



BĀṆABHAṬṬA



# KĀDAMBARĪ

*A Classic Sanskrit Story of  
Magical Transformations*

Translated with an Introduction by  
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# Introduction

## *The Author*

For centuries in India, Bāṇabhaṭṭa (or just Bāṇa, *bhaṭṭa* being an honorific suffix) has been revered as the storyteller *par excellence*, and within Indian literature his *gadyakāvya* (prose poetry or poetic prose) composition *Kādambarī* has been considered literally and figuratively a peerless story of stories. The unique status of this tale of the moon-god's infatuation with the maiden Kādambarī is indicated by the fact that two modern Indian languages, Kannada and Marathi, take "kādambarī"—a woman's name—to mean "novel, romance, fiction, or tale," comparable to calling a tragedy a "hamlet" or a novel a "lolita."

Besides this unusual eponymous use of his heroine's name, Bāṇa has the added distinction of being an artist from India's classical period whose dates, give or take a few decades, are established. Even the dating of Kālidāsa—of the classical Indian writers probably the best known both within the subcontinent and abroad, his fame in the West nurtured earlier on by so renowned a litterateur as Goethe, who praised Kālidāsa's play *Śakuntalā*—varies widely from the second century B.C. to the fifth century A.D. For Bāṇa the situation is quite otherwise. In addition to *Kādambarī*, he told two other stories, both contained in the one narrative entitled *Harṣacarita* (The Life of Harṣa), a biography of his living king, Harṣavardhana (A.D. 606–647), as well as the circumstances of his own life up to the writing of his biography-cum-panegyric. Since from other sources we can determine with relative certainty Harṣa's dates (a famous Chinese pilgrim, for instance, documented a visit to Harṣa's court in A.D. 643) and since we know the composing of the *Harṣacarita* preceded that of *Kādambarī* (Bāṇa died *in medias res* while at work on *Kādambarī*), we can with confidence place Bāṇa within the first half of the seventh century.

Although Bāṇa embellished his own life's story with the traditional nod to mythological connections (to wit, a member of the first branch on his family tree had as playmate a child of the Goddess of Speech), he tells of his mother's early death and of his father's nurturing of him until that parent too passed away, leaving the teenager on his own. (Twice-told by Bāṇa is this story of childhood bereavement, first in the *Harṣacarita* and then in *Kādambarī* where the parrot Vaiṣampāyana, our fictional narrator, relates a most pathetic tale of the loss of its remaining parent, an aged father, at the hands of a cruel hunter.) After recovering from what he states was the anguish of a great sorrow, the young man lived a somewhat carefree and self-indulgent life with an amazingly wide variety of friends and acquaintances—if we can take him at his word—each one identified by name and profession, the lengthy list including descriptive poet Veṇibhārata, panegyrist Sūcivāṇa, dancer Tāṇḍavikā, mendicant Sumati, scribe Govindaka, Jain monk Viradeva, storyteller Jayasena, magician Karāla, and juggler Cakorākṣa. He also visited royal courts; paid his respects, as he (in the translation by E. B. Cowell and F. W. Thomas, 1897) puts it, “to the schools of the wise”; attended “assemblies of able men deep in priceless discussion”; and plunged “into the circles of clever men dowered with profound natural wisdom”—before returning home, an older and much wiser man.

Bāṇa's autobiographical sketch also details the author's stormy relationship with Harṣa, ruler over much of northern India at the end of the Gupta period, an era many nineteenth- and twentieth-century scholars have called India's Golden Age. Summoned to court to explain the dissolute lifestyle he had fallen into after his father's death, Bāṇa, the young Brahmin, laments that courtly service is hateful and “full of dangers. My ancestors never had any love for it, I have no hereditary connection with it, . . . still I must certainly go.” And go he did, to appease Harṣa. Some time later Bāṇa returned to his village of Prithikūṭa, located in what is now the modern Indian state of Bihar, and composed the *Harṣacarita*, narrating Harṣa's rise to power and ending on the eve of the king's setting out to conquer the known world—something that both the hero of *Kādambarī* and the hero's father, the reigning monarch, do. Sophisticated and erudite, the *Harṣacarita* in and of itself is a stunning display of Bāṇa's descriptive and poetic talents. It is introduced with a set of verses that pay homage to a variety of poets (among

them Kālidāsa, Subandhu, and Bhāsa) and to famous and legendary literary works (such as the *Mahābhārata* and the *Bṛhatkathā*), giving evidence of Bāṇa's thorough grounding in the literary tradition. Moreover, the presumably young man takes to task undisciplined poets, chastises poetasters, and has some unkind words for plagiarists, while noting various forms of poetic expression then in vogue. This first of Bāṇa's two *gadyakāvya* narratives is that of a mature, experienced, and knowledgeable writer and critic, and suggests that Harṣa's displeasure may have owed much to that raja's thwarted desire to have this jewel of an artist enhance his royal atelier.

Other than *Kādambarī* and this extravagant paean to Harṣa nothing else exists that can be attributed with certainty to Bāṇa, nor can exact dates be assigned even these two narratives. It seems reasonable to assume that he wrote the former when he was not yet a settled householder; the latter, we conclude, he wrote when he had a grown son, for it was the son, Bhūṣaṇabhaṭṭa, who, upon the death of his father, completed the last third of *Kādambarī*'s elaborately structured story.

Of Bhūṣaṇabhaṭṭa we know virtually nothing except that he was Bāṇa's son. Says Bhūṣaṇabhaṭṭa:

I bow in reverence to my father,  
Master of speech.  
This story was his creation,  
A task beyond other men's reach.  
The world honored his noble spirit in every home.  
Through him I, propelled by  
Merit, gained this life.

When my father went to heaven  
The flow of his story  
Along with his voice  
Was checked on earth.  
I, considering the unfinished work to be  
A sorrow to the good,  
Again set it in motion—  
But out of no pride in my poetic skill.



By most scholars of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries Bhūṣaṇabhaṭṭa has been described as a *kavi* (poet) of meagre skill, though without the son's portion *Kādambarī* is no story at all. The tale itself is, most certainly, Bāṇa's creation. Equally certain can we be that the son had been privy to his father's artistic plan, so tightly constructed is the work. Even so, during the past century or so—since the first printed edition from manuscript in 1849—Bhūṣaṇabhaṭṭa's contribution has been largely ignored in discussions of the text and *Kādambarī* generally published in two pieces: the Pūrvabhāga (first part), by Bāṇa, and the Uttarabhāga (second part), by Bhūṣaṇabhaṭṭa. But no matter how lush and lavish Bāṇa's portion might be, it in fact tells no tale. It is as though *Kādambarī*'s parrot narrator, Vaiśampāyana, has raised one foot in salute to Śūdraka (the present raja but in another birth his friend) and remains there, balanced in unstable equilibrium upon the other spindly bird leg. Only after Bhūṣaṇabhaṭṭa completed the tale do we sense a return to narrative stability. Though more modern critics may dismiss the son's work as at best prosaic and at worst completely superfluous, India's tradition collectively has viewed this text differently. Through the ages, over more than a millennium, *Kādambarī* as a whole, both Bāṇa's and his son's parts, has been copied and recopied by scribe after scribe, maintaining the text's integrity from the seventh century to the present day. What served as the eponymous prototype for the modern novel in Kannada and Marathi is not Bāṇa's work alone, it is Bāṇabhaṭṭa-Bhūṣaṇabhaṭṭa's sparkling narrative, *Kādambarī*.

## *The Perfected Tongue and Kāvya*

Bāṇa wrote in Sanskrit, a language stabilized, probably in the fourth century B.C., by the eminent grammarian Pāṇini and one that has retained the same form ever since—the term “saṁskṛta,” glossing as “put together,” “refined,” or, when referring to Sanskrit, “the perfected tongue.” From A.D. 300 to 1200 it was almost the only written language of northern India, and, used extensively as a medium of literary composition, its vocabulary grew and developed. For some common words like “king” or “elephant” or “light” there may be scores of completely interchangeable synonyms. Other words have accumulated numerous, sometimes contradictory glosses, though the relevant meaning is usu-

ally provided by context. The temptation to crowd double and triple meanings into a line became the basis for the later literary feats of telling two or three stories simultaneously.

Although Sanskrit is rule-bound and highly inflected, it is also surprisingly elastic, the constrictive nature of its inflections being easily overcome by the use of compounding. Short compounds exist in English, such as “applesauce,” “bluebird,” “horseshoe,” and “newsprint”; in Sanskrit, compounded nouns may contain as many as twenty elements or words. Moreover, compounds can often be broken up in several ways to yield different meanings. For instance in English, at the most fundamental level, “newsprint” might be read as “news print” or as “new sprint.” In an example from Sanskrit, when Candrāpīḍa gazes upon Indrāyudha, he sees a horse that is *cakravartinaravāhanocitam* (“fit to be a vehicle for a ruler who is sovereign”); or *cakravarti-naravāhanaucitam* (“fit for Naravāhana, who is a sovereign”); or *cakra-varti-naravāhana-ucitam* (“fit to be a vehicle for a ruler who displays the wheel [symbol of power]”); or *cakra-varti-naravāhana-ucitam* (“fit to be a vehicle for Naravāhana, who displays the wheel”). The compounds together with Sanskrit’s incredible range of synonyms and of words with multiple meanings that lend themselves to easy punning comprise the ingredients of *kāvya*, a rich and complex literary genre.

*Kāvya* (refined poetical composition) might be likened to a literary high-wire act in which the performer/poet inches along a cable made of traditional story lines and poetic conventions, all the while juggling an array of rhetorical devices. A poem or prose work of *kāvya* is generally admired or disdained, as the case may be, for its ornamental effects. The story line must be strong, to be sure, but the literary ornamentation needs to be rich. Descriptions run on for pages, filled with various figures of speech, allusions, wordplay, and recondite expressions. Such self-consciously artificial prose was introduced into Western literature in the sixteenth century by John Lyly, whose comedy *Euphues*, like *Kādambarī*, lent its protagonist’s name to the lexicon of literary art. More than any of the other extant works by Indian *kavis*, Bāṇa’s exemplify the best of what might be called style distinguished by controlled extravagance. *Kāvya* may be in poetry or prose; of practitioners of the latter genre only three major *kavis* and their works are known today: Subandhu (*Vāsavadattā*), Bāṇa (*Harṣacarita* and *Kādam-*

barī), and Daṇḍin (*Daśakumāracarita*). Each one pushed the art of poetic prose to its limits, but Bāṇa remains the most respected, with *Kādambarī* ranked as the masterwork of this genre.

## Moonsonḡ

A straightforward telling of *Kādambarī* might go something like the following. The Goddess of Fortune and a sage named Śvetaketu, produce a son, Puṇḍarika. Puṇḍarika falls in love with Mahāśvetā, but, because of his ascetic's vow, cannot act upon that love. He grieves to death, cursing the moon—which he feels sees but takes no pity on his distress—to know unrequited love from birth to birth. Puṇḍarika and the moon-god reincarnate as Candrāpiḍa and Vaiśampāyana. Candrāpiḍa woos Kādambarī before succumbing to the curse; he dies and reincarnates as Śūdraka. Vaiśampāyana, too, enters another birth, this time as a parrot. One day the parrot (formerly Vaiśampāyana, formerly Puṇḍarika) is taken by his mother to Śūdraka's court, and the whole story is narrated to the king, who remembers his true nature as Candrāpiḍa, the moon-god incarnate. He and the parrot grieve to death at being separated from their beloveds of a previous birth. At their deaths, the body of Candrāpiḍa revives, Puṇḍarika is brought back to earth, marriages take place, and everyone lives happily ever after.

The actual plot of *Kādambarī*, however, has Vaiśampāyana the parrot brought before Śūdraka to tell his story, what he remembers of it, up to that moment. He relates his birth as a parrot, the death of his father at the hands of a hunter, his rescue by a son of the great sage Jābāli, and Jābāli's narration of a story he says will bring the parrot to his true senses. The sage's storytelling takes up the bulk of *Kādambarī*, for it is about the birth of Candrāpiḍa and Vaiśampāyana his friend; Candrāpiḍa's meeting with Mahāśvetā, who tells her and Puṇḍarika's tale of woe; Kādambarī's appearance; the love of Candrāpiḍa and Kādambarī; and Vaiśampāyana's ill-fated encounter with Mahāśvetā where he is cursed to the birth of a parrot. By Jābāli's tale, the parrot comes to know his real identity, as does Śūdraka, and both grieve to death then and there, only to be "reborn" as Candrāpiḍa and Puṇḍarika, and to be reunited with Kādambarī and Mahāśvetā.

In this version—Bāṇa's version—of the story, *Kādambarī* has a surprise ending, which follows clues strewn throughout the various narrators' tales—clues that tell the reader that things are other than they

appear; clues embedded in similes, epithets, actions, and even within the very structure of the descriptive passages. Everything in Bāṇa's telling of *Kādambarī* works in the service of its story—a lover's tale of birth-death-rebirth—and the entire narrative fairly reverberates with this theme, reinforced on several levels by denotations, connotations, and allusions. The story sets up the theme and then reiterates it, suggests it, echoes it, and finally comes to rest—as does the ocean at the end of the Churning for the Elixir—at the conclusion, where love and birth-death-rebirth are shown to be the very stuff of the cosmos (and of storytelling).

## *The Cow's Tail and Framing Lies*

The *Nāṭyaśāstra* of Bharata, a fourth-century A.D. Sanskrit treatise on Indian aesthetics, states that a play should be shaped like a *gopucchāgra* (the tip of a cow's tail), ending in a bushy flare of surprises. In one of his introductory verses to *Kādambarī*, Bāṇa notes that a new story, sparkling with frolicking wordplay and lovemaking, creates a most pleasurable curiosity. So it is that *Kādambarī*'s story is shaped, or plotted, like a *gopucchāgra*, with the bushy flare of surprises at the startling climax of the story taking place when the Goddess of Fortune enters and hails Śūdraka: “Oh Ornament of the World, oh Husband of Rohiṇī, oh Beloved of the Stars, oh Moon, joy of the eye of Kādambarī!” In Bāṇa's (and Bhūṣaṇabhaṭṭa's) hands the *gopucchāgra* becomes a premier example of how to tell a good story—a story, in fact, about the telling of stories. *Kādambarī* is flush with stories: people tell each other stories; they allude to known stories; and the similes themselves are packed with stories. The major storyteller, Vaiṣampāyana the parrot, even bears the name of Hindu India's most illustrious singer of tales—the narrator of the *Mahābhārata*. But what makes *Kādambarī* more than a simple “once upon a time” telling is Bāṇa's sophisticated use of several storytelling techniques to ensnare and suspend his reader (as well as his actors) in the storytelling moment. For purposes of illustration, these techniques—what Aristotle, when referring to Homer's craft, calls the art of framing lies—are what might be called the frame, the prism, and the time-machine.

The frame, a most familiar storytelling device, is a story in the course of which other stories are told. *Kādambarī* has traditionally been placed in the frame, or emboxed tales category, because it seems to

contain stories embedded within stories much along the lines of the famous “oriental” narrative *A Thousand and One Nights*, or its European counterparts, *The Decameron* and *The Canterbury Tales*. Bāṇa’s construction appears to be a typical frame story, with Śūdraka listening to stories told by a precocious talking parrot. However, *Kādambarī* is a story told to Śūdraka by Vaiśampāyana about a story told to Vaiśampāyana by Jābāli, within which is a story told to Candrāpiḍa by Mahāśvetā about a story told to her by Kapiñjala, ending with Jābāli’s story preempting the narrative when Śūdraka the auditor becomes Śūdraka the actor. What appears to be unimaginably complex in explanation is elegant in practice, and Bāṇa’s sophisticated use of a rather simple way of getting stories told lends *Kādambarī* its almost novelistic air.

The prism is also a common way of getting a story told. Just as a prism disperses light into a spectrum, the prismatic technique might be said to develop a story thoroughly by having a character elicit all the facts and facets of a tale. It is used extensively in the *Mahābhārata* and in a somewhat different form in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*. The technique involves a series of questions containing clues about the story to come. “Tell me a story, and make it complete,” a child might say, to guide a narrator to relate every single detail of even a known story. In *Kādambarī*, each major story is introduced by a series of questions, which, to the canny listener or reader, contain clues about either the events or the relevance to the listener of the tale to come. Again, this is a deceptively simple way of telling a story, but Bāṇa used it to fashion a veritable maze of clues and miscues.

The third storytelling technique, the time-machine, is itself the most ingenious twist of all in *Kādambarī*. It is not one of form, as are the frame and the prism, but one of effect, for which it relies on the prestidigitator’s most common ploy: sleight-of-hand. The story usually concerns a man who asks a magician for some sort of display of power or for a favor. The man’s life is changed. Years pass. One day he suddenly finds himself back where he started, as if he had only dreamed away the time, or been enthralled by a story. At no time in any of the versions of the tale is the reader made aware that he and the story’s character are being so deceived. In *Kādambarī* Śūdraka and the reader become riders in time as both are caught up in what Jābāli calls the enchantment of the telling. The king is reminded that he has been a

victim of the *māyā* of his existence, and the reader has enjoyed the art of storytelling's greatest mystery and most precious treasure: the power of illusion. *Kādambarī* is a time-machine story set within a frame that is expanded by use of the prism. As is said of the parrot Vaiṣampāyana when brought before Śūdraka, "Truly, this is a wonder of wonders."

## *A Matter of Manner*

If there is one notion used in the Occident to characterize things oriental it is "profusion." In the Tudor figures of rhetoric the word "asiatismus" was defined as "a kynde of endighting [composition] used of the Asians, full of figures, and wordes, lackying matter." In 1840 James Mill wrote of India's two great epics: "They are excessively prolix and insipid. . . . Inflation; metaphors perpetual, and these the most violent and strained, often the most unnatural and ridiculous; obscurity; tautology; repetition; verbosity; confusion; incoherence; distinguish the Mahabharat and Ramayan." Closer to our subject, Albrecht Weber in 1853 reviewed *Kādambarī*, which he said "compares most unfavourably with the Daśakumāracharita by a subtlety and tautology which are almost repugnant, by an outrageous overloading of single words with epithets: the narrative proceeds in a strain of bombastic nonsense, amidst which it—and if not it, then the patience of the reader—threatens to perish altogether: . . . Bāṇa's prose is an Indian wood, where all progress is rendered impossible by the undergrowth until the traveller cuts out a path for himself, and where, even then, he has to reckon with malicious wild beasts in the shape of unknown words that affright him." It is possible that Weber could not see the trees for the jungle. In fact, *Kādambarī* whispers the moon's song in all its parts, not the least of which are its figures of speech and their careful placement.

*Kādambarī*'s most frequent embellishment is the simile, the use of which can be separated into two categories: short or undeveloped, and mythical. The former designation refers to typical similes that make use of images taken mostly from nature; the latter term denotes comparisons to mythical figures or events. Since the mythological similes tell or imply stories of their own, they are important to an understanding of a narrative that is itself about the telling of stories. *Kādambarī* contains over one hundred similes referring to stories or myths, of which similes more than three-quarters are concerned with the myths of the

Churning for the Elixir, the Final Dissolution, and the destruction of the God of Love (see Glossary). While these similes might appear repetitious, they in fact do not repeat themselves, but rather tell the stories of those three events in bits and pieces instead of as complete tales or scenes in the manner of a Homeric or developed simile. In Bāṇa's narrative each simile is another unique fragment of information, inviting the reader to use his imagination to cement together seemingly redundant material in order to "read" the stories the similes tell and thereby the story *Kādambarī* tells of birth as implied in the Churning, of death as implied in the Final Dissolution, and of the power of love to conquer all as implied in the destruction (and subsequent revival) of the God of Love. The similes are the basis for these three leitmotifs that grow out of and complement the narrative of the moon-god's fall into incarnation after incarnation and his love for princess Kādambarī.

## The Parrot

The *Mahābhārata* is one of the Sanskrit canon's more magnificent examples of the storytelling art. Vyāsa was said to have composed his history of the great war between the Pāṇḍavas and the Kauravas and later to have taught it to his pupil Vaiśampāyana. Vaiśampāyana recited the story at a Snake Sacrifice where a bard heard it and in turn recited it to a group of seers, that last telling being what we read as the *Mahābhārata*. We are also told that Vyāsa taught the story as well to his son Śuka. Śuka means "parrot," and in the *Mahābhārata*, this particular character brings the story of the war to the semidivines: Gandharvas (Kādambarī's and Mahāśvetā's fathers are Gandharvas), Yakṣas, and Rākṣasas. In *Kādambarī* Śukanāsa ("he who has a nose like the beak of a parrot") is the father of Vaiśampāyana, who is later transformed into a parrot and who narrates the story of Kādambarī to Śūdraka, who is, in fact, a divine. Like Vaiśampāyana and Śuka of the *Mahābhārata*, *Kādambarī*'s Vaiśampāyana tells stories he is told—he literally "parrots" them. Thus the parrot's name, Vaiśampāyana, is a clue to his function, not, as is the case with Candrāpiḍa ("he who wears the moon for a crown"), to his identity. Like a real parrot, Vaiśampāyana knows only what he has been told, and even with all the facts and clues at his disposal, he is oblivious to the implications of the events he relates to Śūdraka. This is in the nature of his "parrotiness." As Mahāśvetā

says, before she damns him to the birth of a parrot, “You do not know anything . . . you speak without paying attention to whether the subject is appropriate.”

Mahāśvetā and Śukanāsa, when he compares his son to a mindless parrot for not returning with Candrāpiḍa and the army, impute rather negative qualities to parrots, but when Candrāpiḍa offers “advice” to the star-crossed lovers, the parrot Parihāsa and the mynah Kāliṇḍī, he does so with tender humor. And Bāṇa’s description of parrot Vaiśampāyana’s experiences before and after he becomes aware of his identity as Vaiśampāyana the minister’s son are likewise sensitive and free of derision. On one level Bāṇa suggests that the parrot is a silly bird; on another level he seems to be implying that there is some deeper truth in the nature of “parrotiness.”

The parrot is a recurrent figure in the Indian literary tradition. In the various tales that include him, he frequently carries messages of love, acts as a go-between for separated lovers, tattles on maidens’ affairs of the heart, and keeps wives from straying. He is such an accoutrement of the lover’s life that the *Kāmasūtra* recommends his inclusion in the well stocked boudoir. Vaiśampāyana is also, then, the bearer of stories about love. He stands before Śūdraka with two missions intrinsic to the stories he is to tell him: to bring together the essence or soul of Candrāpiḍa that resides in Śūdraka, and its body that is lovingly tended by Kādambārī; and to reunite Candrāpiḍa with Kādambārī, as well as himself, as Puṇḍarika, with Mahāśvetā. Also one of the God of Love’s epithets, although one not seen in *Kādambārī*, is “*śukavāha*,” “he who is parrot-borne,” or “he who has a parrot for a vehicle.” The God of Love is, in fact, transported by the parrot. Vaiśampāyana, then, symbolizes both passion and the storytelling occasion.

## *The Crest-Jewel of Creation*

*Kādambārī*’s world is a closed one, all actions and states of being overlap or blend into one another. Even the lineages of its main actors turn out to be one: the moon fathers by way of his rays the Apsaras, out of which are eventually born Kādambārī and Mahāśvetā. It is for the latter’s sake that the moon preserves Puṇḍarika’s body, and it is Kādambārī that he takes to wife in his incarnation as Candrāpiḍa. The moon, of course, is both the hero of *Kādambārī* and its major image.



Three features of the moon in myth and in nature determine the way certain elements in the narrative are deployed: its “twice-bornedness,” its waxings and wanings, and the nature of its light.

*Kādambarī* is a story about birth and death and rebirth, about reincarnation and people who are literally born twice, and about the actual “lord of the twice-born”—the moon. The moon is said to have been first produced from Atri’s eye and then again brought up in the Churning (one of the many names for the sea being Candrajanaka or moon-progenitor). In the narrative the moon is forced to undergo incarnations “from birth to birth,” respectively becoming Candrāpiḍa and Śūdraka. His companion in the curse is Puṇḍarika, who becomes Vaiśampāyana the minister’s son and Vaiśampāyana the parrot. Just as the moon is lord of the twice-born, so too is the story riddled with “twice-born” actions, events, and images—reverberations of the moon’s and Puṇḍarika’s plunge into incarnation after incarnation.

