

BALTIMORE CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

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Senior Project *English*

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Siddhartha

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Project Overview

Siddhartha, by Herman Hesse, is a classic text that opens possibilities for deep thinking about the meaning of life, identity, love, suffering, and overcoming suffering. Throughout this project, you will read *Siddhartha* and other texts to build your knowledge around those topics and demonstrate your understanding through written argument.

This project culminates the high school English experience and is structured similarly to your previous core English courses. Throughout the project, you will apply the skills learned, including determining theme and analyzing development of multiple texts, analyzing the impact of author's choices, making inferences, and developing comprehensive written arguments. The project is broken-down into three arcs, one for each formative task and one for the Culminating Task. Each arc will take two weeks, with checkpoints at the end of each week. Each writing task is an essential component of this project that will be submitted.

Essential Questions

- What are the different goals on the path to spiritual enlightenment, and how do these goals affect one's choices?
- What do the ancient religions tell us about the nature of wisdom? Can wisdom be taught?
- What is the significance of self-realization?

Materials

The core text, *Siddhartha*, by Herman Hesse is located via: www.bit.ly/SiddharthaText, or clicking [here](#). Critical excerpts are included in this packet, though you should read the entire text. Secondary texts are also included in this packet and are necessary for building and demonstrating your knowledge.

This project includes other materials necessary for success within each formative task arc. These include reading questions, written reflections, secondary texts, and graphic organizers.

Standards

Formative Task 1 Arc	Formative Task 2 Arc	Culminating Task Arc of Learning
<ul style="list-style-type: none">• RL.11-12.2 Determine two or more themes of a text and analyze their development over the course of the text.• W.11-12.1 Write arguments to support claims in analysis of substantive topics.	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• RL 11-12.2 Determine two or more themes of a text and analyze their development over the course of the text.• RL 11-12.3 Analyze the impact of the author's choices regarding how to develop and relate elements of a story.• W.11-12.2 Write explanatory texts to convey complex ideas.	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• RL 11-12.2 Determine two or more themes of a text and analyze their development over the course of the text.• RL 11-12.3 Analyze the impact of the author's choices regarding how to develop and relate elements of a story.• W.11-12.1 Write arguments to support claims in analysis of substantive topics.

Formative Task Arc #1

(Days 1-10)

Directions: This is an introduction to Quarter 4, *Siddhartha* and should take about 3 days of the first 10 days. Read Chapters 1-2, from *Siddhartha*, to gain a general understanding of the text and think through the first read questions listed below. Then, read the excerpt for a second time and think through the second read questions listed below. Then, read the excerpt of a third time and think through the final read questions listed below. Please complete the written reflection question that is located at the very end of Chapter 2.

First Read Questions:

1. Who is Siddhartha?
2. Who is Govinda?
3. Describe the daily actions they take as part of their religious duties.
4. How does everyone feel about Siddhartha? Why?
5. How does Siddhartha feel about himself? Why?
6. What are Siddhartha's questions about? What is he trying to discover?
7. What does Siddhartha want for his future?
8. Who could stand in the way of this desire? Why?
9. What does this say about the expectations of a son in this society?
10. What is Siddhartha's father's final decision for Siddhartha? Why do you think he made this decision?

Second Read Questions:

1. How does the description of the fig tree garden highlight Siddhartha's mood?
2. What does it mean that "Siddhartha had started to nurse discontent in himself"?
3. Which words indicate Siddhartha's unhappiness?
4. Why is this section introducing Siddhartha filled mostly with questions?
5. How do these questions demonstrate the tension between what is expected of Siddhartha and his desire to be in touch with his most inner self?

Final Read Questions:

- What is Siddhartha's goal in life? How does this align with what is expected of him in this society? How does this create tension with what is expected of him in this society?

Hint: Use a highlighter and or annotate the text with your thinking next to the lines where you find answers to these questions. This will support your written response to the written reflection question at the end of these chapters.

THE SON OF THE BRAHMAN, Chapter 1

In the shade of the house, in the sunshine of the riverbank near the boats, in the shade of the Sal-wood forest, in the shade of the fig tree is where Siddhartha grew up, the handsome son of the Brahman, the young falcon, together with his friend Govinda, son of a Brahman. The sun tanned his light shoulders by the banks of the river when bathing, performing the sacred ablutions, the sacred offerings. In the mango grove, shade poured into his black eyes, when playing as a boy, when his mother sang, when the sacred offerings were made, when his father, the scholar, taught him, when the wise men talked. For a long time, Siddhartha had been partaking in the discussions of the wise men, practicing debate with Govinda, practicing with Govinda the art of reflection, the service of meditation. He already knew how to speak the Om silently, the word of words, to speak it silently into himself while inhaling, to speak it silently out of himself while exhaling, with all the concentration of his soul, the forehead surrounded by the glow of the clear-thinking spirit. He already knew to feel Atman in the depths of his being, indestructible, one with the universe.

Joy leapt in his father's heart for his son who was quick to learn, thirsty for knowledge; he saw him growing up to become great wise man and priest, a prince among the Brahmans.

Bliss leapt in his mother's breast when she saw him, when she saw him walking, when she saw him sit down and get up, Siddhartha, strong, handsome, he who was walking on slender legs, greeting her with perfect respect.

Love touched the hearts of the Brahmans' young daughters when Siddhartha walked through the lanes of the town with the luminous forehead, with the eye of a king, with his slim hips.

But more than all the others he was loved by Govinda, his friend, the son of a Brahman. He loved Siddhartha's eye and sweet voice, he loved his walk and the perfect decency of his movements, he loved everything Siddhartha did and said and what he loved most was his spirit, his transcendent, fiery thoughts, his ardent will, his high calling. Govinda knew: he would not become a common Brahman, not a lazy official in charge of offerings; not a greedy merchant with magic spells; not a vain, vacuous speaker; not a mean, deceitful priest; and, not a decent, stupid sheep in the herd of the many. No, and he, Govinda, as well did not want to become one of those, not one of those tens of thousands of Brahmans. He wanted to follow Siddhartha, the beloved, the splendid. And in days to come, when Siddhartha would become a god, when he would join the glorious, then Govinda wanted to follow him as his friend, his companion, his servant, his spear-carrier, his shadow.

Siddhartha was thus loved by everyone. He was a source of joy for everybody, he was a delight for them all.

But he, Siddhartha, was not a source of joy for himself, he found no delight in himself. Walking the rosy paths of the fig tree garden, sitting in the bluish shade of the grove of contemplation, washing his limbs daily in the bath of repentance, sacrificing in the dim shade of the mango forest, his gestures of perfect decency, everyone's love and joy, he still lacked all joy in his heart. Dreams and restless thoughts came into his mind, flowing from the water of the river, sparkling from the stars of the night, melting from the beams of the sun, dreams came to him and a restlessness of the soul, fuming from the sacrifices, breathing forth from the verses of the Rig-Veda, being infused into him, drop by drop, from the teachings of the old Brahmans.

Siddhartha had started to nurse discontent in himself, he had started to feel that the love of his father and the love of his mother, and the love of his friend, Govinda, would not bring him joy for ever and ever, would not nurse him, feed him, satisfy him. He had started to suspect that his venerable father and his other teachers, that the wise Brahmans had already revealed to him the most and best of their wisdom, that they had already filled his expecting vessel with their richness, and the vessel was not full, the spirit was not content, the soul was not calm, the heart was not satisfied. The ablutions were good, but they were water, they did not wash off the sin, they did

not heal the spirit's thirst, they did not relieve the fear in his heart. The sacrifices and the invocation of the gods were excellent—but was that all? Did the sacrifices give a happy fortune? And what about the gods? Was it really Prajapati who had created the world? Was it not the Atman, He, the only one, the singular one? Were the gods not creations, created like me and you, subject to time, mortal? Was it therefore good, was it right, was it meaningful and the highest occupation to make offerings to the gods? For whom else were offerings to be made, who else was to be worshipped but Him, the only one, the Atman? And where was Atman to be found, where did He reside, where did his eternal heartbeat, where else but in one's own self, in its innermost part, in its indestructible part, which everyone had in himself? But where, where was this self, this innermost part, this ultimate part? It was not flesh and bone, it was neither thought nor consciousness, thus the wisest ones taught. So, where, where was it? To reach this place, the self, myself, the Atman, there was another way, which was worthwhile looking for? Alas, and nobody showed this way, nobody knew it, not the father, and not the teachers and wise men, not the holy sacrificial songs! They knew everything, the Brahmans and their holy books, they knew everything, they had taken care of everything and of more than everything, the creation of the world, the origin of speech, of food, of inhaling, of exhaling, the arrangement of the senses, the acts of the gods, they knew infinitely much—but was it valuable to know all of this, not knowing that one and only thing, the most important thing, the solely important thing?

Surely, many verses of the holy books, particularly in the Upanishads of Samaveda, spoke of this innermost and ultimate thing, wonderful verses. "Your soul is the whole world", was written there, and it was written that man in his sleep, in his deep sleep, would meet with his innermost part and would reside in the Atman. Marvelous wisdom was in these verses, all knowledge of the wisest ones had been collected here in magic words, pure as honey collected by bees. No, not to be looked down upon was the tremendous amount of enlightenment which lay here collected and preserved by innumerable generations of wise Brahmans. — But where were the Brahmans, where the priests, where the wise men or penitents, who had succeeded in not just knowing this deepest of all knowledge but also to live it? Where was the knowledgeable one who wove his spell to bring his familiarity with the Atman out of the sleep into the state of being awake, into the life, into every step of the way, into word and deed? Siddhartha knew many venerable Brahmans, chiefly his father, the pure one, the scholar, the most venerable one. His father was to be admired, quiet and noble were his manners, pure his life, wise his words, delicate and noble thoughts lived behind its brow —but even he, who knew so much, did he live in blissfulness, did he have peace, was he not also just a searching man, a thirsty man? Did he not, again and again, must drink from holy sources, as a thirsty man, from the offerings, from the books, from the disputes of the Brahmans? Why did he, the irreproachable one, have to wash off sins every day, strive for a cleansing every day, over and over every day? Was not Atman in him, did not the pristine source spring from his heart? It had to be found, the pristine source in one's own self, it had to be possessed! Everything else was searching, was a detour, was getting lost.

Thus, were Siddhartha's thoughts, this was his thirst, this was his suffering.

Often, he spoke to himself: "Truly, the name of the Brahman is satyam—verily, he who knows such a thing, will enter the heavenly world every day." Often, it seemed near, the heavenly world, but never he had reached it completely, never he had quenched the ultimate thirst. And among all the wise and wisest men, he knew and whose instructions he had received, among all of them there was no one, who had reached it completely, the heavenly world, who had quenched it completely, the eternal thirst.

"Govinda," Siddhartha spoke to his friend, "Govinda, my dear, come with me under the Banyan tree, let's practice meditation."

They went to the Banyan tree, they sat down, Siddhartha right here, Govinda twenty paces away. While putting himself down, ready to speak the Om, Siddhartha repeated murmuring the verse:

Om is the bow, the arrow is soul, The Brahman is the arrow's target, that one should incessantly hit.

After the usual time of the exercise in meditation had passed, Govinda rose. The evening had come, it was time to perform the evening's ablution. He called Siddhartha's name. Siddhartha did not answer. Siddhartha sat there lost in thought, his eyes were rigidly focused towards a very distant target, the tip of his tongue was protruding a little between the teeth, he seemed not to breathe. Thus, sat he, wrapped up in contemplation, thinking Om, his soul sent after the Brahman as an arrow.

Once, Samanas had travelled through Siddhartha's town, ascetics on a pilgrimage, three skinny, withered men, neither old nor young, with dusty and bloody shoulders, almost naked, scorched by the sun, surrounded by loneliness, strangers and enemies to the world, strangers and lank jackals in the realm of humans. Behind them blew a hot scent of quiet passion, of destructive service, of merciless self-denial.

In the evening, after the hour of contemplation, Siddhartha spoke to Govinda: "Early tomorrow morning, my friend, Siddhartha will go to the Samanas. He will become a Samana."

Govinda turned pale, when he heard these words and read the decision in the motionless face of his friend, unstoppable like the arrow shot from the bow. Soon and with the first glance, Govinda realized: Now it is beginning, now Siddhartha is taking his own way, now his fate is beginning to sprout, and with his, my own. And he turned pale like a dry banana-skin.

"O Siddhartha," he exclaimed, "will your father permit you to do that?"

Siddhartha looked over as if he was just waking up. Arrow-fast he read in Govinda's soul, read the fear, read the submission.

"O Govinda," he spoke quietly, "let's not waste words. Tomorrow, at daybreak I will begin the life of the Samanas. Speak no more of it."

Siddhartha entered the chamber, where his father was sitting on a mat of bast, and stepped behind his father and remained standing there, until his father felt that someone was standing behind him. "Is that you, Siddhartha? Then say what you came to say."

Siddhartha: "With your permission, my father. I came to tell you that it is my longing to leave your house tomorrow and go to the ascetics. My desire is to become a Samana. May my father not oppose this."

The Brahman fell silent and remained silent for so long that the stars in the small window wandered and changed their relative positions, 'ere the silence was broken. Silent and motionless stood the son with his arms folded, silent and motionless sat the father on the mat, and the stars traced their paths in the sky. Then spoke the father: "Not proper it is for a Brahman to speak harsh and angry words. But indignation is in my heart. I wish not to hear this request for a second time from your mouth."

Slowly, the Brahman rose; Siddhartha stood silently, his arms folded.

"What are you waiting for?" asked the father.

Siddhartha: "You know what."

Indignant, the father left the chamber; indignant, he went to his bed and lay down.

After an hour, since no sleep had come over his eyes, the Brahman stood up, paced to and from, and left the house. Through the small window of the chamber he looked back inside, and there he saw Siddhartha standing, his arms folded, not moving from his spot. Pale shimmered his bright robe. With anxiety in his heart, the father returned to his bed.

After another hour, since no sleep had come over his eyes, the Brahman stood up again, paced to and from, walked out of the house and saw that the moon had risen. Through the window of the chamber he looked back inside; there stood Siddhartha, not moving from his spot, his arms folded, moonlight reflecting from his bare shins. With worry in his heart, the father went back to bed.

And he came back after an hour, he came back after two hours, looked through the small window, saw Siddhartha standing, in the moon light, by the light of the stars, in the darkness. And he came back hour after hour, silently, he looked into the chamber, saw him standing in the same place, filled his heart with anger, filled his heart with unrest, filled his heart with anguish, filled it with sadness.

And in the night's last hour, before the day began, he returned, stepped into the room, saw the young man standing there, who seemed tall and like a stranger to him.

"Siddhartha," he spoke, "what are you waiting for?"

"You know what."

"Will you always stand that way and wait, until it'll become morning, noon, and evening?"

"I will stand and wait.

"You will become tired, Siddhartha."

"I will become tired."

"You will fall asleep, Siddhartha."

"I will not fall asleep."

"You will die, Siddhartha."

"I will die."

"And would you rather die, than obey your father?"

"Siddhartha has always obeyed his father."

"So, will you abandon your plan?"

"Siddhartha will do what his father will tell him to do."

The first light of day shone into the room. The Brahman saw that Siddhartha was trembling softly in his knees. In Siddhartha's face he saw no trembling, his eyes were fixed on a distant spot. Then his father realized that even now Siddhartha no longer dwelt with him in his home, that he had already left him.

The Father touched Siddhartha's shoulder.

"You will," he spoke, "go into the forest and be a Samana. When you'll have found blissfulness in the forest, then come back and teach me to be blissful. If you'll find disappointment, then return and let us once again make offerings to the gods together. Go now and kiss your mother, tell her where you are going to. But for me it is time to go to the river and to perform the first ablution."

He took his hand from the shoulder of his son and went outside. Siddhartha wavered to the side, as he tried to walk. He put his limbs back under control, bowed to his father, and went to his mother to do as his father had said.

As he slowly left on stiff legs in the first light of day the still quiet town, a shadow rose near the last hut, who had crouched there, and joined the pilgrim—Govinda.

"You have come," said Siddhartha and smiled.

"I have come," said Govinda.

WITH THE SAMANAS, Chapter 2

In the evening of this day they caught up with the ascetics, the skinny Samanas, and offered them their companionship and—obedience. They were accepted.

Siddhartha gave his garments to a poor Brahman in the street. He wore nothing more than the loincloth and the earth-colored, unsown cloak. He ate only once a day, and never something cooked. He fasted for fifteen days. He fasted for twenty-eight days. The flesh waned from his thighs and cheeks. Feverish dreams flickered from his enlarged eyes, long nails grew slowly on his parched fingers and a dry, shaggy beard grew on his chin. His glance turned to ice when he encountered women; his mouth twitched with contempt, when he walked through a city of nicely dressed people. He saw merchants trading, princes hunting, mourners wailing for their dead, whores offering themselves, physicians trying to help the sick, priests determining the most suitable day for seeding, lovers loving, mothers nursing their children—and all of this was not worthy of one look from his eye, it all lied, it all stank, it all stank of lies, it all pretended to be meaningful and joyful and beautiful, and it all was just concealed putrefaction. The world tasted bitter. Life was torture.

A goal stood before Siddhartha, a single goal: to become empty, empty of thirst, empty of wishing, empty of dreams, empty of joy and sorrow. Dead to himself, not to be a self any more, to find tranquility with an emptied heart, to be open to miracles in unselfish thoughts, that was his goal. Once all my self was overcome and had died, once every desire and every urge were silent in the heart, then the ultimate part of me had to awake, the innermost of my being, which is no longer myself, the great secret.

