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# THE DUEL BETWEEN MANAS AND ER KOKCO: THE MARRIAGE, DEATH AND RETURN TO LIFE OF MANAS

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I, 3)

Radloff's complete 'episode', as he calls this section, falls into the shorter Duel between Manas and Kokco and the far longer The marriage, death and return to life of Manas, with no organic link between them. All that holds them together is the theme of Manas's subordination to the Czar, a feature peculiar to this bard, a bard who in any case has a markedly different style. We have no means of knowing whether Radloff was right in surmising that this general background of Russian overlordship was due entirely to his own presence, since unfortunately we are not told whether the recording of the poem was tête-a-tête or before a group of Kirghiz listeners. Yet with such details as the Czar bestowing moneys from his Coffor for gifts to Kanikey's elder kinswomen when Manas goes to marry her, it looks as though the bard has had some practice at the theme, and it must not be forgotten that true oral epic poetry has a political dimension in which bards - for a consideration — are prepared to infuse propaganda. By 1862, the submission of the northern Kirghiz tribes was well begun, so the possibility cannot be excluded that the bard of I, 3) was at pains to please other patrons than the scholar Wilhelm Radloff. After all, we are told very early on (vv. 13ff.) '... the warrior Manas submitted to the White Padishah! A sash-of-honour had been wound round Manas's waist, and he had become the White Padishah's subject — *he had swallowed the food he had handed down to him ...*', the identical phrase used of the Sari Bagis chieftain Jantay's submission to Kokand in a funeral lament. This understood, Manas (for the Kirghiz) is given his meed of honour as a great conqueror!

I, 3) 1-351 *The Duel between Manas and Kokco*

Both the cause and the battle itself in this poem are obscure. Ostensibly over herds, does Manas's attack really express his annoyance over Kokco's treatment of Almambet, narrated by the bard of I, 2), as Radloff thought? As Manas's maternal uncle, Kokco seeks to limit his possible losses by proposing to share his herds, but Manas is for win all, lose all. When the fighting begins, it takes a

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shamanistic turn, with Kokco's musket-ball penetrating Manas's impenetrable corselet. But Manas turns the tables on Kokco after a set Invocation of his Forty Companions who somehow bring him back from the Underworld — a clear hint as to their partial origin as Forty Cilten or Helper-spirits and thus of Manas's own part-origin as their Baksı.

I, 3)

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When Manas became Manas, when Manas attained name and fame, when he bestraddled his steed and rode on distant journeys, he alarmed this World and terrified men one and all — at a repast set for feasting he submitted to him called 'the White Padishah'. He who rides so that no grass grows, who fights so that none can wage war on him, the White Padishah, set a repast for his noble people to feast at, (and here) the warrior Manas submitted to 'the White Padishah'! A sash-of-honour had been wound round Manas's waist, and he had become the White Padishah's subject — he had swallowed the food he had handed down to him — Manas kept all his commands!

'I have spread Ak-kula's mouth wide, I have holed smoke-vent covers with my spear, cut down door-lintels with my sword! I have razed strongholds built of stone, punched holes beyond number into sand-built forts! I have seized those maidens with their crane-feathers as booty, taken them by their gleaming wrists and thrust them behind the saddle!'

Manas struck terror into the gibbering Manchu, he ruled the 'Land of the Clouds'! — Warrior Manas held sway over all that the sun's rays shine on! When he donned a gleaming corselet it had a sleeve: the one called 'the White Padishah' and Manas were on level terms. Mounting Ak-kula, Manas did not trot, he did not come and make war on the Russians! The war-horse rounded up his herd, Manas led those people — apart from Russians! — into his counsels. Going out to the White Hill of Counsel they struck the stone; those people — other than Russians! — came to Manas and banged their heads in submission. On reedy soil there stands no almond-tree — nor is there aman who would gainsay Manas! He had thrown Joloy down on to the path — you, Manas, had lanced sheer-nosed Kogur-bay of the Kitay clean through when beginning your faltering life! You churned the Sart people, put the Galcha people to flight, tormented the Kizil-bas people! You went to the White Padishah and made him gifts of honour! On the Red Standard-with-white-streamers you helved white pennants, and at the head of your Forty Companions shouted to Ajibay, called to Almambet! His sword is at his wrist, Manas's herohood is in his heart when his heart impels him to attack, when the Forty roll up their sleeves! The flower, the very pick of heroes of any kind, heroes though they were,

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had no recourse, they never struck back at Manas with their ashes! When he rides a racer, he does not trot! No man comes straight before the warrior Manas — even the moon goes in fear of his radiance, the sun in dread of his refulgence, they hide themselves behind the clouds! The steed he rides is Ak-kula, the corselet he dons is Ak-kubo! No horse overtakes Ak-kula, no shot passes through Ak-kübö! The horse ridden under the lash is Kara-ker, the path under his hooves is the dark earth! — Manas having become Manas, having attained name and fame, no horse overtakes Ak-kula, no shot passes through Ak-kübö!

You mounted your steed, Er Manas, thinking 'I shall let only grass grow where he rides, I shall make war on Er Kokco! I shall strike the White Tiger and strike again, come summer I shall make work-horses of Kokco's herds of varied coats! I shall come and drive his teeming foals to water, I shall thrust his neighing stallions out to the wild beasts, shall come and milk his whinnying mares that have no sucking foals! Though Kokco's men come in serried ranks, I shall thrust them down single-handed! I shall make his corselet my corselet, make his steed a work-horse, treating my steed to his fodder! At the feast of the White Padishah, I shall present him with Kokco's racer Küröncü! I shall give each horse with its bridle! I shall go with all that the White Padishah has said. "In summer there is great refulgence" — when the White Padishah has spoken his counsels to me, where is he that will gainsay me? "The game I lie in wait for is the mountain-ram, younger or full-grown, all that divide the hoof..." — the White Padishah is loftier than Ala-too! When the White Padishah has spoken his counsels, where will there be any man to strike his lash at Manas? My steed Ak-kula has eaten his fill. When I have come under the protection of the White Padishah, there will be none who will quarrel with me, for he is warrior Manas's Protector! "Pillowing my head on the snow, I found herds — Kankey should take pleasure in that!" I thought, "Pillowing my head on the ice, I found herds — let my subjects rejoice at it!" I thought, "I seized herds of horses from precipitous country — let the Forty Companions rejoice in that!" I thought. When those others have assembled their heroes, I shall cut off their heads like sheeps', shall spill their blood like water! I shall make Kokco's corselet my corselet, shall make his steed my work-horse! I shall seize by their gleaming wrists his maidens with their crane- feathers and make them my booty! I shall give them to my Companion Almambet as his share! Kokco has many dappled horses — I would herd them together and lift them, would hitch to my saddle-strap the silk halters for his foals,

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and when he came in hot pursuit I would waylay him and run him through!

Astride his Küröncü, Kokco came in hot pursuit and shouted to Manas: 'Let us camp on a level neck of land between rivers with the six myriad horses you have lifted and make equal division! Let us camp on level ground at the confluence with the seven myriad horses you drove, and divide them equally! There are ninety dark-bay pacers — take them at your barrier as well! There are sixty dappled pacers — take them for your white-bearded Father, too! There are seventy dappled pacers — do take them as your Maternal Nephew's Pick,' take them at your barrier, too!

Manas then said this to Kokco: ‘Let one of us two not survive, for I do not agree with you at all! I will not camp on that neck of land, will not make equal division! I shall give you nothing! If your strength avails, take (all) and be content! If your strength fails, whine away like a stinking cur!’

“The man who dies over herds is a cur, Manas! Let us both die over herds! I will hand you my fire-spurting slow-wick handgun that loads twelve charges! — Pour in ball with cupped hands! Pour in powder by platefuls! I shall expose my white chest for you to a narrow hand’s breadth, thus! Then you try your best shot with the handgun! If you kill me with your shot, drive off all my herds! But if you fail to kill me, I shall not submit to your violence!’

To him Manas made answer ‘I do not fear you one whit! Whether it be exchanging thrusts or shots or blows, I shall tangle with you to the death, shall exchange shots with the handgun, give and take blows with swords! When you shoot I shall have no fear, when you strike I shall not be afraid! My strong waist has been bound by the Sash, the Corselet I have donned is my tunic!’

Thus Manas mounted Ak-kula, donned Ak-kubo, and so resolutely rode out. Aydar-khan’s son Er Kōkōö bestraddled his steed Kūröycü and put on his vivid tunic. Er Kokco took the field on one side and Manas on the other. The two came face to face, uttered no word between them. They drew close to one another — Lovely is the Almali-too! — and seized each other by the collar, dragged each other up, then dragged each other down!

Then Kokco implored him: ‘Let go of my collar!’

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you have dragged it up and then down! You have raided my herds and cut down my Forty Companions! Thinking “Let your former ways prevail, let your anger subside! — With you quarreling with your in-laws, tussling with your wives!” — did I ever turn my lash on you or utter a hard word? Let go of my collar! After all, you are the illustrious Manas, and I am the illustrious Kokco! Turning cur and fighting one another, turning slave and tearing at one another — we don’t want to get a bad name, do we? “The time has come for one of us two to die because of cattle!”? When I said “Stop! Stop!”, you did not comply, you did not heed my words!’

He handed Manas the fire-spurting slow-wick handgun that loads twelve charges, put in powder by platefuls, poured in ball by handfuls, then Manas fired with aloud report! Kokco’s steed Kuroncu lifted this Kokco up and turned into blue smoke! Kokco was not there: the handgun had not struck this Kokco!

And now Kokco stands beside him, roaring with laughter! ‘Hand me the fire- spurting handgun. I shall put in powder by platefuls, pour in ball by handfuls. Become a branch of spirea, Manas! Be so kind as to stand still, Manas! I wish to bang at you in turn! With your buttons buttoned up tight, your laces firmly laced, when the mortal bullet reaches you — Ak-kübö halt it! May it not be open any where! May the ball not take the wrong path! Manas, Manas, do not die!’

Kokco fired with a loud report. The discharge reached Manas’s heart! This Ak-kula he was riding lifted him up and fled. Kokco called after him: ‘You are an Only Son, Manas, I, too, am my Father’s Only Son! Both you and I are Only Ones! Of us Two, one will remain! This eye of mine looked along the sights — why did you take to flight, Manas? This hand of mine engaged the touch-hole — why did you stay rooted to the spot, Manas? I have a fine china cup, and fine pounded drugs. For bringing the dead back to life, rekindling a fire that has been quenched, I have my pills wrapped in white cotton, have my drugs wrapped in white cotton! I shall work on it from the inside, and rub in drugs from the outside! I shall restore you completely! Else you will lie dead to no purpose on the path!’