Not only is the moon twice-born, it also reincarnates as each month it wanes away, its digits or phases said to be devoured by the gods as they enjoy its nectar, and then waxes anew until it becomes full once again. It seems natural, then, for Puṇḍarika, who blamed the full moon for his grief and his impending death, to curse it to know unrequited love from birth to birth. The moon, aggrieved, retaliates, “You, too, in sorrow and joy will be equal to me.” But he relents when he remembers his relationship to Mahāśvetā. He regrets the phrase uttered by Puṇḍarika—“from birth to birth”—for that means Puṇḍarika too will have to suffer at least two births in the mortal world. In their final incarnation, the fourth for the moon and the third for Puṇḍarika, both reach the nadir of their “waning” in spirit: Śūdraka is a childless, shadowy king, and Puṇḍarika is a parrot. At story’s end they “wax” to the fully realized creatures they were in their first incarnation.

The moon’s reflected light is repeatedly referred to, just as clothing, skin, and ornaments are compared to the whiteness of the moon. Moonstones, created out of the congealed rays of the moon, melt under its glow, the trickle being heard throughout *Kādambarī*. Also, Bāṇa uses reflected light to indicate sensuousness as well as the illusory nature of the world that the story’s actors inhabit. In Western medieval literature, love enters through the eyes. Just so here too. Mahāśvetā is drawn to Puṇḍarika by the scent of the flower he wears over his ear, but it is the sight of him that most affects her: “I gazed on him a very

long time, with longing, drinking him in, as it were. I gazed at him as my senses spun out of control.” A few pages later we are told of Puṇḍarika’s conception. His mother, the Goddess of Fortune, enjoyed sexual union by merely looking upon the sage Śvetaketu, and from that act was born Puṇḍarika. Mahāśvetā’s own whiteness is expressed thus: “She seemed to enter the inside of the beholder by way of his eyes, and to make his mind white.” When Candrāpiḍa saw Kādambarī, he “imagined contact with but the glow of her body to be the bliss of sexual union with her.” And at his first sight of her, he wonders, “Why did not the Creator make all my senses into eyes?”

While Bāṇa suggests that the power of reflected light is to deceive and to seduce, he also places throughout the narrative clues and hints about the real import of the story, almost all such help coming from the innumerable moon images and similes positioned carefully throughout the story. When Śūdraka is first introduced it is through the eyes of the narrator of *Kādambarī*, and the descriptions of the king contain the first intimation that there is something strange about him. Other characters, however stereotypical they may seem, will be seen to have substance, but Śūdraka is an empty vessel. He has no emotional life whatsoever, in sharp contrast to the story’s other actors, who literally die for love or who are tormented beyond all reason by the Maddener. Furthermore, there is not one single moon simile in this first sight of him. Then the Caṇḍāla maiden enters and sees him, and the reader shares her vision. She is, in fact, Puṇḍarika’s mother, the Goddess of Fortune, and she knows that Śūdraka is actually the moon incarnate. She sees that: he was seated on a couch of moonstones; his foot rested on a crystal stool that was like the moon bowed in obeisance to him; his face was haloed by a string of pearls like stars taking it for the moon; his forehead was like the eight-day moon. And what does he see? She is like Hari dressed as a woman to retrieve the Elixir; like Bhavānī garbed as a mountaineer; like the Goddess of Fortune darkened by the splendor of the body of Nārāyaṇa; like Rati enveloped by the smoke of the incinerated God of Love. She is, given those similes, a divine wearer of disguise—a goddess hidden, swathed, shaded, enveloped like a chameleon clothed in colors and substances that are not her own. And it is in this particular part of the description of the Goddess of Fortune that the peculiar properties of reflected light come into play for the first time in the story: As she stood in front of Śūdraka her cheek was whitened

by the gleam of an ivory earring attached to one ear, making her resemble night with its face powdered by the beams of the rising moon. She is powdered—disguised; she is struck by the beams of the rising moon—Śūdraka; and she is transformed by the glow of reflected light.

Moon similes do not recur until Jābālī's story where Tārāpīḍa, Candrāpīḍa's soon-to-be father, is described as "the birthplace of glory, just as the ocean is the birthplace of the nectar-producing moon," the comparison being a clue to the role he will play in the moon's first incarnation on earth. (Appropriately, similes pertaining to the Churning are in greater number here, accompanying a short synopsis of that story as well.) Tārāpīḍa's dream of the moon entering the mouth of his wife, and Śukanāsa's dream where a god-like being places a *puṇḍarika* lotus in the lap of Śukanāsa's wife echo the moon's fall into mortal incarnation and the way Puṇḍarika was originally conceived by the Goddess of Fortune as she gazed upon Śvetaketu. The climax of this section is Candrāpīḍa's birth when "every day the roar of the festival at the birth of the prince increased, as the ocean swells with a murmur at the rise of the moon." Later, when the adult Candrāpīḍa sets out for his father's palace, the cavalry that came to accompany him stirred "like the waters of the ocean at the rising of the moon." And at his approach, "the people, having left their work, appeared like a lotus grove being awakened by the rising of the moon." His father's palace, the longest, most minute description in the book, with the coming of Candrāpīḍa resembles "the time of twilight in which is seen the rise of the moon—its crest-jewel." When Candrāpīḍa undergoes his coronation as heir apparent, the moon similes tumble around him like offering flowers: he is anointed with sandal paste white as moonlight; his garments are white as the moon; he wore garlands that were white as the rays of the moon; and he mounted his golden Lion Throne "just as the Hare-marked Moon mounts the golden peak of Mount Meru." The last moon simile of Bāṇa's section occurs when from the terrace of her palace Kādambarī gazes on Candrāpīḍa standing below on the Pleasure Hill: he looked like "the moon resting upon the Rising Mountain."

The Uttarabhāga does not contain much figurative language, Bhūṣaṇabhaṭṭa obviously being more concerned with getting the rest of the story told than with imitating his father's skillful way with *kāvya*. Even so, as the story draws to a close, Bhūṣaṇabhaṭṭa adeptly positions his moon similes and does so very well indeed. When the messengers

sent to fetch Candrāpiḍa return downcast and weeping, Vilāsavatī fears the worst and unknowingly utters the truth: “Ha! My child! You are the world’s only moon! Candrāpiḍa! You with your moon-like face! You whose form is cool as the moon! You whose qualities are delightful as those of the moon!” This clue is mirrored a few pages later at the narrative’s climax when the Caṇḍāla maiden reveals her own identity as the Goddess of Fortune and that of Śūdraka as the moon: “Oh Ornament of the World, oh Husband of Rohiṇī!, oh Beloved of the Stars, oh moon, oh joy of the eye of Kādambari!”

## *The God Who Wears the Moon for a Crown*

Śiva is the patron god of literature as well as of *Kādambari*, and is himself a study in the themes of birth-death-rebirth and love. His aspects and attributes, delineated in more than one thousand names in the *Mahābhārata*, are many and varied. He is the ithyphallic god who has the ubiquitous lingam as symbol. He is death to the God of Love, and the passionate husband of Pārvatī—both ascetic and erotic. He is the lord of all creatures, the great lord, and the greatest of the gods. He is not only the lord of literature but is considered to be the originator and the best exponent of other arts such as music and dancing. Though he is associated especially with the act of the Final Dissolution, his worshipers also think of him as the god of creation and preservation. Above all, he is Mahākāla—the Great Death and Time, who destroys all things.

In *Kādambari* it is Śiva to whom the poet makes his benediction; it is Śiva as Mahākāla who is the patron god of Ujjayinī, Candrāpiḍa’s birthplace; it is an idol of Śiva to which Mahāśvetā is paying homage when Candrāpiḍa comes upon her practicing austerities; it is Śiva’s acts of the Final Dissolution and of the destruction of the God of Love that dominate the mythical similes; it is Śiva who wears the crescent moon in his hair; and it is Śiva who, as Soma, is one of the guardians of the quarters. Of all the wonderful manifestations of Bāṇa’s intellect and artistry, this is perhaps the most intriguing: the characteristics and powers of the god Śiva and of the work of art *Kādambari* are absolutely interchangeable. Śiva is the creator, preserver, and destroyer. *Kādambari* is about birth, death, and immutability. Śiva destroyed the God of Love and revived him. *Kādambari* revolves around the destructive powers of the God of Love who is ultimately conquered when the

lovers survive the vicissitudes of love and death and time. Śiva is the Great Time, and time is one of the more peculiar, but perfectly integrated, elements of *Kādambarī*'s time-machine plot. Śiva carries the moon in his hair and is the moon god as Soma, a guardian of one of the quarters, and *Kādambarī* is shot through with the moon's presence as a natural object, a god, and an incarnation. Śiva is *māyin*—the master of illusion, of transformation. *Kādambarī* is a masterwork of illusion and of transformations.

## *Bridging Tongues*

*Kādambarī* came to the attention of the Occident when the first edition of it was published in 1849. A year later copies appeared in museums and libraries in India and Europe, and by 1884 the narrative had become a prescribed study for Indian students of Sanskrit. The first English translation, designed for the Indian university B.A. examination, was made of the Uttarabhāga in 1885. An anonymous translation, also of the second part, was published in 1890. In 1896 C. M. Ridding rendered the Pūrvabhāga and an abstract of the Uttarabhāga into English, and forty years later A. A. Scharpe translated Ridding's various lacunae and the Uttarabhāga into Flemish. This, then, is the first complete English translation of *Kādambarī*. There is no critical edition of the text, but in three different printed editions consulted only negligible differences were found—a phrase or a compound—which had no effect on the work.

An early Sanskrit manuscript, before the widespread use of paper in India, was a stack of palm leaves, held together by a slender thread. The actual writing on such pages might look like an unbroken line, especially if the composition was prose. The only form of punctuation is a full stop, for Devanāgarī ("divine city writing," the name of the script in which Sanskrit is most often written) contains no commas, semicolons, or quotation marks to serve as guides, nor does a text break into paragraphs or even necessarily into chapters. (In one of the early printed editions of *Kādambarī*, the solution to such a perceived difficulty was to have spaces of different lengths indicate commas, semicolons, and periods—no doubt to the great consternation of the printer.) Also, given Sanskrit's inflected nature, word order is free, dependent only on an author's predilections. All this is to say that an English trans-

lation must violate several aspects of the original Sanskrit. *Kādambarī*, for example, has descriptions that may run on for pages but are in fact a single sentence. It has no paragraphs, no quotation marks, and no chapters. While acceding to certain needs of the reader of English, I have permitted the story to retain much of its continuity. Chapter breaks are a characteristic of some Sanskrit works, but not of this one.

In translating *Kādambarī* I wanted to promote readability while showing how varied and rich were the choices the authors themselves made. For instance, punning is indicated by secondary meanings enclosed in brackets. By this method I avoid footnotes and glossary references that would disturb the story's flow. If explication of certain puns would make a passage clumsy or would fill a line with parenthetical expressions, I chose to leave the reader with what might be an odd phrase or sentence, but an oddness that indicates some not easily translatable features of its Sanskrit counterpart. The substance of the simile becomes the subject of the pun. For example, in the sentence "He, like the tresses of the Daughter of the Mountain King, glittered with the eyes of peacocks' tails [are adorned by the moon of the Blue-necked One]," the pun is on "tresses," which are adorned by the moon [eye] of *Nilakaṇṭha* [Śiva; peacock]. The Daughter of the Mountain King is Śiva's wife *Pārvatī*, who wears her husband's moon-ornament in her hair. Śiva is blue-throated [*nilakaṇṭha*] from drinking the poison at the Churning; a peacock has an iridescent-blue throat; and both bear the name *Nilakaṇṭha*. All puns in *Kādambarī* work this way, as a play on the matter of the simile, thus the occasional tense and subject-verb disagreements of bracketed entries with the subject of the sentence.

When a flower or tree in the original had an English equivalent, I used the English. Breaking the text into paragraphs, and some exceptionally long sentences, such as the description of *Tārāpīḍa*'s palace, into shorter sentences or even into paragraphs, was made according to my idea of common sense.

Indian names have, or can have, "meaning." *Hara* is a name for Śiva, which can be translated as Destroyer. *Hari*, a name for *Kṛṣṇa*, cannot be sensibly translated. I chose to translate most epithets and names given to gods and mythical personages that could be translated, but not to do so for the actors in the story. If a name is translated, it is glossed an "epithet" rather than a "name." Since many different epithets were used for some of the gods mentioned in the narrative, translating them gives

the reader of English the same information the Sanskrit reader has—that various attributes or deeds of these gods are being evoked. The actors, on the other hand, do not receive different names or epithets, their unique names serving to differentiate them from the more commonly known characters with commonly known stories, such as gods and mythical beings.

*Kādambarī* has two sets of introductory verses and includes two short verses within the Pūrvabhāga. I have tried to give the verses a visual poetic form but have not endowed them with metre or rhyme. Regrettably, the play of sound effects, figurative speech, and meaning in the densely packed lines cannot be approximated.

The translation is not footnoted, in lieu of which it is thoroughly glossed. All italicized or capitalized words may be found in the glossary. When possible, I have also listed the various Sanskrit words that were translated as synonymous with that particular glossary entry. For example, *kusumaśara* is translated “Blossom-arrowed God.” Other words in *Kādambarī* so translated are *kusumabāṇa*, *kusumamārgaṇa*, and *kusumeṣu*. This was done so that the reader might have some idea of how far-ranging Bāṇa could be in his choices and uses of Sanskrit, in many cases to achieve a particular sound effect or to provide variety for its own sake. Additional names or epithets are cross-referenced. Since *Kādambarī* is about storytelling, many glosses include stories more because I wanted Bāṇa’s allusions to have meaning for a reader outside the Indian tradition, a tradition especially rich in story and myth, than because they are directly relevant to the narrative itself.

Stories are a universal phenomenon, which perhaps explains why there is no such thing as a truly foreign literature. “Exotic” aesthetics, perhaps. “Alien” concerns, certainly. But a literature completely outside our experience of the art of storytelling, hardly. To be sure, there may be literatures and works of literature as yet not experienced by us, but they will speak in the same tongue, that of the story itself. Like so many suspension bridges constructed out of multifarious and fantastical building materials, stories sway over the vast sea between cultures and civilizations that only appear to be ineluctably different from one another. These creations may well contain peculiar elements or tell unusual, unfamiliar stories, but they have certain definable properties that always speak to that pleasurable curiosity that Bāṇa spoke to in his own bridge-building.

If there is a message or a meaning in Bāṇa's particular bridge of artful communication, it is that play and playfulness are the very soul of the pleasure we take in literary art. That joy, the sheer excitement of discovery in *Kādambarī*, creates a common ground between seventh-century India and twentieth-century world society. *Kādambarī*'s story of magical transformations draws the reader into a fairyscape where men and gods freely mingle, where fact and fancy are all of a piece, and where all expectations are overturned. "What a challenge all this is not only to our habitual mode of perception, but to our idea of possible modes of perception and, consequently, of composition!" Well said, some years ago, by Eugene Vinaver about the Arthurian Cycle, the statement also suits *Kādambarī*. Just as something magical transforms the moon-god, Candrāpīḍa, Vaiśampāyana, Puṇḍarika, Kapiñjala, and many other characters in *Kādambarī*, so too is the reader, playfully, changed by his experience of Bāṇa's excursion into the magical art of framing lies. Truly, this bushy-tailed storytelling romp is, as Bāṇa himself tells us, a tale for which there is no second.

## The Parting Glass

Bhūṣaṇabhaṭṭa notes in his introduction to the last part of *Kādambarī* that he has been "drunk on the strong wine of *Kādambarī*," a play on one of the glosses of "kādambarī": "spirituous liquor." In fact the narrative itself is imbued with the spirit of intoxication. Birds, bees, elephants, people, gods, and goddesses are all described as *mada*, "ardently passionate, intoxicated, exhilarated." One of the God of Love's epithets, used several times, is Maddener, which is a translation of *madana*, a form of *mada*. Perhaps it is a strange admission, given the supposedly pragmatic world of academics, but I too have been intoxicated by Bāṇa's elegant story ever since I came across it in my first year of Sanskrit study. Even in a partial, bowdlerized translation, it deeply touched me. I began translating it immediately, taking five years to complete the project, and have never regretted a moment I spent with it. So I take great pleasure in offering, for the first time since it was "discovered" by the Occident, an unabridged, modern English translation of Bāṇa's masterpiece.

A translation and critical analysis of *Kādambarī* comprised my Ph.D. dissertation. It was completed in 1979 shortly before the death of one



of my advisers, J. A. B. van Buitenen, who was the George V. Bobrinskoy Distinguished Service Professor of Sanskrit and Indic Studies at the University of Chicago. Hans brought to our work an astonishing ease with the Sanskrit language as well as a deep appreciation for its literature. This version of *Kādambarī* reflects his perspicacity and owes much to his grace and wit. I enjoy the continuing good fortune of having the sensitive guidance and friendship of David Smigelskis. It was he who gave support and impetus to the final stages of my graduate studies. I shall always be grateful for the faith he had in me and in *Kādambarī* and for the wisdom he shared about literature and its powers. Clinton Seely—to whom this book is dedicated—listened, edited, questioned, and imparted his own special literary sensibility to this edition of *Kādambarī*; I owe more to him than a mere dedication could ever state. Virgil Burnett's illustrations are those of a true *śilpīrāja*—a “king among artists.” I thank this talented, *gentil* man for the exquisite touch he gave to *Kādambarī*. I wish also to acknowledge the various and valued contributions of Karl J. Weintraub, Herman Sinaiko, Rocky Miranda, Maureen L. P. Patterson, and James Nye. A special thanks goes to Marlen Oliver, who translated for me Scharpe's Flemish *Utarabhāga*, in the course of which she shared her own astute insights into the persuasions of *kāvya*. And I am appreciative of the Danforth Foundation, which awarded me a fellowship that made possible the initial translation project.

Finally, to Bāṇa, who did not live to see the completion of his *Kādambarī*, I offer up this prayer: may the spirit and genius of your poetry conquer the impoverishments of my English and bless this, my desire, to realize your achievement.

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# Note on Spelling and Pronunciation

## *The Alphabet*

a ā i ī u ū ṛ e ai o au  
k kh g gh ñ  
c ch j jh ñ  
ṭ ṭh ḍ ḍh ṇ  
t th d dh n  
p ph b bh m  
y r l v  
ś ṣ s  
h  
ṁ  
ḥ

*Sanskrit vowels are pronounced as follows:*

a as o in mother  
ā as a in father  
i as i in sit  
ī as ea in seat  
u as oo in good  
ū as oo in food  
ṛ as ur in burp  
e as ay in day  
ai as i in night  
o as o in no  
au as ou in ouch

## Sanskrit consonants are pronounced as follows:

k as *k* in skin

kh as *k* in kin

g as *g* in dog

gh as *gh* in doghouse

ṅ as *ng* in sing

c as *ch* in coach

ch as *ch-h* in coach house

j as *g* in bridge

jh as *ge-h* in bridge house

ñ as *ni* in onion

ṭ ṭh ḍ ḍh ṇ are “retroflexes” (tip of tongue touching the ridge in the roof of the mouth)

t th d dh n are “dentals” (tip of tongue touching the back of the upper teeth)

Note, for the English *t* and *d*, the tongue is touching an area between the “retroflex” and the “dental” positions. Further note that the *ṭh* and *th* are not pronounced as *th* in either thought or though but are comparable to the *th* in penthouse, with the tongue appropriately further back (for *ṭh*) or further forward (for *th*), the *ḍh* and *dh* are similar to the *d-h* in old house.

p as *p* in spin

ph as *p* in pin

b as *b* in club

bh as *bh* in clubhouse

m as *m* in merry

y as *y* in yes

r is made with one flap of the tongue to the roof of the mouth

l as *l* in law

v as *w* in wonderful

ś as *sh* in shine

ṣ is similar to ś only the tip of the tongue is curled back somewhat in the mouth (this is the “retroflex” s)

s as *s* in sun

h as *h* in happy

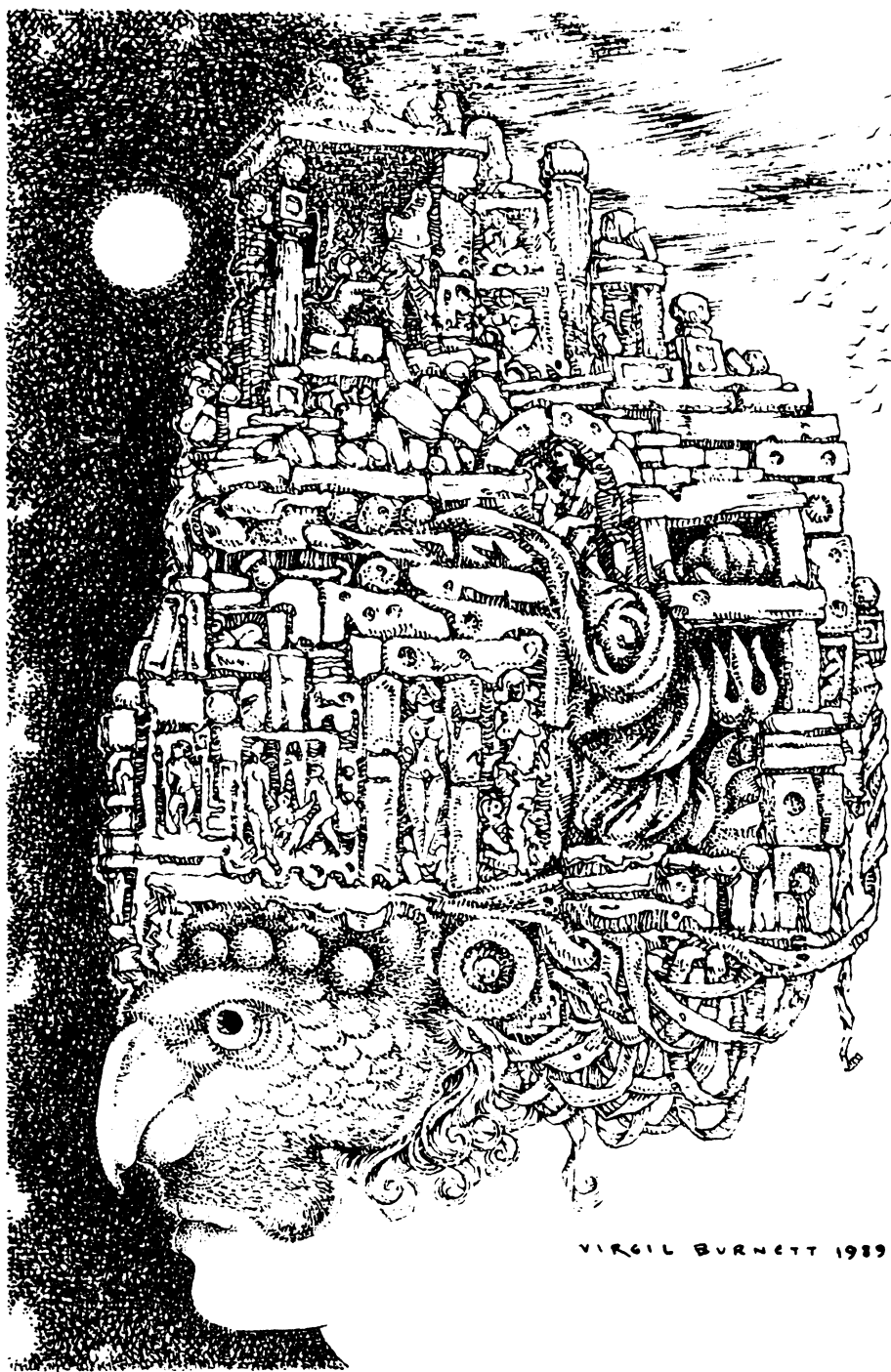
m nasalizes the preceding vowel

ḥ represents aspiration, an expelling of air



KĀDAMBARĪ





VIRGIL BURNETT 1989

Glory to the Birthless One,  
Cause of Creation, Preservation, Destruction;  
A nature triple-fold  
In essence and quality;  
Restless in the production of beings,  
At peace in their continuance,  
And raging with dark thoughts in their annihilation.

Triumphant is the dust  
Of the feet of the Three-eyed God.  
That dust: slashing the bonds of existence,  
Caressed by the diadem of the Demon Bāṇa,  
Kisses the circle of the crest-jewels of the Ten-faced One  
And settles on the crowns  
Of the gods' and demons' overlords.

All supreme is Indra's Younger Brother  
Who, in his desire to strike from afar,  
With merely an anger-reddened glance,  
Which caught its target but for an instant,  
Stained the chest of his enemy  
With a bloody sheen  
As if it burst by itself from fear.

I salute Bhatsu's  
Lotus-feet,  
Honored by the crowned Maukharis,  
The toes of which are tawnied  
From contact with the lofty footstool  
Made by the rows of diadems  
Of all neighboring kings.

Who does not dread the wicked man,  
 Fierce with the enmity he exhibits  
 Without cause,  
 In whose mouth  
 Unbearable abuse is ever ready  
 Like the poison  
 Of some huge serpent?