Silently, Siddhartha exposed himself to burning rays of the sun directly above, glowing with pain, glowing with thirst, and stood there, until he neither felt any pain nor thirst any more. Silently, he stood there in the rainy season, from his hair the water was dripping over freezing shoulders, over freezing hips and legs, and the penitent stood there, until he could not feel the cold in his shoulders and legs any more, until they were silent, until they were quiet. Silently, he cowered in the thorny bushes, blood dripped from the burning skin, from festering wounds dripped pus, and Siddhartha stayed rigidly, stayed motionless, until no blood flowed any more, until nothing stung any more, until nothing burned any more.

Siddhartha sat upright and learned to breathe sparingly, learned to get along with only few breathes, learned to stop breathing. He learned, beginning with the breath, to calm the beat of his heart, learned to reduce the beats of his heart, until they were only a few and almost none.

Instructed by the oldest of the Samanas, Siddhartha practiced self-denial, practiced meditation, according to a new Samana rules. A heron flew over the bamboo forest—and Siddhartha accepted the heron into his soul, flew over forest and mountains, was a heron, ate fish, felt the pangs of a heron's hunger, spoke the heron's croak, died a heron's death. A dead jackal was lying on the sandy bank, and Siddhartha's soul slipped inside the body, was the dead jackal, lay on the banks, got bloated, stank, decayed, was dismembered by hyaenas, was skinned by vultures, turned into a skeleton, turned to dust, was blown across the fields. And Siddhartha's soul returned, had died, had decayed, was scattered as dust, had tasted the gloomy intoxication of the cycle, awaited in new thirst like a hunter in the gap, where he could escape from the cycle, where the end of the causes, where an eternity without suffering began. He killed his senses, he killed his memory, he slipped out of his self into thousands of other forms, was an animal, was carrion, was stone, was wood, was water, and awoke every time to find his old self again, sun shone or moon, was his self again, turned round in the cycle, felt thirst, overcame the thirst, felt new thirst.

Siddhartha learned a lot when he was with the Samanas, many ways leading away from the self he learned to go. He went the way of self-denial by means of pain, through voluntarily suffering and overcoming pain, hunger, thirst, tiredness. He went the way of self-denial by means of meditation, through imagining the mind to be void of all conceptions. These and other ways he learned to go, a thousand times he left his self, for hours and days he remained in the non-self. But though the ways led away from the self, their end nevertheless always led back to the self. Though Siddhartha fled from the self a thousand times, stayed in nothingness, stayed in the animal, in the stone, the return was inevitable, inescapable was the hour, when he found himself back in the sunshine or in the moonlight, in the shade or in the rain, and was once again his self and Siddhartha, and again felt the agony of the cycle which had been forced upon him.

By his side lived Govinda, his shadow, walked the same paths, undertook the same efforts. They rarely spoke to one another, then the service and the exercises required. Occasionally the two of them went through the villages, to beg for food for themselves and their teachers.

"How do you think, Govinda," Siddhartha spoke one day while begging this way, "how do you think did we progress? Did we reach any goals?"

Govinda answered: "We have learned, and we'll continue learning. You'll be a great Samana, Siddhartha. Quickly, you've learned every exercise, often the old Samanas have admired you. One day, you'll be a holy man, oh Siddhartha."

"I can't help but feel that it is not like this, my friend. What I've learned, being among the Samanas, up to this day, this, oh Govinda, I could have learned more quickly and by simpler means. In every tavern of that part of a town where the whorehouses are, my friend, among carters and gamblers I could have learned it."

"Siddhartha is putting me on. How could you have learned meditation, holding your breath, insensitivity against hunger and pain there among these wretched people?"

And Siddhartha said quietly, as if he was talking to himself: "What is meditation? What is leaving one's body? What is fasting? What is holding one's breath? It is fleeing from the self, it is a short escape of the agony of being a self, it is a short numbing of the senses against the pain and the pointlessness of life. The same escape, the same short numbing is what the driver of an ox-cart finds in the inn, drinking a few bowls of rice-wine or

fermented coconut-milk. Then he won't feel his self any more, then he won't feel the pains of life any more, then he finds a short numbing of the senses. When he falls asleep over his bowl of rice-wine, he'll find the same what Siddhartha and Govinda find when they escape their bodies through long exercises, staying in the non-self. This is how it is, oh Govinda."

"You say so, oh friend, and yet you know that Siddhartha is no driver of an ox-cart and a Samana is no drunkard. It's true that a drinker numbs his senses, it's true that he briefly escapes and rests, but he'll return from the delusion, finds everything to be unchanged, has not become wiser, has gathered no enlightenment—has not risen several steps."

And Siddhartha spoke with a smile: "I do not know, I've never been a drunkard. But that I, Siddhartha, find only a short numbing of the senses in my exercises and meditations and that I am just as far removed from wisdom, from salvation, as a child in the mother's womb, this I know, oh Govinda, this I know."

And once again, another time, when Siddhartha left the forest together with Govinda, to beg for some food in the village for their brothers and teachers, Siddhartha began to speak and said: "What now, oh Govinda, might we be on the right path? Might we get closer to enlightenment? Might we get closer to salvation? Or do we perhaps live in a circle— we, who have thought we were escaping the cycle?"

"We have learned a lot, Siddhartha, there is still much to learn. We are not going around in circles, we are moving up, the circle is a spiral, we have already ascended many a level."

Siddhartha answered: "How old, would you think, is our oldest Samana, our venerable teacher?"

"Our oldest one might be about sixty years of age."

"He has lived for sixty years and has not reached the nirvana. He'll turn seventy and eighty, and you and me, we will grow just as old and will do our exercises, and will fast, and will meditate. But we will not reach the nirvana, he won't, and we won't. Oh Govinda, I believe out of all the Samanas out there, perhaps not a single one, not a single one, will reach the nirvana. We find comfort, we find numbness, we learn feats, to deceive others. But the most important thing, the path of paths, we will not find."

"If you only," spoke Govinda, "wouldn't speak such terrible words, Siddhartha! How could it be that among so many learned men, among so many Brahmans, among so many austere and venerable Samanas, among so many who are searching, so many who are eagerly trying, so many holy men, no one will find the path of paths?"

But Siddhartha said in a voice which contained just as much sadness as mockery, with a quiet, a slightly sad, a slightly mocking voice: "Soon, Govinda, your friend will leave the path of the Samanas, he has walked along your side for so long. I'm suffering of thirst, oh Govinda, and on this long path of a Samana, my thirst has remained as strong as ever. I always thirsted for knowledge, I have always been full of questions. I have asked the Brahmans, year after year, and I have asked the holy Vedas, year after year, and I have asked the devote Samanas, year after year. Perhaps, oh Govinda, it had been just as well, had been just as smart and just as profitable, if I had asked the hornbill-bird or the chimpanzee. It took me a long time and am not finished learning this yet, oh Govinda: that there is nothing to be learned! There is indeed no such thing, so I believe, as what we refer to as 'learning'. There is, oh my friend, just one knowledge, this is everywhere, this is Atman, this is within me and within you and within every creature. And so, I'm starting to believe that this knowledge has no worse enemy than the desire to know it, than learning."

At this, Govinda stopped on the path, rose his hands, and spoke: "If you, Siddhartha, only would not bother your friend with this kind of talk! Truly, your words stir up fear in my heart. And just consider: what would become of the sanctity of prayer, what of the venerability of the Brahmans' caste, what of the holiness of the Samanas, if it was as you say, if there was no learning?! What, oh Siddhartha, what would then become of all this what is holy, what is precious, what is venerable on earth?!"

And Govinda mumbled a verse to himself, a verse from an Upanishad:

He who ponderingly, of a purified spirit, loses himself in the meditation of Atman, inexpressible by words is his blissfulness of his heart.

But Siddhartha remained silent. He thought about the words which Govinda had said to him and thought the words through to their end.

Yes, he thought, standing there with his head low, what would remain of all that which seemed to us to be holy? What remains? What can stand the test? And he shook his head.

At one time, when the two young men had lived among the Samanas for about three years and had shared their exercises, some news, a rumor, a myth reached them after being retold many times: A man had appeared, Gotama by name, the exalted one, the Buddha, he had overcome the suffering of the world in himself and had halted the cycle of rebirths. He was said to wander through the land, teaching, surrounded by disciples, without possession, without home, without a wife, in the yellow cloak of an ascetic, but with a cheerful brow, a man of bliss, and Brahmans and princes would bow down before him and would become his students.

This myth, this rumor, this legend resounded, its fragrant rose up, here and there; in the towns, the Brahmans spoke of it and in the forest, the Samanas; again and again, the name of Gotama, the Buddha reached the ears of the young men, with good and with bad talk, with praise and with defamation.

It was as if the plague had broken out in a country and news had been spreading around that in one or another place there was a man, a wise man, a knowledgeable one, whose word and breath was enough to heal everyone who had been infected with the pestilence, and as such news would go through the land and everyone would talk about it, many would believe, many would doubt, but many would get on their way as soon as possible, to seek the wise man, the helper, just like this this myth ran through the land, that fragrant myth of Gotama, the Buddha, the wise man of the family of Sakya. He possessed, so the believers said, the highest enlightenment, he remembered his previous lives, he had reached the nirvana and never returned into the cycle, was never again submerged in the murky river of physical forms. Many wonderful and unbelievable things were reported of him, he had performed miracles, had overcome the devil, had spoken to the gods. But his enemies and disbelievers said, this Gotama was a vain seducer, he would spend his days in luxury, scorned the offerings, was without learning, and knew neither exercises nor self-castigation.

The myth of Buddha sounded sweet. The scent of magic flowed from these reports. After all, the world was sick, life was hard to bear—and behold, here a source seemed to spring forth, here a messenger seemed to call out, comforting, mild, full of noble promises. Everywhere where the rumor of Buddha was heard, everywhere in the lands of India, the young men listened up, felt a longing, felt hope, and among the Brahmans' sons of the towns and villages every pilgrim and stranger was welcome, when he brought news of him, the exalted one, the Sakyamuni.

The myth had also reached the Samanas in the forest, and Siddhartha, and Govinda, slowly, drop by drop, every drop laden with hope, every drop laden with doubt. They rarely talked about it, because the oldest one of the

Samanas did not like this myth. He had heard that this alleged Buddha used to be an ascetic before and had lived in the forest but had then turned back to luxury and worldly pleasures, and he had no high opinion of this Gotama.

"Oh Siddhartha," Govinda spoke one day to his friend. "Today, I was in the village, and a Brahman invited me into his house, and in his house, there was the son of a Brahman from Magadha, who has seen the Buddha with his own eyes and has heard him teach. Verily, this made my chest ache when I breathed, and thought to myself: If only I would too, if only we both would too, Siddhartha and me, live to see the hour when we will hear the teachings from the mouth of this perfected man! Speak, friend, wouldn't we want to go there too and listen to the teachings from the Buddha's mouth?"

"Always, oh Govinda, I had thought, Govinda would stay with the Samanas, always I had believed his goal was to live to be sixty and seventy years of age and to keep on practicing those feats and exercises, which are becoming a Samana. But behold, I had not known Govinda well enough, I knew little of his heart. So now you, my faithful friend, want to take a new path and go there, where the Buddha spreads his teachings."

"You're mocking me. Mock me if you like, Siddhartha! But have you not also developed a desire, an eagerness, to hear these teachings? And have you not at one time said to me, you would not walk the path of the Samanas for much longer?"

At this, Siddhartha laughed in his very own manner, in which his voice assumed a touch of sadness and a touch of mockery, and said: "Well, Govinda, you've spoken well, you've remembered correctly. If you only remembered the other thing as well, you've heard from me, which is that I have grown distrustful and tired against teachings and learning, and that my faith in words, which are brought to us by teachers, is small. But let's do it, my dear, I am willing to listen to these teachings—though in my heart I believe that we've already tasted the best fruit of these teachings."

"Your willingness delights my heart. But tell me, how should this be possible? How should the Gotama's teachings, even before we have heard them, have already revealed their best fruit to us?"

"Let us eat this fruit and wait for the rest, oh Govinda! But this fruit, which we already now received thanks to the Gotama, consisted in him calling us away from the Samanas! Whether he has also other and better things to give us, oh friend, let us await with calm hearts."

On this very same day, Siddhartha informed the oldest one of the Samanas of his decision, that he wanted to leave him. He informed the oldest one with all the courtesy and modesty becoming to a younger one and a student. But the Samana became angry, because the two young men wanted to leave him, and talked loudly and used crude swearwords.

Govinda was startled and became embarrassed. But Siddhartha put his mouth close to Govinda's ear and whispered to him: "Now, I want to show the old man that I've learned something from him."

Positioning himself closely in front of the Samana, with a concentrated soul, he captured the old man's glance with his glances, deprived him of his power, made him mute, took away his free will, subdued him under his own will, commanded him, to do silently, whatever he demanded him to do. The old man became mute, his eyes became motionless, his will was paralyzed, his arms were hanging down; without power, he had fallen victim to Siddhartha's spell. But Siddhartha's thoughts brought the Samana under their control, he had to carry out, what they commanded. And thus, the old man made several bows, performed gestures of blessing, spoke stammering

a godly wish for a good journey. And the young men returned the bows with thanks, returned the wish, went on their way with salutations.

On the way, Govinda said: "Oh Siddhartha, you have learned more from the Samanas than I knew. It is hard, it is very hard to cast a spell on an old Samana. Truly, if you had stayed there, you would soon have learned to walk on water."

"I do not seek to walk on water," said Siddhartha. "Let old Samanas be content with such feats!"

Written Reflection:

Now that you've read Chapters 1-2 and thought through all the text dependent questions as you read- it's time to take tackle the written reflection. Focus Question: ***What tensions exist between self-hood and religious expectations in this society?*** Be sure to support your answer with the best textual evidence. (Use a separate sheet of paper and be sure to include it when returning this packet).

Directions: For the next 3 days read Chapter 3, from *Siddhartha*, to gain a general understanding of the text. Below, are key excerpts from Chapter 3. Re-read these key excerpts below for a second time and think through the questions provided. Finally, please complete the written reflection that is located at the end of Chapter 3.

Hint: Use a highlighter and or annotate the text with your thinking next to the lines where you find answers to these questions. This will support your written response to the assessment question at the end of Chapter 3.

Questions to think through as you reread key excerpts from Chapter 3:

1. What decision does Govinda make?
2. What decision does Siddhartha make?
3. What does Siddhartha say to show his self-realization? How does self-realization propel Siddhartha on his journey toward spiritual enlightenment?
4. In what way does Govinda represent the theme of the “unity of all things,” or the need to be part of a unit?
5. In what way does Siddhartha represent the theme of the self or individualism?
6. Which is better according to each character—Govinda, Siddhartha, and the Buddha: reaching spiritual enlightenment by learning from the established experts or reaching spiritual enlightenment by having experiences? Why?
7. What does “salvation” mean to the Buddha? To Siddhartha? To Govinda?

Chapter 3 Key Excerpts

Behold, then Govinda, the shy one, also stepped forward and spoke: “I also take my refuge in the exalted one and his teachings,” and he asked to be accepted into the community of his disciples and was accepted. Right afterwards, when the Buddha had retired for the night, Govinda turned to Siddhartha and spoke eagerly:

“Siddhartha, it is not my place to scold you. We have both heard the exalted one, we have both perceived the teachings. Govinda has heard the teachings, he has taken refuge in it. But you, my honored friend, don’t you also want to walk the path of salvation? Would you want to hesitate, do you want to wait any longer?”

Siddhartha awakened as if he had been asleep, when he heard Govinda’s words. For a long time, he looked into Govinda’s face. Then he spoke quietly, in a voice without mockery: “Govinda, my friend, now you have taken this step, now you have chosen this path. Always, oh Govinda, you’ve been my friend, you’ve always walked one step behind me. Often I have thought: Won’t Govinda for once also take a step by himself, without me, out of his own soul? Behold, now you’ve turned into a man and are choosing your path for yourself. I wish that you would go it up to its end, oh my friend, that you shall find salvation!”

Govinda, not completely understanding it yet, repeated his question in an impatient tone: “Speak up, I beg you, my dear! Tell me, since it could not be any other way, that you also, my learned friend, will take your refuge with the exalted Buddha!”

Siddhartha placed his hand on Govinda’s shoulder: “You failed to hear my good wish for you, oh Govinda. I’m repeating it: I wish that you would go this path up to its end, that you shall find salvation!”

In this moment, Govinda realized that his friend had left him, and he started to weep. "Siddhartha!" he exclaimed lamentingly.

"Don't forget, Govinda, that you are now one of the Samanas of the Buddha! You have renounced your home and your parents, renounced your birth and possessions, renounced your free will, renounced all friendship. This is what the teachings require, this is what the exalted one wants. This is what you wanted for yourself. Tomorrow, oh Govinda, I'll leave you."

"One thing, oh most venerable one, I have admired in your teachings most of all. Everything in your teachings is perfectly clear, is proven; you are presenting the world as a perfect chain, a chain which is never and nowhere broken, an eternal chain the links of which are causes and effects. Never before, this has been seen so clearly; never before, this has been presented so irrefutably; truly, the heart of every Brahman has to beat stronger with love, once he has seen the world through your teachings perfectly connected, without gaps, clear as a crystal, not depending on chance, not depending on gods. Whether it may be good or bad, whether living according to it would be suffering or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not essential—but the uniformity of the world, that everything which happens is connected, that the great and the small things are all encompassed by the same forces of time, by the same law of causes, of coming into being and of dying, this is what shines brightly out of your exalted teachings, oh perfected one. But according to your very own teachings, this unity and necessary sequence of all things is nevertheless broken in one place, through a small gap, this world of unity is invaded by something alien, something new, something which had not been there before, and which cannot be demonstrated and cannot be proven: these are your teachings of overcoming the world, of salvation. But with this small gap, with this small breach, the entire eternal and uniform law of the world is breaking apart again and becomes void. Please forgive me for expressing this objection."