That Manas was wounded.

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Calling on Allah, he mounted and set out on a far journey. He was with God the Creator, his Friend, and with the White Padashah.

‘From saying “God, God!”, I used to think myself God, but is not God different from all other?’ This Manas was indeed not God, but he took the name of God on his lips! ‘From saying “Hoya, Hoya!”, I used

to think myself God! O God, o my Hoja, give me patience for this transient life! Stallion-jawed, black-tongued' Ajibay who roars like the Tiger, say, what shall I do? Almambet who falls on his prey like the Feline, say, what shall I do? Kaman, Jaypur, you two lads who never lose tracks of the karsak that moves panting(?) in the dark! Tursun, Taylak, you two lads who do not miss the fox-tracks by night! And you two youngsters, Elim and Seit! My Calbay, son of Kuldur, and Balbay riding beside him! My Sirgak and Kok Serek! And among my sixty-six venal friends, Kara-toko my Soul Friend on Resurrection Day! — Stars-of-the-Sky Warriors, Otters-of-the-Water Warriors! Most junior of the Forty Companions, Taz-baymat, brew tea in the kettle! For twenty days and twenty nights I have been in the Underworld, unable to find my Forty on this path! Now that I am gone to the Beyond, how shall I abide its torment? Riding right through the Underworld and reaching the land of people — were I to die from that, would it not be fitting? O my God, o my Hoja, give me patience for this transient life!

Kökcö seized his bridle: 'Halt! Do halt! Halt, now, Manas! Do stop! Hold! Hold there, Manas!' With Kökcö lifting Manas, Manas lifting Kökcö, they held each other and flew below the sun, with its heavenly clouds, and above the jointed grasses! They then came down to earth. Gripping Manas's bridle, Kokco went on pulling. Ak-kula's mouth was torn, Manas saw it as he bent down, he gripped his sword in its sheath and drew it and hacked at Kökcö, who was still holding the bridle. Kökcö alighted from his horse and ran away, but the blow severed Küröncü, whom he had been riding, at the waist!

"Were I to strike and kill you, too, it would be a sin in the eyes of Allah! Let the four legs be food for you for four days! Roast the four legs and eat them up, Kökcö! Your steed Kuroncu is dead, go destitute! Four leg-hides in four days will make rawhide boots for your legs!

## I, 3) 352-2686 The marriage, death and return to life of Manas

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After its formal opening, this sequence returns to a flourish of the Conqueror Manas subservient to the Czar. A digression on Er Kokco (I, 3) 411-455), confirms the plot of J, 2) as traditional, as do some epithets of Almambet in subsequent Radlovian epics. The bard then returns again to Manas's relations with the Czar, who, conceived almost as a divine figure, gives his Behest to Manas.

From verses 558ff., the bard turns to the theme of Manas's marrying, which takes his father out on a long wooing-expedition as matchmaker. The search ends at the chosen bride's father Temir-khan's (cf. BS Kara-khan). There is a single indication that Temir-khan's people are Tajiks (1479), the bard having forgotten that Jakip had ranged among the Tajiks and found no suitable wife for Manas (725), whether or not Manas had carried out his threat to 'grind' the Tayiks (387; 464).

That the dramatic scene on the nuptial couch, with Kanikey drawing Manas's blood twice for Manas's once, was traditional is shown by the Manas-text brought back from the Pamir-Kirghiz by Dr Rémy Dor, and also by Kanikey's reference to the hand which wielded her dagger 'Ak-tinte' at BS 1052 f.

The poisoning of Manas by Kaman-koz and Kokco-koz (1680 ff.) was also traditional and indeed furnishes a complete epic in Radloff's I, 5) Kozkaman, below. The bare-bones given in I, 3) supply an archaic version with the form of the name Kamay (Kaman)-koz 'Boar-eye' matching that of Kökco-köz 'Blue-jackal-eye' (kok-coo).

In Radloff's epics, Manas dies three times, once at the hands of Kököö in the first part of I, 3); once here, to be revived on both occasions; and once in BS, finally, in order to release the Semetey and Seytek actions. The bard of I, 3) makes much of Manas's passing, with the lamentations of Manas's Steed, Falcon and Hound as his show-piece. While Manas is in the Otherworld, which seems to begin within his tomb, he not only hunts but also dallies with a huri. What are we to make of the bard's naming her 'Altinay', the name of Almambet's wife in this selfsame poem, and traditionally?

Even if we omit verses I, 3) 1-351 (Manas's duel with Kokco), I, 3) is manifestly weaker in structure than all of the other Radlovian epics. It is neither a full biography of the Hero (a second-class type of epic, as Aristotle clearly saw), nor a highly integrated epic of dramatic power, but something in between. This may have been due to what the bard thought Radloff wanted. If he wittingly

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sacrificed structure to the job in hand, he did not sacrifice diction, for he makes a rich and individual use of it, delighting in exotic terms above all for costly fabrics, and with some possible nonce-words.

(H Marriage land II; Dor, 1882; H Kozkaman I, pp. 246 ff.)

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The Forty Companions chase a herd. He that roars like the Tiger, Ajibay, chases the herd, he that resembles the high, green spine of Boz-adir, like God above, Almambet drives the herd — he that is like the grey-maned He-wolf, a high yellow pasture, Almambet, goes driving them.

“You will go driving the herds and come to my home. My Father white-bearded Jakip-bay will come out and meet you, as will my sister Kardigac. My Mother the old lady “Bagdı-döölöt” will come out and waylay you, asking “Where is mountainous Manas?”. I shall turn off from this path, shall “chop the root from the willow” — I shall go to exchange greetings with the Lord White Padishah! I shall keep to what the Lord White Padishah says!” —

‘I shall make the Galcha groan — my Padishah, do not be angry! I shall destroy the Kizil-bas people — do not treat Manas with scorn! I shall destroy the Chinese people — do not be angry with Manas! I shall shake up the people of the Sart, terrify those of Kokand, make the people of Ind weep — do not be angry with Manas! My Lord Padishah: I shall grind the Tajik people to powder! I shall get my steed Ak-kula into condition for them! I shall make each one subserve my word! I shall drive thoroughbreds together, I shall go and seize sheer-nosed Konurbay of the Kitay, I shall ask him of the Padishah! I shall go and seize him who, going on foot for seven years, stinks of sweat, Joloy, him that, slaying seventy great heroes, reeks of blood, Joloy! There are Agis and Kojos who make the dark forest their subject and the black cavern their home — I shall go to them and seize them! Between steep banks washed by the river, the child of an old man and woman, the last of nine sons, Er Töstük, son of Eleman-bay, Töstük, whom God’s own lips called “Son” — him I made submit to me! When Almambet demanded Tekeci’s Kok-ala with a back like a hollow-in-the-hills, and Kokco would not give it him, when he asked for that steed Kok-ala, seized with such glory from Tekeci, together with sixty-nine horses, a black-tailed camel, and a comely young slave-woman with a child, and Kökcö denied him, Almambet was offended. That Kökcö made a boast:

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“I shall not give him my Kok-ala! I took Tekeci’s lover for my sport. If one ever does the right thing, I did so when I took her. I took his lover to frolic with — such was my abduction of a woman!” Almambet stood up and shouted “You are singing your own praises and demeaning Tekeci — how are you harming me? I thought ‘I gave a woman away in marriage — I shall not address myself to that woman. There are [other] women on the way, maidens on the mountain-pass! I shall get on my horse and ride away to Er Jamgirci, Sultan of the Nogoy! I shall become his companion, there will be some widow there and I shall come to a fair arrangement with her!’” Though I sit together with you in the same place, you do not give me your Kok-ala! Has Kok-ala eaten his fill? Am I not worth a horse? Do you think I will go on foot, and from going on foot will die? How can you begrudge me a horse? Kok-ala’s outside is hair, his inside filth. If he dies clean he is a cauldron of meat, if polluted, carrion for dogs and birds! I was not thought worthy of Kok-ala, I lost my affection for Kokco! I swear I shall go to Manas, and, going, become his companion! I shall submit to Manas’s wisdom, acquiesce in his true sayings when mounting and riding out on journeys!” I, Manas, have ridden out for Almambet’s sake, I have seized Er Kokco’s horses. Fighting with Kokco as, turning slave, we tore at one another, I killed his brown steed! I shall destroy the Chinese, inflict torment on the Kizil-bas people, make those of Ind weep, grind the Tajiks to powder! For the White Padishah’s people, the Russians with hairy mouths, a feast has been set for their eating — on the heads of each there are flowing locks! I shall never brush up against the White Padishah’s people — my waist was wound round with a sash-of-honour! I became a peaceful fellow-subject with the White

Padishah's people. My Tiger-like Padishah, where can your knout not strike? When you ride out, no grass grows on your tracks, no enemy goes on fighting the White Padishah's people!

In the presence of the White Padishah, Manas uttered his plea.

Then the White Padishah spoke: 'Do what has never been done to all the other heroes! (But) don't knock down all the skittles! Manas, don't brush up against the White Padishah's people, ever! If, throwing your good sense to the winds, you do affront them, let me not see your anger! If you give horses to those who have none, cloaks to them that lack them,

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food to those without it — where there's a chest there'll be caughing! — God will raise you up, He will pamper you with lordly titbits, will let you live to a hundred, will give you the head of the hearth, will give you a full, long life! — live, and adorn this world! Live heeding these words of mine! For if you forget them, you will die young, my Manas! He Who created Both Worlds, God the Creator, has made him called the White Padishah great, God has made the Padishah mighty! If I am angered I shall inspire dread — I shall torment the Chinese! Er Manas, huge as the Ala-too, make common cause with the Padishah! I have "spread my crescent-moon brows"! I, the White Padishah, the Ruler, have given the Two Leathers and Bridle into Manas's own hand"

When Manas came home, his father Jakip-bay came out and met him. 'My Manas, huge as the Ala-too, since the Forty Companions came home, you have not been seen inside three months — where have you been, my dear Son?'

Nobly born Er Manas stood before him and said: 'My Father Khan Jakip-bay, when I had rounded up and seized those herds of Kokco's, had thrust down the pursuit which followed them, had taken all their gold, had destroyed the Chinese, cut down Joloy on the path, made Jamgirci plead for his life, given chase to Agis and Kojos, and to both Ayu-kem and Boo-bek, bound Egis and Segis, followed Er Kok-koyon and Bay-mamat and yoked them! — I ran their light grey steeds into condition, made all the Heroes subserve my command, made a 'Patchwork of Gold', went to the White Padishah and asked his counsel! "Let your steed Ak-kula eat his fill!", said he. "Let none be greater than I or you! If any turn their lash on you while the White Padishah is there, cut off their heads like sheeps', spill their blood like water! Manas, you have inspired dread in the peoples all around! Manas, never brush up against the White Padishah's people — did you hear, o my Manas? For if you do, my [outraged] Blessing will punish Manas!" | shall have no fear of heroes of any sort, but I shall not go raiding as hitherto! I seized Kayip's daughter Kara-boriik from the steppe, took Sooruk's daughter Akilay

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from the fort as booty — I never married a girl in the customary way, never knew a bride's embraces. My Khan-Father Jakip-khan, bit your thoroughbred! Mount and seek out a bride! I want to marry a fine woman, wish to know a bride's embraces!'