Wicked men, like chains of iron,  
 Mutter harshly,  
 Leave a scar,  
 And wound deeply;  
 While the good, like jewelled anklets  
 Enchant the mind, on every occasion,  
 With their sweet sounds.

Good speech, alas, penetrates a scoundrel  
 No farther than his throat,  
 As the Elixir entered the Enemy of the Sun;  
 But the good man takes that very thing  
 Onto his heart  
 As does Hari the perfectly spotless  
 Gem of Gems.

A novel story, charming with sparkling conversations and love-  
 sportings,  
 Which takes its form of composition from its mood,  
 Creates in the heart pleasure heightened by curiosity;  
 Just as a new bride,  
 Seductive with scintillating coqueties and sweet speech,  
 Who, at love's urgings, comes of her own accord to her lord's  
 couch,  
 Creates in the heart passion stirred by anticipation.

Who is not captivated by tales made up of expressions  
 Fresh with similes and luminous with rhetoric,  
 Packed tightly with puns, and filled with figures of speech called  
*jāti*;  
 Those tales are like so many garlands of grand *campaka*-buds:  
 Fresh and sparkling like glowing lamps,  
 Strung closely together,  
 And intertwined with jasmine blossoms.

Once there sprang from the race of Vātsyāyana  
 A Twice-born, Kubera by name,

Whose virtue was praised by all the world,  
 Who was a leader among the honorable,  
 Whose lotus-feet were worshiped by many Guptas,  
 And who seemed to be an incarnation  
 Of one of the mind-born sons of Brahmā himself.

The Goddess of Speech dwelled ever in his mouth,  
 Which was purified of sin by That Which Is Heard,  
 The lips of which were sanctified by sacrificial cake,  
 The palate of which was astringent with *soma*,  
 And which was pleasant with its uniting  
 Of That Which Is Read  
 And That Which Is Remembered.

In his house  
 Apprehensive boys,  
 Chided at every moment  
 By caged parrots and mynahs  
 Thoroughly versed in all lore,  
 Practiced the Sacrificial Prayers  
 And the Sacred Chants.

From him Arthapati,  
 Lord of the Twice-born,  
 Was born  
 As the Golden Fetus was from the World Egg,  
 As the moon was from the Milky Ocean,  
 And as the Beautiful-winged One was  
 From Vinatā's womb.

Each day at dawn  
 Ever new crowds of pupils,  
 Hanging on his every word  
 As he held forth at great length,  
 Added to his fame,  
 Just as new sandal shoots enhance the ear  
 When used as ornaments in the morning.

He easily conquered the abode of the gods with numberless  
 oblations,  
 Adorned with sacred gifts,  
 The Great Fires aglow in their midst,  
 And held in hands formed of sacrificial posts;  
 Those oblations being like troops of elephants,  
 Handsome with ichor,

Bearing mighty warriors, and swinging trunks big as sacrificial posts.

In time he obtained a son,  
Citrabhānu,  
Who, among his other noble and eminent sons  
—illustrious with their knowledge  
Of That Which Is Heard and That Which Is Read—  
Shone like crystal  
As Mount Kailāsa does among mountains.

That noble man's virtues  
Spreading far,  
Splendid as a gleaming digit of the spotless moon,  
Reached deep into the hearts  
Of even his foes,  
Like the Man-lion's  
Curved talons.

The dark columns of smoke from his sacrifices  
Rose like curls  
On the brows of the Virgins of the Quarters,  
Or a *tamāla* shoot  
On the ear of the bride  
In the form of the Triple Sacred Sacrifice,  
And brightened his glory even more.

To him  
—whose rain of perspiration caused by his exertions at the *soma*  
sacrifices  
Was wiped away by the folded lotus-hands of the Goddess of  
Speech,  
And the rays of whose glory  
Had whitened the Seven Worlds—  
Was born a son:  
Bāṇa.

By that Twice-born one,  
With his intellect as dull as ever,  
Blinded by the utter darkness of arrogance,  
And naive from a lack of lively cunning,  
This story  
—to which there is no second—  
Was composed.

There was a king named Śūdraka whose decrees held sway over all other kings, as if he were another Punisher of Pāka. He was master of the earth when its girdle was a garland of the four oceans. Neighboring armies bowed down in devotion to his grandeur. Possessing the Majesty Tracings, his lotus-hands bore wheel and conch markings just like those of the Wheel-bearer, who grips the wheel and conch. He, like the Destroyer, subdued passion [conquered the Agitator].\* He, like Guha, had unobstructed power [possessed the indestructible spear Śakti]. He, like the Lotus-born God, had a circle of excellent kings made prideless [had a circle of royal swans draw his celestial car]. He, like the ocean, was the source of all wealth [gave birth to the Goddess of Fortune]. He, like Gaṅgā's stream, followed Bhagīratha's path. He, like the sun, daily increased his prosperity [rose daily]. The shadow of his feet, like the shade of Mount Meru's foothills, sheltered the whole world. His hand, like the trunk of the elephant of the quarters, was moistened by his constant benefactions [was unceasingly bathed in ichor].

He was a worker of great miracles, an offerer of sacrifices, a mirror of all the Śāstras, a source of the arts, the family home of virtues, and the headwaters of the Elixir-like juices of poetry. He was to his circle of friends as the Rising Mountain is to the orb of the Friend. To his enemies he was a comet of foreboding. He was the founder of literary societies and a patron of men of taste. He was a challenger of bowmen, a leader of the bold, and the foremost among intellectuals. He, like Vainateya, gave delight to the humble [gave joy to Vinatā]. He, like Vainya, tore up mountains of enemies with millions of bows [tipped up the evil Kula Mountains with the end of his bow]. Śūdraka, whose very name shattered his enemies' hearts and whose one valorous deed mastered the whole earth, put to shame that Vāsudeva who had to take three steps to cover the three worlds and who had to assume the ostentation of the Man-lion form. The Goddess of Fortune dwelt a long while on his ripple-edged sword, as if she wished to wash away the ingrained stain she wore from contact with a thousand bad rulers.

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\* Words in brackets are the alternative meaning, i.e., the second reading of a pun, and should be read as part of the simile.

Since Śūdraka displayed the God of Duty by his mind, the God of Death by his anger, the God of Prosperity by his favor, the Oblation-bearer by his splendor, the Earth on his arm, the Goddess of Beauty in his glances, the Goddess of Speech in his words, the Hare-marked Moon by his face, the Wind by his strength, the Teacher of the Gods by his thought, the Mind-born God by his beauty, and the Vivifier by his luster, he resembled the blessed Nārāyaṇa, who manifests all forms. Like a woman who nightly goes to meet her lover, the Goddess of Royal Glory cleaved to him on nights made stormy by hard showers of ichor oozing from rut-elephants. Venturing into the darkness of armor torn from the broad chests of warriors, she was drawn to Śūdraka's sword, which seemed to drip water squeezed out by his powerful fist, for large pearls clung to it after it was used to split the temples of rut-elephants. Day and night the fire of his valor blazed in the hearts of his enemies' widows as if to burn away even the remaining images of their husbands.

The subjects of that conqueror and ruler of the earth knew the mixing of color [castes] only in paintings, the pulling of hair only in sexual frolicking, strict rules only in poetry, anxiety only with regard to moral laws, deceptions only in dreams, and golden rods [taxes] only in umbrellas. Only banners trembled, only songs were filled with melody [passion], only the trunks of elephants exuded ichor [pride], and only bows had broken strings [virtues]. Only windows contained latticing [snares]; only the Hare-marked Moon, swords, and armor were stained; messengers were deployed only to settle lovers' quarrels; and the only empty squares [houses] were found in the games of chess and dice. There was fear only of the future world, hair pulling only of harem women, noisiness only of anklets, taking of the hand [levying of taxes] only in marriages, weeping only from the smoke of unending sacrificial fires, striking of whips only on horses, and the only sound of the bow, that of the *Makara*-banned God.

Śūdraka's capital was Vidiśā, a city which was like the Golden Age itself huddled together in one place out of fear of the Dark Age. It was so vast it seemed that the earth had acquired all three worlds. It was encompassed by the Vetravatī River, the billows of which dashed to pieces against the breasts of bathing Mālava women, the water of which took on a twilight-scarlet from vermilion washed down from the temples of war elephants wallowing about in its stream, and the

shores of which resounded with the uproar produced by flocks of excited geese.

The king was not burdened by the cares of his kingdom, for he had taken the entire world by conquest. Kings came from many other continents to caress his feet with their diadems. He easily carried the earth's weight on his arm as though it were but a bangle. His numerous ministers, who held hereditary office, shamed the wisdom even of the Teacher of the Gods. Their minds were purified by continual consideration of the Śāstra of Political Ethics. They were generous, loyal, and enlightened.

Śūdraka sported with princes whose age and training were the same as his and who were descended from families of anointed kings. Their minds had been refined by a study of all the arts; they were poised, decorous, loyal to their king, witty without being vulgar, and proficient in reading gestures and attitudes. The princes were skilled in the composition of poetry, drama, narratives, and tales, as well as in the techniques of painting and oratory. Their shoulders, arms, and thighs were firmly muscled. Like lion whelps they frequently had riven the temples of enemy rut-elephants. Though they were courtly, they practiced modesty. They were mirror images of Śūdraka himself.

The king lived a very long time in the flush of youth. Although he was young and handsome, he did not seem, however, to care for the pleasures of love-making, which was encouraged by his ministers, who hoped for continuity of the royal line. His great ambition for conquest and his steadfast nature caused him to consider womankind as worthless as straw. He owned a harem of beautiful, modest, noble, heart-stealing women who taunted the beauty of Rati with their coqueties, yet he passed his days surrounded by friends, his face averted from the joys of sex and the delight of a beloved wife.

Sometimes, out of a fondness for music recitals, he set his jewelled bracelets relentlessly swinging as he himself played the *mṛdaṅga* drum. Other times his gemmed earrings, trembling as he struck the *ghargharikā* bells, made a *jhaṇ-jhaṇ* sound. Sometimes while hunting he desolated a forest with a steady hail of arrows. Sometimes he indulged in poetic composition with a gathering of scholars. Sometimes he conducted lessons in the Śāstras. Other times he listened to tales, romances, epics, and legends, or produced paintings. Sometimes he played upon the *viṇā*. Sometimes he revered the sages who came to



him for audience. Sometimes he toyed with literary puzzles and amusements such as Phantom Syllable, Morae Mongering, Bubble Verse, and Enigma Rhyme. And as he passed his days, so too he spent his nights in the company of his friends, who were expert in various games and pastimes.

Once, when the divine Bearer of the Crown of a Thousand Rays, splitter of the bowl-shaped petals of young lotuses, had recently risen and but slightly given up his rosiness, a portress entered the assembly hall and bowed to Śūdraka. She wore a scimitar at her left side, a practice forbidden to most women, and had a comely yet frightening mien, like that of a sandal creeper entwined by a venomous snake. Her breasts were thickly smeared with white sandal paste, giving her the appearance of the Celestial Ganges with the temples of Airāvata emerging from its stream. Like a royal decree incarnate, she was borne on the heads of the princes by her reflection in their crest-jewels. Her garment was as white as the autumn sky snowy with geese. She humbled the assembled princes, just as Jamadagni's son, the Axe-bearer, once subdued a crowd of princes. She, like the Vindhya Forest, carried a bamboo cane [bears bamboo and cane]. She was like the embodiment of a kingdom's guardian deity.

Upon approaching, she placed one lotus-hand and a knee on the floor and softly said, "Majesty, at the gate stands a Caṇḍāla maiden who has come from the south and who seems to be the very Goddess of Royal Glory of Triśaṅku whose climb to heaven was thwarted by the angry 'hum!' of the God of a Hundred Sacrifices. She carries a parrot in a cage and sends you this message: 'You, like the ocean, are a true vessel for the world's treasures. This bird is a wonder of wonders and a jewel on the face of the earth. Having this thought as well as the desire of experiencing the joy of seeing you, I brought him here where I may embrace the pleasure of gazing upon one who is like a god.' You have heard, and you must judge." Upon saying this, the portress paused.

Śūdraka's curiosity was aroused. After looking at the faces of the nearby princes, he said, "What harm can there be? Bid her enter!" The portress immediately rose upon the words of the king and ushered in the Mātaṅga girl.

On entering, she saw the king seated in the midst of a myriad of princes such that he looked like the Golden-crested Mountain sur-

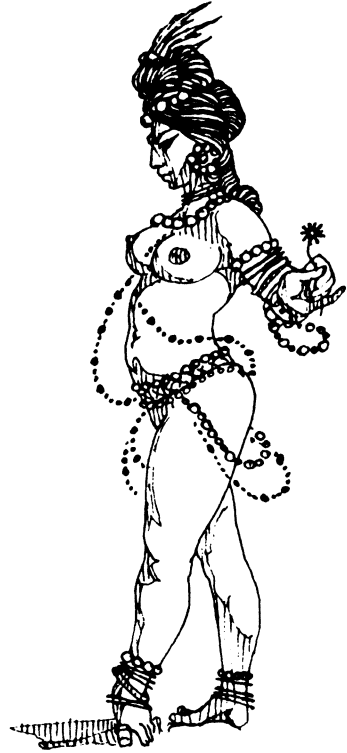
rounded by the Kula Mountains cowering together from fear of lightning bolts. His limbs were enveloped in the network of light rays shooting out from his many jewelled ornaments, making him appear to be a day in the rainy season when the world is swathed in thousands of rainbows. He rested on a couch made of moonstones under a small silk canopy festooned with large pearls, held up by four jewelled posts girt by golden chains, and white as the foamy Celestial Ganges. A number of gold-handled fly whisks waved over him. His left foot rested upon a crystal footstool that was like the Hare-marked Moon bowed in humiliation before the triumphant beauty of Śūdraka's face. His other foot was made lustrous by the shimmering light from his toenails that, darkened by the glow of the sapphire pavement, looked as though they were misted over by the melancholy sighings of his humbled foes. His handsome thighs glowed red from the rubies that studded his throne, so very like Hari's thighs crimsoned from his bloody crushing of Madhu and Kaiṭabha.

Śūdraka's silk garments were white as ambrosia froth, had geese painted on the hems with *gorocanā* dye, and fluttered in the breeze of the beautiful fly whisks. His chest was whitened with sweet-scented sandal paste and sprinklings of saffron powder, making him look like the peak of Mount Kailāsa splashed here and there with blushes of morning sunshine. His face was haloed by a string of pearls that was like a cluster of stars mistaking it for another Hare-marked Moon. His arms were encircled by a pair of sapphire bracelets that appeared to be chains binding the fickle Goddess of Royal Glory to his kingdom or snakes lusting after the scent of sandal paste. A lotus drooped slightly over one ear. His nose was noble, and his eyes like blown *puṇḍarika* lotuses. His forehead was a broad slab of burnished gold shaped like the eight-day moon and had been hallowed with the water of his coronation as king of the world. An auspicious *ūṛṇā* sat between his eyebrows.

He, like the Setting Mountain, wore a chaplet of fragrant jasmine blossoms [wears a multitude of stars ranged round its peak at dawn]. Since his limbs were made tawny by the light of his ornaments, Śūdraka looked like the *Makara*-bannered God to whom the Destroyer's fire clings. The surrounding courtesans seemed to be the Virgins of the Quarters come to worship him. His whole body being reflected in the crystal pavement, the earth seemed to carry him in her bosom out of

love for this lord of hers. His limbs were embraced by the Goddess of Royal Glory, she being his alone though given for the enjoyment of all men.

Although his retinue was unlimited, the king was without a second. Although he had the means of infinite numbers of elephants and horses, he was supported only by his sword. Although he stood in one spot, he filled the entire earth. Although he rested on a throne, he leaned on his bow. Although the fuel of his foes was destroyed, the fire of his majesty blazed. Although his eyes were far-seeing, he saw the most subtle things. Although he had great faults [long arms], he was the abode of all virtues. Although he was a bad husband [was king of the earth], he was beloved of his



consorts. Although his ichor [generosity] oozed constantly, he was not maddened with rut. Although his behavior was black [that of Kṛṣṇa], his character was pure. Although he had no hands [levied no taxes], he held the earth in his grasp.

The maiden gazed at him and then, while at a distance, brought forward in her tender sun-lotus-hand, which flashed with jewelled bracelets, a bamboo cane with an eroded top. Suddenly, to get attention, she struck the mosaic floor of the hall with that staff, at which sound all the company of princes immediately, like a herd of wild elephants startled by the crash of a fallen palm fruit, pulled their eyes from the face of the king to look at her. Then the portress ordered her, "Look at him from afar," and pointed her out to Śūdraka, who stared long and steadily at her.

A male attendant stood before her. His head was whitened by old age, and the corners of his eyes were pink as red lotuses. Though his youth had departed, his joints were still supple from constant exercise.

His appearance was that of a respectable man, though he was a Mātāṅga by caste. His face was kind, and he was dressed in white clothes like an Āryan. A Caṇḍāla boy with disheveled hair followed the maiden. He carried a golden cage that, because of the plumage of the parrot it held, was darkly tinged and seemed to be made of emeralds.

The girl herself was dark-hued, imitating the divine Hari when he disguised himself as a seductive woman in order to deceive the demons and retrieve the Elixir of Immortality. She looked like a sapphire mannequin, her body being covered with a blue garment that reached to her ankles, and the red shawl she wore gave her the appearance of a pond of blue lotuses glittering with the glow of twilight. The gleam of an ivory earring attached to one ear whitened her cheek and gave her a resemblance to night with its face powdered by the beams of moonrise. Her "third eye"—a *tilaka* of tawny *gorocanā*—gave her the look of Bhavānī adopting after Kirāta the fashion of a mountaineer. She was like the Goddess of Beauty darkened by the splendiferous Nārāyaṇa, whose color caresses her bosom. She was like Rati enveloped in the smoke of the Maddener burnt by the fire of the wrathful Destroyer. She was like the Kālindī River that in terror fled the plow of the drunken Plowman. Her lotus-feet, reddened by thick red juice of *piṇḍālaktaka* dye, were like those of Kātyāyānī gory from her trampling of the demon Mahiṣa.

The flow of light from her toenails lightly brushed the tips of her pink toes. She delicately put her feet down like flower petals, as if she were incapable of tolerating the touch of the extremely hard mosaic floor. Her body, bathed in the crimson glow shooting up from her jewelled anklets, seemed to be embraced by the divine Purifier, as though he were charmed by her beauty and determined to purify her birth despite the injunction of the Lord of Creatures. Her hips were encompassed by a girdle that seemed to be suspended from the line of hair on her abdomen and that resembled the Necklace of Stars on the head of the Bodiless God's elephant. A radiant necklace of enormous pearls adorned her neck, as if the white stream of the Gaṅgā had mistaken it for the darkish Kālindī River.

Her eyes, like autumn, were flowered *puṇḍarika* lotuses [were flowered with *puṇḍarika* lotuses]. She, like the rainy season, had thick cloud-like hair. She, like the slopes of the Malaya Mountain, was garlanded with sandal blossoms. She, like the Necklace of Stars, was

adorned with a remarkable ear ornament [was adorned with the lunar asterisms Citrā, Śravaṇa, and Bharāṇa]. She, like the Goddess of Beauty, held in her hand the elegance of a lotus. She, like a swoon, rendered men unconscious. She, like the floor of the forest, was endowed with virgin beauty. She, like a celestial maiden, was not of a good family [was not bound to the earth]. She, like sleep, seized the eye. She, like a lotus pool in the forest, was blemished by her Mātāṅga birth [was despoiled by a herd of elephants]. As if insubstantial, she avoided touch. She, like a painting, was enjoyment only for the eye. As if forsaken by the blossoms of spring she was flowerless [without caste]. Her waist, like the bow of the Bodiless God, could be encircled by a single hand. She, like the Goddess of Fortune, shone with splendid curls [shone in Alakā, the city of the Lord of the Yakṣas]. She was in early adolescence, and her figure was supremely lovely.

Śūdraka was struck with amazement and turned these thoughts over in his mind: “Aho! what a wasted effort by the Creator, pouring such beauty into such an unsuitable vessel. For if she has been so created that her beauty mocks all other beauty, then why give her a caste with which the pleasures of sexual intimacy and touch are forbidden? It seems to me that the Lord of Creatures may have produced her without even handling her, out of fear of the stain of a Mātāṅga’s touch, else where comes this beauty of such perfection; for all other similar beauty has been sullied by the touch of hands. Fie! fie! upon the Creator who brings about improper unions! For this maiden whose shape is so very enchanting vexes one, since love-making with her will always be condemned because of her low caste—very like the demons’ vexing and lovely Goddess of Beauty, who reproaches the gods.”

While the king was thinking such things, the maiden bowed to him with all the confidence of a grown woman, the sprout she wore cocked over one ear falling somewhat out of place. After she had made her obeisance and was seated on the mosaic pavement, her attendant took up the caged parrot and, approaching, offered it to Śūdraka. “Majesty, this parrot’s name is Vaiśampāyana. He is learned in all the Śāstras, competent in the rules of statesmanship, and knowledgeable about legends, histories, and stories. He has mastered all the Śrūti of music. He has studied and composed fine literary works such as poems, plays, romances, and tales. He is clever at repartee and a peerless connoisseur of the *muraja*, *veṇu*, and *viṇā*. He is skillful in evaluating

dance, a master painter, and a bold gamester. He knows the ways to calm maidens angered by lovers' quarrels and can interpret the marks of elephants, horses, men, and women. In short, he is a jewel on the earth's countenance. Having thought thus, and since you, like the ocean, are the proper vessel of all treasures, our chief's daughter has brought this parrot to you. May you accept him." So saying, he placed the cage in front of the king and withdrew.

After the attendant had retreated, that king among birds faced Śūdraka, raised its right foot and perfectly enunciated, "Victory!" Then he recited this most excellent of *āryās* for the king:

"So near the fire of their  
Heart's sorrow,  
The bosoms of the wives of the king's enemies  
Are bathed in tears,  
And, as if from pursuit of religious austerities,  
Are denuded of pearls."

Hearing the verse, the king was filled with wonder and excitedly turned to his minister, Kumārapālita, who sat nearby on a grand golden chair. A First-born of great age, he was profoundly learned in the Śāstra of Political Ethics—like the very Teacher of the Gods—and was chief of all the king's ministers. "You have heard this fellow's tonal sweetness and clear articulation. Firstly, this is an astounding miracle that he raises a song that has distinct syllables, correctly distributed consonants, perfect nasal sounds, and proper metrical units, among other distinctions. Moreover, though he has the appearance of a bird, he handles a subject in which he is interested just like a refined gentleman. For example, he lifted up his right leg, pronounced 'Victory!' and sang with reference to me in the *āryā* metre with the clearest of syllables. As a rule, birds and beasts merely have knowledge of fear, eating, copulation, and sleep. Truly, he is quite a miracle."

When the king finished speaking, Kumārapālita gently smiled and said, "What is so special about him? You are aware that various birds such as mynahs and parrots mimic the words they hear, so it is nothing marvelous for such an accomplishment to be produced either because of some reward gained in another birth or by the efforts of some human. Also, these creatures, like men, once spoke with the clearest enunciation, but a curse of Agni produced the slurry speech of parrots and the

twisted tongues of elephants." As he ceased speaking, the *paṭaha* kettledrum smartly boomed, marking the half-hour, and was followed by the blare of the midday conch announcing the Hot-rayed One's ascent to the zenith of the sky. Hearing this, the king dismissed the assembly and prepared to leave the audience hall, as it was time for him to bathe.

When the king was leaving, an enormous agitation arose among the princes, who rose, desirous to salute the departing Śūdraka—each one anxious to do so first. And so it was that: silk clothing was ripped by sharp-edged *makaras* in the leaf-work on arm bracelets spun as the princes collided with one another; garlands around necks swung from agitated movements; the air was flecked with golden clouds of perfumed saffron powder shaken from shoulders; bees swarmed from trembling jasmine chaplets; cheeks were softly kissed by dangling earlotuses; and pearl necklaces bounced on bosoms.