Quietly, Gotama had listened to him, unmoved. Now he spoke, the perfected one, with his kind, with his polite and clear voice: "You've heard the teachings, oh son of a Brahman, and good for you that you've thought about it thus deeply. You've found a gap in it, an error. You should think about this further. But be warned, oh seeker of knowledge, of the thicket of opinions and of arguing about words. There is nothing to opinions, they may be beautiful or ugly, smart or foolish, everyone can support them or discard them. But the teachings, you've heard from me, are no opinion, and their goal is not to explain the world to those who seek knowledge. They have a different goal; their goal is salvation from suffering. This is what Gotama teaches, nothing else."

"I wish that you, oh exalted one, would not be angry with me," said the young man. "I have not spoken to you like this to argue with you, to argue about words. You are truly right, there is little to opinions. But let me say this one more thing: I have not doubted in you for a single moment. I have not doubted for a single moment that you are Buddha, that you have reached the goal, the highest goal towards which so many thousands of Brahmans and sons of Brahmans are on their way. You have found salvation from death. It has come to you in the course of your own search, on your own path, through thoughts, through meditation, through realizations, through enlightenment. It has not come to you by means of teachings! And—thus is my thought, oh exalted one,—nobody will obtain salvation by means of teachings! You will not be able to convey and say to anybody, oh venerable one, in words and through teachings what has happened to you in the hour of enlightenment! The teachings of the enlightened Buddha contain much, it teaches many to live righteously, to avoid evil. But there is one thing which these so clear, these so venerable teachings do not contain: they do not contain the mystery of what the exalted one has experienced for himself, he alone among hundreds of thousands. This is what I have thought and realized, when I have heard the teachings. This is why I am continuing my travels— not to seek other, better teachings, for I know there are none, but to depart from all teachings and all teachers and to reach my goal by myself or to die. But often, I'll think of this day, oh exalted one, and of this hour, when my eyes beheld a holy man."

The Buddha's eyes quietly looked to the ground; quietly, in perfect equanimity his inscrutable face was smiling. "I wish," the venerable one spoke slowly, "that your thoughts shall not be in error, that you shall reach the goal! But tell me: Have you seen the multitude of my Samanas, my many brothers, who have taken refuge in the teachings? And do you believe, oh stranger, oh Samana, do you believe that it would be better for them all the abandon the teachings and to return into the life the world and of desires?"

"Far is such a thought from my mind," exclaimed Siddhartha. "I wish that they shall all stay with the teachings, that they shall reach their goal! It is not my place to judge another person's life. Only for myself, for myself alone, I must decide, I must choose, I must refuse. Salvation from the self is what we Samanas search for, oh exalted one. If I merely were one of your disciples, oh venerable one, I'd fear that it might happen to me that only seemingly, only deceptively myself would be calm and be redeemed, but that in truth it would live on and grow, for then I had replaced myself with the teachings, my duty to follow you, my love for you, and the community of the monks!"

CHECKPOINT: This is the end of week one. Prior to completing the written reflection, make sure you have completed the following:

- Read Chapters 1 and 2 and completed
 - 1st read questions
 - 2^{ns} read questions
 - Final read questions
 - Written reflection
- Read Chapter 3, completed:
 - Reading Questions

After the above is complete, continue to the written reflection below for Day 6.

Written Reflection:

Now that you've read Chapter 3 and thought through all the text dependent questions as you read- it's time to tackle the written reflection. Focus Question: ***How does self-realization propel Siddhartha on his journey toward spiritual enlightenment?*** Be sure to support your answer with the best textual evidence. (Use a separate sheet of paper and be sure to include it when returning this packet).

Directions: For day 7, read Chapter 4, from *Siddhartha*, to gain a general understanding of the text. Below, are key excerpts from Chapter 4. Re-read these key excerpts below for a second time and think through the questions provided. Finally, please complete the written reflection that is located at the end of Chapter 4.

Hint: Use a highlighter and or annotate the text with your thinking next to the lines where you find answers to these questions. This will support your written response to the assessment question at the end of Chapter 4.

Questions to think through as you reread key excerpts from Chapter 4:

1. Why is this chapter titled “Awakening?”
2. What is Siddhartha realizing after all his years spent in spiritual study?
3. What does “self” mean to Siddhartha at this point? What did it mean to him in the past?
4. How does self-realization propel Siddhartha to follow the path of experience rather than the path of an established teacher on his journey to spiritual enlightenment?
5. Why might others not have chosen the same path as Siddhartha is choosing now?

Chapter 4 Key Excerpts

Slower, he walked along in his thoughts and asked himself: “But what is this, what you have sought to learn from teachings and from teachers, and what they, who have taught you much, were still unable to teach you?” And he found: “It was the self, the purpose and essence of which I sought to learn. It was the self, I wanted to free myself from, which I sought to overcome. But I was not able to overcome it, could only deceive it, could only flee from it, only hide from it. Truly, nothing in this world has kept my thoughts thus busy, as this my very own self, this mystery of me being alive, of me being one and being separated and isolated from all others, of me being Siddhartha! And there is nothing in this world I know less about than about me, about Siddhartha!”

Having been pondering while slowly walking along, he now stopped as these thoughts caught hold of him, and right away another thought sprang forth from these, a new thought, which was: “That I know nothing about myself, that Siddhartha has remained thus alien and unknown to me, stems from one cause, a single cause: I was afraid of myself, I was fleeing from myself! I searched Atman, I searched Brahman, I was willing to dissect myself and peel off all of its layers, to find the core of all peels in its unknown interior, the Atman, life, the divine part, the ultimate part. But I have lost myself in the process.”

Siddhartha opened his eyes and looked around, a smile filled his face and a feeling of awakening from long dreams flowed through him from his head down to his toes. And it was not long before he walked again, walked quickly like a man who knows what he has got to do. “Oh,” he thought, taking a deep breath, “now I would not let Siddhartha escape from me again! No longer, I want to begin my thoughts and my life with Atman and with the suffering of the world. I do not want to kill and dissect myself any longer, to find a secret behind the ruins. Neither Yoga-Veda shall teach me anymore, nor Atharva-Veda, nor the ascetics, nor any kind of teachings. I want to learn from myself, want to be my student, want to get to know myself, the secret of Siddhartha.”

Motionless, Siddhartha remained standing there, and for the time of one moment and breath, his heart felt cold, he felt a cold in his chest, as a small animal, a bird or a rabbit, would when seeing how alone he was. For many years, he had been without home and had felt nothing. Now, he felt it. Still, even in the deepest meditation, he had been his father’s son, had been a Brahman, of a high caste, a cleric. Now, he was nothing but Siddhartha, the awoken one, nothing else was left. Deeply, he inhaled, and for a moment, he felt cold and shivered. Nobody was thus alone as he was. There was no nobleman who did not belong to the noblemen, no worker that did not belong

to the workers, and found refuge with them, shared their life, spoke their language. No Brahman, who would not be regarded as Brahmins and lived with them, no ascetic who would not find his refuge in the caste of the Samanas, and even the most forlorn hermit in the forest was not just one and alone, he was also surrounded by a place he belonged to, he also belonged to a caste, in which he was at home. Govinda had become a monk, and a thousand monks were his brothers, wore the same robe as he, believed in his faith, spoke his language. But he, Siddhartha, where did he belong to? With whom would he share his life? Whose language would he speak? Out of this moment, when the world melted away all around him, when he stood alone like a star in the sky, out of this moment of a cold and despair, Siddhartha emerged, more a self than before, more firmly concentrated.

He felt: This had been the last tremor of the awakening, the last struggle of this birth. And it was not long until he walked again in long strides, started to proceed swiftly and impatiently, heading no longer for, no longer to his father, no longer back.

Written Reflection:

Now that you've read Chapter 4 and thought through all the text dependent questions as you read- it's time to tackle the written reflection. Focus Question: **How does self-realization propel Siddhartha to follow the path of experience rather than the path of an established teacher on his journey to spiritual enlightenment?** *Be sure to support your answer with the best textual evidence. (Use a separate sheet of paper and be sure to include it when returning this packet).*

Formative Task 1

Directions: Now that you've had time to read, think, and write through Chapters 1-4, it's time to show what you've learned. The completion of this formative task should take 3 days to plan, draft, edit, revise, and write toward final production. It is recommended that the graphic organizers, *Preparation for Formative Task 1* and *Building an Argument*, are used to support the organization of textual analysis as it relates to the task. This will conclude the first 10 days of this packet (first 2 weeks). The organizers are located on the following pages.

Formative Task 1:

By the end of the first section of the novel (Chapter Four, "Awakening"), Govinda joins the followers of Gotama while Siddhartha opts for a different path.

The diverging choices of the two characters highlight a major theme running through "Siddhartha": the relationship between the Self and the unity of all things. Write an essay arguing the most worthwhile course to take: Govinda's choice to learn from a recognized, credible teacher with an established following or Siddhartha's choice to, essentially, "learn as he goes" -through the people and encounters which present themselves along his path. Ensure that your argument contains claims supported by strong textual evidence and detailed analysis. (*Use a separate sheet of paper and be sure to include it when returning this packet*).

Task Summary: This task asks you to argue one of two points: whether Govinda's approach to spiritual enlightenment is more worthwhile than Siddhartha's approach. The task allows you to practice making a simpler argument before having to make a more complicated argument in the culminating task (aka Senior ELA Exam).

CHECKPOINT #2: This is the end of week two. Ensure you have completed the following:

- Chapter 3 Written Reflection
- Read Chapter 4 and completed
 - Reading questions
 - Written Reflection
- Formative Task #1

Preparation for Formative Task 1, *Siddhartha*

	Adherence to social norms (yes/no, evidence)	Choice of path to spiritual enlightenment	Reasons (evidence with page number)
Govinda			

	Adherence to social norms (yes/no, evidence)	Choice of path to spiritual enlightenment	Reasons (evidence with page number)
Siddhartha			

Formative Task 2

(Days 11-20)

Directions: The following supplemental readings will provide a basis of Siddhartha's religious traditions. Having this background knowledge while reading Chapters 5-9 will help in completing Formative Writing Task 2. The texts, "Buddhism," "Hinduism," "What are the 4 stages of Hindu Life?" and or "The Four Stages of Life in Hinduism" should take about 1 day- up to day 11 of this 6-week course. While reading these supplementary texts please use the provided graphic organizer, *Formative Task 2 Evidence Graphic Organizer*, to track your analysis.

BUDDHISM

Buddhism is a faith that was founded by Siddhartha Gautama ("the Buddha") more than 2,500 years ago in India. With about 470 million followers, scholars consider Buddhism one of the major world religions. Its practice has historically been most prominent in East and Southeast Asia, but its influence is growing in the West. Many Buddhist ideas and philosophies overlap with those of other faiths.

Buddhism Beliefs

Some key Buddhism beliefs include:

- Followers of Buddhism don't acknowledge a supreme god or deity. They instead focus on achieving enlightenment—a state of inner peace and wisdom. When followers reach this spiritual echelon, they're said to have experienced nirvana.
- The religion's founder, Buddha, is considered an extraordinary man, but not a god. The word Buddha means "enlightened."
- The path to enlightenment is attained by utilizing morality, meditation and wisdom. Buddhists often meditate because they believe it helps awaken truth.
- There are many philosophies and interpretations within Buddhism, making it a tolerant and evolving religion.
- Some scholars don't recognize Buddhism as an organized religion, but rather, a "way of life" or a "spiritual tradition."
- Buddhism encourages its people to avoid self-indulgence but also self-denial.
- Buddha's most important teachings, known as The Four Noble Truths, are essential to understanding the religion.
- Buddhists embrace the concepts of karma (the law of cause and effect) and reincarnation (the continuous cycle of rebirth).
- Followers of Buddhism can worship in temples or in their own homes.
- Buddhist monks, or bhikkhus, follow a strict code of conduct, which includes celibacy.

- There is no single Buddhist symbol, but a number of images have evolved that represent Buddhist beliefs, including the lotus flower, the eight-spoked dharma wheel, the Bodhi tree and the swastika (an ancient symbol whose name means "well-being" or "good fortune" in Sanskrit).

Founder of Buddhism Siddhartha Gautama, the founder of Buddhism who later became known as “the Buddha,” lived during the 5th century B.C. Gautama was born into a wealthy family as a prince in present-day Nepal. Although he had an easy life, Gautama was moved by suffering in the world. He decided to give up his lavish lifestyle and endure poverty. When this didn’t fulfill him, he promoted the idea of the “Middle Way,” which means existing between two extremes. Thus, he sought a life without social indulgences but also without deprivation. After six years of searching, Buddhists believe Gautama found enlightenment while meditating under a Bodhi tree. He spent the rest of his life teaching others about how to achieve this spiritual state.

Buddhism History

When Gautama passed away around 483 B.C., his followers began to organize a religious movement. Buddha’s teachings became the foundation for what would develop into Buddhism. In the 3rd century B.C., Ashoka the Great, the Mauryan Indian emperor, made Buddhism the state religion of India. Buddhist monasteries were built, and missionary work was encouraged. Over the next few centuries, Buddhism began to spread beyond India. The thoughts and philosophies of Buddhists became diverse, with some followers interpreting ideas differently than others.

In the sixth century, the Huns invaded India and destroyed hundreds of Buddhist monasteries, but the intruders were eventually driven out of the country. Islam began to spread quickly in the region during the Middle Ages, forcing Buddhism into the background.

Dharma

Buddha’s teachings are known as “dharma.” He taught that wisdom, kindness, patience, generosity and compassion were important virtues. Specifically, all Buddhists live by five moral precepts, which prohibit:

- Killing living things
- Taking what is not given
- Sexual misconduct
- Lying
- Using drugs or alcohol

Four Noble Truths

The Four Noble Truths, which Buddha taught, are:

- The truth of suffering (dukkha)
- The truth of the cause of suffering (samudaya)
- The truth of the end of suffering (nirhodha)
- The truth of the path that frees us from suffering (magga)

Collectively, these principles explain why humans hurt and how to overcome suffering.

HINDUISM

Hinduism is the world's oldest religion, according to many scholars, with roots and customs dating back more than 4,000 years. Today, with about 900 million followers, Hinduism is the third-largest religion behind Christianity and Islam. Roughly 95 percent of the world's Hindus live in India. Because the religion has no specific founder, it's difficult to trace its origins and history. Hinduism is unique in that it's not a single religion but a compilation of many traditions and philosophies.

Hinduism Beliefs

Some basic Hindu concepts include:

- Hinduism embraces many religious ideas. For this reason, it's sometimes referred to as a "way of life" or a "family of religions," as opposed to a single, organized religion.
 - Most forms of Hinduism are henotheistic, which means they worship a single deity, known as "Brahman," but still recognize other gods and goddesses. Followers believe there are multiple paths to reaching their god.
 - Hindus believe in the doctrines of samsara (the continuous cycle of life, death, and reincarnation) and karma (the universal law of cause and effect).
 - One of the key thoughts of Hinduism is "atman," or the belief in soul. This philosophy holds that living creatures have a soul, and they're all part of the supreme soul. The goal is to achieve "moksha," or salvation, which ends the cycle of rebirths to become part of the absolute soul.
 - One fundamental principle of the religion is the idea that people's actions and thoughts directly determine their current life and future lives.
 - Hindus strive to achieve dharma, which is a code of living that emphasizes good conduct and morality.
 - Hindus revere all living creatures and consider the cow a sacred animal.
 - Food is an important part of life for Hindus. Most don't eat beef or pork, and many are vegetarians.
- Hinduism is closely related to other Indian religions, including Buddhism, Sikhism and Jainism.

Origins of Hinduism

Most scholars believe Hinduism started somewhere between 2300 B.C. and 1500 B.C. in the Indus Valley, near modern-day Pakistan. But many Hindus argue that their faith is timeless and has always existed. Unlike other religions, Hinduism has no one founder but is instead a fusion of various beliefs. Around 1500 B.C., the Indo-Aryan people migrated to the Indus Valley, and their language and culture blended with that of the indigenous people living in the region. There's some debate over who influenced who more during this time. The period when the Vedas were composed became known as the "Vedic Period" and lasted from about 1500 B.C. to 500 B.C. Rituals, such as sacrifices and chanting, were common in the Vedic Period. The Epic, Puranic and Classic Periods took place between 500 B.C. and 500 A.D. Hindus began to emphasize the worship of deities, especially Vishnu, Shiva and Devi. The concept of dharma was introduced in new texts, and other faiths, such as Buddhism and Jainism, spread rapidly.

Hindu Gods

Hindus worship many gods and goddesses in addition to Brahman, who is believed to be the supreme God force present in all things. Some of the most prominent deities include:

- Brahma: the god responsible for the creation of the world and all living things
- Vishnu: the god that preserves and protects the universe
- Shiva: the god that destroys the universe in order to recreate it
- Devi: the goddess that fights to restore dharma
- Krishna: the god of compassion, tenderness and love
- Lakshmi: the goddess of wealth and purity
- Saraswati: the goddess of learning

Hindu Caste System

The caste system is a social hierarchy in India that divides Hindus based on their karma and dharma. Many scholars believe the system dates back more than 3,000 years. The four main castes (in order of prominence) include:

1. Brahmin: the intellectual and spiritual leaders
2. Kshatriyas: the protectors and public servants of society
3. Vaisyas: the skillful producers
4. Shudras: the unskilled laborers

Many subcategories also exist within each caste. The “Untouchables” are a class of citizens that are outside the caste system and considered to be in the lowest level of the social hierarchy. For centuries, the caste system determined every aspect of a person’s social, professional and religious status in India. When India became an independent nation, its constitution banned discrimination based on caste. Today, the caste system still exists in India but is loosely followed. Many of the old customs are overlooked, but some traditions, such as only marrying within a specific caste, are still embraced.

Hinduism vs. Buddhism

Hinduism and Buddhism have many similarities. Buddhism, in fact, arose out of Hinduism, and both believe in reincarnation, karma and that a life of devotion and honor is a path to salvation and enlightenment. But some key differences exist between the two religions: Buddhism rejects the caste system of Hinduism, and does away with the rituals, the priesthood and the gods that are integral to the Hindu faith.