Jakip-bay, you mounted and rode out! But they say Jakip rides and finds no young woman. He rides on and on in search of her. He came up with a scabby shepherd straining his voice with shouting, tending a great flock on foot.

'Halt, o Jakip-bay!', bawled the scabby shepherding man. 'Why do you ride in the gloom, making your cap of black sable snowy, how can you so scorn your life? Why do you ride by night, getting your cap of fox-fur so wet? You have a son, Warrior Manas. While this Manas is there, have you gone without a mount? Have you come to find a horse? While this Manas is there, have you lacked a cloak? Have you come to find one? While Warrior Manas is there, have you gone in want of food? Have you come in search of some?'

"Tramping on foot you are a muddlehead! Where have you seen me, young man?'

'I have never seen you before, Jakip-bay. I have always tended the sheep from the pen, yet have heard your fame from afar. I knew you from your bearing, knew you from your stately person.'

“While Manas is there I have never gone without a mount, I have not come to find a horse. I have never gone in want of food, I have not come in search of any. I have never lacked a cloak, I have not come to find one. This son of mine, Warrior Manas, received a name from the Whitebeard. Manas went into the presence of the White Padishah and received his Blessing. “I was filled by his Blessing and ceased from all my raiding! I have not yet revelled in pleasures, have not yet taken a lovely wife as bridegroom night-visiting, or experienced every delight!” He bitted Ak-kula, bade me seek a maiden. Seeking Salt for my eating, seeking a maiden for Manas’s marrying, I have made my black sable cap snowy, got my cap of fox-fur wet! Unable to find a maiden anywhere in these lands, why have I been tormenting my soul?”

The shepherd took these words of his to heart and answered Jakip-bay: ‘O Father Jakip-bay, I shall take and slaughter my yearling ewe, my one and only light grey yearling ewe, my pittance as a hireling! I shall roast it and give it you! Then give me your Auspicious Blessing!’

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I shall tell you the girl’s family background. Temir-khan’s daughter Kanikey is a maiden who is a good match for Manas — fanning herself like a peregrine of the reeds, light as a cap-crest of copper, she will shake her gold ear-pendants and surely please her father-in-law Jakip-khan, she will make a good daughter-in-law: she will shake her silver ear-rings and surely please her mother-in-law the Lady Bagdi-döölöt, she will make a good daughter-in-law! [Like] a quiver girt round one’s waist there is among Temir-khan’s people a man accustomed to speak for him, one who “draws flowing water“, who when Temir-khan magnanimously gives, spoils it, so that he gives nothing! — Mendi-bay of the grey-flecked beard! He is a fellow born for trouble! When Temir-khan and Jakip-khan are related by marriage and Manas has embraced her, Mendi will throw you all into confusion! Where you ride, he will allow only grass to grow! He will make all three of you enemies, Manas against Temir-khan, his own father Jakip-khan and his father-in-law Temir-khan! Beware of this situation!’

Jakip gave him his Auspicious Blessing and rode off to Temir-khan.

Mendi-bay of the grey-flecked beard glimpsed Jakip, mounted his horse and trotted up to his side. And having trotted up to Jakip-khan, he addressed him: “Wearying your (crescent-)moon-jewelled horse, winding his legs about with gold, passing among the peoples all around, from where do you come ranging, where will you go ranging? Your lower lip is blistered, your ruddy face has paled. Do you not wander summer-long, wasting away after defeat in battle, or starving in winter, as one whose cattle are famished? Have you come seeking aid after being stripped of your herds?”

‘I have not wasted away at all, summer-long, after defeat in battle, nor do I wander in winter, starving, as one whose cattle are famished! Nor do I come seeking aid on being stripped of my herds! I have a son, Warrior Manas, who seized Kay1p’s daughter Kara-boruk from the steppe, and took Sooruk’s daughter Akilay from the fort as booty, but who has never married a girl in the customary way, never known a bride’s embraces! So I bitted my (crescent-)moon-jewelled horse and sought a lovely bride for Manas — I ranged among the Chinese people, whose muttering tongue no man fathoms, but among them failed to find a maiden;

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I ranged among the Sart, who helve their mattocks on willow, laud a grey ass as a race-horse, with maize-bread in their bosoms, and pitchforks and mattocks on their shoulders — but among them I found no beauty for my Son Warrior Manas; I ranged among the Kalmak people who come out on to Jalpak-too to summer-pasture, cut off a leg of pork and tie it to their saddle-strap, and wear round skull-caps and caps with tassels, but among them I found no beauty for my Son Warrior Manas! I ranged among the Galcha people, but there found no beauty, among the Kızıl-bas and found none! At river-sources there are their yurts, and each yurt is headed by a biy — I ranged among the Kirghiz people, but there found no beauty! I ranged among the people of Ind and found none, the Tajik and none there. I chased round the Land of Heroes and found no beauty among them! I picked and chose among the Kazakh people, found no beauty! With God there as his friend, with the White Padishah there, he received a name from the Whitebeard, received a Blessing from the Padishah! — and the steed Ak-kula ate his fill! After he had received the White Padishah’s Blessing, no man gainsaid Manas! There is a khan called “Temir-khan”,



and there is Salt for one's food: there is a maiden named "Kanikey", and if she dons a corselet, they say she will be of a height and breadth with him: that maiden named "Kanikey" will be a match for this Manas of mine, so they say. I have come here as matchmaker for Kanikey's hand!

Mendi-bay of the grey-flecked beard wheeled his mount, trotted off to Temir-khan's yurt and alighted. He then said to Temir-khan: 'Don't be angry, Temir-khan! — On the outskirts of your aul, to the summit of the White Hill of Counsel white-bearded Jakip-khan has trotted on his horse, but has driven no herds along, has loaded no treasure on, has set no slaves to work! "I have mounted my horse and put it to the trot, ] have come as matchmaker for Kanikey's hand!" Will there ever be such infamy? Will there ever be such outrage? "Turn the great river at its source!" — Order your slaves to beat this match-maker come so empty-handed!'

Temir-khan then answered: 'Coming as it does from a slave born to make trouble, Mendi-bay of the grey-flecked beard, I shall not join in your trouble-making! Comrades of the Right, Companions on the Left of the Door, if this is really Jakip-khan

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he has a son, Warrior Manas! His cap is set on his head! — Should he think "I shall destroy the many great heroes all around!", he has the power! Such is his son, Warrior Manas! Comrades of the Right, Companions of the Left, lift him from his horse! Not letting his foot touch the ground, lift him from his horse! Set a soft couch! Prepare a feast of weaned lamb, regale him with a goulash of it! Have tasty kumys shaken from milk of a young mare! Have a porcelain cup, a cup-on-chain, enfolded, and present it to him! See that his thirst is well quenched, and set him a soft couch! Cover him warm with the coverlet! Lull him quietly to sleep! When dawn darts its rays and the star has set in the sky, just as the sun is peeping, after waking him I want to question the hero. Bidding him mount his horse, | wish to ascend the Mound of Heroes! If he speaks friendly, affable words, I shall give him a friendly answer. If he speaks unfriendly, hard words, I shall give an unfriendly answer.'

They did as he had said. Jakip rose at dawn. They set a metal basin for him, and he washed his face and hands. When they had well quenched his thirst, he went to the solitary place. Temir-khan went to Jakip-khan and asked for a word with him.

'Jakip-khan, huge as the Ala-too, why do you journey as though you had lost your way? Mendi-bay of the grey-flecked beard is a fellow born to make trouble. Saying "Don't trot into the bog!", he thwarts my lordly munificence by holding back my gifts, making great trouble with his words! Yet I have not joined in his trouble-making but have come to seek counsel of you.'

Thereupon Jakip-khan answered: 'If you ask the ways I have come, if you will hear what I have to say — I have ranged among all the peoples of black-headed, fork-legged Man! Yet I have found no beauty for my Son Manas whatsoever! But they say there is one whose shape is engaging, with her gold ear-pendants jingling, her created form such as would please me, Jakip, as father-in-law, and would make me a good daughter-in-law ~ your daughter Kanikey! "A herald does not risk death, a matchmaker does not court disgrace!" I have come to Kanikey, I have come as matchmaker. Will you taste this Salt of yours? Will you give your daughter to my Manas?'

Temir-khan stood and addressed him:

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'Do not be offended, Jakip-khan! — Is it not rumoured that this son of yours Manas tussles with his in-laws, wrangles with his friends, tangles with brothers and sisters? Is it not rumoured that this son of yours Manas is much given to raiding? They say he knots Ak-kula's tail and drives off herds all around, incessantly, attacks great heroes, exchanges thrusts with warriors, makes Ak-kula smart against the hail of arrows, chest-high, as he comes ever-lazily along — what with seizing each other's dazzling corselets by the gold collar and ripping them away in the melee — will he not die at the hands of one of the heroes? My one and only daughter Kanikey has seen the sun only through the cupola, has drunk water only through a tube, ridden only choice grey amblers, imbibed rare honeyed arak, never taken the air with her cloak unbuttoned, never known the cool, caressing breezes or gone out of doors at night or joined

in nocturnal feasting! — So will not my one and only daughter Kamkey end up in mourning? Let him cease from his raiding! — Then I shall give my daughter. Let him have done with shooting, hacking and thrusting! — Then I shall give my daughter. If he does not have done with shooting, hacking and thrusting, I shall certainly not give my daughter!

Huge as the Ala-too, Jakip was all ruffled like a herdsman's tent, he flew into a rage: "Temir-khan, o Temir-khan, I swear I shall go to my Manas that gnawed dried-out turds in the hollows, and tell him this news! "Trot into the bog!", Temir-khan! Manas will take his red pennant, will come out on to the ridge and, with cries of "Manas!" wield his lance — then, if you do not give him Kanikey when he asks for her, he will seize her by her gleaming wrists and thrust her on to his horse's rump and make her booty of war! — then what will your strength avail you? Molten curb on a horse with blaze! — When he "chopped the root from the willow", when he went to the White Padishah intending to receive his Blessing, the White Padishah "spread his crescent-moon brows", my White Padishah gave him all nations save Russians, all save the White Padishah's people! In summer it is dazzling bright! — Where is your justification for not giving me your daughter?"