The assembly quaked on all sides. Jingling jewelled anklets sang *raṇ-raṇ* at every step, mingling with the sweet cries of old tame geese overcome by lotus honey, and with those of female fly-whisk bearers carrying their whisks on their shoulders and rushing hither and thither. Tinkling gemmed girdles went *jhaṇ-jhaṇ* as they rubbed against hurrying hips. With a *kolāhala* of honking, geese of the palace pool whitened the steps of the hall as they crowded around, drawn to the sounding anklets. Screeching house cranes clamored shrilly and long with the *kreṇ-kreṇ* sound of scraped bell metal. Heavy tramping of a hundred feet of departing princes shook the hall and caused the very earth to tremble. "Behold!" and "Look!"—boisterously were uttered playfully by the staff-carrying portresses, who herded people before them, the words echoing for a long time in the top stories of the palace. Scratching was done on the mosaic floor by the needle-pointed gems in the princes' spiked diadems as they hurriedly made their obeisances, which set their crest-jewels askew. Jewelled ear ornaments made a *raṇ-raṇ* sound as they fell during the bowings and rolled about on the jewel-hard pavement. Cries of "Victory!" and "Long live the king!" filled the air as bards moving along in front sang panegyrics. Humming bees were startled from blossom clusters due to the commotion made by the hundreds of departing people. Jewel-garlands festooning crystal columns rattled as they were struck by the sharp-pointed bracelets of the princes, who were so quickly moving out of the hall.

Having dismissed the assembly of princes, Śūdraka said to the Caṇḍāla maiden, "You may rest," and ordered his betel bearer to take Vaiśampāyana to the inner apartments while he and a few intimates went inside. There he took off his ornaments, looking like the Maker of Day deprived of his network of rays or like the expanse of sky deserted by the numberless stars and the moon, and entered his gymnasium, which had been equipped for his exercise sessions, where he worked out with princes of his own age. The force of the exercise beaded him with perspiration, which on his cheeks imitated clusters of slightly blown *sinduvāra* blossoms, on his breast resembled a profusion of pearls fallen from a necklace broken by his strenuous exertions, and on his forehead seemed to be drops of nectar oozing out onto the surface of the eight-day moon.

Then, along with his attendants, who had prepared the accoutrements for his bath and who had set out in front of him, with his staff bearers, who drove away the crowds though there were at that moment few people moving about in the palace, and with doorkeepers indicating the way, he went to his bathing area. It had a white canopy stretched over it and a circle of bards around it. In the middle sat a golden tub filled with scented water and a crystal bathing seat placed nearby. In one corner stood jars filled with fragrant water, the spouts of which, darkened as they were by swarming bees drawn to the perfume, resembled faces covered with dark cloths to ward off the heat. Śūdraka's head was smeared with sweet-smelling *āmalaka* fruit squeezed by courtesans, who prepared to bathe him as he stepped into the tub. They stood up with water pitchers in their hands, like goddesses come to consecrate him. Their breasts and waists were tightly bound with white silk; their bracelets were pushed up out of the way high on their arms; their ear ornaments were laid aside; and their hair was caught back behind their ears.

The king, immersed in the water and ringed by those high-breasted women, was handsome as a wild elephant surrounded by his cows. When he rose from the bath and stood upon the white crystal bathing stool, he was like the God of the Sea stepping astride his royal goose, which is white as the most spotless of crystal. Then, one after the other, the courtesans bathed the king. Some of the women, darkened by the light glancing off emerald water jars, looked like lotuses incarnate bathing him from cups of leaves. Some of them, holding silver



water pitchers, were like night pouring over him a river of moonlight streaming from the full moon. Some, their bodies wet with perspiration from the effort of lifting the water jars, were like water goddesses anointing him from crystal pitchers filled with the waters of holy places. Some women, bathing him with water mixed with the essence of sandal, resembled the rivers of the Malaya Mountain. Some women, whose blossom-hands placed on the sides of lifted pitchers scattered light rays from their fingernails, looked like fountain statues with water streaming from their fingers. And some, bathing him with saffron water from golden pitchers, looked like goddesses presiding over the day and pouring down upon him the morning sunshine to remove his lassitude.

Then there arose the ear-splitting blast of conches blown at bathing time, along with the noise of vigorously struck *paṭaha* kettledrums, followed by the sounds of *jhallas*, *mṛdaṅgas*, *veṇus*, *vinās*, songs, and the praises of bards—all this filling the very spaces of the world. In due course, his bathing finished, the king put on two clean, dazzlingly white garments that were as light as snake sloughs. His body, spotless from washing, looked like a piece of autumn sky glittering after a rain. With his head wrapped in a strip of silk white as the most shining cloud, he looked like the Snow Mountain crowned by the stream of the Celestial Ganges. He then made offerings to his ancestors with spells and handfuls of water, bowed to the Maker of Day, and repaired to the temple.

After worshipping the Lord of Animals, he came out and offered libations to Agni. Then, in a room prepared for his toilet, his limbs were anointed with sandal that was made sweet-scented by the perfumes of musk, camphor, and saffron and followed by swarms of murmuring bees. He put on a chaplet of fragrant jasmine blossoms, changed his clothes, and chose as his only jewelry a pair of gem-encrusted earrings. He took his meal with princes accustomed to dine with him and savored the pleasurable tastes of flavors he most enjoyed. Having eaten and smoked, he rinsed his mouth and chewed a betel leaf. Then he got up from his seat on the polished mosaic floor and, supporting himself on the arm of the portress who stood close by and had approached with hurried steps, he went to the audience hall, accompanied by those attendants who were privileged to go to the inner apartments and whose palms were like toughened shoots from incessantly clutching their cane staffs.

The hall seemed to be enclosed by crystal walls, its sides being covered with fine white silk. Its mosaic floor was cool from sprinklings of sweet-smelling sandal water mingled with the heavy perfume of musk. Bestrewn with offerings of heaps of flowers, the jewelled pavement seemed to carry the very stars of the sky. The hall was supported by a number of golden pillars that had been washed with perfumed water; they held several carved *śāla* wood images and so seemed to have the household deities deposited in them. The fragrance of aloe perfume seeped throughout the room. A couch resembling a snow-covered rock rested on a canopied platform. White as a shred of cloud drained of all its water, the couch had a coverlet scented with the aroma of flowers and a silk cushion resting at its head. It had jewelled pedestals, and a gemmed footstool stood nearby.

While he rested there, Śūdraka's feet were gently stroked by the hands, tender as young lotus leaves, of a slender woman who bore a sword. She had placed the weapon in her lap and was seated on the floor. He stayed there almost an hour, idly conversing with his friends, ministers, and such princes who had gained audience at that time. Finally, the king, his curiosity piqued by the parrot, ordered the portress who stood close by, "Bring Vaiśampāyana from the inner apartments."

Placing her palm and knee on the ground in an act of accepting his command, she replied, "As Your Majesty bids," and she did what had been instructed.

After a short while, Vaiśampāyana was brought back into the king's presence. His cage was carried by the doorkeeper and followed by a chamberlain supporting himself with a golden staff. The latter, slightly stooped and clothed in a white robe, had a head hoary with great age, spoke with a tremulous voice, and was slow of movement—in all, he resembled a goose following the parrot out of loyalty to the race of birds. That same chamberlain placed his palm on the ground and declared to the king, "Oh lord, by your command the queens have seen to it that this Vaiśampāyana has bathed and eaten and has now been brought to your feet by the portress."

After he said this, he departed, and the king asked the parrot, "Perchance was there any especially tasty food savored by you in the inner apartments?"

The parrot replied, "Majesty, what have I *not* enjoyed? I drank my

fill of the juice of the *jambū*, the color of which is the bluish-red of the eye of a drunken cuckoo and the taste of which is astringently delicious. I have pecked out pomegranate seeds whose hue is that of pearls wet with blood from the temples of rut-elephants ripped by the claws of lions. At my will I have crushed *prācīnāmalakas* green as lotus leaves and sweet as grapes. What more can I say? Everything the women brought with their own hands tasted of ambrosia.”

Śūdraka interrupted Vaiśampāyana, “Let all this be and satisfy our curiosity. Please tell us, from your birth on and in detail: where and how were you born? who named you? who are your parents? how did you acquire knowledge of the Vedas? of the Śāstras? from whom did you receive skill in the fine arts? did you recollect them from former births, or was it a special boon? or are you someone who dwells secretly in the guise of a bird? where did you formerly live? how old are you? why this encaged bondage? how have you come to be in the hands of Caṇḍālas? how did you come to be brought here?”

Being so very respectfully questioned by the king himself, who was filled with anticipation, Vaiśampāyana thought for a moment and then courteously replied, “Your Majesty, this is a very long story, but if you are curious, it will be told.

“There is a forest named Vindhya, which touches the tide-line woods of both the Eastern and Western Oceans and which, like a girdle, adorns the middle region of the earth. Its trees are watered by the flowing ichor from herds of wild elephants and bear masses of blown white blossoms that, because of the great height of the trees, look like clinging star-clusters. Its pepper shrubs are nibbled by families of drunkenly warbling ospreys. It is scented with the fragrance of *tamāla* sprouts bruised by the trunks of young elephants. The forest’s thick foliage is the color of the cheeks of Kerala women flushed with wine and looks as though it were dyed with lac from the feet of wandering forest goddesses.

“It is dotted by splendid creeper bowers that seem to be the very palaces of the forest deities. The bowers are splashed with the juice of pomegranates split by flocks of parrots, spotted with bits of leaves and fruit shaken down from *kakkola* trees by nimble monkeys, and dusted by the pollen of a constant blossom rain. Their earth is layered with clove-blossom beds fashioned by travelers, and their borders are surrounded by very luxuriant coconut, *ketakī*, bamboo, and *bakula* trees

and adorned with betel-nut trees entwined by creepers of betel. The forest is permeated with a thick honeyed odor like that of ichor oozing from the cheeks of rut-elephants, which drifts from a dense undergrowth of indigo plants. Hundreds of lions are hunted there by Śabara tribesmen lusting after elephant temple pearls that stick to the lions' claws.

"It, like the city of the God of Death, is terrifying with the constant presence of death and is inhabited by buffalos. It, like an army, has bees settling on *bāṇa* trees, and the roar of lions shakes it [fits arrows to bows and raises war cries in preparation for combat]. It, like Kātyāyanī, is adorned with red sandal trees and made fierce by rhinoceros' horns [is smeared with red sandal paste and fiercely flashes a sword]. It, like the tale of Kāmīsuta, contains large mountains and hares [is peopled by Vipula, Acala, and Śaśa]. It, like the Blue-necked One's twilight dance at the time of Final Dissolution, has peacocks dancing amid its red foliage. It, like the time of the churning for the Elixir of Immortality, is adorned with *śrī* trees [the Goddess of Beauty] and surrounded by water. It, like the rainy season, is cloud-dark and decorated with hundreds of pools [flashes of lightning]. It, like the body of the moon, is followed by bears [constellations] and shows the signs of deer. It, like a kingly office, is fanned by the fly-whisk tails of yak and protected by herds of rut-elephants. It, like the Daughter of the Mountain, is frequented by lions and filled with tree trunks [is served by a lion and often meets with the Motionless Yogi]. It, like Jānakī, brings forth *kuśa* grass and is visited by owls [bore Kuśa and Lava and was threatened by Night-roaming Fiends]. It, like a woman in love, possesses aloe and *tilaka* trees [wears the perfume of sandal and musk and a bright *tilaka* of aloe paste]. It, like a longing woman, is shaken by various shoots and filled with *madana* trees [is shaken by the wind of fans and filled with passion]. It, like a child's neck, is adorned with tigers' claws and rhinoceros' horns. It, like a drinking hall, has hundreds of honeycombs in full view and teems with flowers [displays wine goblets and is bestrewn with flowers].

"In some places where patches of its earth are uprooted by the tusks of huge boars [the Great Boar], it looks like the time of Final Dissolution. In some places where its lofty *śāla* trees [halls] are occupied by agitated monkeys, it looks like the city of the Ten-faced One. In some places where there are scatterings of *kuśa* grass, firewood,

blossoms, *śamī* and *palāśa* leaves, it looks like the scene of a recent wedding. In some places where it prickles with thorns, it seems to have been frightened by the roars of a proud lion. In some places it prattles with flocks of cuckoos, as though it were intoxicated. In some places, as though mad, it resounds with the slappings of palm trees [hands] bent by the wind. In some places it sheds its palm leaves [*tāla-pattra* ornament], like a widow.

“In some places, like a battleground, it is filled with hundreds of reeds [arrows]. In some places, like the body of the Lord of the Gods, it glitters with thousands of roots [eyes]. In some places, like the figure of Nārāyaṇa, it is blue-black with *tamāla* trees. In some places, like the banner of Pārtha’s chariot, it is visited by monkeys. In some places, like the courtyard of a king, it is blocked by hundreds of reeds and branches [cane staffs]. In some places, like the city of Virāṭa, it abounds in bamboo [contains Kīcaka]. In some places, like the sky’s Goddess of Beauty, tremulous-eyed deer are pursued by hunters [the constellation Mrga is followed by the star Vyādha]. In some places, like an ascetic woman, it wears grass, roots, and bark. Although its leaves are many and various, it is adorned with but seven leaves [the *saptaparna* tree]. Although it is of a fierce nature, it is inhabited by ascetics. Although it has flowers [menses], it is holy and pure.

“Nestled in that forest, within the Daṇḍaka Wood, is a hermitage celebrated world-wide like the very birthplace of the blessed God of Duty. Its trees, with water basins dug by Lopāmudrā and nourished by sprinklings of water from her hands, were reared as her own children. Lopāmudrā was the wife of the great sage Agastya, who drank the ocean dry at the wish of the Lord of the Gods. His commands were not broken even by the Vindhya Mountain when, in spite of entreaties by all the gods and out of envy for Mount Meru, it tortured the vault of the sky with thousands of huge peaks in an effort to deny access to the Maker of Day’s chariot. That same Agastya, who digested the Dānava Vātāpi in the fire of his belly, the dust of whose feet was kissed by the *makara*-and-leaf ornaments on the diadems of both gods and demons, and who was a beauty spot on the face of the southern country, had power shown to be indisputable when he tumbled Nahuṣa from the world of the gods with a single angry ‘hum!’

“The hermitage was sanctified by Lopāmudrā’s son, who had taken the vow of an ascetic. He carried a staff of *palāśa*, had smeared his

forehead with the triple sectarian mark in ashes, wore rags of woven *kuśa*, and had girdled his waist with *mauñja* grass. He begged alms from hut to hut with a cup made of green leaves. His name was Dṛḍhadasyu, but his father had given him a second name, Fuel-bringer, because he brought home large quantities of fuel. The environs of the hermitage are darkened by groves of parrot-green banana trees, and it is surrounded by the Godāvāri River, her braid of a stream seemingly tracking the path of the ocean drunk up by the Jar-born One.

"In that hermitage in the Pañcavaṭi Region, Rāma dwelt happily for a while—that Rāma who abandoned his kingdom in order to keep the word of Daśaratha and who was to put a stop to the coquetry of the Ten-faced One's Goddess of Fortune. Attending on the great sage Agastya, he lived with Sītā in a splendid leaf hut fashioned by Lakṣmaṇa. The hermitage, though long empty, even now has trees that, because of white doves quietly perching on their branches, seem to contain swirls of smoke from sacrificial fires of ascetics. Redness bursts out on the leaves of vines, as if transferred there from Sītā's hand when she picked blossoms for offerings. In that place it looks as if the water of the ocean, no sooner drunk by the sage than regurgitated, is distributed over the large pools that surround the whole of the hermitage. There, the forest's new sprouts come out stained crimson, as if their foliage were wounded, for their roots are still awash in the blood of troops of Rovers of the Night slaughtered by a rain of arrows discharged by Daśaratha's son.

"There the deer that were cherished by Jānaki are old, the points of their horns crumbling from age. In the time of the rainy season they listen to deeply rumbling thunderclouds and remember the twang of the divine Rāma's bow that rent the chasms of the three worlds. Pausing in their nibbling of clumps of sweet grass, they survey the empty ten regions around them with eyes blurred by ceaseless weeping. It is there where, in order to deceive Sītā, the golden deer lured Rāghava far away, as if it had been incited to do so by the deer left in the forest after his many hunting sprees. There Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, sad at being separated from Maithilī, inspired great fear in the three worlds when they were seized by Kabandha, for they were like the eclipsed sun and moon portending the death of Rāvaṇa. There the exceedingly long arm of Yojanabāhu, sheared off by the arrows of Daśaratha's son, alarms the company of sages, who take it for the body of the boa constrictor,

Nahuṣa, come to placate Agastya. There even now the Daughter of Janaka, painted inside the leaf hut by her husband in an effort to assuage his sorrow when apart from her, is seen by woodsmen as though she has risen from the earth again for the sight of Rāma's dwelling.

"Not very far from the hermitage of Agastya, where all the past can so clearly be seen even now, is the lotus-filled Pampā Lake, the depth of which can only be guessed and the water of which is incomparable. It is like a second ocean produced in the vicinity of Agastya's hermitage by the Creator, who was encouraged by the God of the Sea angry at the sage's drinking of the ocean. It is like the sky fallen to earth when the joints binding it to the eight quarters shattered at the time of Final Dissolution. It is like the water-filled cavity gouged out by the First Boar when he raised up the earth. Its waters are agitated by the jug-breasts of impassioned Śabara women who often come to bathe in them. In it bloom moon-, sun-, and other lotuses; peacock moons are made by honey-drops from blown flowers; and white lotuses wear dark veils of swarming bees. There, intoxicated white cranes loudly call, and female geese, drunk on lotus nectar, madly cackle.

"Its garlands of billows are stirred up by many aquatic birds excitedly moving around, and it rains a mist from shining wind-tossed waves. It is perfumed by blossoms caught in the hair of forest goddesses who fearlessly come down to it at bath time to take their pleasure in its waters. It charms the ear with the bubbling of water filling the pitchers of sages who descend on one side of it. It is frequented by *kādamba* geese that are the same color as the fully blown blue lotuses and that can be inferred only by their calls as they move among the flowers. It is powdered dazzlingly white by sandal from the breasts of the wives of Śabara chieftains, entering it for bathing. Heaps of *ketaki* pollen have formed a sandbar near its shore, and washings of bark garments by ascetics coming from nearby hermitages have reddened the water near its beaches. Breezes drifting through the foliage of trees on its shore fan it.

"Vines darkened by dense rows of *tamāla* trees overgrow the lake's banks. Their fruit is daily plucked by Sugrīva, banished by Vālin to roam on R̥syamūka. Some vines have blossoms used by ascetics standing in the water to worship the gods. Others have tender sprouts that are sprinkled by drops of water shed from the wings of aquatic birds as they take flight. Within the liana bowers, flocks of peacocks form

circles for dancing, and the creepers seem to be perfumed by the sighs of forest goddesses wearing the fragrance of many flowers. The water of the lake is constantly sucked up by wild elephants grayed by a thick coat of mud and looking like clouds alighting for a drink at what they take to be another ocean. There, a pair of *cakravāka* birds can be seen by the traveler, their wings, tinted blue by the reflection of blown sun-lotuses, making them appear to have been stained by Rāma's curse made incarnate.

"An ancient *śālmali* tree stands on the west bank of that lake near a copse of trees that were pierced by the shattering blows of Rāghava's arrows. Its large water basin seems to be bound by its own root, for an old python, looking like an elephant-of-the-quarters' massive trunk, encircles it. It seems to wear a shawl, as snake sloughs hang from its branches and sway in the breeze. Since its many branches extend far out into space as if to seize the earth and take measure of all the quarters, it seems to imitate the God Whose Crown is the Moon when he whirls out his thousand arms as he dances at the time of Final Dissolution. It clings to the shoulder of the wind as if it fears falling because of its great age. Vines spread over its whole body, encompassing it as if they are the raised veins on an old man. Its bark is studded with thorns that are like the spots and moles of old age.

"The tree's top is veiled by clouds that are heavy-laden with water and that, like birds taking to the sky after drinking from the ocean, settle in its branches and moisten its blossoms. Because of its great height it seems to have reared up to look at the beauty of the Nandana Wood. Its top branches bear clusters of cotton blossoms that are mistaken for foam flowing from the lips of the sun's chariot horses that, wearied by the effort of traversing the sky, have dipped too near the earth. That tree's root seems to be capable of lasting an eon, for it looks to be bound by iron chains where bees have snuggled into the streaks of ichor rubbed off the cheeks of wild elephants. And it appears to flash with life as other bees buzz in and out of its hollows.

"It, like Duryodhana, displays the wings of birds [has partiality for Śakuni]. It, like the Lotus-navelled God, is embraced by a chaplet of wild flowers [is garlanded by the Vanamālā rope]. It, like a bank of fresh thunderclouds, raises its height into the sky. It, like a terrace of the forest goddesses, looks out upon the entire earth. It seems to be the lord of the Daṇḍaka Wood, the chief of all the trees of the forest, and



the friend of the Vindhya Mountain. It stands there seeming to enfold the whole of the Vindhya Forest in its arm-boughs.

“Since it affords ample room, families of parrots come from various regions to live on its branches, in its hollows, among its twigs, in the crotches of its trunk, and in the hole in its decayed bark. As it is difficult to climb, they confidently build thousands of nests in it. Perching on that lord of the forest night and day, they seem to clothe the old sparsely leafed tree in a lush garment of dark green leaves.

“The parrots pass their nights on that tree and in the day make streaks in the sky as they search for food. As they fly they seem to form a sky-going Kalinda’s Daughter, her great stream thrown up by the convulsions of Balabhadra’s plowshare. They seem to be Celestial Ganges lotuses sliding away after being uprooted by the Elephant of the Gods. They appear to smear the sky with the green luster of the horses of the sun’s chariot and to make the firmament into a moving emerald ceiling. They stretch out in the lake of the sky like mossy duckweed, while their wings, like banana leaves, fan the faces of the quarters exhausted by the sharp bombarding rays of the Maker of Day. They seem to fashion a grassy path across space and to fill the sky with rainbows. Having eaten, they return and out of great love for their offspring portion out to them the juice of various fruits and morsels of *kalama* rice, with beaks red as the claws of lions bloodied by the gore of slain deer. And then, their brood tucked securely under their wings, they pass the night.

“Somehow, as Fate would have it, I was born the only son to my father in his old age as he lived with his wife in a hollow of that tree. My mother, overcome by the severe pangs of my birth, went to the next world. My father, out of love for me, suppressed the flood of grief swelling within him and raised me on his own. Old age had deprived his wings of their ability to fly, and they hung loose from his shoulders—the few remaining tattered feathers resembling a garment of *kuśa* grass. A tremor gave him the appearance of trying to shake off the great age that gripped his body. Unable to roam about, he collected grains of rice from stalks of paddy fallen from other nests and pieces of fruit half-eaten by the flocks of parrots and dropped around the foot of the tree, giving them to me with his beak, which was pink as stalks of blossoms of the *śephālikā* plant, which had its rim worn away from tearing clusters of lotuses, and which had a cracked tip. Then he dined

on the remainder after I ate my fill.

“Once, when the moon, blushing with the first light of dawn, had descended to the shore of the Western Ocean from the banks of the Celestial Ganges, like an old goose whose wings were reddened with honey from the lotus pool of the sky; when the quarters were stretching out white like the hair of a mature deer; when the myriad stars—offering-flowers on the pavement of the sky—were seemingly being swept away by sprigs of rubies as they were struck by the Hot-rayed One’s extended rays that were red as the mane of a lion splashed by elephant blood or like threads of heated lac; when the Seven Sages, dwelling in the northern part of the sky, seemed to be bending down to the shores of the Mānasa Lake for morning worship; when the shingle of the Western Ocean was whitened by masses of pearls spilling out of broken mother-of-pearl bowls like so many clusters of stars washed down from the sky by the rays of the Maker of Dawn; when the dew-dripping forest—its peacocks awake, its lions yawning, its rut-elephants nuzzled from sleep by their consorts—was offering, with its hollowed hands made of leaves, a multitude of blossoms, the filaments of which were torpid with the heavy dew, to the Vivifier alight on the crown of the Rising Mountain; when the slowly moving morning breeze sprinkled dew on the smoke columns of sacrificial fires burning in the hermitages—the lines of smoke gray as the hair of an ass, stretching out in rows like doves sitting in the tops of trees that were the palaces of forest goddesses, and rising up like banners of the God of Duty; when that wind shook the clustered lotuses, stole the beads of perspiration from the bodies of Śabara women exhausted from love-making, scooped up drops of foam from ruminating wild buffalo, taught dancing to fluttering leaves on creepers, flushed out a thick honey-mist from blown lotuses, sated the bees with its perfume of blossoms, and became languid with the ending of night; when the wombs of moon-lotuses buzzed with humming bees whose wings were trapped within the tightly closed petals—the bees like bards reciting blessings for the awakening of lotus beds or like drums on the temples of elephants; when the forest deer, their belly fur gray with the powder of their salty beds, were slowly opening their eyes, which were struck by the cool morning breeze, which had the lines of their lashes seemingly glued together by heated lac, and which were squinty with sleep; when the woodsmen were out; when the enchanting chatter of geese on the Pampā Lake began; when

the charming sound of flapping elephant ears was heard, setting the peacocks to dancing; when the divine Vivifier had slowly risen—its nets of light red as the color of madder and looking like fly whisks on the Maker of Day's elephant that now ambled onto the path of the sky; when the clear light of morning, born from the Maker of Day, had fallen upon the forest, wandered in the treetops on the shores of the Pampā Lake, dwelt on the hillocks, and stolen the light of the stars, thus resembling the Lord of the Apes, child of the Maker of Day, who took to the woods, lived in the treetops, inhabited hillocks, and whose wife was the ravished Tārā; when the morning light became brighter; when the light of the Luminous One shone as if so soon it had moved through an eighth part of the day; when the flocks of parrots had winged off to various desired regions; when that lord of the forest seemed to be empty, though young parrots hid immobile in their nests; when my father was still in his own nest; and when I, whose wings were not fully grown and whose strength was not yet developed, was nestled in the hollow near my father; suddenly at that moment and in that great forest arose the tumultuous uproar of a hunt.