THE FOUR STAGES OF LIFE IN HINDUISM

In Hinduism, human life is believed to comprise four stages. These are called "ashramas" and every person should ideally go through each of these stages:

- The First Ashrama: "Brahmacharya" or the Student Stage
- The Second Ashrama: "Grihastha" or the Householder Stage
- The Third Ashrama: "Vanaprastha" or the Hermit Stage
- The Fourth Ashrama: "Sannyasa" or the Wandering Ascetic Stage A crucial piece of the ashrama lifecycle is its focus on dharma, the Hindu concept of moral rightness. Dharma underlies many themes in Hindu life, and in the four ashramas, dharma is learned, practiced, taught and realized.

History of Ashramas

This system of ashramas is believed to have been prevalent since the 5th century B.C.E. in Hindu society, and described in the classic Sanskrit texts called the Asrama Upanishad, the Vaikhanasa Dharmasutra, and the later Dharmashastra.

Historians report that these stages of life were always viewed more as 'ideals' than as a common practice. According to one scholar, even in its very beginnings, after the first ashrama, a young adult could choose which of the other ashramas he would wish to pursue for the rest of his life. Today, it is not expected that a Hindu should go through the four stages, but the concept still stands as an important "pillar" of Hindu socio-religious tradition.

Brahmacharya: The Celibate Student

Brahmacharya is a period of formal education lasting until around age 25, during which, the student leaves home to stay with a guru and attain both spiritual and practical knowledge. The student has two duties: to learn the skills of his life and to practice unwavering devotion to his teachers. During this period, he is called a Brahmachari as he prepares for his future profession, as well as for his family, and social and religious life ahead.

Grihastha: The Householder This Second Ashrama begins at marriage when one must undertake the responsibility for earning a living and supporting a family. At this stage, Hindus first practice dharma, but also pursue wealth or material gratification (artha) as a necessity, and indulge in sexual pleasure (kama), under certain defined social and cosmic norms. This ashrama lasts until around the age of 50. According to the Laws of Manu, when a person's skin wrinkles and his hair turns gray, he should leave his home and go out into the forest. However, most Hindus are so much in love with this second ashrama that the Grihastha stage lasts a lifetime!

Vanaprastha: The Hermit in Retreat

The Vanaprastha stage is one of gradual withdrawal. The person's duty as a householder comes to an end: He has become a grandfather; his children are grown up and have established lives of their own. At this age, he should renounce all physical, material, and sexual pleasures, retire from his social and professional life and leave his home for a forest hut where he can spend his time in prayers.

The hermit is allowed to take his spouse along with him but maintains little contact with the rest of the family. The role of the third ashrama is to be consulted as elders by the community at large, teaching dharma to those who visit. This kind of life is indeed very harsh and cruel for an aged person. No wonder, this third ashrama is now nearly obsolete.

Sannyasa: The Wandering Recluse

Ashrama 4 is one of renunciation and the realization of dharma. At this stage, a person is supposed to be totally devoted to God. He is a sannyasi, he has no home, no other attachment; he has renounced all desires, fears, hopes, duties, and responsibilities. He is virtually merged with God, all his worldly ties are broken, and his sole concern becomes attaining moksha or release from the circle of birth and death. (Suffice it to say, very few Hindus can go up to this stage of becoming a complete ascetic.) When he dies, the funeral ceremonies (Pretakarma) are performed by his heir.

Sources Kakar, Sudhir. "The Human Life Cycle: The Traditional Hindu View and the Psychology of Erik Erikson." *Philosophy East and West* 18.3 (1968): 127-36. Print.

Miller, David. "Modernity in Hindu Monasticism: Swami Vivekananda and the Ramakrishna Movement." *Ascetic Culture: Renunciation and Worldly Engagement*. Ed. Ishwaran, K. London: Brill, 1999. 111-26. Print. Oommen, T. K. "Religion and Development in Hindu Society." *Social Compass* 39.1 (1992): 67-75. Print.

Directions: Spend the next 6 days, through day 17, reading all of Chapters 5-7 of *Siddhartha* and use the graphic organizers, Formative Task 2 Evidence Graphic Organizer and Formative Task 2- The Four Stages of Life Evidence Note Catcher. Then, reread the key excerpts from these chapters and think through the questions listed. Please complete the written reflection question that is located at the very end of the Chapter 7 excerpts.

Chapter 5 Key Excerpts

Questions for Chapter 5 part 1:

1. In what ways is this section similar to the “Student” stage of life? In what ways is it different?
2. How has Siddhartha’s thinking changed from the first four chapters to now?
3. What is Siddhartha search for? What is his goal now?
4. Why do you think the author uses the word “childlike” repeatedly in this section?
5. Write or highlight three examples of imagery in this section. Why does the author use such rich imagery in this section? How does the imagery highlight the themes of self and the unity of all things?
6. Which beliefs of Hinduism or Buddhism are highlighted through the imagery of this section?

KAMALA

Siddhartha learned something new on every step of his path, for the world was transformed, and his heart was enchanted. He saw the sun rising over the mountains with their forests and setting over the distant beach with its palm-trees. At night, he saw the stars in the sky in their fixed positions and the crescent of the moon floating like a boat in the blue. He saw trees, stars, animals, clouds, rainbows, rocks, herbs, flowers, stream and river, the glistening dew in the bushes in the morning, distant high mountains which were blue and pale, birds sang and bees, wind silverishly blew through the rice-field.

All of this, a thousand-fold and colourful, had always been there, always the sun and the moon had shone, always rivers had roared and bees had buzzed, but in former times all of this had been nothing more to Siddhartha than a fleeting, deceptive veil before his eyes, looked upon in distrust, destined to be penetrated and destroyed by thought, since it was not the essential existence, since this essence lay beyond, on the other side of, the visible. But now, his liberated eyes stayed on this side, he saw and became aware of the visible, sought to be at home in this world, did not search for the true essence, did not aim at a world beyond. Beautiful was this world, looking at it thus, without searching, thus simply, thus childlike. Beautiful were the moon and the stars, beautiful was the stream and the banks, the forest and the rocks, the goat and the goldbeetle, the flower and the butterfly. Beautiful and lovely it was, thus to walk through the world, thus childlike, thus awoken, thus open to what is near, thus without distrust. Differently the sun burnt the head, differently the shade of the forest cooled him down, differently the stream and the cistern, the pumpkin and the banana tasted. Short were the days, short the nights, every hour sped swiftly away like a sail on the sea, and under the sail was a ship full of treasures, full of joy. Siddhartha saw a group of apes moving through the high canopy of the forest, high in the branches, and heard their savage, greedy song. Siddhartha saw a male sheep following a female one and mating with

her. In a lake of reeds, he saw the pike hungrily hunting for its dinner; propelling themselves away from it, in fear, wiggling and sparkling, the young fish jumped in droves out of the water; the scent of strength and passion came forcefully out of the hasty eddies of the water, which the pike stirred up, impetuously hunting. All of this had always existed, and he had not seen it; he had not been with it. Now he was with it, he was part of it. Light and shadow ran through his eyes, stars and moon ran through his heart.

On the way, Siddhartha also remembered everything he had experienced in the Garden Jetavana, the teaching he had heard there, the divine Buddha, the farewell from Govinda, the conversation with the exalted one. Again, he remembered his own words, he had spoken to the exalted one, every word, and with astonishment he became aware of the fact that there he had said things which he had not really known yet at this time. What he had said to Gotama: his, the Buddha's, treasure and secret was not the teachings, but the inexpressible and not teachable, which he had experienced in the hour of his enlightenment—it was nothing but this very thing which he had now gone to experience, what he now began to experience. Now, he had to experience his self. It is true that he had already known for a long time that his self was Atman, in its essence bearing the same eternal characteristics as Brahman. But never, he had really found this self, because he had wanted to capture it in the net of thought. With the body definitely not being the self, and not the spectacle of the senses, so it also was not the thought, not the rational mind, not the learned wisdom, not the learned ability to draw conclusions and to develop previous thoughts in to new ones. No, this world of thought was also still on this side, and nothing could be achieved by killing the random self of the senses, if the random self of thoughts and learned knowledge was fattened on the other hand. Both, the thoughts as well as the senses, were pretty things, the ultimate meaning was hidden behind both of them, both had to be listened to, both had to be played with, both neither had to be scorned nor overestimated, from both the secret voices of the innermost truth had to be attentively perceived. He wanted to strive for nothing, except for what the voice commanded him to strive for, dwell on nothing, except where the voice would advise him to do so. Why had Gotama, at that time, in the hour of all hours, sat down under the bo-tree, where the enlightenment hit him? He had heard a voice, a voice in his own heart, which had commanded him to seek rest under this tree, and he had neither preferred self-castigation, offerings, ablutions, nor prayer, neither food nor drink, neither sleep nor dream, he had obeyed the voice. To obey like this, not to an external command, only to the voice, to be ready like this, this was good, this was necessary, nothing else was necessary.

Questions for Chapter 5, part 2:

1. In what ways is Siddhartha's time with Kamala similar to the "householder" stage? In what ways is it different?
2. In what ways in which Siddhartha is experiencing multiple stages of Hindu life in this section?
3. How does Siddhartha's experience with Kamala help him reach his goal?

"Dear Kamala," said Siddhartha and straightened up to his full height, "when I came to you into your grove, I did the first step. It was my resolution to learn love from this most beautiful woman. From that moment on when I had made this resolution, I also knew that I would carry it out. I knew that you would help me, at your first glance at the entrance of the grove I already knew it."

"But what if I hadn't been willing?"

"You were willing. Look, Kamala: When you throw a rock into the water, it will speed on the fastest course to the bottom of the water. This is how it is when Siddhartha has a goal, a resolution. Siddhartha does

nothing, he waits, he thinks, he fasts, but he passes through the things of the world like a rock through water, without doing anything, without stirring; he is drawn, he lets himself fall. His goal attracts him, because he doesn't let anything enter his soul which might oppose the goal. This is what Siddhartha has learned among the Samanas. This is what fools call magic and of which they think it would be effected by means of the daemons. Nothing is effected by daemons, there are no daemons. Everyone can perform magic, everyone can reach his goals, if he is able to think, if he is able to wait, if he is able to fast."

Kamala listened to him. She loved his voice, she loved the look from his eyes. "Perhaps it is so," she said quietly, "as you say, friend. But perhaps it is also like this: that Siddhartha is a handsome man, that his glance pleases the women, that therefore good fortune is coming towards him."

With one kiss, Siddhartha bid his farewell. "I wish that it should be this way, my teacher; that my glance shall please you, that always good fortune shall come to me out of your direction!"

Questions for Chapter 6:

1. Why is Siddhartha so dissatisfied in this chapter?
2. How is the use of "child" or "childlike" different in this chapter than in Chapter 5? Why do you think the author uses it differently here?
3. In this chapter, what stage of Hindu life does Siddhartha's life most mirror? In what ways is it different from this stage?
4. How does the author use Siddhartha's experiences and choices as a business man to demonstrate this stage of Hindu life?
5. Given Siddhartha's dissatisfaction with the world of business, what comment is the author making on this particular stage of Hindu life?
6. How has his thinking regarding his inner self and his place in the world changed since chapter 5?
7. How do the experiences in this stage lead Siddhartha closer to his goal?
8. Which theme is most developed in this section: the self or the unity of all things? Why?

Chapter 6

Indeed, his soul was not with the trade. The business was good enough to provide him with the money for Kamala, and it earned him much more than he needed. Besides from this, Siddhartha's interest and curiosity was only concerned with the people, whose businesses, crafts, worries, pleasures, and acts of foolishness used to be as alien and distant to him as the moon. However easily he succeeded in talking to all of them, in living with all of them, in learning from all of them, he was still aware that there was something which separated him from them and this separating factor was him being a Samana. He saw mankind going through life in a childlike or animal like manner, which he loved and also despised at the same time. He saw them toiling, saw them suffering, and becoming gray for the sake of things which seemed to him to entirely unworthy of this price, for money, for little pleasures, for being slightly honoured, he saw them scolding and insulting each other, he saw them complaining about pain at which a Samana would only smile, and suffering because of deprivations which a Samana would not feel.

He was open to everything, these people brought his way. Welcome was the merchant who offered him linen for sale, welcome was the debtor who sought another loan, welcome was the beggar who told him for one hour the story of his poverty and who was not half as poor as any given Samana. He did not treat the rich foreign merchant any different than the servant who shaved him and the street-vendor whom he let cheat him out of some small change when buying bananas. When Kamaswami came to him, to complain about his worries or to reproach him concerning his business, he listened curiously and happily, was puzzled by him, tried to understand him, consented that he was a little bit right, only as much as he considered indispensable, and turned away from him, towards the next person who would ask for him. And there were many who came to him, many to do business with him, many to cheat him, many to draw some secret out of him, many to appeal to his sympathy, many to get his advice. He gave advice, he pitied, he made gifts, he let them cheat him a bit, and this entire game and the passion with which all people played this game occupied his thoughts just as much as the gods and Brahmans used to occupy them.

At times he felt, deep in his chest, a dying, quiet voice, which admonished him quietly, lamented quietly; he hardly perceived it. And then, for an hour, he became aware of the strange life he was leading, of him doing lots of things which were only a game, of, though being happy and feeling joy at times, real life still passing him by and not touching him. As a ball-player plays with his balls, he played with his business-deals, with the people around him, watched them, found amusement in them; with his heart, with the source of his being, he was not with them. The source ran somewhere, far away from him, ran and ran invisibly, had nothing to do with his life any more. And at several times he suddenly became scared on account of such thoughts and wished that he would also be gifted with the ability to participate in all of this childlike-occupations of the daytime with passion and with his heart, really to live, really to act, really to enjoy and to live instead of just standing by as a spectator.

But again and again, he came back to beautiful Kamala, learned the art of love, practice the cult of lust, in which more than in anything else giving and taking becomes one, chatted with her, learned from her, gave her advice, received advice. She understood him better than Govinda used to understand him, she was more similar to him.

Once, he said to her: "You are like me, you are different from most people. You are Kamala, nothing else, and inside of you, there is a peace and refuge, to which you can go at every hour of the day and be at home at yourself, as I can also do. Few people have this, and yet all could have it."

"Not all people are smart," said Kamala.

"No," said Siddhartha, "that's not the reason why. Kamaswami is just as smart as I, and still has no refuge in himself. Others have it, who are small children with respect to their mind. Most people, Kamala, are like a falling leaf, which is blown and is turning around through the air, and wavers, and tumbles to the ground. But others, a few, are like stars, they go on a fixed course, no wind reaches them, in themselves they have their law and their course. Among all the learned men and Samanas, of which I knew many, there was one of this kind, a perfected one, I'll never be able to forget him. It is that Gotama, the exalted one, who is spreading that teachings. Thousands of followers are listening to his teachings every day, follow his instructions every hour, but they are all falling leaves, not in themselves they have teachings and a law."

Kamala looked at him with a smile. "Again, you're talking about him," she said, "again, you're having a Samana's thoughts."

Siddhartha said nothing, and they played the game of love, one of the thirty or forty different games Kamala knew. Her body was flexible like that of a jaguar and like the bow of a hunter; he who had learned from her how to make love, was knowledgeable of many forms of lust, many secrets. For a long time, she played with Siddhartha, enticed him, rejected him, forced him, embraced him: enjoyed his masterful skills, until he was defeated and rested exhausted by her side.

The courtesan bent over him, took a long look at his face, at his eyes, which had grown tired. “You are the best lover,” she said thoughtfully, “I ever saw. You’re stronger than others, more supple, more willing. You’ve learned my art well, Siddhartha. At some time, when I’ll be older, I’d want to bear your child. And yet, my dear, you’ve remained a Samana, and yet you do not love me, you love nobody. Isn’t it so?”

“It might very well be so,” Siddhartha said tiredly. “I am like you. You also do not love—how else could you practice love as a craft? Perhaps, people of our kind can’t love. The childlike people can; that’s their secret.”

CHECKPOINT #3: This is the end of week three. Ensure you have completed the following before you continue to Chapter 7:

- Read:
 - Buddhism
 - Hinduism
 - The Four Stages of Life in Hinduism
- Read all of Chapters 5-6
- Reread included key excerpts from Chapters 5-6 and complete the reading questions:
 - Chapter 5 questions for part 1 and part 2
 - Chapter 6 questions

Click [here](#) to go back to the Directions for Chapters 5-7.

Chapter 7

Questions for Chapter 7, Part 1

1. What details indicate that Siddhartha has been experiencing the “Householder” stage?
2. In what ways has his life mirrored this stage? In what ways has it departed this stage?
3. The author says that Siddhartha was surrounded by “the good life.” Would Siddhartha agree that his life was good? What details indicate that he would agree or disagree?
4. What imagery does the author use describe the state of Siddhartha’s soul?
5. What imagery does the author use to describe the state of Siddhartha’s physical being or alertness?
6. How are these images different? What is the author demonstrating through the difference in imagery he uses?
7. How might the changes in Siddhartha’s thoughts as he experiences the world prove the need or desire for the “Hermit” stage in Hindu life?

SANSARA

For a long time, Siddhartha had lived the life of the world and of lust, though without being a part of it. His senses, which he had killed off in hot years as a Samana, had awoken again, he had tasted riches, had tasted lust, had tasted power; nevertheless he had still remained in his heart for a long time a Samana; Kamala, being smart, had realized this quite right. It was still the art of thinking, of waiting, of fasting, which guided his life; still the people of the world, the childlike people, had remained alien to him as he was alien to them.

Years passed by; surrounded by the good life, Siddhartha hardly felt them fading away. He had become rich, for quite a while he possessed a house of his own and his own servants, and a garden before the city by the river. The people liked him, they came to him, whenever they needed money or advice, but there was nobody close to him, except Kamala.