Then Temir-khan spoke: 'I say it in joke, Jakip-bay, I say it in fun, Jakip-bay! It is "a night unlit by the moon", a day for sifting wife and daughter, then deciding. I shall consult with my spouse!

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I shall consult with my daughter, I shall consult with my seniors. Then I shall return. Stay here, Jakip-khan. That Mendi-bay of the grey-flecked beard I mentioned is a fellow born to make trouble. When his Padishah bestows his gold nuggets as large as horses' heads, as is his wont, his silver ingots as big as sheeps' heads, damn me if that fellow does not always cross me by perversely crying "Stop!" I shall take full counsel. Stay here Jakip-khan!

Turning back, he urged on his horse, made his chiefs that display the standard, his biy, and his khans of the drooping paunches all gallop their horses, and assembled them in his pavilion. 'Jakip-bay, huge as the Ala-too, who arrived here last evening, says to me: "Trot into the bog! Give your daughter Kanikey to my Only Son Manas!" What shall we do, Princes?"

Mendi-bay of the grey-flecked beard was a fellow born to make trouble. He jumped up: 'No herds have been driven along, no treasure has been loaded on and brought here — are you going out of your mind when you say "I shall give my daughter to one-horse Jakip?" I shall "turn the great river at its source"! I shall build stout mud forts in a row, I myself shall be look-out! I shall make the mouths of thoroughbreds gape, I shall thrust Manas the Only One through! I shall make his steed a work-horse! Have no fear, have no fear, Temir-khan'

When Mendi-bay had uttered these words, Temir's khans of the drooping paunches, his chiefs that display the standard, his biy, addressed Mendi-bay: 'You were not satisfied with Temir-khan's generosity, you did not cease from your trouble-making! You have to be one with a grey-flecked beard! — Let us be droop-paunch Khans, let us be chiefs that display the standard! Making peoples other than the White Padishah's as straw and wafting them away, making them as reeds and flattening them, Manas will seize these maidens who wear the Crane-feather, seize as booty these young wives that wear the White Kerchief. He will destroy all our young braves who "act the Boar",\* our young braves that play the warrior! Summon Jakip-khan, and, without letting his feet touch the ground, quickly lift him up! Have him mount a khan's throne and set a soft couch for him! Spread brocade and balkhi before him! Wrap his legs round with costly buulum and buta! Unroll a saddle-cloth of brocade and balkhi for his horse! Add honey to arak,

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pour it into a cup of gold and present it to him! Lay a table-cloth and set washbasin! Go before him and treat him to apricots and raisins! Have him dona Nine of tunics adorned with gold! Saying "Jakip-bay has come as matchmaker for Temir-khan's daughter!", let the people all around acclaim it! Saying "Fill ten hollows!", tell them to come driving horses! Saying "Fill forty hollows!" tell them to come driving sheep! Saying "Fill a hundred hollows!", tell them to come driving cows! Saying "Fill four hollows!", tell

them to come driving camels! Won't you add some extra cattle? — If he finds them, will he not drive them? If he does not find them, won't he go away?'

He did as they had said, he added extra cattle, he agreed with that.

Jakip-bay returned to Manas, and reaching him said: "Have done with your raiding!" says Temir-khan. "For if you do not, I shall not give you my daughter!", says he. Inform your Forty Companions, inform Almambet who roars like the Tiger, inform Ayjibay who attacks by stealth like the Feline! Like the high green slopes of rounded Mt. Boz-adir, like God in heaven above, Manas, you stand here! Go yourself to the White Padishah, the Ruler, stand in awe before him and do his bidding!

Manas summoned his Companions: 'Almambet, drive up a hundred horses! Ajibay, drive up a hundred, too! My Forty Companions, who grew up with me, all Forty together as one lord, drive up forty hundred horses! Will not ten hollows be filled? Will not forty hollows be filled? — And a hundred? — And four?'

He sent the news to them all. Manas was first to arrive at Jakip-bay's yurt. Arriving, he dismounted. 'By which path shall we go? Some speak friendly, others unfriendly: if they behave friendly, we shall be friendly; if they behave unfriendly, we shall be unfriendly! — Let us make our loaded muskets smoke and sling them on! Let us take our fir-lances in our hands, after helving the gay pennants! Let us harden ourselves and go! Girding on naked swords, let us wear ogriish faces as we go! Let good men take leave of their lives, bad men take leave of their goods!'

They did as he had said.

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They drove up Kirghiz horses. On black camel-geldings not yet old, on white camel-geldings not yet weary the Companions loaded provisions.

'Pray keep moving! . . . . (?) galloping Ak-kula, I shall go to the White Khan! From him I shall have an answer! I shall make a patchwork of gold! I wish to seek counsel of the White Padishah, the Ruler! Making Ak-kula run with mighty steps, making him race head-thrust-forward helter-skelter, Manas now went to the White Padishah, the Ruler.

'T shall "chop the root from the willow"!', he told the White Padishah. 'I shall now go to marry the khan's daughter Kanikey. How will that be, my Padishah?'

'It will be very good for you, I am' content with what you say, I agree with you, I approve of what you say! — Companions of the Right, Senators of the Left, open the White Saddlebag, take gold coin and step forward, to it add silver pieces and step forward! When Manas goes to his in-laws, when his Bride's elder sisters and aunts come, when her younger sisters approach, let Er Manas give them gold and silver pieces!'

They did as he had said. Four Companions at the Right of the Door took gold coin and stepped forward, four Senators at the Left of the Door loaded on gold and silver pieces and gave it to Manas.

When Manas's Forty Companions had reached half way, Manas met with them on Ak-kula. The Forty Companions then said: 'Where have you come from, Manas? Pricking up your red spear like an awn, have you been fighting the Chinese? With your musket slung on huge as a fir-tree, have you been fighting the Kalmak? Will any bridegroom compare with you? Begirt with your bowcase, have you been fighting the Sart? Will any bridegroom compare with you?'

'Great is the mercy of the Lord God! — The White Padishah looked on me, looked with favour on Manas! Loading on gold and silver pieces, he gave them to Manas! "Do just as I say!", said he. "On reaching their aul, when the Bride's elder sisters and aunts come along and her younger sisters approach, let him set gold and silver coin before them!", says he. "When her younger sisters approach, when her elder sisters and aunts come along, let him give them gold and silver pieces!"'

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When Mendi-bay of the grey-flecked beard saw Manas, he chased off to Temir-khan. He came bent on making trouble, and said to Temir-khan: "To horse, to horse, Temir-khan! Standards with white

streamers have come, fluttering standards have come! An earth-buckling army has come! Quick to horse, Temir-khan! When I spoke recently, you did not agree. When I said “I shall turn the great river at its source! I shall build stout mud forts in a row and make them strong!”, you did not accept the counsels I voiced. In the jaws of the Gate many muskets crackled! Temir-khan, quickly to horse! Cut Manas and his Forty in two! Create strife and dissention!’

Temir-khan answered: ‘I shall not join the trouble-making! Go there and see?!’

The members of Temir-khan’s squadron, members of his suite, rode off as one man and when, galloping, they looked, the Forty Companions had come, driving forty hundred horses.

“What horses are these?”

“They are Jakip’s tribute laid on the people — the Forty Companions’ bride- wealth that has been driven along for Kanikey!’

‘Drive the horses along! Thrust them into four hollows! If the four hollows are full, your bride-payment is complete! If the four hollows are not full, your bride-payment is incomplete, then drive along some more!’

Manas dismounted on the steppe all alone. Mendi-bay of the grey-flecked beard invited Manas’s Forty Companions into the White Pavilion, then made fast the door. Manas remained on the steppe, all alone on the steppe...

Having entered the Pavilion, the Forty Companions were drinking finest arak with honey, they suffered no hunger or thirst! But at Manas’s side there was no black-headed man, no four-footed hound! It was at the height of the Dog Days, of scorching sun. ‘Manas is going to die of thirst. How I wish I were not my Father’s only son, were not named “Manas”! If I had an elder brother before me, he would come to my side and ask “How has Manas the Lion been faring?” If I had a younger brother after me, he would come and bend over me, and say “Manas has been left behind!”’

Manas himself pours out for his drinking a draft of arak mixed with honey that was in his leather flask, and sits there putting them to shame, he Manas, bravest of the brave! Among the sixty-six venal friends

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there is his soul-friend, Kara-toko — when he comes out and looks there is no black-headed man, no four-legged hound at Manas’s side! Manas had drawn his black-tipped, polished bow to the full!

The Forty Companions mounted their horses without having drunk, without having tasted, and now in great fear they said: “There is no black-headed man, no four-legged hound at Manas’s side! — Will not the lord Manas destroy us utterly? Quick to horse, Forty Companions! Let us go to Manas and attend him! One man mounted another’s horse and galloped away, another put on another’s tunic and galloped away! ‘No food did we eat, we ate stones! We ate food with nasty tie-rope of the Khan’s door, ate food with the fastenings of the Beg’s door! Will Manas huge as the snow-flecked mountains, vast as the running waters, pardon us after we have erred? If you’re for cutting, here is a head! If you re for spilling, here is blood!’

Manas smiled broadly. ‘I am not going to destroy, you, my Forty Companions! I shall not destroy you nor even try! But I shall put some sense into you, shall woo you away from hostile deeds! How could I be angry with you?’

Unfurling before him the White Pavilion with its sixty tie-ropes, they pitched it, and Manas took his seat there alone.

When dusk had fallen, the younger and elder kinswomen, fearful of coming by day, had wrapped themselves in velvet and brocade as dusk fell, pinned on pearls and coral, made themselves alluring with ceruse and rouge, and crept rustling to Manas’s side — thus came the maidens! Stretching out their necks so like the pintail’s, fetching the crimson to their clear cheeks, they tripped along and sat down close beside him.

“When evening was coming on and I went myself to the White Padishah, the Ruler, my Padishah loaded on gold and silver pieces... Set them on the copper plates, set the coins before them!’

Ayibay did as he had said, he poured out the precious pieces.

Two of the closest kinswomen said ‘He has come in the night! Let us lay him on Kanikey’s breast!’ Under the cloak of night they went out and when they had come to Kanikey’s yurt

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he tethered his horse to the crib to which no horse had ever been tethered, hung his lash on the tree where no lash had ever been hung, stood his falcon on the stand on which none had ever been stood. Twirling it [on the spit], he took horse belly-and-rib-fat that was at the fire, and ate it. Tasting the yellow honey at her feet he passed on. He stuffed in honeyed kumys from a young mare and swallowed it! Eighty cloth-covered buttons, ten of horn, did he undo without a sound, then lay close to her on a bed really made for one. Into a ‘bad place’ that lay exposed Manas thrust in mightily. Temir-khan’s daughter Kanikey woke up from her slumber, she opened her eyes and sat up, then seized her keen dagger with its variegated grip and asked: ‘Who are you that have tethered your horse at my Father Temir-khan’s crib where no horse has ever been tethered? Who are you that have hung your lash on the tree where no lash has ever been hung. Who are you that have stood your falcon on the stand where none has ever been stood? Who, that have tasted the yellow honey at my feet and passed on? Who, that have stuffed in honeyed kumys from a young mare and swallowed it?’