"The noise set every animal trembling with fear. It was increased by the flapping of wings of birds quickly taking flight. It was made still louder by the *cit-cit* of frightened young elephants. It swelled with the humming of swarms of bees disturbed by the shaken vines. It rumbled with the grunts of wild boars. It deepened with the roar of lions waking from sleep in their mountain caves. It seemed to shake the very trees and to be filled with the *kalakala* murmur of Gaṅgā as she was being brought down by Bhagīratha. It was heard by and terrified the forest goddesses.

"Upon hearing a sound I had not heard before, I began to tremble and my eardrums were stunned, for I was of very tender years. Overcome with fear I edged over to my father, who was nearby, and wedged myself under his wing, which hung slack from old age. Immediately thereafter, I heard a forest-shaking din of a great number of men who, hidden by the thick trees and intent upon the chase, were shouting to one another: 'Here, quick! this is the odor of a lotus bed trampled by the leader of a troop of elephants!' 'Here is the juicy aroma of *bhadramustā* grass chewed by herds of hogs!' 'Here is the prickly scent of *śallakī* plants crushed by young elephants!' 'Here is the rustling sound of fallen dried leaves!' 'Here is the dust of anthills ripped open

by the dagger-pointed horns of wild buffalos!' 'Here! a herd of deer!' 'Here! a herd of wild buffalos!' 'Here is the weeping of a flock of peacocks!' 'Here is the cooing of numbers of partridges!' 'Here! the whirring sound of ospreys taken to wing!' 'Here is the groan of an elephant having his temples torn by a lion's claws!' 'Here is the path of boars, shiny with fresh mud!' 'Here is a pile of foam of ruminating deer—it is darkened with the juice of mouthfuls of young grass!' 'Here is an antelope's track splashed with blood fallen on dry leaves!' 'Here is a tangle of leaves and twigs crushed underfoot by elephants!' 'Here! rhinoceros have sported in this place!' 'Here is a lion's trail, monstrosly adorned by sharp-clawed scratches, bloodied, and bestrewn with fragments of pearls torn from the temples of elephants!' 'Here! the ground is scarlet with blood from the womb of a wild doe that has recently given birth!' 'Here is the meandering path of a lead elephant strayed from his herd, looking like the braid of hair of the forest dark with ichor!' 'Follow this herd of yak!' 'Quickly! occupy this grove made dusty by dried deer dung!' 'Climb to the tops of the trees!' 'Look here!' 'Listen to this!' 'Take up your bows!' 'Be on your guard!' 'Loose the hounds!'

"In a short time that forest seemed to be shattered everywhere by noise. The roar of lions struck by Śabara arrows was deep as the boom of an oiled *mṛdaṅga* drum and swelled as it echoed and reverberated through the mountain chasms. Trumpeting from the throats of lead elephants, separated from their frightened herds and wandering alone, mingled with the incessant slaps of their trunks and imitated the thunder of stormclouds. Woeful cries were wrenched from deer as their soft dewy eyes rolled in terror and their bodies were hideously ripped by dogs. The *cīt-cīt* sound of female elephants was prolonged by their grief at the recent loss of their lords; separated from their slain lead elephants, followed by their young, they wandered hither and yon, pausing now and then with flower-ears erect listening to the *kalakala* of the commotion. Lamentations of piteously crying female rhinoceros issued forth in terror to their lost offspring begotten only a few days earlier. A *kolāhala* sound was made by the wings of birds fluttering down from treetops and wandering about in confusion. The thundering footfalls of hunters seemed to shake the earth as they hurried after the fleeing animals. Bowstrings were drawn to ears, and the ensuing twang—as melodious as soft cries from throats of impassioned

female ospreys—signalled a rain of arrows. Sword blades whined through the air and thudded heavily upon the solid shoulders of buffalos. The hoarse *ghar-ghar* of unleashed hounds filled the whole of the wood.

“After a while the noise of the hunt died down, the forest becoming still like thunderclouds fallen silent after their rain, or the ocean waters quelled after the Churning, and I with diminished fear and increased curiosity crept a short distance from my father’s embrace. Stretching my neck while still within the hollow, my pupils quivering with fright, I cast my eyes in the direction of the noise, out of a



youthful urge to see the cause of it. Before me I saw a Śabara army storming out of the wood. It was like the Narmadā River’s stream being dispersed into a thousand arms by Arjuna. It was like a grove of *tamāla* trees disturbed by the force of the wind. It was like a compressed mass of all the nights of the Final Dissolution. It was like a stand of collyrium-smeared pillars shaken by an earthquake. It was like a vast expanse of darkness stirred by sunbeams. It was like the followers of the God of Death set free to wander or like the creatures of the demonic world come from the ruptured Nether Region. It was like a multitude of impure acts gathered into one heap or a number of curses uttered by all the sages dwelling in the Daṇḍaka Wood. It was like the armies of Khara and Dūṣaṇa struck down by the incessant rain of Rāma’s arrows and become Flesh-eaters out of envy of him. It was like the kindred of the Dark Age joined into one. It was like a herd of wild buffalos ready for bathing, like accumulated storm clouds shredded by the claws of a lion standing on a mountain peak, or like a collection of meteors flashing into view and portending destruction of all creatures. It darkened the wood, numbered many thousands, and caused great terror. It was like a mob of havoc-wreaking Ghouls.

“In the middle of that huge Śabara troop I saw its chief. He was in the prime of youth and because of his great firmness seemed to be made of iron, or to be Ekalavya come into a new birth. As his streak of beard had barely appeared, he looked like the calf of a lead elephant with its cheeks decorated by a first line of ichor. The sheen from his body, dark as a blue lotus, seemed to flood the wood like the waters of the Kālindī River. His heavy hair, hanging in ringlets to his shoulders, was like the mane of a lion stained by elephant ichor. His forehead was wide, his nose long and prominent.

“His left side glowed—as if it held the redness of shoots from a habit he had of sleeping on a couch of leaves—from being reddened by the fiery rays from the jewel in the snake hood of his single earring. His body was smeared with fragrant ichor from the temples of recently slain rut-elephants so that its odor was that of *saptacchada* blossoms and its stain that of black aloe paste. Bees, swarming blindly in his scent, imitated an umbrella of peacock feathers or a means of warding off the heat by a veil of dark *tamāla* shoots. A flower trembling gently on his ear appeared to be the hand of the Vindhya Forest brushing away the sweat on his cheek—her service to him occasioned by fear of being conquered by his long arm.

“He seemed to dye all space with his red eyes, moist as if bloody, making a twilight of a night of the Final Dissolution for the herds of deer. His long arms, dangling to his knees and seemingly the measure of an elephant’s trunk, had wrists roughened with scars from repeated slashings done with his sharp sword for making blood offerings to Caṇḍikā. His handsome chest, broad as the surface of the Vindhya Mountain and scattered with the clotted blood of deer and drops of sweat, seemed to be decorated with *guñjā* fruit interspersed with pearls from an elephant’s temple bone. His abdomen was rippled from his constant toil, and his thick thighs seemed to shame a pair of ichor-stained elephant tying posts. His silk clothing was lac-dyed. His forehead, spiky with a naturally fierce triple-peaked frown, seemed to bear Kātyāyani’s trident slash mark, as if he had propitiated her, and she had claimed him as her own.

“He was followed by dogs of various colors, confidently tracking his steps out of familiarity. Their tongues lolled from weariness, and although they were dry, their natural pinkness made them appear to drip the blood of deer. Their lips were lifted at the corners and showed

the rays of their teeth; their opened mouths, while indicating exhaustion, suggested that the mane hair of lions was lodged between their teeth. Their necks were clasped by garlands of huge cowrie shells. Their bodies were scarred from the blows of the tusks of large boars. Although they were small, their great strength made them seem to be lion cubs with manes not yet grown. They were adept at inflicting widowhood on doe. Packs of bitches also followed him. They were immense and looked like lionesses come to implore mercy for their lion lords.

“An army of Śabarās swirled around him and pursued various activities. Some carried elephant tusks and yak tails. Some carried honey in conical cups of whole leaves. Some, like lions, had filled their hands with myriad pearls from the temples of elephants. Some, like Demons, carried a load of flesh. Some, like Tormentors, bore flayed lion skins. Some, like Fasters, held peacock-tail feathers. Some, like boys who wear long temple locks, wore the wings of crows. Some, as if imitating the deeds of Kṛṣṇa, held elephant tusks torn out by them. Some, like the days of the rainy season, wore garments dark as the color of the sky when inky with storm clouds.

“Their leader, like a forest, bore a small dagger [abounded in female rhinoceros]. His bow, like a cloud, was decked with rainbow-bright peacock tail feathers [is decked with rainbows bright as peacock tail feathers]. He, like the Rākṣasa Baka, had brought along one army [had taken the city of Ekacakra]. He, like Aruṇa’s Younger Brother, had taken many elephant tusks [had extracted many serpents’ fangs]. He, like Bhīṣma, was the enemy of peacocks [foe of Śikhaṇḍin]. He, like a summer’s day, always thirsted for deer [constantly carries a mirage]. He, like a Vidyādhara, was swift as thought [hastens to Mānasa Lake]. He, like Parāśara, tracked musk deer [followed his wife, Yojanagandhā]. He, like Ghaṭotkaca, bore a terrifying form [bore a likeness to Bhīma]. He, like the tresses of the Daughter of the Mountain King, glittered with the eyes of peacocks’ tails [are adorned by the moon of the Blue-necked One]. His broad chest, like that of the Dānava Hiranyākṣa, was scarred by the tusks of big boars [was torn by the tusk of the Great Boar]. He, like a libertine, possessed many captive women [captivated women]. He, like a Flesh-eater, had a passion for hunting [craved blood]. He, like a song, was followed by Niṣāda tribesmen [was followed by the scale’s highest note]. He, like Ambikā’s trident, was

moistened with buffalo blood [dripped the gore of Mahiṣa].

Though he was young, his years were many [he had killed many birds]. Though he had great wealth [a pack of dogs], he dined on fruit and roots. Though he was dark like Kṛṣṇa, he did not possess Sudarśana [Kṛṣṇa's discus; "good looks"]. Though he wandered at will, his only refuge was Durgā [a fortress]. Though he depended on the feet of mountains [a king], still he was ignorant of royal service. He was like a child of the Vindhya, like a partial avatar of the God of Death, like a brother of Sin, or like the essence of the Dark Age. Though he was frightening, his massiveness made him seem imperturbable. His stature was not one to be overcome. His name, I later learned, was Mātāṅgaka.

"These thoughts came to me: 'Aho! The life of these people is filled with folly, and their actions are censured by good men. They believe that duty is served by human sacrifice. Their food consists of wine, meat, and such things as are despised by decent people. Their only work is the hunt. Their Śāstras are the howlings of jackals. Their teachers of good and evil are owls, and their wisdom is the lore of birds. Dogs serve as friends, the desolate wastes are their kingdoms, and their festivals are drinking bouts. Their companions are bows that perform cruel deeds, and their attendants are arrows whose tips, like a serpent's fangs, are smeared with poison. Their song is used to trap bewildered deer. Their wives are those of others, taken captive. They cohabitate with cruel-natured tigers. Their homage to the gods is paid with animal blood, their oblations made with flesh. Their livelihood is by thievery. Their ornaments are the jewels from snake hoods. Their cosmetic is the ichor of wild elephants. They devastate the forest in which they dwell by devouring its very roots.'

"While I was thinking this, the Śabara general, wishing to dispel the fatigue of roaming through the forest, took his ease in the shade of that very *śālmali* tree on a pallet of leaves hurriedly prepared by his attendants. Then a certain youth quickly descended to the lake, stirred its water with his hands, and in a cup of lotus leaves scooped up some water along with a few lotus fibers rinsed of their mud. The water resembled liquified cat's eye gems, a piece of the sky struck down by the heat of the rays of the Maker of Day at Final Dissolution, oozeings from the moon's orb, or a melted cluster of pearls. It was so clear that it could only be known to the sense of touch. It was cold as frost,



mixed with the pollen of lotuses, and fragrant. The chieftain drank the water and then chewed on the lotus fibers in the same way Saimhikeya devours the digits of the moon. After his fatigue was lessened, he got up and slowly headed off to another region, trailed by his army, which had also refreshed itself with water.

“But out of that barbarous host one old Śabara, who had not obtained any venison, whose face was twisted grotesquely like a Flesh-eater’s, and who sought meat, lingered a while at the foot of that tree. When the chieftain was out of sight, he carefully surveyed the tree from its root up, as he considered climbing it. He seemed to be drinking in our lives with his eyes that were like clots of blood and that were terrifying with crooked tawny eyebrows. He seemed to be counting the nests of the parrot families. He was like a hawk lusting after the taste of bird flesh.

“At that moment the lives of the parrots, who were terrified at that sight, seemed to flee their bodies. For what indeed is difficult for the pitiless? He climbed the tree effortlessly as though with a ladder—that tree that was many hands high and the branches of which stayed the clouds. And from the hollows and among the branches of the tree, one by one he plucked like fruit the young parrots who were unable to resist him and who were not yet able to fly. Some who were but a few days old, their skin still fetus-pink, looked like *śālmali* blossoms. Some whose wings were barely sprouted looked like young lotus leaves. Some looked like *arka* fruit. Some, their beaks slightly brushed with red at the tips, looked like lotus buds whose tips are reddish in their opening folds. Some seemed to deny him as their heads incessantly shook. Taking their lives, he hurled them to the ground.

“My father, seeing that great unexpected calamity which was a destruction not to be prevented, began to tremble even more violently. He cast his eye that was rolling and twitching from the fear of death, sightless with despair, and brimming with tears, in every direction. His mouth became parched. Although he was unable to protect himself, he took what seemed to be his only course of action: he hid me in the fold of his wings, the joints of which had slackened even more from his terror. Flooded with concern for me he busied himself with protecting me, and, confused as to what else might be done, he stood and clutched me to his bosom.

“Then that sinful one, searching among the branches, came to the

entrance of our hollow and reached in with his left hand, that had an arm terrifying as the coil of an old black cobra, stinking with the stench of raw meat and fat from various slaughtered wild boars, callused from the bowstring—a veritable staff of the God of Death. That brutal creature dragged out my father, who wailed and repeatedly flailed about with his beak, and he murdered him. For some reason he did not see me where I lay hidden under my father's wings, perhaps because I was so very small and fearfully drawn up into a ball, perhaps because my life was yet to be lived. When my father was dead he hurled him, whose neck had been broken, headlong to the ground.

“I hurtled down with him, my neck caught between his legs, my body shielded by his breast. Perhaps because of some merit still due me, we landed upon a pile of dry leaves that had been heaped up by the wind, and so I was not injured. Before that man had climbed down the tree, I, whose body blended in with the fallen leaves, abandoned my dead father. Although it would have been proper at that moment for me to give up my life, I was still a child and very like a cruel person who is ignorant of the essence of love, which comes with time, and who is motivated only by an inborn fear.

“Somehow, supporting myself on my stumpy, half-grown wings, staggering and lurching, thinking myself escaped from the jaws of the God of Death, I took refuge in the root of a very large *tamāla* tree that stood nearby. Its leaves were used by Śabara women for fashioning earrings. Its color was dark as Saṃkarṣaṇa's raiment and seemed to rival the Club-bearer's blue-black skin. It appeared to be covered by sloshings of the Kālindi River and its shoots to have been sprinkled by streams of wild elephant ichor. It seemed to wear the beautiful hairdo of the Vindhya Forest. Even during the day sunbeams could not penetrate its shadowy boughs. It was extremely dense and to me like the lap of a second father.

“In the meantime, the Śabara climbed down, collected the young parrots scattered on the ground, and bound them with vines in leaf baskets. Then he quickly went off by the same path in the direction his leader had taken. As I held onto life, a powerful thirst brought on by fear overwhelmed me and set my very body aflame. My heart was dried up with grief at my father's recent death, and my frame sprained by the long fall. Thinking, ‘By now the villain must have gone very far away,’ I raised my head somewhat and with my eyes wobbling

with terror looked in all directions. When grass but rustled I again saw that same Śabara and thought, 'He has come back!' Finally I crawled from the root of the *tamāla* tree in order to make an effort to get to water. Since my wings were not fully grown, my movements were unsure; at every step I fell on my face. Again and again I had to catch myself on one wing as I lurched sideways. Since I was not used to creeping along the ground, I grew giddy. I took one step at a time, raising my face and gasping for breath at the effort. I was filthy with dust.

"As I moved along, I fell to ruminating: 'However hard the times are, living beings in this world direct their exertions toward continued existence. To all creatures on the earth nothing is dearer than life. Thus even when my father, his name be blest, is dead, I with senses yet intact continue to live. Fie upon me who am pitiless, cruel, and ungrateful! Aho! the misery! the grief at my father's death that I suffered and in spite of which I live! Where is my sense of obligation to him? Truly my heart must be evil! I have surely forgotten how, from the day of my birth when my mother departed for the next world, he held back the storm of his grief and, though very old, raised me as best he could. He took great pains to bring me up and lovingly begrudged me nothing while protecting me.

"Indeed, my life is a wretched thing if it does not follow my father, my benefactor. Whom does the thirst for life not coarsen if desire for water can become so important when he is in such a condition? It seems to me that my decision to obtain water is the sheer heartlessness of one who feels no grief at the death of his father. Furthermore, the shore of the lake is very far away: the cries of geese imitating the sound of the anklets of water goddesses are far in the distance; the calls of the cranes are indistinct; and the drifting fragrance of lotuses rarely wafts in this direction and to this distance, for the lotus ponds are so remote.

"This time of day is extremely difficult. The sun is at its zenith, with its coruscating heat and its rays showering down like fiery powder. The ground, red-hot to the touch, is painful to traverse. The heat makes me unbearably thirsty and so overpowers me that my limbs cannot carry me even a short way. I am losing control of myself. My heart is sinking. My sight is blurred. Would that the mischievous Creator end my life, even though I do not really wish to die!' Such were my thoughts.

“In a hermitage very near that lake lived an ascetic of great austerities by the name of Jābālī. His son was Hārīta, a young sage, who like the Son of Brahmā had his mind cleansed by perfect knowledge. Accompanied by many other ascetic youths of his own age, he chanced to come along the path with the intention of bathing in that lake of lotuses. His form was difficult to look upon, his brightness making him a second divine Light of Lights. He seemed to be cast from the orb of the rising Maker of Day. His limbs seemed to have been fashioned out of lightning. His body appeared to have been anointed with molten gold. Because he was aglow with a golden color and flashing radiance, he seemed to be early morning sunlight or a conflagration illuminating the forest.

“His heavy locks glowed like heated iron, pure from bathings in many sacred pools, and hung to his shoulders. The hair on the crown of his head was bunched into a topknot, making him look like the divine Purifier, flames restrained, wearing the disguise of a young Brahmin while wishing to burn the Khāṇḍava Wood. A crystal rosary draped over his right ear resembled an anklet of some forest god of the hermitage or a string of pearls for enumerating the teachings of the God of Duty. His forehead bore a triple sectarian mark drawn with ashes, which was like a three-fold vow taken to turn back all sensual enjoyments. His left hand held a crystal water jar with upraised neck—like a crane looking for its path in the sky—such that it seemed to point the way to heaven.

“His body was encircled by a black antelope skin that hung from his shoulders and that seemed to be a cloud of pale blue smoke drunk up in his thirst for doing penance and now rushing out. A sacred thread slung round his left shoulder seemed to be made of fresh lotus fibers; because of its lightness it fluttered in the breeze and seemed to be counting the ribs of his fleshless, thin cage. His right hand held an *āṣāḍha* wood staff at the end of which was attached a cup of leaves filled with creeper blossoms picked for worshiping the deities. He was followed by a deer of the hermitage that carried the clay for the sage’s bath on the tips of its horns. It was tame and had been reared with handfuls of wild rice. Its eyes wandered restlessly from *kuśa* grass to blossoms and vines.

“That young ascetic’s body, like a tree, was covered by soft bark. He, like a mountain, wore a girdle [has ridges]. He, like Rāhu, often

tasted *soma* [often swallows Soma]. He, like a lotus pond, drank the rays of the Maker of Day. His hair, like a tree on the slope of a mountain, was clean with many ablutions. His teeth, like a young elephant's tusks, gleamed like pieces of blown moon-lotus petals [are dappled with pieces of blown moon-lotuses]. He, like Drauṇi, was filled with compassion [was followed by Kṛpa]. He, like the zodiac, was adorned with a clinging white deer skin [is adorned with the constellations Citrā, Mrga, Kṛtikā, and Aśleṣa]. He, like a day of the hot season, had destroyed many of his faults [cuts short night]. He, like the rainy season, controlled his passions [inhibits dust]. He, like the God of the Sea, constantly bathed. He, like Hari, did not fear the Hell of Torment [Naraka].

"His eyes, like the stars at dawn, were the tawny color of sunrise. He, like the time of dawn, was golden as the morning sunshine. He, like the chariot of the sun, restrained his senses [has its wheels and axles firmly fixed]. His body, like a good king, was kept lean by secret incantations [avoids war by secret negotiations]. His concave brow, like the ocean, was clasped by high temples [has many conchshells, whirlpools, and caves]. He, like Bhagīratha, had often descended into Gaṅgā [had often seen the descent of Gaṅgā]. He, like a bee, frequently stayed in a forest near a lake called Puṣkara [often visits a bed of blue lotuses]. Though a woodsman, he had entered a big mansion [the Supreme Soul]. Though unfettered, he desired not to be tied down [saved]. Though bent upon peaceful religious worship, he constantly carried a staff [for punishment]. Though asleep, he was enlightened. Though he had two eyes, still he did not use his left eye [rejected women].

"As a rule, the hearts of good men are ever friendly, without ulterior motive, and extremely tender. When he saw me in such a condition, he was quite touched and spoke to a certain young ascetic who was nearby: 'This young parrot, whose wings are not fully grown, has somehow tumbled from the top of that tree. Or perhaps he has fallen from a hawk's beak. Now, because of his long fall, he is barely alive. His eyes are closed; he staggers forward again and again onto his face; he violently pants; and he repeatedly opens his beak. He is not even able to hold up his head. Before his life flees, pick him up and take him down to the water.' And so he had me carried to the shore of the lake. Going to the water he laid aside his staff and water jar, picked up

me, who had abandoned struggling, pried open my beak with his finger, and made me drink a few drops of water. Sprinkled with water I was revived and was placed in the shade of a lotus plant that had grown up on the shore and that was cooled by its proximity to the water. Then he took care of his customary ablutions.

“After bathing, he performed several purifying Three-breath Exercises, recited some sacred Sin-effacing Spells, and raised his face to the blessed Vivifier while making an offering of recently gathered red lotuses in a cup fashioned of lotus leaves. Then he donned a gleaming white bark-garment, which made him look like twilight’s glow brushed with moonlight. He sleeked his shining hair with his hands, filled his jar with the pure lake water, and, followed by the group of young sages whose hair was still wet from recent bathing, scooped me up and slowly headed for the hermitage.

“When we had gone but a short way I saw the hermitage. It was enclosed in dense groves of trees heavy with an abundance of flowers and fruit. There were palm, *tilaka*, *tamāla*, date, and *bakula* trees, as well as coconut trees entwined by cardamom creepers. The groves shone with *lodhra*, *lavalī*, and clove plants, and puffed out a pollen fog from mango blossoms. Its *sahakāra* trees were noisy with the *jhaṇ-jhaṇ* of swarms of bees, resounded with the *kolāhala* calls of flocks of excited cuckoos, and were made golden by heaps of pollen dropped from *ketakī* blossoms. Forest gods mounted swings of betel vines. A fall of shining white flowers, shaken down by the wind, looked like a rain of stars announcing the destruction of wickedness. The hermitage was bordered by the Daṇḍaka Wood, which had black and white spotted antelope moving about without fear; which was reddened by beds of blown lotuses; which had leaves of vines grown again after being nibbled by Mārica, the illusory deer; and which was rough with holes where roots had been gouged out by the end of Dāśarathi’s bow.