That high, bright state of being awake, which he had experienced that one time at the height of his youth, in those days after Gotama’s sermon, after the separation from Govinda, that tense expectation, that proud state of standing alone without teachings and without teachers, that supple willingness to listen to the divine voice in his own heart, had slowly become a memory, had been fleeting; distant and quiet, the holy source murmured, which used to be near, which used to murmur within himself. Nevertheless, many things he had learned from the Samanas, he had learned from Gotama, he had learned from his father the Brahman, had remained within him for a long time afterwards: moderate living, joy of thinking, hours of meditation, secret knowledge of the self, of his eternal entity, which is neither body nor consciousness. Many a part of this he still had, but one part after another had been submerged and had gathered dust. Just as a potter’s wheel, once it has been set in motion, will keep on turning for a long time and only slowly lose its vigour and come to a stop, thus Siddhartha’s soul had kept on turning the wheel of asceticism, the wheel of thinking, the wheel of differentiation for a long time, still turning, but it turned

slowly and hesitantly and was close to coming to a standstill. Slowly, like humidity entering the dying stem of a tree, filling it slowly and making it rot, the world and sloth had entered Siddhartha's soul, slowly it filled his soul, made it heavy, made it tired, put it to sleep. On the other hand, his senses had become alive, there was much they had learned, much they had experienced.

Siddhartha had learned to trade, to use his power over people, to enjoy himself with a woman, he had learned to wear beautiful clothes, to give orders to servants, to bathe in perfumed waters. He had learned to eat tenderly and carefully prepared food, even fish, even meat and poultry, spices and sweets, and to drink wine, which causes sloth and forgetfulness. He had learned to play with dice and on a chess-board, to watch dancing girls, to have himself carried about in a sedan-chair, to sleep on a soft bed. But still he had felt different from and superior to the others; always he had watched them with some mockery, some mocking disdain, with the same disdain which a Samana constantly feels for the people of the world. When Kamaswami was ailing, when he was annoyed, when he felt insulted, when he was vexed by his worries as a merchant, Siddhartha had always watched it with mockery. Just slowly and imperceptibly, as the harvest seasons and rainy seasons passed by, his mockery had become more tired, his superiority had become more quiet. Just slowly, among his growing riches, Siddhartha had assumed something of the childlike people's ways for himself, something of their childlikeness and of their fearfulness. And yet, he envied them, envied them just the more, the more similar he became to them. He envied them for the one thing that was missing from him and that they had, the importance they were able to attach to their lives, the amount of passion in their joys and fears, the fearful but sweet happiness of being constantly in love. These people were all of the time in love with themselves, with women, with their children, with honours or money, with plans or hopes. But he did not learn this from them, this out of all things, this joy of a child and this foolishness of a child; he learned from them out of all things the unpleasant ones, which he himself despised. It happened more and more often that, in the morning after having had company the night before, he stayed in bed for a long time, felt unable to think and tired. It happened that he became angry and impatient, when Kamaswami bored him with his worries. It happened that he laughed just too loud, when he lost a game of dice. His face was still smarter and more spiritual than others, but it rarely laughed, and assumed, one after another, those features which are so often found in the faces of rich people, those features of discontent, of sickliness, of ill-humour, of sloth, of a lack of love. Slowly the disease of the soul, which rich people have, grabbed hold of him.

Like a veil, like a thin mist, tiredness came over Siddhartha, slowly, getting a bit denser every day, a bit murkier every month, a bit heavier every year. As a new dress becomes old in time, loses its beautiful colour in time, gets stains, gets wrinkles, gets worn off at the seams, and starts to show threadbare spots here and there, thus Siddhartha's new life, which he had started after his separation from Govinda, had grown old, lost colour and splendour as the years passed by, was gathering wrinkles and stains, and hidden at bottom, already showing its ugliness here and there, disappointment and disgust were waiting. Siddhartha did not notice it. He only noticed that this bright and reliable voice inside of him, which had awoken in him at that time and had ever guided him in his best times, had become silent. He had been captured by the world, by lust, covetousness, sloth, and finally also by that vice which he had used to despise and mock the most as the most foolish one of all vices: greed. Property, possessions, and riches also had finally captured him; they were no longer a game and trifles to him, had become a shackle and a burden.

Questions for Chapter 7, Part 2

1. How is Siddhartha's goal different from those around him?

2. Why does the author use the words “man” and “children” in the same sentence to describe the same people?
3. Why is samsara considered a “game” to Siddhartha?
4. What does Kamala’s bird signify?
5. At the end of the chapter, the author reveals that Kamala is pregnant with Siddhartha’s child. How does this revelation mirror or depart from the stage of Hindu life that Siddhartha is experiencing?

Part 2

For all of these many years, without knowing it himself, he had tried hard and longed to become a man like those many, like those children, and in all this, his life had been much more miserable and poorer than theirs, and their goals were not his, nor their worries; after all, that entire world of the Kamaswami-people had only been a game to him, a dance he would watch, a comedy. Only Kamala had been dear, had been valuable to him—but was she still thus? Did he still need her, or she him? Did they not play a game without an ending? Was it necessary to live for this? No, it was not necessary! The name of this game was Sansara, a game for children, a game which was perhaps enjoyable to play once, twice, ten times—but for ever and ever over again?

Then, Siddhartha knew that the game was over, that he could not play it any more. Shivers ran over his body, inside of him, so he felt, something had died. That entire day, he sat under the mango-tree, thinking of his father, thinking of Govinda, thinking of Gotama. Did he have to leave them to become a Kamaswami? He still sat there, when the night had fallen. When, looking up, he caught sight of the stars, he thought: “Here I’m sitting under my mango-tree, in my pleasure-garden.” He smiled a little—was it really necessary, was it right, was it not as foolish game, that he owned a mango-tree, that he owned a garden?

He also put an end to this, this also died in him. He rose, bid his farewell to the mango-tree, his farewell to the pleasure-garden. Since he had been without food this day, he felt strong hunger, and thought of his house in the city, of his chamber and bed, of the table with the meals on it. He smiled tiredly, shook himself, and bid his farewell to these things.

In the same hour of the night, Siddhartha left his garden, left the city, and never came back. For a long time, Kamaswami had people look for him, thinking that he had fallen into the hands of robbers. Kamala had no one look for him. When she was told that Siddhartha had disappeared, she was not astonished. Did she not always expect it? Was he not a Samana, a man who was at home nowhere, a pilgrim? And most of all, she had felt this the last time they had been together, and she was happy, in spite of all the pain of the loss, that she had pulled him so affectionately to her heart for this last time, that she had felt one more time to be so completely possessed and penetrated by him.

When she received the first news of Siddhartha’s disappearance, she went to the window, where she held a rare singing bird captive in a golden cage. She opened the door of the cage, took the bird out and let it fly. For a long time, she gazed after it, the flying bird. From this day on, she received no more visitors and kept her house locked. But after some time, she became aware that she was pregnant from the last time she was together with Siddhartha.

Written Reflection:

Now that you've read the supplementary texts, Chapters 5-7, and thought through all the text dependent questions as you read- it's time to take tackle the written reflection. Focus Question: **How does the author use Siddhartha's choices to demonstrate the stages of Hindu life?** *Be sure to support your answer with the best textual evidence. (Use a separate sheet of paper and be sure to include it when returning this packet).*

Directions: Spend the next 2 days, days 18 and 19, reading all of Chapters 8 and 9 of *Siddhartha and complete the graphic organizers: Formative Task 2 Evidence Graphic Organizer and Formative Task 2- The Four Stages of Life Evidence Note Catcher*. Then, reread the key excerpts (below) from these chapters and think through the questions listed. Please complete the written reflection question that is located at the very end of the Chapter 9 excerpts.

Chapter 8

Questions, Chapter 8, part 1

1. What does the singing bird from Siddhartha's dream signify? Why is it dead?
2. From what stage to what stage of Hindu life is Siddhartha transitioning? Why is this transition necessary?
3. What appears to be Siddhartha's goal in this section?

BY THE RIVER

Siddhartha walked through the forest, was already far from the city, and knew nothing but that one thing, that there was no going back for him, that this life, as he had lived it for many years until now, was over and done away with, and that he had tasted all of it, sucked everything out of it until he was disgusted with it. Dead was the singing bird, he had dreamt of. Dead was the bird in his heart. Deeply, he had been entangled in Sansara, he had sucked up disgust and death from all sides into his body, like a sponge sucks up water until it is full. And full he was, full of the feeling of been sick of it, full of misery, full of death, there was nothing left in this world which could have attracted him, given him joy, given him comfort. Passionately he wished to know nothing about himself anymore, to have rest, to be dead. If there only was a lightning-bolt to strike him dead! If there only was a tiger a devour him! If there only was a wine, a poison which would numb his senses, bring him forgetfulness and sleep, and no awakening from that! Was there still any kind of filth, he had not soiled himself with, a sin or foolish act he had not committed, a dreariness of the soul he had not brought upon himself? Was it still at all possible to be alive? Was it possible, to breathe in again and again, to breathe out, to feel hunger, to eat again, to sleep again, to sleep with a woman again? Was this cycle not exhausted and brought to a conclusion for him?

Siddhartha reached the large river in the forest, the same river over which a long time ago, when he had still been a young man and came from the town of Gotama, a ferryman had conducted him. By this river he stopped, hesitantly he stood at the bank. Tiredness and hunger had weakened him, and whatever for should he walk on, wherever to, to which goal? No, there were no more goals, there was nothing left but the deep, painful yearning to shake off this whole desolate dream, to spit out this stale wine, to put an end to this miserable and shameful life.

A hang bent over the bank of the river, a coconut-tree; Siddhartha leaned against its trunk with his shoulder, embraced the trunk with one arm, and looked down into the green water, which ran and ran under him, looked down and found himself to be entirely filled with the wish to let go and to drown in these waters. A frightening emptiness was reflected back at him by the water, answering to the terrible emptiness in his soul. Yes, he had reached the end. There was nothing left for him, except to annihilate himself, except to smash the failure into which he had shaped his life, to throw it away, before the feet of mockingly laughing gods. This was the great vomiting he had longed for: death, the smashing to bits of the form he hated! Let him be food for fishes, this dog Siddhartha, this lunatic, this depraved and rotten

body, this weakened and abused soul! Let him be food for fishes and crocodiles, let him be chopped to bits by the daemons!

Questions, Chapter 8, Part 2

1. In what way does the author use the imagery of the bird again?
2. In what way does the author use the word “child” in this section? How is it different from the way he used the word in previous chapters?
3. How has Siddhartha’s experiences led him closer to his goal?

Chapter 8, Part 2

Wondrous indeed was my life, so he thought, wondrous detours it has taken. As I boy, I had only to do with gods and offerings. As a youth, I had only to do with asceticism, with thinking and meditation, was searching for Brahman, worshipped the eternal in the Atman. But as a young man, I followed the penitents, lived in the forest, suffered of heat and frost, learned to hunger, taught my body to become dead. Wonderfully, soon afterwards, insight came towards me in the form of the great Buddha’s teachings, I felt the knowledge of the oneness of the world circling in me like my own blood. But I also had to leave Buddha and the great knowledge. I went and learned the art of love with Kamala, learned trading with Kamaswami, piled up money, wasted money, learned to love my stomach, learned to please my senses. I had to spend many years losing my spirit, to unlearn thinking again, to forget the oneness. Isn’t it just as if I had turned slowly and on a long detour from a man into a child, from a thinker into a childlike person? And yet, this path has been very good; and yet, the bird in my chest has not died. But what a path has this been! I had to pass through so much stupidity, through so much vices, through so many errors, through so much disgust and disappointments and woe, just to become a child again and to be able to start over. But it was right so, my heart says “Yes” to it, my eyes smile to it. I’ve had to experience despair, I’ve had to sink down to the most foolish one of all thoughts, to the thought of suicide, in order to be able to experience divine grace, to hear Om again, to be able to sleep properly and awake properly again. I had to become a fool, to find Atman in me again. I had to sin, to be able to live again. Where else might my path lead me to? It is foolish, this path, it moves in loops, perhaps it is going around in a circle. Let it go as it likes, I want to take it.

Questions, Chapter 8 Part 3

1. What has Siddhartha learned in the previous stage of his life?
2. At the beginning of the novel, Siddhartha decided to follow his own path instead of following the path of a teacher or guru. In what ways has his argument been solidified or reinforced for him?
3. The author again uses the imagery of the bird in this section. What does it signify here?
4. Does being “childlike” have a positive or negative connotation in this section? Why do you think that is?
5. What might the river signify in the stages of Hindu life?
6. How is the idea of death or dying at the end of this section parallel to the teachings of Hinduism and Buddhism?

Chapter 8 Part 3

“It is good,” he thought, “to get a taste of everything for oneself, which one needs to know. That lust for the world and riches do not belong to the good things, I have already learned as a child. I have known it for a long time, but I have experienced only now. And now I know it, don’t just know it in my memory, but in my eyes, in my heart, in my stomach. Good for me, to know this!”

For a long time, he pondered his transformation, listened to the bird, as it sang for joy. Had not this bird died in him, had he not felt its death? No, something else from within him had died, something which already for a long time had yearned to die. Was it not this what he used to intend to kill in his ardent years as a penitent? Was this not his self, his small, frightened, and proud self, he had wrestled with for so many years, which had defeated him again and again, which was back again after every killing, prohibited joy, felt fear? Was it not this, which today had finally come to its death, here in the forest, by this lovely river? Was it not due to this death, that he was now like a child, so full of trust, so without fear, so full of joy?

Now Siddhartha also got some idea of why he had fought this self in vain as a Brahman, as a penitent. Too much knowledge had held him back, too many holy verses, too many sacrificial rules, too much self-castigation, so much doing and striving for that goal! Full of arrogance, he had been, always the smartest, always working the most, always one step ahead of all others, always the knowing and spiritual one, always the priest or wise one. Into being a priest, into this arrogance, into this spirituality, his self had retreated, there it sat firmly and grew, while he thought he would kill it by fasting and penance. Now he saw it and saw that the secret voice had been right, that no teacher would ever have been able to bring about his salvation. Therefore, he had to go out into the world, lose himself to lust and power, to woman and money, had to become a merchant, a dice-gambler, a drinker, and a greedy person, until the priest and Samana in him was dead. Therefore, he had to continue bearing these ugly years, bearing the disgust, the teachings, the pointlessness of a dreary and wasted life up to the end, up to bitter despair, until Siddhartha the lustful, Siddhartha the greedy could also die. He had died, a new Siddhartha had woken up from the sleep. He would also grow old, he would also eventually have to die, mortal was Siddhartha, mortal was every physical form. But today he was young, was a child, the new Siddhartha, and was full of joy.

He thought these thoughts, listened with a smile to his stomach, listened gratefully to a buzzing bee. Cheerfully, he looked into the rushing river, never before he had like a water so well as this one, never before he had perceived the voice and the parable of the moving water thus strongly and beautifully. It seemed to him, as if the river had something special to tell him, something he did not know yet, which was still awaiting him. In this river, Siddhartha had intended to drown himself, in it the old, tired, desperate Siddhartha had drowned today. But the new Siddhartha felt a deep love for this rushing water, and decided for himself, not to leave it very soon.

Questions, Chapter 9:

1. What stage of Hindu life does this chapter most correspond?
2. Siddhartha tells Vasudeva that he will “learn in this respect from [him].” What stage of Hindu life does this statement indicate? In what way is this a departure from the sequence of the Hindu life stages?
3. What is the impact of Siddhartha’s self-realization as he retreats from the world?

4. In what stage of Hindu life is Vasudeva? What evidence supports this?
5. What does the river represent to those that Vasudeva has ferried? What does it represent to Vasudeva? What does this difference indicate about the importance of the river?

Chapter 9

Vasudeva listened with great attention. Listening carefully, he let everything enter his mind, birthplace and childhood, all that learning, all that searching, all joy, all distress. This was among the ferryman's virtues one of the greatest: like only a few, he knew how to listen. Without him having spoken a word, the speaker sensed how Vasudeva let his words enter his mind, quiet, open, waiting, how he did not lose a single one, awaited not a single one with impatience, did not add his praise or rebuke, was just listening. Siddhartha felt, what a happy fortune it is, to confess to such a listener, to bury in his heart his own life, his own search, his own suffering.

But in the end of Siddhartha's tale, when he spoke of the tree by the river, and of his deep fall, of the holy Om, and how he had felt such a love for the river after his slumber, the ferryman listened with twice the attention, entirely and completely absorbed by it, with his eyes closed.

But when Siddhartha fell silent, and a long silence had occurred, then Vasudeva said: "It is as I thought. The river has spoken to you. It is your friend as well, it speaks to you as well. That is good, that is very good. Stay with me, Siddhartha, my friend. I used to have a wife, her bed was next to mine, but she has died a long time ago, for a long time, I have lived alone. Now, you shall live with me, there is space and food for both."

"I thank you," said Siddhartha, "I thank you and accept. And I also thank you for this, Vasudeva, for listening to me so well! These people are rare who know how to listen. And I did not meet a single one who knew it as well as you did. I will also learn in this respect from you."

"You will learn it," spoke Vasudeva, "but not from me. The river has taught me to listen, from it you will learn it as well. It knows everything, the river, everything can be learned from it. See, you've already learned this from the water too, that it is good to strive downwards, to sink, to seek depth. The rich and elegant Siddhartha is becoming an oarsman's servant, the learned Brahman Siddhartha becomes a ferryman: this has also been told to you by the river. You'll learn that other thing from it as well."