‘There is nothing Written [against it], there is no stranger here, since I, Manas, myself drove up horses and chargers, together with countless mares, filling ten hollows?!’

‘I want to know which Manas you are! My Father Temir-khan had a helper for his stock who went about his herds — this man who used to tend his horses was a fellow called “Manas”! The name of the shepherd fellow who tends the sheep, too, is “Manas”! There is also a camel-herding fellow whose name is “Manas”! - I want to know which Manas you are! Get up from my breast, Manas! Take your hand from my neck! — I swear I shall thrust my Father Temir-khan’s gleaming, horn-hilted Ak-tinte into your hungry heart!’ And she drew the gleaming, horn-hilted dagger from its sheath.

Ten Manas spoke: ‘Kanikey, in Heaven’s name what are you doing? Princess, how spoilt you are! What you say is sheer petulance! Young lady, how spoilt you are! What peevish things you say! Kanikey, in Heaven’s name what are you at?’

Kanikey had drawn that horn-hilted knife from its sheath and now she swung it vehemently, parting the flesh both of his striped calves and his white forearm!

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He tucked up his skirt and held it, then rolled up his sleeve and held that. Then Manas roared: ‘I shall ride bareback without a saddle! I shall live as a bachelor without wife! If I do not drive those six myriad horses and bring them here.. .! If I do not do you some harm, you shameless hussey...! If I do not press a staff into your hand and set you behind the sheep, set you behind the mares...! If I do not do you some harm, you shameless hussey...! Almambet that roars like the Tiger, that resembles the high, yellowing slope, grey-maned Wolf, to horse, to horse! Kuldur’s son, my Calbay, to horse, to horse, ride fast! “I have found a fine young beauty!”, thought I! Let us go raiding to the Ala-too, let us drive six myriad horses! Let us move them to this side, let us move them to that side! Let us press a staff into her hands and set her behind the sheep! Let us give her something to weep for! So doing, I’ll have my revenge! I shall ride bareback without a saddle! I shall live as a bachelor without wife! I shall perish before I embrace her, shall wither away before I marry her! Have you any badger-gall? Have you any drugs of Temir-khan’s? Work some in on the inside! Rub some in on the outside! I shall drink arak mixed with honey, bring some! If I do not do some harm to you, you shameless hussey...! Twenty Companions, mount your horses! Bring Jakip-bay’s horses here! Twenty others mount and bring Temir-khan’s horses here! They have closely kept a young lady who is said to be the people’s prime beauty, but she is in fact a champion shrew! She is said to be the nation’s prime beauty, but is in fact a champion shrew!’

‘Stop, Manas-khan, do!’, cried his mother-in-law. ‘When you tether the foals of two tulpars at one crib, when you put out their fodder together, beware lest going for the crib and pawing the ground, one or the other gets hurt! When you set the fledgelings of two gerfalcons on one frame, beware lest they fight over the food and one or other get hurt! Princess Kanikey, Kanikey, in Heaven’s name what are you doing? Young lady, how spoilt you are! What you say is sheer petulance!’

The girl Kanikey spoke: ‘Yelping cur, do not snap! Stop yelping and lie down! I will take a look at the man to learn what sort of Manas he is!

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You are indeed Temir-khan — gorged with your wealth, you named a slave of yours who tends your horses “Manas”! Gorged with your various possessions, you named a slave of yours who tends the camels “Manas”! Kara-döo’s son Kart Manas I do not know!’

The enemy have thrust deep into the lands of Ciyirdibay’s son, the true Manas, of Jakip’s son, Young Manas! — This woman has . . . the fir-lance, she has gainsaid Manas, who had become the leader of a teeming people, who had made a ‘Patchwork of Gold’, having gone and asked counsel of him called ‘the White Padishah!

The Forty Companions mounted in deepest night: twenty brought Temir-khan’s horses, twenty Jakip-khan’s. Into land bounded on two sides by a great lake, along two paths, they drove the herds. Then they camped and slept. On their waking next morning with one accord, the White Pavilion of sixty ties, unable to withstand the horses’ steam, lifted heavenwards!

“Warrior Manas, what shall we do? Unable to withstand the horses’ steam, the White Pavilion of sixty ties has lifted heavenwards!”

“Weigh it down with a white boulder! Two of you as a pair, my Companions, go and slaughter a mare! Mince the fat and eat your fill, my Companions! Counsel is not got from fasting, counsel is won from full bellies! Those black standards on the heights — are they not Temir-khan’s? Those red standards in the valleys — are they not Jakip-khan’s? When the tip of dawn is peeping, I shall throw my white shirt of noo/an round me and go up to the Mound! Temir-khan and Jakip cannot get on with their Only Son — while they cannot shoot a single arrow at me, the Brawler(?), cannot shoot a ball from musket or handgun, I shall thrust Jakip’s people down!”

Almambet huge as the Ala-too, Ajibay born wise, the two youths Elim and Seyit, the two youths Kaman and Jaypur, who do not lose the tracks of the karsak that prowls in the dark — they came out and mounted, and Serek and Sirgak came and mounted. Most junior of the Forty Companions, Taz-baymat, who, when his lord is thirsty, alights to brew tea, mounted his horse before him.

With shouts of ‘Ajibay!’, Ajibay attacked them! With shouts of ‘Almambet!’, Almambet attacked them!

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They thrust down Jakip’s formation and then attacked Temir-khan and thrust down all his men.

Jakip-khan’s son — that Manas! — had set out with his thoughts all on Kanikey so as to fetch her away from Temir’s people. And now the Khan’s household, all those Tajiks, moved forward, saying ‘I’ll catch that goose!’, intending to present her to Manas.

Kanikey put on her clothes, now that a crowd had collected — she guessed she would be put to shame. She chose a fine, pale-grey ambler and mounted, she selected a sable cloak and put it on. She took out best arak and drank some. Her elder cousin Altinay, Ayip-khan’s daughter, was there, and Almambet put her in the saddle. Stallion-jawed, eloquent Ajibay, the born persuader, told each to set a maiden in the saddle, told Manas’s Forty Companions to set forty maidens in the saddle!

Temir-khan’s daughter Kanikey addressed the Forty Companions: ‘Halt, halt, Forty Companions! You are commoners, but I am a noblewoman! Keep your hands off my collar! I, Kanikey, will bring the forty maidens to the Forty Companions! I myself shall be the Presentation, I myself shall come and make submission!’

Mounting together with the forty maidens, Kanikey rode out. Black-eyed, raging Manas suddenly caught sight of her. ‘Is that not the shameless hussey making for us? Take all forty maidens and bring them here — make a sudden sortie! Seize them and bring them as booty! Pitch forty yurts! Set forty couches! Let us make our thoroughbreds’ mouths gape! Acting as one man, let us lay hands on them, seizing them by their gleaming wrists! Let us thrust them on to our horses’ croups! Let us make them booty of war!

May the heart of peevish Kanikey now be full of pain! May her backside now grow full of sores as she sits bareback on (my) horse! May peevish Kanikey now come to her senses?’

He urged his steed uphill, then urged it downdale. And now Kanikey entreats Manas: ‘If the dove takes wing, cut its feathers, if a shameless hussey is too glib, cut off her tongue! If the magpie takes wing, cut its feathers, if a shameless hussey is too glib, cut off her tongue!’

This Manas here made answer: ‘A magpie on the wing has perched on the Pavilion: frivolous wretch, have you come to reason? A dove on the wing has perched on the Blue Yurt: mawkish wretch, have you come to reason?’

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Now they all rode past him and dismounted at the forty yurts.

In the yurt at which Almambet has alighted there sits a swarthy maiden with a breast like a leather milk-pail, a bottom like a knotted foreleg. Almambet, rider of ox-tailed Sar’ala, was troubled.

‘Is there no good maiden for Almambet? Come and choose one!’

Then you, Kanikey, went up to Altunay. “Your Father Ayip-khan and my Father Temir-khan engendered us two as age-mates. Put on your dazzling looks! Have done with your shapeshifting! Plait your locks in three! If only Almambet could see your glowing, radiant face! When that Almambet shouts, no dog looks up, when he pursues, his enemies dare not face him! Ox-tailed Sar’ala would head off the race-horses from thieves! Mendi-bay of the grey-flecked beard would die if he faced Manas! Show your shapeley body, cousin, display your swelling cheeks, cousin!’

I shall not show my shapely body, nor display my swelling cheeks! Since I scorn this fellow of yours, will not the fellow scorn me, how should I?’

‘He is rated higher than Manas himself! Almambet has found the way over! Almambet has given counsel, has uttered many words! On Manas’s right there was no stalwart, no Companion to advise apart from Almambet!’

‘I agree that daughters of equal fathers are equals, I deny there is any inferiority! Of an evening when the cattle come home and mares are milked, you will say “Let out the mares!” but I as daughter of an equal father shall “surge like the Sea”®, I shall not accept that status, not accept but reject it! If you say “Milk the mares tethered in a row! Milk the ewes tied cheek to cheek!” or when a guest has arrived “Get up and pour some kumys! Take it and present it!” I shall not accept that status! Stay here, dear cousin, I shall twist on my gold ear-pendants and myself seek advice from Manas, now that we are relations!’

‘Refrain, child, do not ask! If he is in a good mood, he will give an affable(?) answer. But if he is in a bad mood, he will give a bad and angry answer — then do not be offended! Oh, Altinay, have done! Assume your pleasing shape — make yourself dazzling and alluring! Let Almambet see you stretch out your neck so like the pintail’s, reveal your marvellous cheeks, gabble like a gosling,

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shimmer like a golden cloak! If, when guests come, I were to say “Get up and set out the kumys!” or “Milk the mares tethered in a row!” or “Milk the ewes tied cheek to cheek!” “Get up and pour some kumys!” then, my dear cousin, may the bright blue heavens strike Kanikey on the crown, may the earth strike her on the breast! Let your locks be plaited in three! Let your true self be shown to Almambet”

‘I shall appear gleaming as the moon, shall appear radiant as the sun! Let Almambet swoon, let Almambet stand and marvel there!’

