Ibrahim Khan, sent a message to the latter, in which he used the play on words (Sh u s h a means «glass»):

You wait for miracles within the walls of glass.
The storm of stones will destroy them, ass!

Vagif's reply to this message was as follows:

My walls are made of glass, that's true,
But their frame is solid stone, too.

This reply enraged Shah. That was his first encounter with the people's poet, though «by correspondence».

Iranian troops were compelled to raise the siege and leave Karabakh. However in 1797 Shah Aga Mahammad again advanced on Karabagh.

Destruction brought by the first invasion, hunger due to drought utterly exhausted the population of the fortress. Under these conditions Khan Ibrahim had to leave the town. Shusha passed into the hands of Iranian troops. Vagif was put into dungeon. On the next day his execution had to take place. But at dawn the news was spread like a lightning that Shah Agha Mahammad was killed by one of his servants who revolted against his cruelty and crimes. Vagif after his release describes his mishaps and experience in his letter to Vidadi:

Vidadi! Look what fate's done with me.
Look at deeds and fruits of this life.
The hateful tyrant has been routed at a glance.

Look at Creator who pays in a fair price.
 The crown and the head of Shah are in the dust
 Look at them, divided by the crowds of people.
 Don't look at shahs and khans, poor man,
 Look at a good example by Agha M'ammad Khan.
 Oh, Vagif, don't look at good and evil.
 Look at God and Prophet at the vale of life.

And yet Vagif remained under a threatening cloud. He fell into disfavour of Mahammad—bey Javanshir who seized power in Shusha at the time of trouble and considered Vagif the most faithful subject of his dethroned uncle. Besides Vagif's adversaries among courtiers—dull and stupid, hypocritic and conservative great nobles—began to spread their nets of intrigues.

At one time Vidadi warned his friend that life is insidious and merciless, that the laws of the world and the community are dreadful.

A baton you hold of late in your hand,
 Hold it firmly, if you drop it, you'll cry.

...Don't spot yourself with blood. And in the
 battle

You don't rely upon sultans and khans...

When fate that was for you like jail
 Will make demand of you, you'll cry.

Now came a fundamental change in Vagif's mood. He unequivocally expresses his discontent with life, with the system. However it would be a mistake to connect these changes of the poet's philosophy only with the recent dramatic events of his life. One should bear in mind that social irony is manifestly expressed in his earlier verses too, as in goshma «Bairam has come». In his later poetry now and again hints were given on the vices of feudal society, on contradictions of his epoch. For example:

Good people dwell in any dark and frightful
 spot.
 Well, treasures're hidd'n in ruins, are they not?

The recent events were only the background against which Vagif's discontent with society, its contradictions—violence, oppression, iniquity—manifested itself in full measure.

The faint notes of protest against the epoch and injustice are found in the poems of many medieval poets. However Vagif's discontent is

different from complaints of his predecessors and contemporaries. While those poets saw no ray of hope in life, lost courage in the face of iniquity, lost faith in goodness, Vagif's complaints are of militant nature. They voice the protest against the system which humiliates man, against the laws and morals, trampling on man's dignity. Vagif whom we know as a great optimist and a lover of life, as a good-natured man and an artist becomes by the end of his life a militant, protesting poet mercilessly criticizing and exposing the vices of his epoch.

A lot of potters I made alchemists,
I turned to gold ashes of forgotten graves,
I made sapphire of broken stone,
I could turn to brilliant the dog-collars.

However all this is forgotten now. His
hypocritical friends not only turned away from
him but even tried to do him harm.

They hate every man who did good,
Not a single bosom friend I have in the world.

The words «fidelity», «devotion» and «te-
nacity» lost their original sense for Vagif,
turned to mockery. Everything became unnatural,
miserable.

They say someone an honesty did find.
I never met a feeling of this kind.

However these complaints show by no means
his personal discontent. In them Vagif gathered
and exposed all the disgusting features of his
time and held them up to public scorn.

The author of the mukhammas acts above all
as an ardent patriot, as a fearless champion of
justice.