Siddhartha after a long pause: "What other thing, Vasudeva?" Vasudeva rose. "It is late," he said, "let's go to sleep. I can't tell you that other thing, oh friend. You'll learn it, or perhaps you know it already. See, I'm no learned man, I have no special skill in speaking, I also have no special skill in thinking. All I'm able to do is to listen and to be godly, I have learned nothing else. If I was able to say and teach it, I might be a wise man, but like this I am only a ferryman, and it is my task to ferry people across the river. I have transported many, thousands; and to all of them, my river has been nothing but an obstacle on their travels. They travelled to seek money and business, and for weddings, and on pilgrimages, and the river was obstructing their path, and the ferryman's job was to get them quickly across that obstacle. But for some among thousands, a few, four or five, the river has stopped being an obstacle, they have heard its voice, they have listened to it, and the river has become sacred to them, as it has become sacred to me. Let's rest now, Siddhartha."

Siddhartha stayed with the ferryman and learned to operate the boat, and when there was nothing to do at the ferry, he worked with Vasudeva in the rice-field, gathered wood, plucked the fruit off the banana-

trees. He learned to build an oar, and learned to mend the boat, and to weave baskets, and was joyful because of everything he learned, and the days and months passed quickly. But more than Vasudeva could teach him, he was taught by the river. Incessantly, he learned from it. Most of all, he learned from it to listen, to pay close attention with a quiet heart, with a waiting, opened soul, without passion, without a wish, without judgement, without an opinion.

Written Reflection:

Now that you've read Chapters 8-9 and thought through all the text dependent questions as you read, it's time to take tackle the written reflection. Focus Question: **What is the impact of Siddhartha's self-realization as he retreats from the world?** *Be sure to support your answer with the best textual evidence. (Use a separate sheet of paper and be sure to include it when returning this packet).*

Formative Task 2

Directions: Now that you've had time to read, think, and write through Chapters 5-9, it's time to show what you've learned. The completion of this formative task should take 2 days to plan, draft, edit, revise, and write toward final production. It is recommended that the graphic organizer on the following pages, *Formative Task 2 Paragraph Graphic organizer- Informational Essay*, be used in supporting the construction to this task. Once completed, this will conclude the next 10 days of this packet (4 of 6 weeks). The organizers are located on the following pages.

Formative Task 2: For some Hindus, life is seen as a developmental path taking place across four stages. Write an essay explaining the ways in which Siddhartha's life mirrors and sometimes departs from the stages found in Hinduism, and how self-realization contributes to each stage of life. Reference relevant secondary texts ("The Four Stages of Life in Hinduism") and provide ample primary textual evidence to guide your reasoning and support your explanations.

Task Summary: This task asks you to provide information and explain the various philosophies in Hinduism and how they are applied to the text as Siddhartha moves through life. This task holds you accountable for learning about Hinduism and applying that knowledge to Siddhartha.

CHECKPOINT #4: This is the end of week four. Ensure you have completed the following before you continue:

- Read all of Chapter 6-9 and use the graphic organizers, Formative Task 2 Evidence Graphic Organizer and Formative Task 2- The Four Stages of Life Evidence Note Catcher
- Reread included key excerpts from Chapters 7 and complete the reading questions:
 - Chapter 7 questions for part 1 and part 2
- Written Reflection, chapters 5-7
- Reread included key excerpts from Chapters 8 and 9 and complete the reading questions:
 - Chapter 8 reading questions, parts 1, 2, and 3
 - Chapter 9 reading questions
- Written Reflection, chapters 8-9
- Formative Task #2

Formative Task 2 Paragraph Graphic organizer- Informational Essay

(Example)

Topic sentence: The first stage of Hindu life is _____. Siddhartha's life mostly (mirrors/departs from) this stage of life in chapters _____.

Define this stage of life according to Hindu teachings.

Details/Evidence from supplementary texts

Evidence from *Siddhartha* with page number or chapter reference:

Evidence from *Siddhartha* with page number or chapter reference:

Evidence from *Siddhartha* with page number or chapter reference:

Conclusion Sentence:

Thesis: Siddhartha's life (mirrors/departs from OR sometimes mirrors and sometimes departs from) the four stages of Hindu life, which are _____, _____, _____, _____.

Stage 1:

Mirrors? Departs? Both?

Evidence from the novel (list)

Stage 2:

Mirrors? Departs? Both?

Evidence from the novel (list)

Stage 3:

Mirrors? Departs? Both?

Evidence from the novel (list)

Stage 4:

Mirrors? Departs? Both?

Evidence from the novel (list)

Conclusion:

Formative Task 2 Evidence Graphic Organizer

Directions: Read the excerpts from the articles about Buddhism and Hinduism.

- Write key points from the articles in the left-hand column.
- As you continue reading *Siddhartha*, look for similarities between the main ideas in Buddhism and Hinduism. Write them in the right-hand column with page numbers.

History of Buddhism and Hinduism	Connection in Siddhartha (evidence with page number)
Summary Statement:	

Key terms:

- Write the definition of the following key terms. These definitions can be found in the articles “Buddhism,” “Hinduism,” and “The Four Stages of Life in Hinduism.”

- In the final column, write evidence from *Siddhartha* that connects to these terms.

Term	Definition	Connection in <i>Siddhartha</i> (with page number)
Ashrama		
Brahman		
Brahmin		
Samsara		
Atman		
Dharma		
Om		

Term	Definition	Connection in <i>Siddhartha</i> (with page number)
Moksha		
Kama		
artha		

Formative Task 2- The Four Stages of Life Evidence Note Catcher

Stage	Description/ Definition	Person's role in society	Person's spirituality focus	Siddhartha's experience (Summary)	Mirror or departure?
1: Student				(chapters 1-4)	
2: Householder				(Chapters 5-7)	
3: Hermit				(Chapters 8-9)	
4: Wandering Recluse				(Chapter 9 and after)	

Stage	Evidence (w/page numbers)				Mirror or departure?
Student (Ch 1-4)					
Householder (Ch 5-7)					
Hermit (Ch 8-9)					
Recluse (Ch 9 and after)					

Culminating Task Arc

(Days 21-30)

Directions: Spend the next 2 days reading all of Chapters 10-12 of *Siddhartha*. This takes you to day 2 of 5 of the fifth week. Then, reread the key excerpts (below) from these chapters and think through the questions listed. Please complete the written reflection question that is located at the very end of the Chapter 12 excerpt. Please note that in the final chapters of the book, the reader sees the conclusion of Vasudeva, Govinda, and Siddhartha's quest for spiritual enlightenment. Many of the heaviest ideas occur in these last three chapters of the novel. The richest evidence for the culminating task, particularly as it pertains to Siddhartha and Govinda are in chapters 11 and 12.

Chapter 10, Questions:

1. In what ways has Siddhartha regressed into a previous life stage?
2. How are Siddhartha's choices regarding his son affecting his path to peace and enlightenment?
3. How does the author use the image of the bird and the river in regards to Siddhartha's son in this passage? How is it different or similar to the way he has used the imagery in previous chapters?
4. What is the parallel between Siddhartha at a young age and his own son now? What does this indicate about the idea of Samsara?
5. Why is it significant that "Never before had Vasudeva spoken so many words"?

"Pardon me." he said, "from a friendly heart, I'm talking to you. I'm seeing that you are tormenting yourself, I'm seeing that you're in grief. Your son, my dear, is worrying you, and he is also worrying me. That young bird is accustomed to a different life, to a different nest. He has not, like you, ran away from riches and the city, being disgusted and fed up with it; against his will, he had to leave all this behind. I asked the river, oh friend, many times I have asked it. But the river laughs, it laughs at me, it laughs at you and me, and is shaking with laughter at out foolishness. Water wants to join water, youth wants to join youth, your son is not in the place where he can prosper. You too should ask the river; you too should listen to it!"

Troubled, Siddhartha looked into his friendly face, in the many wrinkles of which there was incessant cheerfulness.

"How could I part with him?" he said quietly, ashamed. "Give me some more time, my dear! See, I'm fighting for him, I'm seeking to win his heart, with love and with friendly patience I intent to capture it. One day, the river shall also talk to him, he also is called upon."

Vasudeva's smile flourished more warmly. "Oh yes, he too is called upon, he too is of the eternal life. But do we, you and me, know what he is called upon to do, what path to take, what actions to perform, what pain to endure? Not a small one, his pain will be; after all, his heart is proud and hard, people like this have to suffer a lot, err a lot, do much injustice, burden themselves with much sin. Tell me, my dear: you're not taking control of your son's upbringing? You don't force him? You don't beat him? You don't punish him?"

"No, Vasudeva, I don't do anything of this."

“I knew it. You don’t force him, don’t beat him, don’t give him orders, because you know that “soft” is stronger than “hard”, Water stronger than rocks, love stronger than force. Very good, I praise you. But aren’t you mistaken in thinking that you wouldn’t force him, wouldn’t punish him? Don’t you shackle him with your love? Don’t you make him feel inferior every day, and don’t you make it even harder on him with your kindness and patience? Don’t you force him, the arrogant and pampered boy, to live in a hut with two old banana eaters, to whom even rice is a delicacy, whose thoughts can’t be his, whose hearts are old and quiet and beats in a different pace than his? Isn’t forced, isn’t he punished by all this?”

Troubled, Siddhartha looked to the ground. Quietly, he asked: “What do you think should I do?”

Quoth Vasudeva: “Bring him into the city, bring him into his mother’s house, there’ll still be servants around, give him to them. And when there aren’t any around anymore, bring him to a teacher, not for the teachings’ sake, but so that he shall be among other boys, and among girls, and in the world, which is his own. Have you never thought of this?”

“You’re seeing into my heart,” Siddhartha spoke sadly. “Often, I have thought of this. But look, how shall I put him, who had no tender heart anyhow, into this world? Won’t he become exuberant, won’t he lose himself to pleasure and power, won’t he repeat all of his father’s mistakes, won’t he perhaps get entirely lost in Sansara?”

Brightly, the ferryman’s smile lit up; softly, he touched Siddhartha’s arm and said: “Ask the river about it, my friend! Hear it laugh about it! Would you actually believe that you had committed your foolish acts in order to spare your son from committing them too? And could you in any way protect your son from Sansara? How could you? By means of teachings, prayer, admonition? My dear, have you entirely forgotten that story, that story containing so many lessons, that story about Siddhartha, a Brahman’s son, which you once told me here on this very spot? Who has kept the Samana Siddhartha safe from Sansara, from sin, from greed, from foolishness? Were his father’s religious devotion, his teachers warnings, his own knowledge, his own search able to keep him safe? Which father, which teacher had been able to protect him from living his life for himself, from soiling himself with life, from burdening himself with guilt, from drinking the bitter drink for himself, from finding his path for himself? Would you think, my dear, anybody might perhaps be spared from taking this path? That perhaps your little son would be spared, because you love him, because you would like to keep him from suffering and pain and disappointment? But even if you would die ten times for him, you would not be able to take the slightest part of his destiny upon yourself.”

Never before, Vasudeva had spoken so many words. Kindly, Siddhartha thanked him, went troubled into the hut, could not sleep for a long time. Vasudeva had told him nothing, he had not already thought and known for himself. But this was a knowledge he could not act upon, stronger than the knowledge was his love for the boy, stronger was his tenderness, his fear to lose him. Had he ever lost his heart so much to something, had he ever loved any person thus, thus blindly, thus sufferingly, thus unsuccessfully, and yet thus happily?

Chapter 11, Questions for Part 1

1. What does this paragraph tell us about Vasudeva’s path to enlightenment? Has he been more reliant on self-actualization (reaching his potential), knowledge (gathering wisdom), or experience?
2. What has Siddhartha’s experience with his son taught him about knowledge?

Slowly blossomed, slowly ripened in Siddhartha the realisation, the knowledge, what wisdom actually was, what the goal of his long search was. It was nothing but a readiness of the soul, an ability, a secret art, to think every moment, while living his life, the thought of oneness, to be able to feel and inhale the oneness. Slowly this blossomed in him, was shining back at him from Vasudeva's old, childlike face: harmony, knowledge of the eternal perfection of the world, smiling, oneness.

Chapter 11, Questions for Part 2

1. What does the image of the river represent in this passage?
2. What does the author mean when he says that Siddhartha's "heart was still fighting his fate, cheerfulness and victory were not yet shining from his suffering"? What does this indicate about the purpose of life's suffering and how to overcome it?
3. What words are used to describe Vasudeva? What do these words indicate about Vasudeva's path to enlightenment in comparison to Siddhartha's?

The river laughed. Yes, so it was, everything came back, which had not been suffered and solved up to its end, the same pain was suffered over and over again. But Siddhartha went back into the boat and ferried back to the hut, thinking of his father, thinking of his son, laughed at by the river, at odds with himself, tending towards despair, and not less tending towards laughing along at himself and the entire world. Alas, the wound was not blossoming yet, his heart was still fighting his fate, cheerfulness and victory were not yet shining from his suffering. Nevertheless, he felt hope, and once he had returned to the hut, he felt an undefeatable desire to open up to Vasudeva, to show him everything, the master of listening, to say everything.

Vasudeva was sitting in the hut and weaving a basket. He no longer used the ferry-boat, his eyes were starting to get weak, and not just his eyes; his arms and hands as well. Unchanged and flourishing was only the joy and the cheerful benevolence of his face.

Chapter 11, Questions for Part 3

1. What are some words that the author uses to describe Vasudeva?
2. What is Siddhartha's realization of Vasudeva? What does this indicate about Vasudeva's path to enlightenment? What does this indicate about what enlightenment means?
3. What qualities of Vasudeva shine through his physical being? How are these qualities connected to the idea of enlightenment?

Siddhartha sat down next to the old man, slowly he started talking. What they had never talked about, he now told him of, of his walk to the city, at that time, of the burning wound, of his envy at the sight of happy fathers, of his knowledge of the foolishness of such wishes, of his futile fight against them. He reported everything, he was able to say everything, even the most embarrassing parts, everything could be said, everything shown, everything he could tell. He presented his wound, also told how he fled today, how he ferried across the water, a childish run-away, willing to walk to the city, how the river had laughed.

While he spoke, spoke for a long time, while Vasudeva was listening with a quiet face, Vasudeva's listening gave Siddhartha a stronger sensation than ever before, he sensed how his pain, his fears flowed over to him, how his secret hope flowed over, came back at him from his counterpart. To show his wound to this listener was the same as bathing it in the river, until it had cooled and become one with the river. While he was still speaking, still

admitting and confessing, Siddhartha felt more and more that this was no longer Vasudeva, no longer a human being, who was listening to him, that this motionless listener was absorbing his confession into himself like a tree the rain, that this motionless man was the river itself, that he was God himself, that he was the eternal itself. And while Siddhartha stopped thinking of himself and his wound, this realisation of Vasudeva's changed character took possession of him, and the more he felt it and entered into it, the less wondrous it became, the more he realised that everything was in order and natural, that Vasudeva had already been like this for a long time, almost forever, that only he had not quite recognised it, yes, that he himself had almost reached the same state. He felt, that he was now seeing old Vasudeva as the people see the gods, and that this could not last; in his heart, he started bidding his farewell to Vasudeva. Thorough all this, he talked incessantly.

When he had finished talking, Vasudeva turned his friendly eyes, which had grown slightly weak, at him, said nothing, let his silent love and cheerfulness, understanding and knowledge, shine at him. He took Siddhartha's hand, led him to the seat by the bank, sat down with him, smiled at the river. "You've heard it laugh," he said. "But you haven't heard everything. Let's listen, you'll hear more."

Chapter 11, Questions for Part 4

1. How does the river represent the whole world and all the people in it?
2. Why is rushing toward a goal equated to suffering?
3. How does this passage develop the theme of unity?
4. What realization does Siddhartha reach by listening to the river? What does this indicate about his path to enlightenment?

They listened. Softly sounded the river, singing in many voices. Siddhartha looked into the water, and images appeared to him in the moving water: his father appeared, lonely, mourning for his son; he himself appeared, lonely, he also being tied with the bondage of yearning to his distant son; his son appeared, lonely as well, the boy, greedily rushing along the burning course of his young wishes, each one heading for his goal, each one obsessed by the goal, each one suffering. The river sang with a voice of suffering, longingly it sang, longingly, it flowed towards its goal, lamentingly its voice sang.

"Do you hear?" Vasudeva's mute gaze asked. Siddhartha nodded.

Siddhartha made an effort to listen better. The image of his father, his own image, the image of his son merged, Kamala's image also appeared and was dispersed, and the image of Govinda, and other images, and they merged with each other, turned all into the river, headed all, being the river, for the goal, longing, desiring, suffering, and the river's voice sounded full of yearning, full of burning woe, full of unsatisfiable desire. For the goal, the river was heading, Siddhartha saw it hurrying, the river, which consisted of him and his loved ones and of all people, he had ever seen, all of these waves and waters were hurrying, suffering, towards goals, many goals, the waterfall, the lake, the rapids, the sea, and all goals were reached, and every goal was followed by a new one, and the water turned into vapour and rose to the sky, turned into rain and poured down from the sky, turned into a source, a stream, a river, headed forward once again, flowed on once again. But the longing voice had changed. It still resounded, full of suffering, searching, but other voices joined it, voices of joy and of suffering, good and bad voices, laughing and sad ones, a hundred voices, a thousand voices. Siddhartha listened. He was now nothing but a listener, completely concentrated on listening, completely empty, he felt, that he had now finished learning to listen. Often before, he had heard all this, these many voices in the river, today it sounded new. Already, he could no longer tell the many voices apart, not the happy ones from the weeping ones, not the ones of children from

those of men, they all belonged together, the lamentation of yearning and the laughter of the knowledgeable one, the scream of rage and the moaning of the dying ones, everything was one, everything was intertwined and connected, entangled a thousand times. And everything together, all voices, all goals, all yearning, all suffering, all pleasure, all that was good and evil, all of this together was the world. All of it together was the flow of events, was the music of life. And when Siddhartha was listening attentively to this river, this song of a thousand voices, when he neither listened to the suffering nor the laughter, when he did not tie his soul to any particular voice and submerged his self into it, but when he heard them all, perceived the whole, the oneness, then the great song of the thousand voices consisted of a single word, which was Om: the perfection.