When Temir-khan and Ayip-khan had hastily assembled their wealth and treasure, the maiden was given to Manas. Mendi-bay had got to hear of it. He came to Temir-khan and said: ‘This is no good, Temir-khan! Don’t take your daughter and give her to his old father Jakip! What Ayip-khan has given is past counting, in coin it reached a thousand pieces! Yesterday your daughter Kanikey spoke shrewishly to Manas, and he has wrought havoc on the people — havoc and loss resulted! He loaded his horses with

their goods, burdened his camels with their burdens, silenced those who were speaking and humbled them as though they were sheep! Grant that he die, Temir-khan”

After escorting his daughter for a full day and then till noon, and sending her off to her husband’s aul, he turned and galloped home. ‘Bring sixty camels!’, he said. ‘Load gold and silver on thirty and bring them here! Load balkhi and brocade on thirty and bring them! Load on rare trouser-fabric and buulum for leggings and silver and gold to hammer shoes on his horses! Load on choice coral and pearls for pinning over faces! Mendi-bay of the grey-flecked beard, if you do not do as I say, if you fail to load them on, do not appear within my sight, do not come into my presence!’ Wheeling, he he urged on his mount, the hero went home.

Mendi-bay of the grey-flecked beard did as Temir had said. He loaded on silver and gold, he loaded on red coral and gleaming pearls ‘For them to pin over their faces!’ He brought in ninety camels loaded with treasure.

On this side of the cursed Kalmak,

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on the farther side of the Muslims, lay the den of the robbers Kaman-koz’ and Kokco-koz. Mendi-bay of the grey-flecked beard sent a message to them: ‘Pour honey on to arak, add poison and shake it well! Let us give it to Manas!’ — thus the message he sent.

In the Valley of Uc-kapkek, beside Ukiiréii and Oy-kayin(di?), they pitched the White Pavilion, and, alas, Manas alighted! They laid a woven rug beneath him, and he sat there stripped to the waist: they set a cushion under his knee, and he sat there with one leg tucked under him. He was oblivious of there being any poison. ‘I’ll take a nap!’, he thought, and lay down.

This Manas was unable to get up again. Sirgak here and Serek had remained behind. Manas summoned his Companions. ‘He who speaks with one voice, stallion-jawed, sweet-spoken — stallion-jawed, persuasive Ajibay! — may he stay alive! He that resembles a high, yellowing pasture, resembles a grey-maned He-wolf! — may Almambet stay alive! My delight among the people, the two youths Elim and Seyit, of them may [each] one stay alive! They who never lose the tracks of the karsak that moves. . . . .in the dark, the two youths Kaman and Joypur, of them may [each] one stay alive! They who never miss the tracks of the night-fox that moves trot-trot, the two youths Tiirsiin and Taylak, of them may [each] one stay alive! Kuldur’s son my Calbay, Calbay’s son, my Albay, of them may each one stay alive! Warriors like stars in the sky, warriors like beavers in the water, of them may [each] one stay alive! Most junior of the Forty Companions, Taz-baymat, you, when one is thirsty, dismount and brew tea! Has sheep-pest come to fill the hollows? Has horse-pest come to fill the gullies? O God, hold all the Forty Companions! The worst of the Forty Companions, that Sirgak and Serek, manage not to die, and stay alive!’

Manas’s soul had not yet left his breast. The Forty Companions said: “Tell us a place where we can make a living. How would it be if we were to join those who helve mattocks on willow, and laud their asses as dark-bay horses, the sons of the damned Sart? How would it be if we were to join those whose muttering tongue no man understands, the Chinese? How would it be if we were to join those who summer on flat Tor’at, who tie a leg-of-pork to their saddle-strap,

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the Kalmak? How would it be if we were to join those of the narrow noses, the cavernous eyes, the Galcha? How would it be if we were to join them in Urgench, where the enemy had been a bolter of grain(?)?’

Then, Er Manas, you replied: ‘Do as I have said! Do not depart from the words I have spoken! When I sleep, you lie peaceful! Go and submit to the Russians! I shattered the Sart people — absolutely do not go to them! I made the Galcha people groan — absolutely do not go to them! I cut up the Chinese people - absolutely do not go to them! I brought the Tajik people into commotion - absolutely do not go to them! Go and bow your heads to the White Padishah, the Ruler — he wears his locks on his head with none cut off, they say, he wears his locks uncut! Those who go there are satisfied, they say: a poor man who goes there is made rich, a naked man is clothed, a hungry man sated, a lean man fattened up!



Whatever is done is right! When they give money it is plenty! The Russian people are compassionate — join and make your home among the Russians! Go to the White Khan and eat his food! He is one to unlace his robe and give it away — settle down among the Russians! If, when drinking vodka steam comes out, if when eating bulka!® water comes out, shout your cry of “Almambet!”, shout your cry of “Ajibay!”! Shout the cry of “Er Manas!”!

Manas’s fly-like soul went away, went to the True Home. They set a White Tomb, set a Blue Tomb. They lay there for nine days, slaughtered ninety mares. They lay there for six days, slaughtered sixty mares. Taking gold-adorned tunics by Nines, they gave them to the people as Funeral Remnants. They had a solid bier carpentered from fir, its inner face covered with gold, its outer covered with silver. They laid Manas on his bier, then roofed over the tomb. To prevent damp from entering at the front and sunrays from striking in above, they roofed over the tomb.

The Forty Companions mounted and came to Jakip-khan. The most eminent of the Forty, Almambet, the Counsellor, Almambet given to speaking, then addressed Jakip-khan: “Take ninety bay pacers, Jakip-khan! And drive sixty dappled pacers. Again take seventy chestnut pacers, Jakip-khan! Till your people migrate from the lands of the broad Talas,

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till your camp-fire that has been kindled is extinguished, till your people migrate from there, till these herds dwindle away, do not let your belly go hungry, Jakip! Do not let your clothes wear out, Jakip! Say nothing to anyone’s dishonour, Jakip! Thinking “Manas, the One-and-Only-One has died!”, do not ruin your eyes, Jakip! Bind your waist tight, Jakip! Aspire to noble qualities, Jakip! Fling your bow-case on and gird it round you, Jakip! Bind your sword across, Jakip! Sling on your hand-gun [with butt] of fir-wood, Jakip! Do not cease from your fierceness! Bear down on your enemy fiercely, but treat your kinsmen kindly! Do not weaken, Jakip-khan, thinking “The Star has set from the sky, my One-and-Only-One has died!” Be strong as when Manas was alive!’

Bakay, son of Bay, said to Jakip-khan: ‘Lift your kinsmen mountain-high, Jakip! Bind your enemies to your saddle-strap like black sheep, Jakip! Let brave men fear to come out of their yurts, let cowards wonder how they’ll ever approach you! Do not forget what I have said, Jakip! Let her that has seen the sun only through the cupola, that has drunk water only through a tube, a twin with Manas in the womb, suckled with him together at the breast, Manas’s sister Kardigac — do not let her go homeless! Do not let her Mother, the Lady Bagdi-doolot, pattering like a stone-partridge, glean ears of Sart wheat! Do not let the Khan, her Father Jakip, advance head-down like a bustard, reaping Sart harvests! If your Manas has died, there is still Almambet, and there is your good man Ajibay! There, too, are your companions the booty-man and the black scapulimant!!! There are your Son Manas’s sixty six venal friends, among them his soul-friend in the Next Life Kara-toko! Take the steed Ak-boréuk to your- self! Pick some of the Forty Companions! Choose yourself a (crescent-)moon- jewelled horse! Pick the most eminent of the Forty Companions! When you move camp let them urge your camels on! When halting for a rest let them tether your mares! When a guest-friend comes to stay, let your people fold their arms and say his name! Let them open out a bed [for him] in the house! Don’t let them remove the bed from the seat of honour! Don’t let them disperse the gathering from the Mound of Assembly, but do as when Manas was alive! — Hold sway as when Manas was alive! Set on your hounds, cast off your falcon! Set out down the mountain-ridge! Do not torment yourself, Jakip-bay, with thoughts that your precious Only One Manas has died! I pray you, do not slide into Profanation, do not follow strange ways! We shall not leave you naked without cloak, or make you hungry for want of food!

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Do not follow strange ways, do not cause pain by such departures! Do not cool Almambet’s affections in the thought that “When one leans, there is support!” but his father is an alien! Do not provoke Ayibay, nor the two youths Elim and Seyit! Do not provoke my Calbay, son of Kuldur! If you do not get on with them all, let us two camp together in one aul! Let us be as in former days! Let us enjoy ourselves as when Manas was alive! Acting in This World by joint consent, living in harmony with the Next, close friends with but a single soul, adoptive brothers owning cattle in common — won’t you agree to that Jakip-bay?’

Manas's father Jakip-bay answered the son of Bay: 'Playmates of Manas like three-year-olds, his equals like lambs suckled by two ewes', when you sought a ford you went over together, when you crossed a pass you crossed together — yet the telling of it rested with Manas! When you lifted horses you lifted them together — but the fame rested with Manas! When you cut down a people you cut them down together — but the glory rested with Manas! Forty Companions of Manas, you went together as one man! [But now] as Forty Sovereign Lords, you summer at the heads of forty rivers, tether your mares in single file... Clasp decorated china bowls, great cups of porcelain, you present arak — thin-lipped yellow cups! — with a bow you present arak! You make food flow like water, you regale the lean and hungry! Thinking "Manas the Lion is dead!", where shall I find shelter when Jakip-khan is old? I myself have lived in this land. If the cattle I tether dwindle, I shall surely go without support... [Only] if Manas's cattle dwindle, if provisions are exhausted and clothes worn out, shall I go out in search of any! For I shall never be separated from Manas's ancestral home, never go back on this solemn word!

Now Bakay spoke: 'At the heads of forty rivers, the Forty Companions will go on lording it forty times over! Do not behave as hitherto! Now that Warrior Manas has died, guard your persons well! Set up close-sown watchposts! Guard your thoroughbreds! Thinking "Warrior Manas is dead!", do not let the swarming, unruly enemy attack your herds! Do not yourself go unmounted! This is what I have to say to you"

And now Jakip spoke: 'Almambet, did you hear? Go to your home and settle there! Though my Manas has died, I still have my head! My gold-threaded sash still has its lustre,

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I still have my fame of "Jakip-khan"! Young fellows, dear lads, without distinction, all mount your pacers! Young fellows, my dear ones, without distinction, all ride as Princes! Now that my Padishah Manas has died, do not be unruly! Two thongs make a Bridle" — give it to ancient Bakay! Let Ajibay have counsel of many words! Let Almambet have decision to mount and go to war! Have you heard my words?"

"You have spoken well, Jakip-khan, so let us do as you say, let us act as you have said!"