“Sages came in from all sides carrying firewood, *kuśa* grass, blossoms, and clay, and were followed by their pupils loudly reciting the Vedas. The sound of water jars being filled was listened to by flocks of peacocks with outstretched necks. A ladder making a path to heaven seemed to be fashioned there under the guise of columns of smoke spiraling upward from sacrificial fires that were constantly fed with clarified butter, as if the fires wished to guide those sages, even while

yet embodied, to the Celestial World. The hermitage was surrounded by ponds that seemed to have their murkiness cleared by contact with the sages who lived close by. The image of the sun's orb danced on their billows such that the company of the Seven Sages seemed to have plunged in for a visit with the ascetics. At night those ponds were filled with numbers of fully blown moon-lotuses like so many planets descended to worship the sages. The hermitage seemed to be saluted by forest creepers whose tops were bent down by the wind. It seemed to be worshiped by trees whose flowers constantly fell. It seemed to be attended upon by trees whose foliage served as folded hands.

"Millet was spread out to dry in the courtyards of its huts, and the fruit of *āmalaka*, *lavalī*, *karkandhu*, banana, *lakuca*, *panasa*, mango, and palm trees was being preserved. Young people were noisy with their recitations. Garrulous parrots uttered '*vaṣaṭ!*'—the sacrificial exclamation they constantly heard and thus remembered. The Dear-to-Brahmins Invocation was being proclaimed by dozens of mynahs. Balls of oblation rice for the Sacred-to-the-Gods Rite were being devoured by wild cocks. Offerings of wild rice were being eaten by geese from nearby ponds. Children of ascetics were being licked by the blossom-tongues of doe. Burning flowers and *kuśa* grass hissed as they fed sacrificial fires. Rock slabs were sticky with juice from coconuts that had been smashed against them. The earth was pink with the juice of bark recently ripped from trees. Oleander blossoms were placed on orbs of the Son of Aditi drawn in red sandal.

"Here and there private eating-places for sages were indicated by lines of ashes. Aged, blind ascetics were being led in and out by the hand by friendly monkeys. The area was speckled with pieces of lotus fibers half-chewed and dropped by young elephants, which looked like conch-shell bracelets slipped from the slender arms of the Goddess of Speech. Various kinds of radishes were being dug up for the sages by deer using the tips of their horns. Elephants with their trunks filled with water quenched the water basins around the trees. Lotus roots that were stuck in between the tusks of wild hogs were being pulled out by children of the ascetics. Sacrificial fires were being kindled by breezes from the wings of tame peacocks. The sweet scent of oblations of Elixir was everywhere. The hermitage was redolent with the holy fragrance of half-baked rice offerings, and it was reso-

nant with the crackling sacrificial fires fed with unbroken streams of clarified butter.

“There guests were being attended to; the divine ancestors were being worshiped; Hari, the Destroyer, and the Grandfather were being adored; the Faithfulness Rites were being taught; the lore of sacrifice was being explained; the Śāstra of Duty was being studied; various books were being recited; and the meaning of all the Śāstras was being discussed. Leaf huts were being constructed; courtyards were being smeared with cow dung; and the interiors of huts were being swept clean. Meditation was being undertaken; spells were being practiced; and yoga was being performed. Offerings were being made to forest deities; girdles of *mauñja* grass were being fashioned; bark garments were being washed; fuel was being collected; and black antelope skins were being dressed. Corn was being stored; lotus seeds were being dried; rosary beads were being strung; and cane staffs were being gathered. Wandering mendicants were being honored, and pitchers were being filled.

“The hermitage was unknown to the Dark Age. It was unfamiliar with falsehood. The Bodiless God had not yet heard of it. It, like the Lotus-born God, was extolled in the three worlds. It, like the Enemy of the Demons, contained within it the forms of men, lions, and boars. It, like the Sāṃkhya philosophy, was inhabited by brown cows [was founded by the sage Kapila]. It, like the groves near Mathurā, had proud cows who forcefully licked [were the dwellings of proud Dhenuka, who was conquered by Bala]. It, like Udayana, made numerous calves happy [gave joy to the Vatsa race]. Its trees, like the empire of the Kimpuruṣas, were being sprinkled by sages bearing water pitchers [has Druma consecrated by sages bearing water pitchers]. It, like the end of the hot season, had cataracts falling in its vicinity [has rainfall imminent]. It, like the rainy season, had lions sleeping deep in the forest [has Hari comfortably asleep in the depths of water]. It, like Hanumat, had heaps of kernels of *akṣa* seed pulverized by blows from pieces of rock [crushed the rib cage of Akṣa with blows from pieces of rock]. It, like Arjuna at the beginning of the destruction of the Khāṇḍava Wood, had sacrificial fires started [had undertaken Agni’s deed]. Though its ground was smeared with cow dung [fragrant unguents], still the scent of oblation-smoke was always prevalent. Though it was inhabited by Mātāṅgas [herds of elephants], still it was purified.



Though it had a hundred banners of smoke rising [a hundred comets appearing], still it was without calamity. Though it was protected by the orb of the Lord of the Twice-born [a circle of Brahmins], still it was always dark because of the nearby dense trees. The hermitage was very pleasant—like another World of Brahmā.

“There impurity was in the smoke of oblations, not in behavior. Redness was in the faces of parrots, not in those of angry people. Sharpness was in blades of *kuśa* grass, not in dispositions. Unsteadiness was in banana leaves, not in minds. Passion was in the eyes of cuckoos, not for the wives of others. Seizing of the neck was of water pitchers, not in love-play. Binding of girdles was in vows, not in lovers’ quarrels. Touching of nipples was of milch cows, not of beautiful women. Moulting [partisanship] was of cocks, not in learned discussions. There was wandering [error] during circumambulation of the sacred fire, not in use of the Śāstras. There was talk of the Vasus [wealth] in stories of the supernatural, not out of avidity. Counting was of *rudrākṣa* seeds, of not bodies. There was cutting of hair of sages in initiations to sacrificial rituals, not in mourning for the death of children. There was love for Rāma [beautiful women] in the *Rāmāyaṇa*, not during youth. There was wrinkling of the face [scowling] in old age, not in pride of wealth. There, the death of Śakuni [of birds] was only in the *Mahābhārata*; talk of the God of the Winds [delirious ramblings] was only in the Purāṇas; loss of teeth [degradation of the Twice-born] was only in old age; coolness [dullness] was only of sandal trees in the groves; ashes [prosperity] were only in fires; addiction to listening to song was only for deer; lusting for dancing [shedding of feathers] was only for peacocks; hoods [sensual enjoyments] were only for snakes; desire for the *śrī* fruit [for wealth] was only for monkeys; and downward movement [degradation] was only for roots.

“In the middle of that hermitage I saw the blessed Jābāli seated in the shade of a red *aśoka* tree. The tree had foliage scarlet as lac. Its branches were weighed down with black antelope skins and water pots hung there by the ascetics. Its roots wore five-finger marks in yellow meal drawn there by the young daughters of the ascetics. Its basin water was being sipped by young deer. *Kuśa* grass garments had been draped about it by young ascetics. The ground around it was smeared with cow dung. It was beautified by recently made offerings of flow-

ers. Although it was not very large, the tree spread far out into space. The sage was surrounded on all sides by great ascetics, just as is the earth by oceans, as is the Golden Mountain by the Kula Mountains, as is a sacrifice by oblation fires, as is the day at the time of Final Dissolution by suns, or as time is by eons. He was entirely silvered by old age that set his body atremble as if it feared his terrible curse. Like a lover, age seized him by the hair; as though angered it wrinkled his brow; as though intoxicated it made his walk unsteady; as though with the *tilaka* mark made as decoration, it produced age spots on his body; and it was white as the ashes on one who has taken a vow.

“The sage was adorned with handsome matted locks. They were long, grizzled by years, and looked like banners of duty he had raised upon vanquishing all other ascetics with his penances, like ropes of merit braided for his ascent to heaven, or like clusters of blossoms from the tree of his holy merit sprouted to a great height. His broad forehead wore a three-line pattern in ashes and so looked like a slab of the Snow Mountain across which the triple streams of the River of the Three Worlds horizontally flow. His eyes supported creeper-brows that had the shape of a digit of the moon turned downwards and that were flabby with an overhang of crepe-like skin. The front of his body was whitened by his lustrous teeth from which rays flashed through his lips ever open in recitation of the syllables of spells. The rays looked like the offshoots of Truth, the pure deeds of his senses, or rivulets of the juice of his compassion and made him appear to be Jahnu pouring forth the pellucid stream of Gaṅgā. He was never without bees that darted closely about his mouth as they were drawn to the fragrant exhalations of his constant *soma*-rich sighs, those bees seeming to be syllables of his curses incarnate. As he was so very emaciated, the hollows of his cheeks were greatly depressed; his nose and chin were thrown into high relief; and the pupil of his eye was slightly protuberant. The line of his eyelashes—which were falling out—had become sparse; the holes of his ears were overgrown with long hairs that sprouted from inside them; and his thick beard reached to his navel.

“His neck was heavily bound by veins that stretched over it like reins for curbing the exceedingly unsteady horses of his senses. His rib cage had deep interstices and was embraced by a white sacred thread slung across one shoulder, and so his torso resembled the limpid Celestial Ganges upon whose gentle ripples float lotus fibers. He con-

stantly revolved through his fingers a rosary that had clear chips of crystal for beads and that was like the Goddess of Speech's necklace strung with large luminous pearls; he looked like another Dhruva around which constantly wheel the multitudinous stars. He was completely covered with a network of raised veins like an old Wishing Tree wrapped in a mass of fully grown creepers. He was clothed in a silky bark garment that had been purified by rinsings in the waters of Mānasa Lake and that seemed to be made of pure moonbeams, or the froth of the Elixir of Immortality, or the threads of his virtues; it was like another netting of old age. His beauty was enhanced by his crystal pitcher that was filled with the water of the Celestial Ganges and that stood nearby on a tripod; he looked like a bed of *puṇḍarika* lotuses next to a royal goose. He seemed to be sharing his firmness with the mountains, his depth with the sea, his luster with the Vivifier, his mildness with the Cold-rayed One, and his purity with the expanse of sky.

"He, like Vainateya, had gained supremacy over the Twice-born [snakes and birds]. He, like the God of the Lotus-throne, was the teacher of the hermitage [of the stations of life]. His matted hair, like an ancient sandal tree's tangled roots, was white as old snake sloughs [are made white by the sloughs of snakes]. He, like an excellent elephant, had long hair growing over his ears [has a tail and ears of exceptional length]. He, like Bṛhaspati, possessed hair that had been allowed to grow since his birth [cherished Kaca from birth]. His face, like the face of day, was radiant like that of the rising sun [glows with the disk of the rising sun]. He, like autumn, had expended the years of his life [is a time when the rains are spent]. He, like Śantanu, held dear the vow of truth [Satyavrata]. He, like Ambikā, was practiced in holding a rosary of "Rudra eyes" [was clever in attracting the round eyes of Rudra]. He, like the sun in the cold season, wore a shawl [flees to the northern region]. He, like the Submarine Fire, always drank milk [always drinks water]. He, like a deserted city, was a refuge for the poor, the helpless, and the afflicted [has ill-looking, uninhabited, and dilapidated huts]. He, like the Lord of Animals, had limbs covered by hair gray as ashes [covers his body with ashes].

"Looking at him I thought, 'Aho! such is the power of ascetics! Though the form of this one is at rest, it flickers like molten gold; it blinds like lightning; and though it is ever indifferent, because of its great power it seems to produce fear in anyone who approaches for the

first time. The splendor of ascetics practicing even small austerities is by its very nature not to be denied, its action being as swift as fire licking through dry reeds, *kāśa* grass, and flowers. How much greater must be the splendor of such divine ones whose feet are honored by the whole world, who have destroyed impurity by constant penance, who with their divine sight look upon the world as but an *āmalaka* fruit held in the hand, and who cause destruction of all sin. Merit accrues at the mere mention of the names of great sages—how much more so when seeing them in the flesh! Blessed is this hermitage where he is king. To be sure, this entire world is blessed since it is inhabited by him, the Lotus-born God on earth. Surely these ascetics partake of bliss as they wait upon him night and day as if upon another God of the Lotus-throne, their other duties forgotten, their eyes not wavering as they gaze upon his face and listen to holy stories.

“Even the Goddess of Speech is happy, who, experiencing contact with his lotus-mouth and surrounded by his splendid teeth, always dwells in his mind, which is ever calm, which flows with a stream of compassion, and which has great profundity. She is thus like a goose that, enjoying contact with lotuses and surrounded by lovely birds, dwells on the Mānasa Lake, which is always clear, which overflows with water, and the depths of which are unfathomable. After a long time a proper second home has been reached by the four Vedas, which formerly resided in the Four-faced God’s lotus-mouths. All the world’s sciences that had become fouled from contact with the Dark Age have once again become pure by approaching him, just as the earth’s rivers, made turbid in the rainy season, are purified as they approach autumn.

“Surely the blessed God of Duty does not even recall the Golden Age, for he abides here with all his soul after conquering the wantonness of the Dark Age. Certainly at this moment the expanse of the sky must not feel pride at being the abode of the Seven Sages, now that it sees earth inhabited by this one. Aho! this old age, white as a mass of foam, must be extremely powerful since it fearlessly falls upon his heavy hair, which is pale as the beams of the Maker of Night and which is as difficult to look upon as the millions of rays of the suns at Final Dissolution. So does Gaṅgā, white with masses of foam, fall fearlessly upon the topknot of the Lord of Animals, or an offering of milk splash onto the flames of the God Who Abounds in Fire. Even the rays of the sun avoid the penance grove, keeping their distance as

if fearing the power of this divine one whose hermitage is darkened by the thick smoke from generous quantities of clarified butter. And here, out of affection for him, the fires whose flames are whipped up by the wind accept, as if with folded hands, offerings purified by spells. The wind, which ripples the delicate bark cloth as though it were silk and which is permeated by the sweet fragrance of the hermitage's creeper blossoms, approaches him as if timid.

“As a rule, those who possess spiritual powers are hard to overcome, even by the Great Elements, and this one is the mentor of all such powerful ones. The earth, inhabited by this great soul, seems to have two suns, and it seems to be motionless as if leaning on him. He is a stream of the juices of compassion, a causeway over the ocean of transmigration, a container filled with the waters of patience, an axe to slash the thickets of the vines of desire, a sea of the elixir of contentment, a spiritual guide to the path of perfection, a Setting Mountain to the planet of the wicked, a root supporting the tree of forbearance, the nave of the wheel of wisdom, a flagstaff for the banner of duty, a sacred pool with steps leading to all knowledge, a Submarine Fire burning up the ocean of greed, a touchstone for the jewels of the Śāstras, a forest fire crackling through the foliage of passion, a great spell for pacifying the snake of wrath, a Maker of Day to burn away the darkness of delusion, a bolt for the doors of the Hell of Torment, a family home of good manners, and a temple for auspicious rites. He is no host to the agitations of the senses. He points out the path of truth. He is the origin of holiness, the axle of the wheel of effort, the abode of goodness, the foe of the Dark Age, the wealth of austerities, the friend of honesty, the birthplace of sincerity, and the source of all accumulated merit. He gives no room to envy, is the enemy of disaster, is no target for disrespect, is unfavorable to pride, is not honored by pusillanimity, is not at the disposition of anger, is insubmissive to sensual enjoyments, and averts his face from all comforts. By the grace of this blessed one the hermitage is free from enmity and envy.

“Aho, the power of great-souled men! for here the very animals have become calm of spirit and, quitting their constant strife, experience the joy of dwelling in the hermitage. See here: This snake, oppressed by the sun, fearlessly enters, as if it were fresh grass, the shade of a peacock's tail, which resembles a bed of blown lotuses, which has hundreds of lovely miniature moons, and which is iridescent like the

eyes of deer. This young antelope leaves its mother and becomes friendly with lion cubs whose manes are not yet grown, sucking at their mother's milk-streaming teats. This lion closes his eyes and approves of his thick mane, white as the rays of the Hare-marked Moon, being pulled by young elephants that mistake it for bunches of lotus fibers. This troop of monkeys sets fickleness aside and brings fruit to the young ascetics who have just bathed. Though these elephants are in rut, out of compassion they do not flap their ears to chase away the swarms of bees that rest upon their temples and lie stupefied from drafts of ichor. What more is there to say? The inanimate trees, which, because of the rising lines of smoke from the ascetics' sacrificial fires, give the appearance of constantly wearing shawls of black antelope skins, seem to have in common with the divine sage the observance of religious vows in that they produce fruit and roots and are clad in bark. How much more is this the case with sentient beings?

"While I was thus reflecting, Hārīta put me down in the shade of that *aśoka* tree and after embracing the feet of his father and making a respectful salutation sat down on a nearby mat of *kuśa* grass. Seeing me, all those sages queried: 'Where did you get this young parrot?'

"He answered them, 'I found him when I went to bathe. He had fallen from his nest in the tree on the bank of the lotus lake. Tormented by the sun's heat, he lay in the hot dust, exhausted by the long fall and barely alive. Since climbing trees is difficult for ascetics, I was not able to return him to his nest. Out of pity I brought him here. As long as his wings are not developed and he cannot fly, we should foster him in the hollow of some tree in the hermitage with heaps of wild rice and fruit juice provided by me and the young ascetics. For it is the duty of persons like us to protect the helpless. When his wings have grown and he is able to fly, then he may go where it pleases him. Or, if he should become friendly, perhaps he will even remain here.'

"As he listened to these and other words regarding me, the divine Jābāli became curious and, tilting his head slightly, studied me a long time with a very calm gaze as if he were laving me with holy water. Then, as if recognizing me, he stared at me even harder and said, 'He is experiencing the fruit of his own misbehaving.' For that divine sage has powers gained by penance and sees the past, present, and future. With his divine sight he gazes upon the whole world as if it lay in the

palm of his hand. He knows former births, can foretell the future, and knows the lifetime of any living being who comes into the range of his sight.

“So it was that the assembly of ascetics who heard him and knew the extent of his power became curious as to what crime I had committed and why, and who I was in my former birth. They entreated that divine one, ‘Tell us, please, of what misbehavior is he experiencing the fruit? Who was he in his former birth? How did he come to take on the feathered caste? What is his name? Satisfy our curiosity, for you, the blessed one, are the fount of all wonders.’

“That great sage, thus solicited by the assembly of ascetics, replied, ‘This amazing story that you request me to tell is a very long one. The day is almost over, my time for bathing approaches, and your hour of worship is passing. Therefore, you should rise and attend to your chores. In the evening after you have dined on roots and fruit and are seated again at your leisure, I shall relate all to you from the beginning: who he is, what he did in his former birth, and how he came to be born into this world. Meanwhile he should be fed so his fatigue can be allayed. Undoubtedly, when I narrate the events of his former birth, he himself will recall all events as if he were reliving them in a dream.’ Immediately upon saying this he rose and along with the other ascetics followed his routine, which included bathing.

“The day drew to a close. The sun in the sky seemed to bear upon his own body the red sandal unguent placed on the ground for ritual offerings by the ascetics after they rose from their bathing. The day became lean; its glow decreased as if its diffuse heat was being inhaled by the sun-drinking ascetics as they raised their faces and riveted their eyes on the sun’s orb. The sun sank in the sky. Its color was as rosy as pigeon’s feet, and its feet-like rays were drawn up as if it were trying to avoid touching the rising company of the Seven Sages. The sun’s circle, with its mesh of rays crimsoned, rested on the Western Ocean, as if it were the honey-streaming lotus in the navel of the Slayer of Madhu lying on his water couch. The sunbeams withdrew from the sky, earth, and lotus groves, and, like birds at day’s end, lingered in the tops of the hermitage trees and on the hills. Patches of red sunshine clung to the trees that, for a moment, looked as though they bore red bark garments hung there by the ascetics. And when the divine Thousand-rayed God had gone home behind the Setting Moun-

tain, the glow of twilight appeared like a coral creeper rising from the Western Ocean.

“The practice of meditation filled the hermitage, which was charming with the sound of cows being milked, wherein green *kuśa* grass was being scattered on sacrificial altars for Agni, and wherein offering rice was being scattered about by ascetic maidens for the Virgins of the Quarters. The tawny twilight—its stars becoming red—was seen returning by the ascetics, as if it were the tawny hermitage cow with red eyes who wandered in at evening after its day-long roamings. At the recent decease of the Vivifier, the sun-lotus pool was plunged into sorrow and seemed to be observing a vow for the return of her lord: she bore a pitcher in the form of a lotus bud, dressed in the silk of white geese, wore a white sacred thread of lotus fibers, and carried a rosary of a circle of bees. When the Maker of Day fell into the waters of the Western Ocean, the sky was filled with millions of stars looking like spray tossed up from the impact, and in an instant the star-spangled sky glittered as if sprinkled with blossoms scattered in honor of twilight by the daughters of the Siddhas. Suddenly the red glow of twilight completely vanished as if washed down by the handfuls of water thrown up during worship by sages with upraised faces. When twilight had disappeared, the night, distressed at the loss, wore a freshly rising darkness like a black antelope skin and, while avoiding the hearts of the sages, made everything else dark. In due course, perceiving that the sun had gone to rest, the Nectar-rayed God, who was very pale [who desired renunciation], who seemed to deck the sky in a clean silky bark garment, and who was accompanied by his wives, the stars, occupied the sky as though he were occupying the hermitage of the Celestial World.

“The sky, like the hermitage, was bordered by a thin streak of darkness like a row of *tamāla* trees [was bordered by *tamāla* trees that looked like a streak of darkness]. The sky, like the hermitage, was inhabited by the Seven Sages [was visited by various of the seven Great Sages]. The sky, like the hermitage, was sanctified by the wanderings of Arundhati [was purified by the properties of *arundhati*]. The sky, like the hermitage, displayed the Āṣāḍha constellation [kept ascetics’ staffs of *āṣāḍha* wood]. The sky, like the hermitage, held the Mūla constellation [contained edible roots]. In one part of the sky, standing alone, was the lovely Mrga constellation, just as in one cor-



ner of the hermitage stood deer with lovely eyes. As Gaṅgā—white with geese and filling the oceans—falls from the head of the Three-eyed God, who wears the moon as ornament and is decorated with potsherds made of stars, so the moonlight—white as a goose and covering the oceans—fell upon the earth from the sky, which was decked with the moon and adorned with its potsherds of stars. In the lake of the Cold-rayed One, white as blown *punḍarika* lotuses, its deer stood motionless as though caught in the ambrosial mud when it descended with a desire to lap up liquid moonlight. The lakes of white lotuses were penetrated by moonbeams that gleamed like fresh *sinduvāra* blossoms, and that were like geese come to the ocean at the end of the darkness of the rainy season. For a moment the orb of the Maker of Night, its redness all melted away, looked like Airāvata's temple with its red paint washed away from his bathings in the Sky River.

“And when the divine Distiller of Cold had finally risen far into the sky; when the earth was whitened by moonlight as if powdered with plaster; when the early evening breezes began to blow, moving languidly from the fall of dew, fragrant with the perfume of opening moon-lotuses, welcomed by the hermitage deer who rested comfortably—their eyes heavy with the weight of sleep, their eyelashes stuck together, and their mouths lazily ruminating; and when the night had spent but one half-watch of three hours, then Hārīta took me up after I had finished eating. In the company of the other sages he approached his father, who was resting on a cane seat in a part of the hermitage that was illuminated by moonlight. Jābālī was slowly being fanned by a pupil of his named Jālapāda, who stood nearby and held a deer-skin fan and a bunch of *darbha* grass. ‘Oh father, all these sages have gathered together here in a circle desiring to hear the wonderful tale. This young parrot has been refreshed. Please relate what he did in his former birth, who he was, and who he will be in the future.’

“When that best of sages was thus addressed, he looked at me standing in front of him and, knowing he had the undivided attention of all those ascetics, slowly spoke: ‘If you are so curious, then listen. There is in the country of Avanti a city called Ujjayinī, which is the ornament of all the three worlds. It is like the very birthplace of the Golden Age. It is like a second earth created as a suitable residence for himself by the divine Mahākāla—the Lord of the Tormentors, the creator, preserver, and destroyer of the three worlds. The city is sur-

rounded by a moat of water that is deep as the Nether Region and that is like an ocean taking Ujjayinī for another earth. It is encompassed by whitewashed ramparts the turrets of which reach to the sky and resemble Mount Kailāsa's peaks surrounding the city out of affection for it as a dwelling place of the Lord of Animals. Crisscrossed by avenues lined by immense bazaars, it resembles the floor of the ocean when its water was drunk by Agastya, exposing multitudes of conches, mother-of-pearl, pearls, coral, emeralds, and heaps of pebbles and gold powder. The city contains painted walls decked with gods, demons, Siddhas, Gandharvas, Vidyādhara, and Nāgas—the walls like so many chariots of the gods filled with those creatures come to watch Ujjayinī's women engaged in an endless round of festivities.