By exposing real character of the powers-that-be
and the untruthful clergymen, Vagif described
the society of his age.

«Whose innocent blood was not shed due
to sorrow», and these words of his show the deep-
est sympathy for his society.

Some critics see pessimistic motives in the
mukhammas «I was seeking justice»... They are
wrong. Vagif never gives way to despair. He
protests, expresses his discontent with the world
of lies and iniquity. Without great efforts he
gives quite a reasonable estimate of situation
in contemporary society:

I deny this world, it sticks in my throat,
It has not made distinctions between Good
and Evil.

There is nothing noble in it; fate helps the foul,
The rich lack generosity and the generous people
are in want of money.

Nothing but brutal violence exists in this world.

This is indeed a specimen of open, bold and
pitiless criticism of deep-rooted evils of society.
Under the conditions where evil and goodness
find no fitting place, wise men will be of course

trampled, while ignoramuses will win respect. The rich will be unfair, while the fair will be poor.

In the mukhammas «I was seeking justice...» the civic virtue and poetic perfection form an inseparable harmonic unity. In this work which is justly considered one of the rarest pearls in the medieval poetry of the East, Vagif succeeded to reach the high level of socio-philosophic generalizations. At the same time the mukhammas «I was seeking justice...» by Vagif is one of the best and unfading specimens of poetry with social orientation in the world lyrics.

Soon after writing this poem Vagif fell a victim to intrigues at the court. Having done away with the poet black forces did their best to deliver him an irremediable moral blow—they plundered Vagif's house, seized and destroyed his manuscripts. However Vagif's poetry left an unforgettable trace in the hearts of people from which it is impossible to rub out his fine, cheerful songs.

Vagif's poetry is living, it occupies its proper place in the history of literature. We have spoken already about a new spirit Vagif brought

to poetry, about unfading freshness of his creations. However it is not the only feather in the cap of the poet.

On the threshold of the 18-th century in Azerbaijan the poetry was developed, pithy in content and diverse in form, true to the traditions of the classic poetry of the East. It used the «aruz» metre characteristic mainly of the poetry of the Near East and Central Asia.

Everyone who in the Middle Ages undertook to write good verse had first of all to study complicated rules of this metre, to master its various forms. Vagif also knew perfectly well the technique of aruz. His ghazals, mukhammases, mustezads and mueshehrs (poetic dialogues) confirm that the poet created bright, highly poetic works using this metre.

Besides Vagif's outstanding service to the poetry was that he opened wider possibilities of the «h e j a» (syllabic) metre—a form of folk poetry, consolidated its positions in written literature. Goshmas and tajnises, written by Vagif using this metre still remain to be the mostly loved by the people,

Vagif's another merit is his exceptionally great role in the perfection of the Azerbaijan language, in enriching his native literary language with new words and expressions. Vagif succeeded in replacing foreign words which penetrated into the written poetry, by the naturally sounding words of the vernacular. He is a creator of poetry which disclosed all the gamut of colours, freshness and abundant possibilities of the vernacular. He legalized the «h e j a» metre and the literary language fed by folk wisdom, he raised them to the level of a significant, necessary element of written literature.

New colours brought by the poet to the Azerbaijan language, his mastery in emphasizing the shades of words and expressions, his search for new words—all this brings Vagif's verses closer to modern time and modern poetry.

Vagif skilfully uses the commonest words of colloquial speech, dialectisms, folk proverbs and sayings. Usually not found in classical poetry they are naturally and organically interspersed in his verses.

Vagif polishes every word, gives special freshness to the well-known words, tastefully and tactfully introduces the words overheard from folk speech, into his verses and makes the reader and the hearer perceive them in a new way.

Vagif, I know, your sorrows are many,
Not seeing you for a day, I'm like dead.
If you are crying, I begin to sob,
When you are laughing, I burst into laugh,
I'm sick, but why is my healing balm crying?
You'll send to the grave your Vagif,
Shedding tears you'll lift the body of Vagif,
And will be seeking him with a torch.