Then, Jakip, you said: 'I intend to live with my fame! If anyone offers gold, do not take it! Do not provoke Bakay, a person viewed as my equal!"

The most eminent of the Forty Companions, Almambet, who was much given to speaking, said to Jakip-khan 'I shall do as you say! I shall honour Bakay and not provoke him!"

Then said Jakip-khan: 'Bravo for your manhood, my Companions! I am well pleased with you, my Companions! I am content with what you have said, my Companions! If you honour your Ancient called "Bakay", God will honour you, one and all! Let each settle in his place! And now live in contentment!"

That Bakay, son of Bay, who was Jakip's peer, now addressed Jakip: 'You did not accept what I said, did not take my advice, you did not enter into what I said, Jakip! You will tether a Memorial Gift-horse, you will voice some words of regret. I shall have to be there. What shall I do here? Though short of stature | measure up to them, I consult with the Forty Companions! When I ride a thoroughbred, I test it to the limit — I shall honour Manas the Lion's Ancestor- spirits! When I ride a charger, I test him to the full!"

Jakip-khan was not at all ashamed [to say]: 'His Ak-kula will suit!', he said, 'He will take Manas over the Ford!' Jakip-khan, huge as the Ala-too, said: 'Your eyes shall see the Forty Companions! Jakip was not at all ashamed!

Month after month went by: grief for Manas dire and great racked Jakip-khan. Day after day went by: sorrow for Manas 'Born a Flower-garden" dire and great racked the khan's father Jakip-khan. When the gold-coffer gave out and the wealth Manas had acquired for them dwindled and ran out, Manas's father Jakip-khan said: 'I shall praise all manner of things! How shall I make a living?

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Where shall I find the means? Where, now that old age is on me, shall I find a horse? Advancing head-down like a bustard, I shall reap Sart harvests, scrape a peasant existence, raise crops on the land!"

The, advancing head-down like a bustard, Jakip-khan reaped Sart harvests, and the little Mother, the Lady Bagdı-döölöt, pattering like a stone-partridge, gleaned ears of Sart wheat, while the silken locks of Manas's sister Kardıgağ, who had seen the sun only through the cupola, drunk water only through a tube, grew woolly, and she became a slave-woman gathering grass, taking firewood and drawing water.

‘Little Mother, Lady Bagdı-döölöt, now that old age is on you, how shall I provide for you? My Tiger-born Manas has not returned to this place. My Manas's wives — Kayıp-khan's daughter Kara-börük, who was taken through a bloody battle, Sooruk's daughter Akilay, whom you've taken through bloody battles from three fortresses, Temir-khan's daughter Kanikey, for whom you herded your cattle along and boldly risked your golden life, drove your cattle up and boldly risked your glad life! - have gone to the herds!’

Drinking but a pot of tea, half a roll of coarse bread, Jakip had grown old, the Lady Bagdı-döölöt, too, had aged, and Kanikey was providing for all three.

The steed Manas used to ride, Ak-kula, at the foot of the Day Tomb, at the foot of the Night Tomb, swallowed no water with a “Gulp”, champed no grass with a ‘Crunch?’ Black flies were sucking his ribs dry, mourning(?) he guarded the foot of the Tomb. He had stationed himself at Manas's grave — Ak-kula had become a gaunt shadow of himself! At the foot of the Day Tomb, at the foot of the Night Tomb, looking up to Heaven he neighed! Ak-kula had become lean and gaunt!

Held by a leash, slung with a silver bell, Manas's Ak-Sumkar took geese and set them cackling, took swans and set them whooping — she piled them in three hillocks, did not rend and eat the game! At the top of the Day Tomb, looking up to Heaven she screamed!

With pricked up ears and forty nipples, there was Manas's Ak-taygan — from the sands she seized the kulan, from the slopes the mountain ram, twisting double seized the maral — she piled them in three hillocks, did not rend and eat the game! Looking up to Heaven she mourned(?)! With shrunken shanks she had run dry!

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By the voices of these Three the spirits of all were downcast.

‘What sorrowful hound is that, what sorrowful falcon, what sorrowful steed?’ My Lord Most High sent his Angels with this commission: ‘If that is the steed of a good man, the falcon, the hound of a good man, bring their master back to life! If that is the steed of a bad man, the falcon, hound of a bad man, kill the Three one like the other! Let the black stone set over his body become the sublime maiden Altinay as a lovely spouse for the hero! Above the dome of the White Tomb let there be a six-winged White Pavilion! Swiftly go!’, He said.

The Angels arrived there swiftly and gave voice! ‘What dog's bird are you? — Taking the geese and setting them cackling, taking the swans and setting them whooping, you made them like three hillocks, ate no food at all. Your wings grew pale and wilted — what dog's bird are you? And what dog's steed are you? — Drinking no water with a “Gulp!”, champing no grass with a “Crunch!”, your ribs sucked dry by black flies, what dog's steed are you? And what dog's hound are you? — Seizing the kulan from the sands, seizing the mountain ram from the slopes, twisting double to seize the maral, you made them like three hillocks, eat no food at all— what dog's hound are you?’

Then the Gerfalcon answered: ‘Do not call my Master “Dog”, for I am Manas's hunting-bird! When this Manas lived, there was his sister Kardıgağ, who saw the sun only through the cupola, drank water only through a tube, never took the air with her cloak unbuttoned, never knew the cool, caressing breezes, never went out of doors at night, or joined in nocturnal feasting — Kardıgağ's silken locks are now grown woolly, she has become a slave-woman gathering grass! ] saw her, then I burned with grief! It was for her sake I was moaning!’

Ak-kula standing there said: ‘Black flies have sucked my ribs dry. Lament- ing(?), I stood guard at the foot of the Tomb! The Lady Bagdı-döölöt, pattering like a stone-partridge, gleaned many ears of Sart wheat! I saw her, then I burned with grief! It was for her sake I lamented! Do not call my Master “Dog”, for] am Manas's Steed!’

Ak-taygan standing there said: ‘I have seized the mountain ram from the slopes, the kulan from the sands,

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twisting double seized the maral, made them into three hillocks, did not chew and eat them! Looking up to Heaven I mourned(?)! His Mother, Mistress Bagdı-döölöt, pattering like a stone-partridge gleaned many ears of Sart wheat — I saw her, then burned with grief! It was for her sake I lamented! Do not call my Master “Dog”, for I am Manas’s Hound!

The Heavenly Angels came to the Tomb above Manas’s head and trod on it, whereupon it became a pavilion like a white palace! The black stone above his body became the sublime maiden lovely Altınay! Manas came to life, stood up, mounted Ak-kula and donned Ak-kiibo, he tied his sword across and took his Ak-Sumkar on his fist! And now he sets on his Hound, casts his Falcon, sets out down the mountain ridge, thrusts his hand to a white breast... Then, with the dawn, he is in the saddle again, setting on his Hound, casting his Falcon... Manas has no idea that he has left the people of This World and died!

After Manas had stirred to life there, she saw him wearing black sable — Temir-khan’s daughter Kanikey saw a dream as she lay sleeping! With shrill cries the poor wretch was on her feet and speaking, she stood fighting for breath and said: ‘My Father and Mother, since it is not two things, is it one [i.e. certain]? As I lay in the night, I saw a dream! This dream is a quaking (? — gulping?) dream, a dream that made my heart heave — It was a moonless night and the moon was born from the hill-tops: it was a sunless day and the sun was born from the hill-tops! — from that, pure desire sought shelter! A fine Poplar, a flourishing Poplar, rose from the Hearth! One of its Branches curved round the Eye of the Moon, another Branch curved round the Eye of the Sun! And when the Sun’s heat began to scorch, she sought the Shade — tranquilly smiling, Kanikey sought the Shade! A third Branch curved round the Eye of Heaven, and Jakip-khan, huge as the Ala-too, sought its Shade! A fourth Branch curved round the Eye of the Earth, and when the Earth grew cold, Mistress Bagdı-döölöt went to warm herself beneath it! Has not my Padishah come to life, come to life again?’

Then Jakip-khan speaks: ‘Send the news to the Forty Companions, my Child!’

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“Your Manas, huge as the Ala-too, is coming alive again! Your Manas, like the running waters is coming a-tossing! Your Manas, like the Poplar is coming a-quivering! Your Manas, like the Sea, is lapping his waves!” May your dream be no dream, may it come true, my Child!’

Then Kanikey spoke: ‘Ak-kula has vanished, Ak-Sumkar and Ak-taygan too! What does this mean? Saddle Ak-boréuk and mount! Have a look along that herd! Ak-kula has vanished, Ak-Sumkar has gone from her stand, Ak-taygan from her...! What does this mean? Come and see Manas’s domed Tomb!’

Jakip-khan huge as the Ala-too mounted Ak-boréuk, and when he goes to that herd, Manas’s Ak-kula is no longer there, nor his Ak-Sumkar, nor his Ak-taygan!

Jakip-khan huge as the Ala-too returned to his yurt and [addressed] Mistress Bagdı-doolot: ‘If Manas-bay was not dead, my Manas is now no more! I will say he has died! The Forty Companions have left us! Ak-kula, whom Manas loved as his own self, is not with the herd! Ak-Sumkar, darling of the dead Manas — whom he cherished as though she were his child — is not on her stand! Ak-taygan®, whom he loved as though she were his younger brother, is not in her house! After the lord Manas died they brought solace to my heart! Ak-kula, I am parted from you — what Remedy is there for me? I am parted from Ak-Sumkar, whom he cherished as though she were his child - what Remedy avails me? Ak-taygan, whom he loved as his younger brother, I am parted from you — what Remedy avails me? My Running Stream, showing white athwart the bluff, my Twin Lamps that I hold in my hands! (My people have not decamped from his people!)’? When I light them in the night, my Pupils always watching, my Lamps that I hold, are not extinguished! That Manas is no more! Now that Manas has passed beyond, the Forty Companions have departed from me — what Remedy is there? In nights unlit by the moon, in days when I have grown old, I am of an age that has lost its strength! My life has reached the age of eighty! At a time when one should be serene, I have lost my Wings,

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I have been parted from Khan Manas, the Forty Companions have departed from me! Ak-kula, loved as Manas himself, what shall I do regarding you? Now that Manas has passed beyond, my unbending, oaken Staff, you have bent at the strongest part! On the aged Jakip-khan you have piled a hundred panniers, bottoms up! Alas, Ak-taygan, what shall I do regarding you? My unyielding birchen Staff, you have bent at the very middle! On my Lady, now grown very old, you have tipped as good as a hundred panniers! From a dapple-bay mare no {pure} bay foal for riding can be born! - From a Jakip who has reached ninety, no warrior such as Mans can now be born!