“Its crossways are adorned with sacred temples dazzling white as the Mandara Mountain sluiced down with milk at the Churning, the tops of which bear golden jars and white banners fluttering in the wind so that those shrines look like the peaks of the Snow Mountain upon which falls the foaming Sky River. Its commons have wells with brick slab seats, are darkened by green groves sprinkled by ceaselessly turning irrigation wheels, and are made dusky by the pollen of *ketaki* blossoms. The groves of the city itself are darkened by masses of bees noisy with intoxication and are made fragrant by breezes that sift through the sweet flowers quivering on vines in its gardens. Honor to the *Makara*-bannered God is paid by red silk banners decorated with the *makara* and raised on every house on *madana* wood staffs ornamented with little bells that ring out luck-in-love, bound with red fly whisks, and studded with coral. In that city sin is washed away by the murmur of constant recitations of the Vedas. There, peacocks ardently devoted to dancing, spread their tails and add their cries to the deep thunder in the Rain Houses stormy with hard sprays of water shot through by rainbows hanging in the refracted sunbeams. The city's many ponds look like the thousand eyes of the Breaker: as his eyes are lovely as fully blown sun-lotuses, the ponds are lovely with fully blown sun-lotuses; as the interiors of his eyes are white as blown moon-lotuses, so those ponds are whitened by blown moon-lotuses; as his eyes are charming in that they do not wink, those ponds are charming with the appearance of fish. The city is whitened in all directions by ivory turrets challenged by dense groves of banana trees and white as Elixir froth. It is encircled by the Siprā, which seems to wash against the

sky; the waters of which are agitated by the jug-breasts of Mālava women intoxicated by the raptures of youth; and which, by means of its ripples, wears a constant frown firmly affixed, as if it were jealous at seeing the River of the Gods tumble upon the head of the blessed Mahākāla.

“The city is inhabited by a pleasure-loving people whose fame is celebrated in all the world. They, like the moon in the locks of the Destroyer, have wealth in the tens of millions [prominent ends]. They, like the Maināka Mountain, do not know partisanship [never knew trimmed wings]. They, like the Celestial Ganges, possess piles of gold and rubies [displays heaps of golden lotuses]. They, like the Śāstra of Law, determine the building of assembly halls, houses, wells, watering sheds, way stations, temples, bridges, and machinery. They, like the Mandara Mountain, wear the rarest jewels found in the oceans. Though they have spells against poison [emeralds], they are afraid of snakes [rogues]. Though they employ scoundrels [live on their own land], their wealth is subsisted upon by good people [by all who seek it]. Though they are bold, they bow to others. Though their speech is sweetly spoken, they are truthful. Though they are handsome, they are content with their own wives. Though they rise to greet guests, they do not petition others. Though they desire love and wealth, they are ruled by duty. Though they are extremely powerful [brave], they fear their enemies [the other world].

“They are exceedingly learned, liberal, and intelligent. Their speech is accompanied by a smile; their humor is charming; their dress bright; and they have mastered the languages of all countries. They are clever at witty speech, wise with the study of narratives and tales, and know all scripts. They take delight in the *Mahābhārata*, *Purāṇas*, and the *Rāmāyaṇa*, and are knowledgeable about the *Bṛhatkathā*. They enjoy skill in all the arts, such as gambling. They are passionately fond of the Śrutis, are addicted to witticisms, but are self-controlled. They, like the fragrant spring wind, always are courteous [always blows from the south]. They, like the forest on the Snow Mountain, have honest hearts [is filled with pine trees]. They, like Lakṣmaṇa, are skilled in the wooing of women [in attendance upon his brother Rāma]. They, like Śatrughna, are obviously fond of the art of dramaturgy [was openly fond of his brother Bharata]. They, like the day, follow their friends [follows the rise of Friend]. They, like a Buddhist, are brave enough

to assent to all supplicants [asserts the existence or non-existence of everything]. They, like Sāṅkhya, are endowed with distinguished men [concerned with matter and spirit]. And they, like Jain law, have compassion for all living creatures.

“Because of its palaces, the city seems to be mountainous; because of its large dwellings, it seems to contain suburbs within suburbs; because of its good men, it seems to possess a number of Wishing Trees; and because of its painted walls, it seems to display all beauty. The city, like twilight, possesses rubies [is as red as rubies]. It, like the body of the Lord of the Gods, is hallowed by the smoke of a hundred sacrificial fires. It, like the sportive dance of the Lord of Animals, has noisy marketplaces whitened by plaster [is marked by loud laughter white as nectar]. It, like an old woman, has golden dwellings [has waning beauty]. It, like Garuḍa, is pleasant because of its immutable rules [is the pleasant mount of the Imperishable One]. Its citizens, like the time of dawn, are all enlightened [awakens all the world]. It, like the dwelling of a Śabara, has houses whitened with hanging ivory and fly whisks [is whitened by hanging tusks and yak tails]. The city, like the form of Śeṣa, always wears a fresh coat of plaster [ever carries the earth resting upon it]. It, like the time of the Churning, fills the quarters with a great din. It, like the site where an inauguration has occurred, has a thousand golden pitchers placed here and there. Its form, like Gaurī, is suitable for the Lion Throne. It, like Aditi, is graced by thousands of sacred temples [is honored by thousands of families of gods]. It, like the sport of the Great Boar, exhibits the casting of golden dice [is the casting down of Hiraṇyākṣa]. It, like Kadrū, delights the world of sophisticates [gives delight to the world of snakes]. It, like tales in the *Harivaṁśa*, is charming with the games of many children [with many stories of Kṛṣṇa]. Though in that city there is open enjoyment in courtyards [women], its citizens' behavior is impeccable. Though it is red, it is white as nectar [its castes are friendly]. Though it is ornamented with festoons of pearls, it is decked with monasteries [pleasure grounds]. Though it is of varied dispositions, it is stable [has many citizens]. It surpasses the splendor of the Celestial World.

“There daily the divine Maker of Day may be seen acting as if he is paying homage to Mahākālā, for his chariot pennon droops in front of him when his horses lower their heads as they are attracted to the

very sweet songs of women singing in concert on the terraces of tall palaces. There sunbeams shine on vermilion jewelled floors, as if crimsoned by the glow of twilight; on emerald benches, as if cascading into lotus pools; on cat's-eye-gem pavements, as if skipping across an expanse of the sky; on clouds of black aloe smoke, as if splintering a mass of darkness; on festoons of pearls, as though humbling star clusters; on the faces of women, as though kissing blown lotuses; on the flashing light of crystal walls, as though falling into moonlight at dawn; upon silky white banners, as though riding the billows of the Sky River; on sun-stones, as though sprouting from them; and slip in through the slits of sapphire windows, as if entering Rāhu's maw.

“There the nights pass lit by the splendid ornaments of women, as if made golden by morning sunshine. Since there is no darkness: pairs of *cakravāka* birds are not separated; the lamps used for love-making are superfluous; and the quarters burn with the fire of the Maddener. In that city wherein dwells the Uneven-eyed God, the painfully sweet *kolāhala* cry of tame geese ceaselessly resounds, gliding into the city like Rati's wailings at the burning of the *Makara*-bannered God. There every night the palaces stretch out their arms—banners, the shining silk fringes of which tremble in the wind—as if to wipe away the stain on the moon shamed by the lovely lotus-faces of the Mālava women. There, under the guise of its reflection, the Deermarked One undulates on the jewelled pavements, cooled by many sprinklings of sandal water, as if it had fallen there in obedience to the Maddener upon seeing the faces of the city's women resting on palace roofs. There the solemn songs sung shrilly at dawn by flocks of caged parrots and mynahs are in vain, not heard because of the far-reaching jingling of women's ornaments drowning out even the noise of the tame cranes.

“In that city there is certainty of death only for jewelled lamps; unsteadiness only of pearl necklaces; wavering only in the sounds of drums in concerts; separation of couples only among *cakra* birds; inspection of color [caste] only of gold; trembling only of banners; enmity toward the sun [friends] only by moon-lotuses; and concealment in sheaths only of swords. But what more is there to say? There dwells Mahākāla himself, whose bright toenails are kissed by the crest-jewel rays of gods and demons; whose sharp trident ripped open the great demon Andhaka; whose crescent moon resting on his head is scratched

by the points of Gauri's anklets; whose cosmetics are the ashes of Tripura; whose feet are worshiped by a heap of bracelets slipped from the outstretched arms of Rati placating him when she was bereft at the destruction of the *Makara*-bannered God; in whose massive locks, red as the flames at Final Dissolution, wanders the River of the Gods; who is foe to Andhaka; and who has given up his fondness for dwelling on Mount Kailāsa.

“In that very city there ruled a king—Tārāpīḍa, by name. He was the image of Nala, Nahuṣa, Yayāti, Dhundhumāra, Bharata, Bhagiratha, and Daśaratha. He had conquered the entire circle of the earth by the might of his arm. He was accomplished in the Three Royal Powers and endowed with vitality. His mind was keen with study of the Śāstras of Political Ethics and Duty. Because of his glory and splendor he seemed to make a third to the sun and moon. His body was purified by his many offerings. He had forestalled calamities in the entire world. The Goddess of Fortune, who bears a blown lotus in her hand and is enamored of heroes and battles, left her lotus bed and, forgetting the joy of leaning on the breast of Nārāyaṇa, openly embraced that king.

“He, like the foot of the Slayer of Madhu, seemed to be the source of Truth, which is served by all great sages [is the fount of the stream of the River of the Gods, honored by all great sages]. He, like the ocean, was the birthplace of glory [is the birthplace of the Producer of Nectar]. And that glory, like the moon, though cool, caused burning affliction within his enemies; though constant, roamed ceaselessly; though stainless, dimmed the splendor of the sun-lotus faces of the enemy's women; and though very white, caused redness [affection] in the hearts of all people. He, like the Abode of Serpents, was resorted to by numbers of princes who were afraid of danger to their cause [was sought as a refuge by the mountains fearful at having their wings clipped]. He, like the group of planets, was followed by wise men [is followed by Budha]. That king, like the *Makara*-bannered God, had strife banished [had his body annihilated]. He, like Daśaratha, was waited on by good friends [was served by Sumitrā]. He, like the Lord of Animals, was followed by a mighty host [is followed by the Great General]. He, like the Snake King, was weighty with great patience [is heavy with the weight of the earth]. He, like the Narmadā River, was born of a great race [has its headwaters in tall bamboo]. He was like an incarnation of the God of Duty or a representative of the Best of Men.

He eased the suffering of all his subjects. That king once again raised and re-established justice, which had been shaken to its very roots by the Dark Age soiled by a flood of darkness and abounding in sin, just as the Lord of Animals had supported and strengthened Mount Kailāsa when it was shaken to its very roots by the Ten-faced One, who was a black spreading darkness and attended by sin. The world honored him as another *Makara*-bannered God created by the Destroyer, whose heart was softened by compassion for the lamenting Rati.

“He was saluted by kings subdued by the strength of his arm. Their heads were jagged with their lotus-bud hands placed over them in obeisance to him; the leaf-work of their diadems knotted the light rays from his toenails; and the pupils of their eyes rolled and trembled with fear. Some of them came from the Rising Mountain, the skirts of which are washed by ocean waves, where numerous blossoms on the trees on its slopes seem doubled as stars wander among their leaves, where sandal trees are wet from the raining nectar-drops oozing from the rising moon, where the foliage of clove trees is bruised by the sharp-edged hooves of the chariot horses of the Hot-rayed One, and where *śallakī* sprouts are torn off by Airāvata’s trunk. Some of them came from the Bridge produced by thousands of mountains seized by the hands of Nala, where *lavalī* creeper fruit is sparse since it is carried off by monkeys, where the feet of Rāghava are being honored by water deities emerging from the ocean, and where slabs of rock sparkle with chips of numerous conch shells broken by crumbling mountains. Some came from the Mandara Mountain, which washes the caravan of stars with the pure water of its cascades; where stones were polished by the rubbing of the tips of the leaf-and-*makara* bracelets of Vaikuṇṭha when he engaged in the Churning; the slopes of which were broken by the weight of the coiled, moving body of the serpent Vāsuki as he was pulled back and forth by the gods and demons; and the top of which was sprinkled by a spray of the Elixir. And some came from the Gandhamādana Mountain, which is beautified by the hermitage Badarikā marked by the footsteps of Nara and Nārāyaṇa, the peaks of which resonate with the sounding ornaments of the women of the city of Kubera, where the water of streams is purified by the evening worship of the Seven Sages, and where the surrounding territory is made fragrant by the pieces of *saugandhika* blossoms torn apart by Wolf Belly.

“When that king approached the Lion Throne, which bristled with

the rays of many gems and which was festooned with ropes of pearls, all great regions bowed down under his weight as if they trembled at possible contact with his arrows, just as when an elephant of the quarters attacks the Wishing Tree, the foliage of which is bright as the rays of many gems and heavy with fruit, all the long creepers bend under his weight and are shaken by contact with bees. I think even the Lord of the Gods was envious of him. From him issued a number of virtues, like a flock of geese from the Krauñca Mountain, which whitened the earth and caused joy in the hearts of all people. His fame—its fragrance sweet as that of Elixir—wandered over the earth, resounding in all countries and whitening the world of both gods and demons like thick foam on the stream of milk raised by the Mandara Mountain. The Goddess of Royal Glory even for a moment did not leave the shade of her umbrella, as if she were distressed by the heat of his exceedingly overpowering splendor. Accordingly, the people listened to his deeds as if they were congratulatory words, received them as if they were instruction, esteemed them as if they were auspicious, repeated them as if they were spells, and never forgot them as if they were the words of the Vedas.

“While he was king, on this earth there was: winglessness [enmity] only of mountains; secondary position [inferiority] only of suffixes; standing before another [defiance] only of mirrors; embrace of Durgā [a fortress] only by images of the Trident-wielder; the bearing of rainbows [bows] only by clouds; raising up [arrogance] only of banners; bending [submission] only of bows; piercing by bees [arrows] only of bamboo; marching only toward temples of gods; binding [imprisonment] only by blossoms; restraint only of the senses; entering into water [jail] only of elephants; sharpness only of sword blades; fire ordeals only for ascetics; and ascending the sign of Tulā [the balance-beam ordeal] only of planets. There was the purification of water [ordeal by poison] only at the rising of the star Agastya; cutting short only of hair and nails; dark skies [dirty garments] only on rainy days; cutting [breaches in families] only of gemstones; the performance of yoga [bad spells] only of sages; and the raising of Tāraka [eyes] only in praises to the Youth. There was fear of eclipse [imprisonment] only of the Hot-rayed One; there was transgression of the constellation Jyeṣṭha [of the eldest brother] only by the Hare-marked Moon; there was listening to the offenses of Duṣśāsana [rogues] only in the



*Mahābhārata*; there was taking of staffs [taxes] only in the declining years of life; there was union with swords [evil] only of knife sheaths; there was crookedness only in the lines drawn on the breasts of women; there was cessation of ichor [liberality] only of elephants; and there was the sight of deserted squares [homes] only in the game of dice.

“That king had a minister named Śukanāsa, a Brahmin whose mind had plunged deeply into all the Śāstras and arts. A strong affection had grown in him for the king since childhood. Skilled in the application of the Śāstra of Political Ethics, he was the helmsman of the ship of world government. His mind was not defeated by even the most difficult duties. He was the abode of constancy, the dwelling of steadfastness, the causeway of truth, the teacher of virtues, and the instructor of good behavior. He was the veritable Creator of the God of Duty. He, like Śeṣa, was capable of bearing the burden of the earth. He, like the ocean, possessed moral strength [contains large animals]. He, like Jarāsaṁdha, declared war and concluded peace [had a body joined out of two halves]. He, like the Three-eyed God, acquired fortresses [placates Durgā]. He, like Yudhiṣṭhira, was the source of duty [was born of the God of Duty].

“He knew all the Vedas and the works connected with them. He was the essence of the whole kingdom’s welfare. He paid attention to all his duties and was to the king as Bṛhaspati to the God of the Plowshare, as Kavi to Vṛṣaparvan, as Vasiṣṭha to Daśaratha, as Viśvāmitra to Rāma, as Dhaumya to Ajātaśatru, as Damanaka to Bhīma, or as Sumati to Nala. The strength of his knowledge enabled him easily to win the Goddess of Fortune though she rested on Nārāyaṇa’s chest, which had been made horrible by blows from the weapons of the demon Naraka and which had shoulders callused by the pitiless ridges of the whirling Mandara Mountain. Having approached him, Wisdom, which shows the fruits of many kingdoms and has many intricate ramifications, became still larger, as a creeper grows larger and more impenetrable of foliage when entwined about a great tree. Even the whispering of kings was daily known to him, as though in his own palace, since the surface of the earth—its extent circled by the four oceans—was covered by many thousands of his spies wandering everywhere.

“While still a child that king had conquered the earth, consisting of a ring of seven continents, by his arm, which was thick as the trunk

of the Elephant of the Gods, which was the pillow for the frolicking Goddess of Royal Glory, which was the sacrificial post in the ritual for giving the whole earth assurance of security, which was hairy with a net of light rays from his glittering sword, and which was the tail of a comet portending destruction for all his enemies. Assigning the burdens of government to Śukanāsa as to a friend and having made his subjects happy, the king saw that nothing else need be done by him. Since he had taken care of all hostilities and was free from worry, he relaxed his performance of duties of government and for the most part experienced the pleasures of his youth.

“So it was that sometimes, obedient to the Bodiless God, he engaged in love-making, at which time: he was consecrated, as though by streams of sandal water, by the lustrous Elixir-smiles of his mistresses whose ear blossoms buffeted about on their firm, tingling cheeks; he was struck by the rays shooting from their eyes, as if by their ear blossoms; his sight was dazzled, as if by saffron pollen, by their ornaments’ lights; he became entangled in the nets of light rays from their nails, as if in white silk garments; and he was entwined by their long, slender arms, as though by garlands of *campaka* blossoms. And then: his love play was made charming with the soft sound of jewelled bracelets trembling on arms disturbed and quivering when lower lips were bitten; the bed was dappled with petals from ear blossoms crushed in the wild struggle; the king’s head was reddened by lac dripping from the women’s kicking feet; numerous jewelled earrings were ruined by violent hair pullings; coverlets were smeared with black aloe unguent decorating the women’s lofty breasts; the leaf-and-streak decorations and *tilaka* marks of *gorocanā* were streaked by splashes of perspiration.

“Sometimes indulging in water sports with the women of the inner apartments, he garlanded the palace ponds with ripples whitened by sandal powder washed from female breasts. In those ponds a pair of geese were sprinkled by lac from feet noisy with jingling ornaments. There blossoms fallen from the women’s hair variegated the water, and heavy hips agitated and broke its waves. There pollen thickly fell upon the water from lotus stalks broken and tossed about topsy-turvy. And there the water had moon-spots of trembling, sparkling foamy bubbles constantly stirred up by the women’s hands. Sometimes after he failed to keep an assignation, during the day his feet were fettered

with garlands of *bakula* flowers, and he was struck by flower necklaces that were pierced by the rays from the women's fingernails—those women's crooked frowns were tightly affixed and their slender arms noisily jingled with jewelled bracelets. Sometimes he was like a *bakula* tree, for, after enjoying the taste of streams of liquor from the mouths of women, he budded with exuberance. Sometimes he was like an *aśoka* tree when he was transported with passion [redness] from the lac transferred to him when kicked by the women. Sometimes he was like the Club-armed One when, whitened with sandal paste and wearing a swinging garland of bright flowers around his neck, he drank wine.

“Sometimes he was like a rut-elephant when, wearing an ear ornament butting against his flushed cheek and humming amorously, he plunged into the forest fragrant with sweet-blown wild liana blossoms. Sometimes he was like a goose when, delighting his mind with the sound of ringing jewelled anklets, he lay hidden in lotus beds. Sometimes he was like a lion when, with a Lion-mane Garland clinging to his shoulders, he roamed on Pleasure Hills. Sometimes like a bee he wandered through creeper bowers that thrilled with buds. Sometimes wrapped in a worn dark cloak he went out to meet women with whom he had planned assignations on evenings during the dark half of the month. Sometimes in the company of several intimates he attended a concert sweet with the sound of *vīṇās*, *veṇus*, and *muraṅgas* in the inner apartments where the windows were visible when the golden shutters were open and where the eaves were inhabited by pigeons that looked like they were colored with the smoke of constantly burning black aloë wood.

“What more need be said? Whatever was very delightful and desired by him and was not inimical to his welfare then or in the future, all of that he enjoyed with an unburdened mind, not out of addiction but because he had completed all his other concerns of governing the world. For, in the case of a king who has pleased his subjects and whose task with regard to governing is complete, the sportive enjoyment of sensual pleasure is an ornament, while in the case of another it is a mockery. And out of love for his people, now and then he gave audience, occasionally mounting his Lion Throne.

“And Śukanāsa by the strength of his wisdom easily bore the great weight of the empire. Accordingly, just as the king conducted all the

affairs of state, so too did that one, doubling the people's affection. All of princedom bowed to him. The royal heads of kings were enmeshed in clusters of light rays from their shaking crest-jewels; they dampened the assembly hall with a rain of honey dripping from their chaplets of blossoms; and their bracelets struck the ends of their gem-encrusted earrings that swung to and fro with their deep bowings. Likewise, when Śukanāsa set out in the ten regions: all the cavities of space were deafened by the noise of the clattering hooves of nimble horses of the departing cavalry; the mountains tottered on the earth's surface giving way under the weight of the army; there was a fall of dark rut-fluid rain from rut-elephants blinded by their ooze of ichor; rivers were made gray by thick clouds of rising dust; the hollows of ears were split by the sound of a strong *kalakala* of marching feet; the air was filled with vehement shouts of "Victory!"; all space was smothered by thousands of waving white fly whisks; and daylight was dimmed by the collection of gold-handled umbrellas of the crowding kings.

"So the king passed his days, experiencing the joys of youth while the weight of his empire was committed to the care of his minister. Generally, over a long enough time one comes to know all the many pleasures of life; however, Tārāpiḍa did not obtain the joy of the sight of a son's face. Thus, though the women of the inner apartments were enjoyed by him, they became like a clump of *śara* reeds—showing flowers [mensens] without any fruit. Gradually, as his youth passed, an anguish born of his childlessness increased in him whose desire was so futile. His mind no longer lusted after sensual pleasures. He thought himself alone though surrounded by thousands of princes, blind though furnished with sight, and without support though he supported the entire earth.

"He was ornamented by his queen—Vilāsavati by name—just as is the thick braided hair of the Destroyer by the digit of the moon; as is the breast of the Enemy of Kaiṭabha by the light of the Kaustubha gem; as is the Club-armed One by a forest garland; as is the ocean by the shore; as is an elephant of the quarters by a line of ichor; as is a tree by a creeper; as is a month of spring by the appearance of blossoms; as is the moon by moonlight; as is a lake by a bed of lotuses; as is the sky by a cluster of stars; as is Mānasa Lake by a flock of geese; as is the Malaya Mountain by a line of sandal trees; and as is Śeṣa by the flaming jewel in his hood. She was the cause of amazement in the

three worlds and a veritable source of all feminine graces. She reigned supreme in the harem.

“Once when the king went to her dwelling he found her weeping in the midst of her attendants whose eyes were fixed with worry and who were mute with grief. She was waited upon by chamberlains standing respectfully nearby and staring blank-eyed with care, and was being comforted by old harem women hovering close by. Her fine silk garment was wet from the ceaseless fall of tears. She was not ornamented. Her lotus-face rested on her left hand. Her hair was loosened and dishevelled. She sat hunched up on a small couch.