Chapter 11, Questions for Part 5

1. What words are used to describe Vasudeva in this passage? What do these words indicate about his path to enlightenment and what enlightenment means to him?
2. The author says, "In this hour, Siddhartha stopped fighting his fate, stopped suffering." What is the connection between suffering and fate? What does this indicate about Siddhartha's path to enlightenment?
3. What has Vasudeva been waiting for? When he says he is "going into the forest," what does he actually mean?
4. What conclusion has Vasudeva reached regarding the meaning of life? How did he arrive at this conclusion?

Brightly, Vasudeva's smile was shining, floating radiantly over all the wrinkles of his old face, as the Om was floating in the air over all the voices of the river. Brightly his smile was shining, when he looked at his friend, and brightly the same smile was now starting to shine on Siddhartha's face as well. His wound blossomed, his suffering was shining, his self had flown into the oneness.

In this hour, Siddhartha stopped fighting his fate, stopped suffering. On his face flourished the cheerfulness of a knowledge, which is no longer opposed by any will, which knows perfection, which is in agreement with the flow of events, with the current of life, full of sympathy for the pain of others, full of sympathy for the pleasure of others, devoted to the flow, belonging to the oneness.

When Vasudeva rose from the seat by the bank, when he looked into Siddhartha's eyes and saw the cheerfulness of the knowledge shining in them, he softly touched his shoulder with his hand, in this careful and tender manner, and said: "I've been waiting for this hour, my dear. Now that it has come, let me leave. For a long time, I've been waiting for this hour; for a long time, I've been Vasudeva the ferryman. Now it's enough. Farewell, hut, farewell, river, farewell, Siddhartha!"

Siddhartha made a deep bow before him who bid his farewell. "I've known it," he said quietly. "You'll go into the forests?"

"I'm going into the forests, I'm going into the one-ness," spoke Vasudeva with a bright smile. With a bright smile, he left; Siddhartha watched him leaving. With deep joy, with deep solemnity he watched him leave, saw his steps full of peace, saw his head full of lustre, saw his body full of light.

Chapter 12, Questions for Part 1

1. Read carefully Govinda's replies and questions to Siddhartha. What do his replies and questions indicate about his path to enlightenment? Has his path been more through self-actualization, knowledge, or experience?
2. What has been Govinda's goal? Put another way, for what has he been searching?
3. What is the relationship between goals and suffering?

Quoth Siddhartha, smiling from his old eyes: "Do you call yourself a searcher, oh venerable one, though you are already of an old in years and are wearing the robe of Gotama's monks?"

"It's true, I'm old," spoke Govinda, "but I haven't stopped searching. Never I'll stop searching, this seems to be my destiny. You too, so it seems to me, have been searching. Would you like to tell me something, oh honourable one?"

Quoth Siddhartha: "What should I possibly have to tell you, oh venerable one? Perhaps that you're searching far too much? That in all that searching, you don't find the time for finding?"

"How come?" asked Govinda.

"When someone is searching," said Siddhartha, "then it might easily happen that the only thing his eyes still see is that what he searches for, that he is unable to find anything, to let anything enter his mind, because he always thinks of nothing but the object of his search, because he has a goal, because he is obsessed by the goal. Searching means: having a goal. But finding means: being free, being open, having no goal. You, oh venerable one, are perhaps indeed a searcher, because, striving for your goal, there are many things you don't see, which are directly in front of your eyes." "I don't quite understand yet," asked Govinda, "what do you mean by this?"

When in the next morning the time had come to start the day's journey, Govinda said, not without hesitation, these words: "Before I'll continue on my path, Siddhartha, permit me to ask one more question. Do you have a teaching? Do you have a faith, or a knowledge, you follow, which helps you to live and to do right?"

Chapter 12 Questions Part 2

1. What has been Siddhartha's teacher over his life time?
2. How have these "teachers" helped him reach enlightenment?
3. Is Siddhartha's arrival at spiritual enlightenment driven by his own will or his circumstances? What about Govinda's?

Quoth Siddhartha: "You know, my dear, that I already as a young man, in those days when we lived with the penitents in the forest, started to distrust teachers and teachings and to turn my back to them. I have stuck with this. Nevertheless, I have had many teachers since then. A beautiful courtesan has been my teacher for a long time, and a rich merchant was my teacher, and some gamblers with dice. Once, even a follower of Buddha, travelling on foot, has been my teacher; he sat with me when I had fallen asleep in the forest, on the pilgrimage. I've also learned from him, I'm also grateful to him, very grateful. But most of all, I have learned here from this river and from my predecessor, the ferryman Vasudeva. He was a very simple person, Vasudeva, he was no thinker, but he knew what is necessary just as well as Gotama, he was a perfect man, a saint."

Chapter 12 Questions, Part 3

1. Why do you think Govinda believes that Siddhartha is mocking him or is kidding?
2. What is the difference between Govinda's path to enlightenment and Siddhartha's?
3. According to this passage, to what extent has knowledge played a role in Siddhartha's path to enlightenment? How about Govinda's?

Govinda said: "Still, oh Siddhartha, you love a bit to mock people, as it seems to me. I believe in you and know that you haven't followed a teacher. But haven't you found something by yourself, though you've found no teachings, you still found certain thoughts, certain insights, which are your own and which help you to live? If you would like to tell me some of these, you would delight my heart."

Quoth Siddhartha: "I've had thoughts, yes, and insight, again and again. Sometimes, for an hour or for an entire day, I have felt knowledge in me, as one would feel life in one's heart. There have been many thoughts, but it would be hard for me to convey them to you. Look, my dear Govinda, this is one of my thoughts, which I have found: wisdom cannot be passed on. Wisdom which a wise man tries to pass on to someone always sounds like foolishness."

"Are you kidding?" asked Govinda.

"I'm not kidding. I'm telling you what I've found. Knowledge can be conveyed, but not wisdom. It can be found, it can be lived, it is possible to be carried by it, miracles can be performed with it, but it cannot be expressed in words and taught. This was what I, even as a young man, sometimes suspected, what has driven me away from the teachers. I have found a thought, Govinda, which you'll again regard as a joke or foolishness, but which is my best thought. It says: The opposite of every truth is just as true! That's like this: any truth can only be expressed and put into words when it is one-sided. Everything is one-sided which can be thought with thoughts and said with words, it's all one-sided, all just one half, all lacks completeness, roundness, oneness. When the exalted Gotama spoke in his teachings of the world, he had to divide it into Sansara and Nirvana, into deception and truth, into suffering and salvation. It cannot be done differently, there is no other way for him who wants to teach. But the world itself, what exists around us and inside of us, is never one-sided. A person or an act is never entirely Sansara or entirely Nirvana, a person is never entirely holy or entirely sinful. It does really seem like this, because we are subject to deception, as if time was something real. Time is not real, Govinda, I have experienced this often and often again. And if time is not real, then the gap which seems to be between the world and the eternity, between suffering and blissfulness, between evil and good, is also a deception."

"How come?" asked Govinda timidly.

Chapter 12, Questions Part 3

1. The author uses images of opposites in this passage to demonstrate Siddhartha's ideas on life and enlightenment. How do these images demonstrate the theme of unity among all things?
2. What conclusion has Siddhartha reached regarding how to live at peace?
3. Which has played a bigger role in Siddhartha's path to enlightenment: self-actualization, knowledge, or experience? What in this passage provides evidence for your answer?

The world, my friend Govinda, is not imperfect, or on a slow path towards perfection: no, it is perfect in every moment, all sin already carries the divine forgiveness in itself, all small children already have the old person in themselves, all infants already have death, all dying people the eternal life. It is not possible for any person to see how far another one has already progressed on his path; in the robber and dice-gambler, the Buddha is waiting; in the Brahman, the robber is waiting. In deep meditation, there is the possibility to put time out of existence, to see all life which was, is, and will be as if it was simultaneous, and there everything is good, everything is perfect, everything is Brahman. Therefore, I see whatever exists as good, death is to me like life, sin like holiness, wisdom like foolishness, everything has to be as it is, everything only requires my consent, only my willingness, my loving agreement, to be good for me, to do nothing but work for my benefit, to be unable to ever harm me. I have experienced on my body and on my soul that I needed sin very much, I needed lust, the desire for possessions, vanity, and needed the most shameful despair, in order to learn how to give up all resistance, in order to learn how to love the world, in order to stop comparing it to some world I wished, I imagined, some kind of perfection I had made up, but to leave it as it is and to love it and to enjoy being a part of it.—These, oh Govinda, are some of the thoughts which have come into my mind.”

Chapter 12, Questions Part 4

1. Siddhartha says that Vasudeva “knew everything, knew more than you and me, without teachers, without books, only because he believed in the river.” What does the river represent here? What does this tell us about Vasudeva’s beliefs and how he became enlightened?
2. According to this passage, what contributed the most to Vasudeva’s enlightenment: self-actualization, knowledge, or experience? What evidence supports your answer?

I can love a stone, Govinda, and also a tree or a piece of bark. This are things, and things can be loved. But I cannot love words. Therefore, teachings are no good for me, they have no hardness, no softness, no colours, no edges, no smell, no taste, they have nothing but words. Perhaps it are these which keep you from finding peace, perhaps it are the many words. Because salvation and virtue as well, Sansara and Nirvana as well, are mere words, Govinda. There is nothing which would be Nirvana; there is just the word Nirvana.”

Quoth Govinda: “Not just a word, my friend, is Nirvana. It is a thought.” Siddhartha continued: “A thought, it might be so. I must confess to you, my dear: I don’t differentiate much between thoughts and words. To be honest, I also have no high opinion of thoughts. I have a better opinion of things. Here on this ferry-boat, for instance, a man has been my predecessor and teacher, a holy man, who has for many years simply believed in the river, nothing else. He had noticed that the river’s spoke to him, he learned from it, it educated and taught him, the river seemed to be a god to him, for many years he did not know that every wind, every cloud, every bird, every beetle was just as divine and knows just as much and can teach just as much as the worshipped river. But when this holy man went into the forests, he knew everything, knew more than you and me, without teachers, without books, only because he had believed in the river.”

Chapter 12, Questions Part 5

1. According to this passage, in Siddhartha’s mind, what is the most important part of someone’s life? How does this show that experience is most important to Siddhartha’s enlightenment?
2. Govinda believes that Gotama’s teachings and Siddhartha’s teachings are contradictory. According to Siddhartha, how are his and Gotama’s teachings similar?
3. What can we infer about Gotama’s path to enlightenment from this passage?

“This I understand,” spoke Govinda. “But this very thing was discovered by the exalted one to be a deception. He commands benevolence, clemency, sympathy, tolerance, but not love; he forbade us to tie our heart in love to earthly things.”

“I know it,” said Siddhartha; his smile shone golden. “I know it, Govinda. And behold, with this we are right in the middle of the thicket of opinions, in the dispute about words. For I cannot deny, my words of love are in a contradiction, a seeming contradiction with Gotama’s words. For this very reason, I distrust in words so much, for I know, this contradiction is a deception. I know that I am in agreement with Gotama. How should he not know love, he, who has discovered all elements of human existence in their transitoriness, in their meaninglessness, and yet loved people thus much, to use a long, laborious life only to help them, to teach them! Even with him, even with your great teacher, I prefer the thing over the words, place more importance on his acts and life than on his speeches, more on the gestures of his hand than his opinions. Not in his speech, not in his thoughts, I see his greatness, only in his actions, in his life.”

For a long time, the two old men said nothing.

Then spoke Govinda, while bowing for a farewell: “I thank you, Siddhartha, for telling me some of your thoughts. They are partially strange thoughts, not all have been instantly understandable to me. This being as it may, I thank you, and I wish you to have calm days.”

Chapter 12 Questions Part 6

1. What does this passage tell us about Govinda’s path to enlightenment?
2. Why is Govinda still suffering?

“Siddhartha,” he spoke, “we have become old men. It is unlikely for one of us to see the other again in this incarnation. I see, beloved, that you have found peace. I confess that I haven’t found it. Tell me, oh honourable one, one more word, give me something on my way which I can grasp, which I can understand! Give me something to be with me on my path. It is often hard, my path, often dark, Siddhartha.”

Siddhartha said nothing and looked at him with the ever unchanged, quiet smile. Govinda stared at his face, with fear, with yearning, suffering, and the eternal search was visible in his look, eternal not-finding.

Chapter 12 Questions Part 7

1. Who are the “perfected ones,” and why are they smiling?
2. How has Govinda reached enlightenment?
3. How is love and peace connected?
4. How does this final passage of the book demonstrate the unity of all things and one’s place in the world?

And, Govinda saw it like this, this smile of the mask, this smile of oneness above the flowing forms, this smile of simultaneousness above the thousand births and deaths, this smile of Siddhartha was precisely the same, was precisely of the same kind as the quiet, delicate, impenetrable, perhaps benevolent, perhaps mocking, wise, thousand-fold smile of Gotama, the Buddha, as he had seen it himself with great respect a hundred times. Like this, Govinda knew, the perfected ones are smiling. Not knowing any more whether time existed, whether the vision had lasted a second or a hundred years, not knowing any more whether there existed a Siddhartha, a

Gotama, a me and a you, feeling in his innermost self as if he had been wounded by a divine arrow, the injury of which tasted sweet, being enchanted and dissolved in his innermost self, Govinda still stood for a little while bent over Siddhartha's quiet face, which he had just kissed, which had just been the scene of all manifestations, all transformations, all existence. The face was unchanged, after under its surface the depth of the thousandfoldness had closed up again, he smiled silently, smiled quietly and softly, perhaps very benevolently, perhaps very mockingly, precisely as he used to smile, the exalted one.

Deeply, Govinda bowed; tears he knew nothing of, ran down his old face; like a fire burnt the feeling of the most intimate love, the humblest veneration in his heart. Deeply, he bowed, touching the ground, before him who was sitting motionlessly, whose smile reminded him of everything he had ever loved in his life, what had ever been valuable and holy to him in his life.

Written Reflection:

Now that you've read Chapters 10-12 and thought through all the text dependent questions as you read, it's time to take tackle the written reflection. Focus Question: **Is Siddhartha's arrival at spiritual enlightenment driven by his own will or his circumstances?** *Be sure to support your answer with the best textual evidence. (Use a separate sheet of paper and be sure to include it when returning this packet).*

Directions: Campbell's excerpt, below, helps you understand why people even search for a meaning higher than themselves and will help you throughout the novel. This reading should take 1 day from week 5 (3/5). Please use the organizer titled, *Culminating Task, Supplemental Text(s) Graphic Organizer*, to support your analysis of this text. This organizer will be used through each of the supplemental texts mentioned for week 5. At the end of this text, please complete the written reflection question.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL AND THE POWER OF MYTH

Ep. 2: Joseph Campbell and the Power of Myth — 'The Message of the Myth'

June 22, 1988

CAMPBELL: People say that what we're all seeking is a meaning for life. I don't think that's what we're really seeking. I think what we're seeking is an experience of being alive, so that the life experiences that we have on the purely physical plane will have resonances within that are those of our own innermost being and reality. And so that we actually feel the rapture of being alive, that's what it's all finally about, and that's what these clues help us to find within ourselves.

BILL MOYERS: Myths are clues?

JOSEPH CAMPBELL: Myths are clues to the spiritual potentialities of the human life.

BILL MOYERS: What we're capable of knowing within?

JOSEPH CAMPBELL: Yes.

BILL MOYERS: And experiencing within.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL: Yes.

BILL MOYERS: I liked your defin—you changed the definition of a myth from the search for meaning to the experience of meaning.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL: The experience, the experience.

BILL MOYERS: The experience of life.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL: The experience of life. The mind has to do with meaning; in here, what's the meaning of a flower? That Zen story of the sermon of the Buddha when his whole company was gathered, and he simply lifted a flower. And there's only one man, Kashyapa, who gave him a sign with his eye that he understood what was said.

What's the meaning of the universe? What's the meaning of a flea? It's just there, that's it, and your own meaning is that you're there. Now we are so engaged in doing things, to achieve purposes of outer value, that we forget that the inner value, the rapture that is associated with being alive, is what it's all about.

Now, we want to think about God. God is a thought, God is a name, God is an idea, but its reference is to something that transcends all thinking. The ultimate mystery of being is beyond all categories of thought. My friend Heinrich Zimmer of years ago used to say, "The best things can't be told." Because they transcend thought. The second best are misunderstood, because those are the thoughts that are supposed to refer to that which

can't be thought about, you know. And one gets stuck with the thoughts. The third best are what we talk about, you see. And myth is that field of reference, metaphors referring to what is absolutely transcendent.

Written Reflection:

Now that you've read Campbell's excerpt, and thought through the organizer, it's time to take tackle the written reflection. Focus Question: **How do creation stories or other myths contribute to a person's ability to reach self-actualization?** *Be sure to support your answer with the best textual evidence. (Use a separate sheet of paper and be sure to include it when returning this packet).*

Culminating Task, Supplemental Text(s) Graphic Organizer

Text title	Information about Self-Actualization	Information about Knowledge	Information about Experience	Connection to <i>Siddhartha</i>
“Joseph Campbell and the Power of Myth”				
“Maslow’s Hierarchy of Needs”				
Definition of “Atman”				
“What do Buddhists Mean by ‘Enlightenment’?”				
<p>Summary statement: How are self-actualization, knowledge, and experience connected to the idea of enlightenment?</p>				

Directions: The next few supplemental texts “Maslow’s Hierarchy of Needs What Do Buddhists Mean by Enlightenment,” “Definition of Atman or self-realization in Hinduism,” “The Life of the Buddha: Siddhartha Gautama,” give you concrete definitions for the terms self-actualization and enlightenment from a Buddhist perspective. In answering the focus question with each of these texts, you will be more prepared to argue to what extent self-actualization plays a role in spiritual enlightenment. Please use the organizer titled, *Culminating Task, Supplemental Text(s) Graphic Organizer*, to support your analysis of these texts. At the end of this text, please complete the written reflection question. These readings and written reflection should take 1 day from week 5.