“Aged Jakip-khan, mount Ak-bortuk, do! Go to the Forty Companions! Tell how matters stand with Ak-Sumkar, how they stand with Ak-kula, how they stand with Ak-taygan! Has God befriended Manas? Is Manas in the thoughts of the Forty Companions? Is Manasin their hearts”

Jakip-bay went out and mounted. He went to him that roars like the Tiger, to Almambet, to stallion-jawed, soft-spoken Ajibay: “Ak-kula is not with the herd — where shall we seek him? Ak-Sumkar is not on the stand, nor Ak-taygan in the collar — where shall we find them? What Remedy is there now, what Way-out can there be? Having lost my Wings, being parted from Khan Manas, now that I have grown old whenever I have looked at Ak-kula, cherished like Manas himself, my eyes were contented. — Bring all Three to light, wherever they are! I have known days of dazzling sunshine, have feasted by bright moonlight! I have gone my ways, stepping out proudly! — It is with your help that I have donned my cloak! If the Three have left This World, I shall strike my dagger into my heart and follow behind Manas, shall topple from the Tomb to my death and join Manas”

Ajibay and Almambet will not scour(?) the world, one like the other they pay no heed. Jakip-khan turned back, lamenting, and came to Mistress Bagdi-döölöt: “O Mistress, what shall we do? I did the round of the Forty Companions: they do not respect his precepts, and will not give a Feast for his Spirit! They have forgotten him entirely!”

Then the Mistress replied: ‘Jakip-khan huge as the Ala-too, did you go to Serek and Sirgak, to Kara-toko, his soul-friend, or Bakay?’

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- Did you go and tell the news?’

‘I did not tell them the news.’

‘Go to those three and tell them! Fetch the wretched, shallow-counselling Serek and Sirgak — all three, including Bakay! Salute them! — Let us show our devotion, let us go to Manas’s Grave!’

Jakip-khan galloped back. He got Serek and Sirgak to mount. Among Manas’s sixty-six venal friends there is his soul-friend for the Afterlife Kara-toko, and him he asked to mount. He went to Bakay — Bakay the Sart, Bay’s son, who boasts when drinking mead and rides when drunk! — and made him mount. They made a Four together and reined in at Mistress Bagdi-döölöv’s yurt. Then Bakay the Sart, son of Bay, led the way to Manas’s Tomb.

‘Bakay, you who boast when drinking mead and ride when drunk, you have mounted your horse and come! Serek and that Sirgak, you two have mounted and come! The horse named “Kok-bortuk” is trotting along — when will Manas’s soul-friend Kara-toko come?’

The tears in the eyes of Bakay son of Bay form a lake as he stands there, breaking down and sobbing. He is bitter over Manas’s dying. Among his sixty-six venal friends there is his soul-friend for the Afterlife Kara-toko —he has failed to appear even now, his mount has made no pace! If Manas huge as the Ala-too offered gold, did Kara-toko accept it from him? Have his soul-friend Kara-toko’s feelings for Manas cooled now? Elim, Seyit, you two lads, Serek and Sirgak, when Kara-toko comes I shall give some advice befitting my age. The most junior of the Forty Companions, Taz-baymat, who when Manas is thirsty alights and brews tea! — Let us dole out gold like copper! Let us leave this place and go and see Manas’s Tomb! Drop down exhausted(?) where the stream broadens out — where Manas used to gallop his horse in sport with the Forty Companions! — lie down there in the shade! On the maidan stands a Poplar! - Let us go there! Let us dismount at the foot of the tree, pitch the White Pavilion with its sixty cords straight up to the sky, set the Prince on his throne and raise up Jakip huge as the Ala-too

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as Khan, aged though he be! Let us slaughter a pale-grey mare and sacrifice her to Manas's (Ancestor-)spirit(s)! Let us recite the Qur'an with its "Kulkuldabat", and the Last Prayer of the day! Let us recite the verses from the Throne-chapter, the Iman, too, and prayers galore! Is all well with Ak-kula, with Ak-taygan and Ak-Sumkar?'

They did as Bakay had said, they now moved over and took their station.

Thinking 'He ordered Serek to mount', Serek made his way to the head of Manas's Tomb beside the dome. But Manas's dome had vanished! — Instead of the domed Tomb there stood a Pavilion more splendid than any mausoleum! They (the Angels?) had made a horse resembling Ak-kula and a golden crib - they had strewn raisins over his barley! — and there stands Ak-kula at the crib! Ak-sumkar is perched on her stand! Ak-taygan stands in her collar! Serek steps up and with a jerk reveals the seat of honour! — Manas-khan is lying there, he has thrust down the bedding to his waist, and, such as no glory accorded to the moon or beauty to the sun, after Manas has draped her in balkhi and brocade and she has pinned coral over pearls and lapped herself in velvet, there sits a lovely girl supporting Manas's head! The Four looked at him one and all, and their hearts were near to bursting!

"Ah, God, oh my Hoja! "If the keen sword had a sheath. . .", if it is true that Ak-kula and Ak-Sumkar and Manas have returned to life, I shall take a Nine of sheep, a Nine of cows, a Nine of camels and a Nine of horses! For the Forty Companions, from first to last, I shall put up a Nine and say "Grant my prayer!" Galloping our horses and making a feast, with Bakay son of Bay as leader all around, let him fulfil each desire! Let ancient Bakay-khan sit as your Companion-of-Honour at Manas's side! God has "spread his crescent-moon brows", He has granted ancient Bakay's wish! When he rode out, his path was made even! Manas, who had died, has come to life again and been reunited with Bakay! Let Bakay spread his hands for Manas to receive the Blessing! If he command it, let him taste food! Er Manas is risen up and come to life again! May he live to be a thousand!

And now Serek cries: 'Your Father has come, Manas, stand up! The Lady Bagdi-döölöt your Mother has come, Manas, stand up! The Forty Companions have come, Manas, stand up!

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He who boasts when drinking mead and rides when he is drunk, who, riding a thoroughbred tires him out, who has grown old in company with Jakip-khan, Manas, Bakay son of Bay has come, so, Manas, stand up! Almambet has come, Manas, stand up! Elim and Seyit, the two lads, have come, Manas, now stand up! Kaman and Joypur, the two lads have come, Manas, stand up! Star-warriors of the Sky, Manas, Otter-warriors of the Water, Manas, they too have come, stand up, Manas! Kiildiir's son your Calbay, Manas, accompanied by your Bal-day, Manas, they too have come, stand up, Manas! Make the blood of the Chinese people flow, Manas! Muster your Forty Companions, Manas!

Manas now spoke: 'I think little of the enemy! I do not know what I was! When one says "My Father", what does it mean? Or "My Mother" or "The Forty Companions", what does it mean? I am not dead. I am not alive. I have become something else!'

And now Serek spoke: 'You did not recognize your Father, Manas, did not recognize your Mother or the Forty Companions, Manas! Do you remember Bakay, Manas? Do you remember your soul-friend for the After-life, Kara-toko, among your sixty-six venal friends?'

"'Kara-toko, the soul-friend!", replied Manas. 'I helved the Red Standard- with-white-streamers on the gleaming spear, I led the Forty Companions, riding my thoroughbred I gained a name! I went to the White Padishah himself and received his Blessing! Did I not die and am alive again? Fetch my Father, Jakip-khan! Fetch my Mother, the Lady Bagdi-doolot! Fetch the Forty Companions, one and all! Blow the trumpets and war-fifes! Announce Manas's return to life now to the people! Rush the news to Mistress Bagdi-döölöt and claim your Reward! Bring my Mother with all speed"

They did according to his words. They blew trumpets and war-fifes. 'Manas has come alive again!', they said, announcing it to the teeming people. They went to his Mother: 'The good Manas, your darling, has mounted Ak-kula, has put on Ak-kübö, has cast off his Ak-sumkar — Manas has come alive again"

The Mistress Bagdi-döölöt: “Let us mount and go” She put her white kerchief round her head, mounted and set out for her goal.

Serek told Manas the news.

They did not tell the Lady Bagdi-döölöt

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to enter the six-winged White Pavilion, nor his widowed Kanikey to go to Manas’s side: they opened the door for Manas, and he rose from the seat of honour as she came with outstretched hands to welcome him!

On the evening of the day before, the Lady Bagdi-döölöt had been in his thoughts.

‘After you had died, my Darling, your Mother Mistress Bagdi-döölöt lost her sight to the point of total blindness! My handsome Darling, have you not undergone a change? Over the Margin — my Darling, have you crossed over the Margin? I shall tie up what remains unscattered of my hair! I shall wash my whole body, shall cleanse myself utterly!’

She tied up what remained unscattered of her hair, washed her whole noble person and made it clean. She then made for Manas, she went in and stood over mighty Manas. Then the Mistress Bagdi-döölöt became a mother again, a strong tremor went over her hard, dry breasts, and Manas sucked the milk! He seated the Mistress Bagdi-doolot on the throne. They” had extinguished the fire that had been kindled, (but now) Jakip elevated Manas as Khan, he went and settled him in the aul. He ordered them to take a Nine of camels and a Nine of horned cattle, while the Forty Companions took forty Nines and had them all slaughtered, telling the lean and hungry to eat their fill. Them that had grown old, Jakip and Bakay, Manas elevated as Princes and set them on princely thrones!

After Manas had passed away, the khan’s daughter Kanikey, she whose White Bone” had turned to ash, who, of free estate, had become a slave, had fended for them all three, her Father-in-law Jakip-khan, her Mother-in-law the Mistress Bagdi-döölöt and Manas’s sister Kardigac, begging fat from some, tea from others, and loaves of bread from yet others, and now Manas had learned that she had kept them alive, and his heart was well content with her. He set Lady Bagdi-doolot close beside him. He had his herds summer on flieless mountains, had young foals tethered in swarms, made mountains of meat, made lakes of soup, bade his lean and hungry ones eat their fill. From Jakip-khan he took fame, from Bakay he received the Blessing.

Jakip-khan settled on one river, Bakay on another, Manas on another,

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and so with Ajibay, Kara-toko, Almambet, Serek and Sirgak. He surveyed all Mankind, he ruled over all except the Ak-padishah’s peoples - Manas’s Ak-kula ate his fill! Manas did not clash with the White Padishah’s people at all! He slept in bliss without contention, he slept tranquilly! When people could not agree, the White Padishah advised him. And when he gave advice, what did they say?

“Lookto Manas”, he sald.

“My Padishah, you decide”, said the other.

‘If I am to decide’, replied the Padishah, ‘do not get set in your anger, do not come to blows with the many peoples!’

Manas had swallowed the food handed down to him, he held sway over all the peoples. After receiving the Padishah’s Blessing, Manas prospered, his enemies wandered away, he attained bliss and the goal of his desires!