All the new that was brought by Vagif to the poetry of Azerbaijan, to the vocabulary and phraseology of poetic language had a great positive influence on the further development of Azerbaijan poetry. The peculiarities of Vagif's poetic language are inseparable from the distinguishing features of his poetic style. The main merit of Vagif's poetic mastery is the fact that metaphors, simile and other forms of poetic expressions he uses and the imaginative types he creates reflect the national spirit and the philosophy of the Azerbaijan of his epoch.

Vagif's poetry is rich in variety of forms and ways of artistic expression:

I, Vagif, was a precious stone
As firm as steel and as pure.
I met you and melted like wax.
I wish you ask me the reason why.

Vagif's poetry became a new stage in the history of the Azerbaijan literature also because of its strong tendency towards realism. This tendency seems especially important if one bears in mind that romanticism was dominating in the poetry of that time.

Vagif's realism manifested itself mainly in his attitude towards events of life and the objects of poetry.

Though restricted to certain limits, due to peculiarities of the genre of lyrics, Vagif's creative work laid the foundation of realistic world outlook and manner of representation in the Azerbaijan literature.

■■■

There are masters whose creations preserve their artistic value even nowadays look like museum exhibits.

Unlike is the fate of Vagif's poetry. His works are permeated with the modern spirit. We feel the poet to be by our side, live with his sensations and his emotions both when he loves and when he hates. His lofty ideals are close and dear to us till now. The great poet dreamt of seeing a man at the peak of harmony of his physical and spiritual qualities. He is sincerely entranced with manly and audacious people:

The glorious names of heroes must thunder
in the world.
Eternal is the life of glorious people.

He dreamt of seeing people fearless and selfless
in their fight for happiness of humanity:

Jail is the scene of battle for the brave,
Faint-hearted won't be found there.

These bold and bright ideas, which gush out like flame from the poet's heart amidst the gloom of medieval night, have much in common with our epoch, our thoughts and ideals.

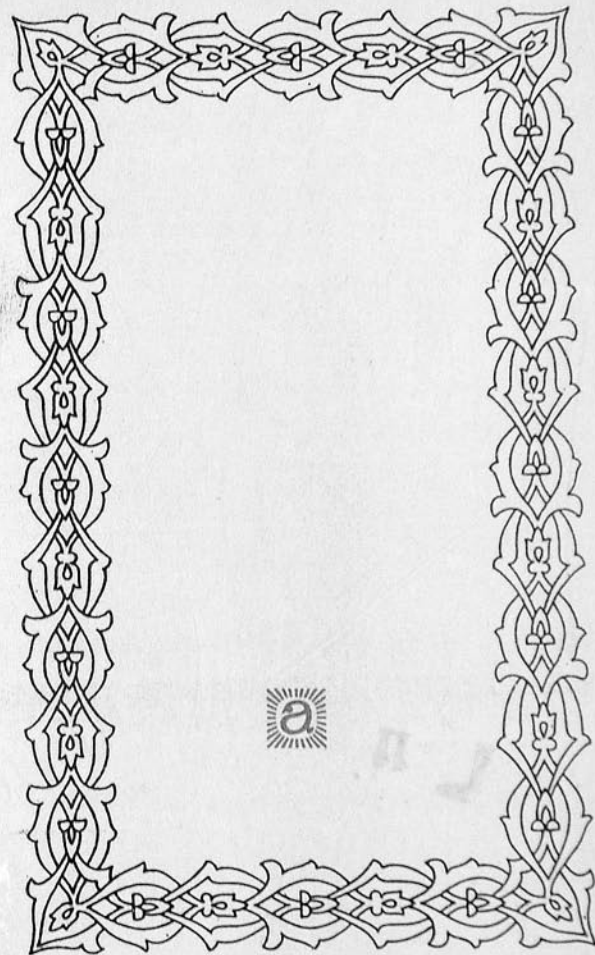
His buoyant poetry is illuminating the people's way to future even now, calls to overcome

difficulties and obstacles, teaches to love life,
reasonably enjoy the good things of life.

The brave are not discouraged by the failures.
«Inevitable is what happened»..., wise men
say.

Pain is a joy of being in this world,
Those who are wise will bear it bravely.

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