The original hierarchy of needs five-stage model includes:

Maslow (1943, 1954) stated that people are motivated to achieve certain needs and that some needs take precedence over others.

Our most basic need is for physical survival, and this will be the first thing that motivates our behavior. Once that level is fulfilled the next level up is what motivates us, and so on.

1. **Physiological needs** - these are biological requirements for human survival, e.g. air, food, drink, shelter, clothing, warmth, sex, sleep.

If these needs are not satisfied the human body cannot function optimally. Maslow considered physiological needs the most important as all the other needs become secondary until these needs are met.

2. **Safety needs** - Once an individual’s physiological needs are satisfied, the needs for security and safety become salient. People want to experience order, predictability and control in their lives. These needs can be fulfilled by the family and society (e.g. police, schools, business and medical care).

For example, emotional security, financial security (e.g. employment, social welfare), law and order, freedom from fear, social stability, property, health and wellbeing (e.g. safety against accidents and injury).

3. **Love and belongingness needs** - after physiological and safety needs have been fulfilled, the third level of human needs is social and involves feelings of belongingness. The need for interpersonal relationships motivates behavior

Examples include friendship, intimacy, trust, and acceptance, receiving and giving affection and love. Affiliating, being part of a group (family, friends, work).

4. **Esteem needs** is the fourth level in Maslow’s hierarchy - which Maslow classified into two categories: (i) esteem for oneself (dignity, achievement, mastery, independence) and (ii) the desire for reputation or respect from others (e.g., status, prestige).

Maslow indicated that the need for respect or reputation is most important for children and adolescents and precedes real self-esteem or dignity.

5. **Self-actualization needs** refer to the realization of a person's potential, self-fulfillment, seeking personal growth and peak experiences. Maslow (1943) describes this level as the desire to accomplish everything that one can, to become the most that one can be.

Individuals may perceive or focus on this need very specifically. For example, one individual may have the strong desire to become an ideal parent. In another, the desire may be expressed economically, academically or athletically. For others it may be expressed creatively, in paintings, pictures, or inventions.

Atman

HINDU PHILOSOPHY

WRITTEN BY:

- [The Editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica](#)

[See Article History](#)

Atman, (Sanskrit: “self,” “breath”) one of the most basic concepts in [Hinduism](#), the universal self, identical with the eternal core of the personality that after death either transmigrates to a new life or attains release ([moksha](#)) from the bonds of existence. While in the early [Vedas](#) it occurred mostly as a reflexive pronoun meaning “oneself,” in the later [Upanishads](#) (speculative commentaries on the Vedas) it comes more and more to the fore as a philosophical topic. Atman is that which makes the other organs and faculties function and for which indeed they function; it also underlies all the activities of a person, as [brahman](#) (the Absolute) underlies the workings of the universe. Atman is part of the universal *brahman*, with which it can commune or even fuse. So fundamental was the atman deemed to be that certain circles identified it with *brahman*. Of the various systems ([darshans](#)) of Hindu thought, [Vedanta](#) is the one that is particularly concerned with the atman.

What Do Buddhists Mean by 'Enlightenment'?

The concept means different things even to Buddhists

By [Barbara O'Brien](#)

Updated July 25, 2018

Most people have heard that the Buddha was enlightened and that Buddhists seek enlightenment. But what does that mean? "Enlightenment" is an English word that can mean several things. In the West, the Age of Enlightenment was a philosophical movement of the 17th and 18th centuries that promoted science and reason over myth and superstition, so in Western culture, enlightenment is often associated with intellect and knowledge. But Buddhist enlightenment is something else.

Enlightenment and Satori

To add to the confusion, "enlightenment" has been used as the translation for several Asian words that don't mean the same thing. For example, several decades ago English speakers were introduced to Buddhism through the writing of D.T. Suzuki (1870-1966), a Japanese scholar who had lived for a time as a [Rinzai Zen](#) monk. Suzuki used "enlightenment" to translate the Japanese word *satori*, derived from the verb *satoru*, "to know."

This translation was not without justification. But in usage, satori usually refers to an experience of insight into the true nature of reality. It has been compared to the experience of opening a door, but to open a door still implies a separation from what's inside the door. Partly through Suzuki's influence, the idea of spiritual enlightenment as a sudden, blissful, transformative experience became embedded in Western culture. However, that's misleading.

Although Suzuki and some of the first Zen teachers in the West explained enlightenment as an experience that one can have at moments, most Zen teachers and Zen texts tell you that enlightenment is not an experience but a permanent state: a stepping through the door permanently. Not even satori is enlightenment itself. In this, Zen is in alignment with how enlightenment is viewed in other branches of Buddhism.

Enlightenment and Bodhi (Theravada)

Bodhi, a Sanskrit and Pali word that means "awakening," also is often translated as "enlightenment."

In [Theravada Buddhism](#), bodhi is associated with the perfection of insight into the [Four Noble Truths](#), which end [dukkha](#) (suffering, stress, dissatisfaction). The person who has perfected this insight and abandoned all defilements is an [arhat](#), one who is liberated from the cycle of [samsara](#), or endless rebirth. While alive, he enters a sort of conditional [nirvana](#), and at death, he enjoys the peace of complete nirvana and escape from the cycle of rebirth.

In the [Atthinukhopariyaayo Sutta](#) of the [Pali Tipitaka](#) (Samyutta Nikaya 35.152), the Buddha said:

"Then, monks, this is the criterion whereby a monk, apart from faith, apart from persuasion, apart from inclination, apart from rational speculation, apart from delight in views and theories, could affirm the attainment of enlightenment: 'Birth is destroyed, the holy life has been accomplished, what was to be done is done, there is no further living in this world.'"

Enlightenment and Bodhi (Mahayana)

In [Mahayana Buddhism](#), bodhi is associated with the [perfection of wisdom](#), or *sunyata*. This is the teaching that all phenomena are empty of self-essence.

Most of us perceive the things and beings around us as distinctive and permanent. But this view is a projection. Instead, the phenomenal world is an ever-changing nexus of causes and conditions or [Dependent Origination](#). Things and beings, empty of self-essence, are neither real nor not real: the doctrine of [The Two Truths](#). Thoroughly perceiving sunyata dissolves the fetters of self-clinging that cause our unhappiness. The dual way of distinguishing between self and other yields to a permanent nondual outlook in which all things are interrelated.

In Mahayana Buddhism, the idea of practice is that of the [bodhisattva](#), the enlightened being who remains in the phenomenal world to bring all to enlightenment. The bodhisattva ideal is more than altruism; it reflects the reality that none of us is separate. "Individual enlightenment" is an oxymoron.

Enlightenment in Vajrayana

A branch of Mahayana Buddhism, the Tantric schools of Vajrayana Buddhism, believes that enlightenment can come all at once in a transformative moment. This goes hand-in-hand with the belief in Vajrayana that the various passions and hindrances of life, rather than being obstacles, can be fuel for transformation into enlightenment that can occur in a single moment, or at least in this lifetime. Key to this practice is a belief in inherent Buddha Nature, the innate perfection of our inner natures that simply waits for us to recognize it. This belief in the ability to achieve enlightenment instantly is not the same as the Sartori phenomenon, however. For Vajrayana Buddhists, enlightenment is not a glimpse through the door but a permanent state.

Enlightenment and Buddha Nature

According to legend, when the Buddha realized enlightenment he said something to the effect of "Isn't it remarkable! All beings are already enlightened!" This state is what is known as [Buddha Nature](#), which forms a core part of Buddhist practice in some schools. In Mahayana Buddhism, Buddha Nature is the inherent Buddhahood of all beings. Because all beings are already Buddha, the task is not to attain enlightenment but to realize it.

The Chinese master [Huineng](#) (638-713), the Sixth Patriarch of Ch'an ([Zen](#)), compared Buddhahood to a moon obscured by clouds. The clouds represent ignorance and defilements. When these are dropped away, the moon, already present, is revealed.

Experiences of Insight

What about those sudden, blissful, transformative experiences? You may well have had these moments and felt you were onto something spiritually profound. Such an experience, while pleasant and sometimes accompanied by genuine insight, is not, by itself, enlightenment. For most practitioners, a blissful spiritual experience not grounded in the practice of the Eightfold Path to achieve enlightenment will not likely be transformative. Chasing blissful states can itself become a form of desire and attachment, and the path toward enlightenment is to surrender clinging and desire.

Zen teacher Barry Magid said of [Master Hakuin](#), in "Nothing Is Hidden":

"Post-satori practice for Hakuin meant finally ceasing to be preoccupied with his own personal condition and attainment and to devote himself and his practice to helping and teaching others. Finally, at long last, he realized that true enlightenment is a matter of endless practice and compassionate functioning, not something that occurs once and for all in one great moment on the cushion."

The teacher and monk Shunryu Suzuki (1904-1971) said of enlightenment:

"It is a kind of mystery that for people who have no experience of enlightenment, enlightenment is something wonderful. But if they attain it, it is nothing. But yet it is not nothing. Do you understand? For a mother with children, having children is nothing special. That is zazen. So, if you continue this practice, more and more you will acquire something—nothing special, but nevertheless something. You may say 'universal nature' or 'Buddha nature' or 'enlightenment.' You may call it by many names, but for the person who has it, it is nothing, and it is something."

Both legend and documented evidence suggest that skilled practitioners and enlightened beings may be capable of extraordinary, even supernatural mental powers. However, these skills are not evidence of enlightenment, nor are they somehow essential to it. Here, too, we are warned not to chase these mental skills at the risk of mistaking the finger pointing at the moon for the moon itself.

If you wonder if you have become enlightened, it is almost certain you have not. The only way to test one's insight is to present it to a dharma teacher. Don't be dismayed if your achievement falls apart under a teacher's scrutiny. False starts and mistakes are a necessary part of the path, and if, and when, you achieve enlightenment, it will be built on a solid foundation and you will have no mistake about it.

Written Reflection:

Now that you've read these short texts, and thought through the organizer, it's time to take tackle the written reflection. Focus Question: **How does Maslow's hierarchy of needs impact one's ability to achieve spiritual enlightenment?** *Be sure to support your answer with the best textual evidence. (Use a separate sheet of paper and be sure to include it when returning this packet).*

At this point, you should now be on Day 5 of the fifth week of your project. On this day, you will begin your Culminating Task. Review the second to last Checkpoint below to ensure you have completed all key content in Formative Task Arc #2, before moving on to the Culminating Task. Once complete, begin the Culminating Task Arc.

CHECKPOINT #5: This is the end of week five. Ensure you have completed the following before you continue:

- Read Chapters 10-12
 - Chapter 10, reading questions
 - Chapter 11, reading questions part 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5
 - Chapter 12, reading questions part 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7
- Read Joseph Campbell and the Power of Myth
 - Begin completing the organizers, *Culminating Task*, *Supplemental Text(s) Graphic Organizer*, to support your analysis of this text
- Read the following and continue to use the organizers, *Culminating Task*, *Supplemental Text(s) Graphic Organizer*, to support your analysis of this text
 - Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs
 - What Do Buddhists Mean by Enlightenment
 - Definition of Atman or self-realization in Hinduism
 - The Life of the Buddha: Siddhartha Gautama
- Begin the Culminating Task through the organizer, *Building an Argument*.
 - Note: The Culminating Task will take you six days. The first day is at the end of Week 5.

The Culminating Task

Directions: Now that you've had time to read, think, and write through all of the texts in this module, it's time to show what you've learned. The completion of this culminating task should take 6 days to plan (last day of week 5, and all of week 6), draft, edit, revise, and write toward final production. It is recommended that you use the following graphic organizer, *Building an Argument*, to help plan and organize your essay. It is also recommended that you utilize all the organizers you've completed to support the development of your argument, and too, the evidence/analysis within your body paragraphs. Use separate sheets of paper to draft, revise/edit, and produce a final product. Be sure to turn in all these pieces.

Culminating Task: Siddhartha concerns the quest for spiritual enlightenment and, by the end of the novel, four characters (Govinda, Gotama, Vasudeva, and Siddhartha) have achieved this goal. Write an essay arguing to what extent self-actualization, knowledge, or experience plays a part in these four characters' path toward enlightenment. Be sure to demonstrate how the path to enlightenment is different (and sometimes similar) for each character. In your response, incorporate the perspectives of at least two secondary sources from our readings, as well as include relevant details and quotations from the novel to support your arguments.

Task Summary:

For the Culminating Task, you'll need to evaluate the role of self-actualization in four characters' quest for spiritual enlightenment. In order to argue this effectively, you'll need to consider whether other factors such as knowledge or experience play more of a part in spiritual enlightenment than self-actualization. You'll also need to apply what you know about Buddhism and Hinduism to the journeys of each of the four characters. The task requires you to define what spiritual enlightenment means and what forms it takes in each character's life, and then argue how much self-actualization (versus other needs) plays a role in reaching that definition of spiritual enlightenment.

Spiritual enlightenment for each character:

Character	His path to spiritual enlightenment What enlightenment means to him	Chapter reference/ Summary of evidence
Govinda		Chapter 2, Chapter 11, Chapter 12
Gotama		Chapter 3
Vasudeva		Chapter 11
Siddhartha		Chapter 11-12 (and full novel)

To what extent does self-actualization, knowledge, and experience play a part in each character's path to enlightenment?

- For each character, circle a number between 1 and 5 that shows *to what extent (how much)* each element contributed to the character's enlightenment. 1 = a little 5= a lot
- List ways in which this character's path was similar or different from other characters in the novel.
- Use text evidence from other graphic organizers in this unit to help you complete this chart.

Character	Self-Actualization	Knowledge	Experience	Similar to...	Different from
Govinda	1 2 3 4 5 Reason:	1 2 3 4 5 Reason:	1 2 3 4 5 Reason:		
Gotama	1 2 3 4 5 Reason:	1 2 3 4 5 Reason:	1 2 3 4 5 Reason:		
Vasudeva	1 2 3 4 5 Reason:	1 2 3 4 5 Reason:	1 2 3 4 5 Reason:		
Siddhartha	1 2 3 4 5 Reason:	1 2 3 4 5 Reason:	1 2 3 4 5 Reason:		

CHECKPOINT #6: This is the end of the project. Ensure you have used all available resources (organizers, text) to craft your argumentative essay.

Make sure your essay is written or typed and includes all key components outlined in the task. Be prepared to submit your essay.

MCAP ARGUMENTATIVE PERFORMANCE TASK RUBRIC

Scoring Criteria	4	3	2	1	0
W.9A	The response demonstrates a full and complete understanding of ideas in the texts by providing an accurate analysis supported with effective and convincing textual evidence.	The response demonstrates an adequate understanding of ideas in the texts by providing a mostly accurate analysis supported with adequate textual evidence.	The response demonstrates basic understanding of ideas in the texts by providing a generally accurate analysis supported with basic textual evidence.	The response demonstrates limited understanding of ideas stated in the texts by providing a minimally accurate analysis supported with limited textual evidence.	The response demonstrates no understanding of ideas in the texts. The response provides inaccurate or no analysis and no textual evidence.
W.1.A	States and supports claim(s) in an effective analysis of texts using effective reasoning and relevant evidence.	States and supports claim(s) in a mostly effective analysis of texts using mostly effective reasoning and evidence.	States and supports claim(s) through a generally accurate analysis of texts using some reasoning and evidence.	States and supports claim(s) through a limited analysis of texts using limited reasoning and evidence.	Does not state or support claim(s) and demonstrates no or inaccurate analysis of texts.
W.1.B	Alternate or opposing claims are clearly acknowledged and soundly addressed.	Alternate or opposing claims are acknowledged and addressed.	Alternate or opposing claims are generally acknowledged and addressed.	Alternate or opposing claims limited in their appropriateness and development.	Alternate or opposing claims are not considered.
W.1.C	Ideas are presented clearly and logically from beginning to end; there are strong connections between and among ideas.	Ideas are presented from beginning to end; there are connections between and among ideas.	Ideas are generally clear and logical; there are general connections between and among ideas.	Ideas are limited; there are minimally effective connections between and among ideas.	Ideas are inappropriate, missing, or inaccurate; there are few or no connections between and among ideas.

W.4	Develops clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are appropriate to task, purpose, and audience.	Develops mostly clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are mostly appropriate to task, purpose, and audience.	Develops generally clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are generally appropriate to task, purpose, and audience.	Develops minimally coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are limited to task, purpose, and audience.	Lacks coherent writing, organization, and style for the task, purpose, and audience.
Conventions L.1*/L.2		The response demonstrates a full command of conventions of standard English at the appropriate level of complexity. A variety of sentence structures are well-formed and effectively controlled. Grammar is strong and effective, enhancing the content of the response. Spelling, punctuation, and capitalization are mostly correct.	The response demonstrates a partial command of conventions of standard English at the appropriate level of complexity. Sentence formation and control are limited. Command of usage and grammar is uneven. Errors in spelling, punctuation, and capitalization may occasionally impede understanding but the meaning is generally clear.	The response demonstrates little command of conventions of standard English at the appropriate level of complexity. Sentence formation and control are severely limited. Errors in grammar and usage are frequent and impede understanding. Spelling, punctuation, and capitalization are incorrect and unclear.	The response to the prompt does not demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English at the appropriate level of complexity. Frequent and varied errors in mechanics, grammar, and usage impede understanding. Frequent and varied errors in mechanics, grammar, and usage impede understanding.

*L1 will be the primary standard, within Conventions, identified by Datalink