“As she rose he bade her sit again, and having also sat down, ignorant as to the cause of her tears and quite concerned, he brushed away the tears on her cheeks with his hand and said, “My queen, why this silent weeping, heavy with the weight of concealed grief? These eyelashes of yours are stringing teardrops as if they were clusters of pearls. And, oh thin-waisted girl, why, why have you not adorned yourself? Why has liquid lac not been dabbed on your feet, like the morning sunshine splashed upon red lotus buds? Why are your jewelled anklets not favored by the touch of your lotus-feet, those geese on the lake of the Blossom-arrowed God? What is the reason for the silence of your waist with its girdle laid aside? Why are your heavy breasts not painted with the black aloe decoration, as the Deer-marked One is by its deer? Oh beautiful-thighed one, why is this slender neck of yours not clasped by a pearl necklace, as the digit of the moon on the crown of the Destroyer is by the stream of Gaṅgā? Why, oh playful one, do your cheeks have their decorations of saffron washed off by your flowing tears? Why is this hand—so like a rosy lotus, its fingers a bundle of delicate petals—used as an ear ornament? Why, oh noble-minded lady, is your forehead lined and not marked with a *tilaka* of *gorocanā* and your curls not restrained? Your thick hair, bereft of flowers and black as a thick cover of darkness, is like a night of the dark half of the month deserted by the moon; it pains my sight.

““Please, oh queen, tell me the reason for your distress. The spreading breezes of your sighs flutter the cloth on your bosom and cause my enamored heart to tremble like a red shoot. Have I perhaps offended you, or has some one of your attendants done so? Though I search very carefully, I do not find even a small misstep on my part with regard to you. My life and empire depend upon you. Oh lovely

lady, tell me the cause of your grief!" When Vilāsavatī, thus addressed, did not reply, he asked her attendants the reason for her weeping.

"Then her betel-box bearer, who always stayed at her side, one Makarikā, addressed the king, "Oh lord, how can you make even the slightest misstep? And when you are so graciously disposed toward her, how can an attendant or any other person give offense? The queen's sorrow comes from her thinking, 'My intercourse with the king is fruitless, as if I am overpowered by the Great Planet.' For a long time she has thus been tormented. Even from the beginning our lady has been as if in mourning. She, like the Goddess of Beauty of the Dānavas, has censured all amorous sports [censures the gods] and is prompted only with great effort by her attendants to attend but barely to her customary daily duties such as sleeping, bathing, eating, putting on ornaments, and so forth. She did not reveal her feelings, not wishing to pain your heart. But today is the fourteenth, and when she went to worship the blessed Mahākāla she heard in the recitation of the *Mahābhārata* that: 'The bright worlds are not for those who have no son; a *putra* is so called because he rescues his parents from the Hell of Torment known as *put*.' Having heard this, she returned to the palace. Since then, though entreated by her attendants with bowed heads, she is not interested in food, does not put on her jewelry, and makes no reply to questions. She merely weeps, her face darkened by the flow of her incessant tears. Hearing this, you must make a determination." So saying, she left off speaking.

"After she ceased, the king remained silent for a while and then, with a long hot sigh, said, "Oh queen, what are we able to do in matters that are subject to Fate's decree? Enough of these copious tears. Undoubtedly, the gods do not favor us, and our hearts are not to be the receptacles for the blissful taste of the Elixir of a son's embrace. Perhaps we performed no meritorious deed in a former birth, for deeds done in a man's prior life bear fruit for him in this one; so it is that even the most conscientious man cannot change Fate. Still, whatever one *can* do in *this* life should be done. Show more honor, oh queen, to the elders. Double your worship of the gods. Pay particular attention to your homage to sages, for they are great divinities and if zealously honored grant the most difficult-to-obtain boons that fulfill all desires. For we have been told that: in Magadha a king, Br̥hadratha, through the powers of the sage Caṇḍakaśika acquired a son called Jarāsaṁdha,

who was conqueror even of the Exciter of Men, whose mighty arm was unequalled, and who was a peerless warrior. And king Daśaratha, too, though aged, through the kindness of R̥ṣyaśṛṅga, son of the great saint Vibhāṇḍaka, obtained four sons who were invincible like the arms of Nārāyaṇa and immovable like the oceans. Similarly other royal sages, having conciliated ascetics, enjoyed the taste of the Elixir of the sight of a son, for honor paid to great ascetics is never in vain.

““““Oh queen, when shall I see you languid with the weight of a growing fetus, and pale of hue like a night of the risen full moon? When will my attendants, at the great festival of my son’s birth, joyfully carry off the *pūṁapātra* basket of presents? When will you gladden me, as you are clothed in turmeric-dyed robes and hold my son in your lap—resembling the sky splashed with the early morning sunshine as it lifts up the newly risen orb of the sun? When will a son bestow beatitude upon my heart: he, having his curly hair tawnied with all kinds of herbs, his palate touched with a drop of clarified butter and a small bit of ash mixed with white mustard seed for protection; he, with his neck encircled by a thread bright yellow with *gorocanā* dye; and he, stretched out supine, smiling up with a toothless mouth? When will he eradicate the darkness of sorrow in my eyes like an auspicious lamp: greeted by all the people, an image hustled from hand to hand by the harem women and lustrous with golden *gorocanā*? When will he, made gray with dust, adorn the courtyard of the palace as he crawls around with my heart and gaze fixed upon him? When will he, like a lion cub, clamber about, moving here and there, intending to seize the young deer separated from him by the crystal walls? When will he, stumbling into the inner apartments after the tame royal geese that follow the sound of the harem women’s anklets, weary his nurse hurrying after the sound of the golden bells on his girdle?

““““When will he—his cheeks painted with lines of black aloe ointment, a pleasurable sound of drumming produced with his mouth, dusty and gray with sandal powder scattered about by his upraised hands, his head shaking at his nurse’s crooked finger resembling a goad—imitate the sport of a lead elephant in rut with its cheek lined by ichor black as aloe ointment, excited by the sounding drums in the van, gray with dusty sandal powder scattered over his body by his upraised trunk, and with his head shaking at the beckoning of the goad shaped like a crooked finger? When will he make an exhibition of the

faces of the old chamberlains with the remaining juice of red *piṇḍālaktaka* dye left over from painting the soles of his mother's feet? When will he, with eyes restless with curiosity, pursue with faltering steps his own shadow on the jewelled pavement? When will he thread his way through the openings in the assembly gathered in front of me for audience, his roving eyes dazzled by the shooting rays of light from jewel ornaments, his coming greeted by the outstretched arms of a thousand kings?

““Thinking of these hundreds of desires I am in anguish as the nights pass by. I am consumed by this grief as by a fire burning me day and night. The world seems empty to me. I look upon my reign as fruitless. But what can I do when the Creator is not to be swayed? Let go of this burden of grief. Apply yourself to fortitude and duty, for good fortune is ever at hand for those intent upon duty.” As he finished speaking, he took some water and with his tender hand wiped her tear-streaked face, which resembled a blown lotus. Again and again he soothed her with sweet expressions, with a hundred skillful endearments for removing her sorrow, and with many instructions about the pursuit of duty. After staying with her a long time the king left. When he was gone, Vilāsavatī, her flood of grief lessened, attended to her daily business, such as the putting on of ornaments, as usual. Thereafter, she tendered even more concern in propitiation of the gods, in service paid to Brahmins, and in homage given to elders. Whatever practice she heard of from whomever, she did. She did everything in her desire for a child and counted as naught the distress, however great.

““Radiant with fasting and dressed in white garments, she slept on beds of spikes strewn with green *kuśa* grass in temples of Caṇḍikā dark from the dense smoke of constantly burning gum resin. In cow sheds, under cows that were endowed with auspicious marks and that had been ornamented by the wives of old herdsmen, she bathed from golden pitchers filled with holy water in which floated divers fruit, flowers, and shoots of the *kṣīra* tree, and which were laden with all kinds of gems. Daily, upon rising, she gave to Brahmins golden pitchers filled with sesame seeds and leaves and adorned with all kinds of jewels. On nights of the fourteenth day of the dark fortnight, she stood at a crossroads in the center of a circle drawn by a magician of great powers, and there performed auspicious bathing rites wherein the regents of the quarters were propitiated with various offerings. She fre-



quented the sanctuaries of the Siddhas where she made oblations to the colorfully painted images. She went to the houses of the neighboring Mothers. She dove into ponds inhabited by well-known Nāgas. She honored great fig trees, beginning with the holy *aśvattha* tree, by circumambulating them sunwise and saluting them.

“After bathing, with her own hands, their jewelled bracelets swinging, she gave the crows offerings of cooked rice and milk prepared with whole boiled grains and placed in a silver dish. Daily she bestowed offerings on goddess Ambā of unlimited quantities of flowers, incense, unguents, ground sesame cakes, rice and milk, and parched grain. With a mind filled with devotion, she herself, after offering them dishes of alms rice, questioned the Fasters, whose words were known to be true. She highly esteemed the prophecies of female fortune-tellers. She waited upon those who had knowledge of omens. She showed respect to those skilled in augury. She accepted the secrets that had come down in the tradition from many sages. Anxiously desiring the birth of a son she had the Twice-born who came to her for audience recite the Vedas. She listened to sacred stories that were ceaselessly being told. She carried baskets filled with spells inscribed in *gorocanā* paste on birch leaves. She wore amulets made from medicinal herbs strung together. Her attendants constantly went out to listen for rumors and grasp the omens therein. Every night she threw out offerings of meat to the jackals. She related the marvels of her dream visions to interpreters of dreams. In public squares she made offerings to Śiva.

“So the time passed, and once, when the night was nearly spent, when the paling stars had all but vanished, and when the sky was gray as the wing of an old pigeon, the king dreamed that the full orb of the Hare-marked Moon entered the mouth of Vilāsavatī, who was resting on the terrace of her white palace, as a circle of lotus stalks enters the mouth of a she-elephant. He awoke and rose, brightening his bed chamber with eyes that were widely dilated with joy and, calling Śukanāsa to him that very moment, told him the dream, to which the delighted Śukanāsa replied, “Oh lord, after all this time our wishes and those of our subjects have been fulfilled. No doubt in a short while you will know the delight of gazing upon the lotus-face of a son. Indeed, I too this very night saw in a dream a *puṇḍarika* lotus placed in the lap of lady Manoramā by a white-clad Twice-born man of divine form and serene appearance. The fully blown lotus had a hundred white

petals like so many digits of the moon, a thick cluster of a thousand quivering filaments, and it shook out a mist of honey-drops. Truly such auspicious omens foretell events to come and indicate joy is imminent. What dearer cause of bliss could there be? Dreams in the second part of night usually bear the fruit of truth. Surely the queen will shortly produce a son who, like Māndhātṛ, will be foremost among all royal sages and a cause of joy to the world. He will delight you just as a lotus pool bursting forth with fresh lotuses in autumn delights a rut-elephant. Because of your son the succession of the royal line will be fit to bear the weight of governing the world and, like the line of ichor on an elephant of the quarters, will have its continuity unbroken." As Śukanāsa spoke, the king took him by the hand and went into the inner apartments to gladden Vilāsavatī with their two dreams.

"After some days had passed, by the favor of the gods a fetus entered Vilāsavatī, just as the Hare-marked Moon's image enters a lake. And so she became even more radiant, like the Nandana Wood's trees graced by the Paradise Tree, or the Slayer of Madhu's breast adorned by the Kaustubha gem. She, like the beauty of a mirror, carried the likeness of the king transferred to her under the guise of the fetus. She wandered about very slowly as the child within her grew stronger every day, just as a bank of clouds is slowed by the weight of water heavily drunk up from the ocean. Now and again she lazily sighed, her eyes slightly crossing, and then yawned. Her knowing attendants, who were clever at reading signs, constantly monitored her condition, as she ate and drank many craved delicacies, as the nipples of her breasts became dark like the rainy season whose beginning is darkened with clouds, and as she took on the pallid luster of pregnancy, which is like the pale womb of a *ketakī* flower.

"Then one special day at evening, a handmaiden named Kulavardhanā, principal lady-in-waiting, knowledgeable from perpetual residence in the royal household, proficient in courtly life from constant attendance on the king, and competent in all auspicious ceremonies, approached the king, who had gone to the assembly hall of the inner apartments. Surrounded by thousands of lamps flaming from sprinklings of fragrant oil, he was like the full Hare-marked Moon resting in the midst of the myriad of constellations, or like Nārāyaṇa reclining in the circle of the thousand jewelled hoods of Uragarāja. A few consecrated kings ranged around him, and his attendants stood not very

far away. He was engaged in intimate conversation with Śukanāsa, who was seated on a high cane seat close by, whose raiment was dazzlingly white, whose ornaments were not excessive, and whose gravity was deep as the ocean is unfathomable.

“Kulavardhanā drew near the king and whispered the news in his ear about Vilāsavati’s pregnancy. At her words, which he had not heard before and which almost seemed incredible to him, the king felt as if all his limbs were splashed with the Elixir. His body suddenly bristled with erect hair. He became befuddled by the instant taste of ecstasy. His face expanded with his smile. Under the guise of the flashing luster of his teeth, he seemed to scatter about him the joy that overflowed his heart. His eye—its garland of lashes wet with tears of gladness, its pupil quivering—immediately fell upon Śukanāsa’s face. Now that one, noticing the king’s excessive delight, of a kind not previously seen, and observing that Kulavardhanā had approached with a face all smiles, turned the matter over in his mind. Although he had no knowledge of what had happened, he could see no other cause for such great and immediate joy, and so, having made his surmise, he drew his chair closer to Tārāpīḍa and softly spoke: “Oh lord, is there perhaps some truth in that dream you had? For Kulavardhanā’s eyes are greatly dilated, and your widened eyes also announce a cause of utter bliss: seemingly reaching to your very earlobes as if out of eagerness to hear pleasant words, they appear to take on the beauty of blue-lotus ear ornaments; they are bathed in tears of joy; and their pupils dance. My mind languishes with extreme anxiety and desire, so curious am I to hear the wonderful news. Therefore, please tell me what has happened.”

“After Śukanāsa said this, the king smiled and answered, “If she has told the truth, then my dream has come true. But I do not believe it. How can I be so blessed? I am not a fit vessel for hearing such good tidings. I think Kulavardhanā may be speaking the truth, but then again, maybe she is rather mad today, since I feel myself unworthy of such good fortune. Rise. After questioning the queen as to the truth of the matter, I shall know for certain.” Having said this he sent away the assembled princes and freed his limbs from all ornaments, which he presented to Kulavardhanā, who, immediately upon this graciousness, saluted him as she bent her head so that her brow kissed the earth. Then he rose along with Śukanāsa, and, with his mind hurried along by his tremendous happiness and gladdened by a right eye that quiv-

ered imitating the play of a blue lotus petal shaken by a breeze, he went to the inner apartments. He was followed by a few attendants whose duty it was to wait upon him at that hour. The heavy darkness of the inner apartments was being dispelled by the light of lamps carried before him by women, the flames of which flickered sprightly in the wind. There in the bedchamber protective rituals had been well performed: the room was whitewashed with a fresh paint of stucco, auspicious lamps were lit, and filled water jars were placed at each side of the door. Its walls had been recently beautified with special artwork. It was overhung by a canopy of white silk on the borders of which hung strands of pearls. And the darkness was defeated by jewels that served as lamps.

“The king looked at Vilāsavatī, who was wearing a pair of gleaming white new silk garments, the hems decorated with *gorocanā*. She reclined on a couch suitable for confinement, which was broad as a rock slab of the King of Mountains. It was surrounded by a protective circle of leaves and lianas drawn in ashes. Near its head were placed silver pitchers for promoting sleep. It was purified with various herbs, roots, and amulets that had been tied to it. Bracelets with the power of protection were placed on it. Scattered over it were white sesame seeds. Trembling *pippalī* leaves tied together with knotted hair hung from it. Green, unbruised *ariṣṭa* shoots were fastened to it. It stood on tall feet and had a coverlet white as the rays of the moon.

“The solemn Ceremony of Descent was being performed for Vilāsavatī by the old women of the inner apartments, who were proficient in the customary rites: sour curds taken from gold cups were placed at intervals in uninterrupted rows; trays were filled with piles of kernels of white corn glittering like rippling water and with handfuls of loose flowers; heaps of fish with their heads intact were mixed with pieces of fresh meat and left a visible track of an unbroken stream of water; cool lamps were kindled in small covered chests; white mustard was mixed with *gorocanā*, and handfuls of water were sprinkled about. Vilāsavatī herself was being attended to by her delighted servants, who wore a distinctive dress of white cloth and whose talk was largely auspicious in topic. Since she carried a child in her womb, she looked like the earth with a Kula Mountain contained within, like the Celestial Ganges with Airāvata plunged into its waters, like the slope of the King of Mountains with a lion lurking in its cave, like the day

with the Maker of Day swathed in thick clouds, like the starry night with the Hare-marked Moon hidden behind the Rising Mountain, like Nārāyaṇa's navel from which was about to issue the Brahmā lotus, like the southern quarter with the rising of Agastya near at hand, or like the Milky Ocean's strand with its pot of Elixir smothered in foam.

"As he approached her, Vilāsavatī rose, leaning for support on the hand nervously extended by her attendant, and placed her shoot-hand on her left knee while her trembling jewelled ornaments noisily jingled. The king said to her, "Oh queen, please don't trouble yourself by rising." And then he sat down with her on that very bed. Śukanāsa too seated himself nearby, on a chair that had a white coverlet and beautiful polished gold legs. Then the king, seeing her nearly full term, his wits slowed with the weight of joy, began a small jest. "Oh queen, Śukanāsa asks whether something Kulavardhanā said is really true."

"Vilāsavatī froze, her head bent, her cheeks, lips, and eyes overlaid with an indistinct smile; the net of rays from her teeth seemed bashfully to hide her face under a silky veil. When she was repeatedly pressed for a reply, she said, "Why do you put me to such overwhelming embarrassment? I do not know anything." And with a glance wherein her pupils turned slightly sideways and with her head still bowed, her look seemed coyly to reproach the king.

"Then that lord of kings' face, like the Hare-marked Moon, glowed with the splendor of his suppressed laughter, and he once more spoke: "Oh slender lady, if any shame is caused by my words, then I remain silent. But what can you do to counteract the paling of the saffron paint on your body—its luster that of a *campaka* flower brightly petalled with wide-open buds—as its similarity to your body's hue allows it to be known only by its fragrance? And what of your breasts with their nipples darkening as if they emitted the smoke from your heart's fire of grief doused by the sprinkling of nectar in the form of conception, as if they were a pair of *cakravāka* birds each carrying a blue lotus, as if they were two gold water pitchers with their mouths decked with *tamāla* leaves, or as if they were permanently stained with black aloe ointment? And what of this waist of yours, which has abandoned its thinness, which is hampered by its girdle tightening more and more each day, and which has plumped away its triple-folds of skin?"

"To the king who spoke these words, Śukanāsa, suppressing a smile, said, "Oh lord, why do you tease the queen? She is embarrassed

at the mere suggestion of such talk. Abandon your trifling speech regarding Kulavardhanā's news." With conversation mostly consisting of clever witticisms, Śukanāsa stayed there a long while and then withdrew to his own home. The king, on the other hand, passed the night with her in the sleeping room.

"In due course the time for delivery drew nigh, and Vilāsavatī, who had been pleased by the fulfillment of all her pregnancy-longings, gave birth to a son who caused joy in the hearts of all the people, just as a bank of clouds sends forth a flash of lightning. The birth occurred on a holy day, at an auspicious moment, the astrological time having been fixed by the astrologers who had calculated it by means of both the *nāḍikā* vessel constantly sinking in water and the measure of their shadows out-of-doors. At the birth there was a great flurry of congratulations on the royal family's good fortune: the ground shook with the tread of hundreds of feet as attendants rushed hither and yon; thousands of infirm chamberlains totteringly made their way to the king; mobs of hunchbacks, dwarfs, and Kirātas fell underfoot and were roiled about in the rush of the crowd; a charming *jhaṇ-jhaṇ* was sent out by the agitated jewelry of the harem women; clothing and ornaments were being snatched away by the servants as they carried off the *pūrṇapātra* baskets. And so the whole city was brought to tumult.

"Afterwards everyone—vassals, inmates of the harem, ministers, royal servants, courtesans, young boys, old men, and even cowherds—danced as if crazed, filled with joy by the uproar of the festival, which was preceded by the sound of the *duṇḍubhi* drum deep as the boom of the ocean being churned by the Mandara Mountain; which was deepened by echoes of soft *mṛdaṅga* drums, conches, *kāhala* and *ānaka* drums and augmented by the sharp clamor of auspicious *paṭaha* drums; which was increased by the *kalakala* murmur of many thousands of people; and which filled all the three worlds. Every day the roar of the great festivities celebrating the prince's birth increased, as the ocean murmuringly swells at the rising of the moon.

"Now the king, his heart drawn to the sight of his son's face, on the approved day and at a proper moment recommended by his astrologers, dismissed all his attendants and, accompanied by only Śukanāsa, visited the lying-in room. The door of the chamber fairly shone, as it was furnished with a pair of gem-encrusted sacramental pitchers; was decorated with many dolls; was densely hung with masses

of various fresh shoots; had nearby a plow, pestle, and yoke made of gold; was adorned with a garland made of *dūrvā* grass loosely interwoven with a few white blossoms; had a whole tiger's skin slung over it; and had a number of little bells fixed in the interstices of a festoon of leaves strung across it. At both sides of the door sat a number of matrons who were well versed in customary usages. They were forming networks of *svastika* decorations with lines of cow dung—the networks made jagged by an overlay of cowrie shells, decorated with bits of linked cotton tree blossoms brightened with various red dyes, and stained from being mingled with safflower filaments. The women were also fashioning a figure of the divine goddess *Śaṣṭhī* dressed in garments made yellow with turmeric paste. They were preparing an image of *Kārtikeya* mounted on the back of his ferocious wing-spreading peacock; he had a fluttering red pennon and brandished aloft his terrible spear *Śakti*. They were fashioning an image of the sun and moon combined, its central part made pink by sprinklings of lac. They were laying out on the ground a garland made of *kadamba* flowers and little balls of clay, which were dyed yellow with pounded saffron; which were spiky with a number of golden barley grains stuck about on them; and which, since they had been rolled in pale yellow mustard seed, looked as though they were studded with molten gold. The women were placing on the tops of the walls, which had been cleansed with a wash of sandal water, rows of dishes and other ornaments that were auspicious to a lying-in chamber and that bore strips of cloth painted with five colors and marked with the paste of pale yellow flowers. Also near the door of the room was tied an aged billy-goat adorned with wreaths of various fragrant blossoms.

“The space near the head of the bed was occupied by an old noble woman sitting in the middle of a circle made of whole grains of rice. A powder of snake sloughs and sheep horns mixed with clarified butter was ceaselessly being burned. A perfumed smoke rose from the ashes of *ariṣṭa* leaves. Holy water was being thrown about by the loquacious Veda-chanting Twice-born. Nurses busied themselves with honoring a cloth on which had recently been painted the figures of the Mothers. Charming songs of felicity suitable for occasions of delivery had been undertaken by many old women. Benedictions were being offered. Oblations for the protection of the infant were being made. Hundreds of festoons of white blossoms were being hung. The thousand names

of Nārāyaṇa were continuously being recited. The chamber was lighted by auspicious lamps that were affixed to spotless golden wands and that, since they flamed so steadily, seemed to be contemplating a hundred blessings. And the chamber was surrounded on all sides by guards bearing unsheathed swords.

“After touching fire and water Tārāpīḍa entered the room whereupon he saw his son, the cause of his bliss, lying in the lap of Vilāsavatī, who was emaciated and pale from the delivery. The child’s own flashing splendor overpowered the light of the lying-in room lamps. Since the redness of the womb had not yet left him, he looked as if he were the Vivifier still pink from rising; as if he were the moon glowing ruddy in the western twilight; as if he were a shoot of the Wishing Tree in which toughness had not yet appeared; as if he were a heap of blown red lotuses; as if he were the Red Planet descended for a look at the earth; or as if his limbs had been fashioned out of coral twigs, morning sunshine, or rays of rubies. He looked like the Great General with five of his faces hidden. He looked like a son of the Lord of the Gods, who had fallen from the hands of some goddess. He seemed to be flooding the bedchamber with the luster of his body, which glowed like heated refined gold. He carried the marks of a great man, which shone like natural ornaments. He was embraced by the Goddess of Beauty as if she were thrilled at the protection he could grant her in the future. The king was happy looking upon his son’s face, the sight of which he had obtained after a thousand yearnings. He gazed on it as though he were drinking it in, speaking to it, or touching it with his greatly dilated eyes, the lashes of which held steady as they forgot to wink, and which were bathed in tears of joy no sooner collected than wiped away. He felt himself to be content.

“Now Śukanāsa, whose heart’s desire had been fulfilled, very slowly examined the infant limb by limb and, with eyes widened with joy, said to the king, “Oh lord, look. You can see the Majesty Tracings, signalling this child’s royal nature, although the beauty of his limbs is still marred by the force of the contractions in the womb. See: this down, thin as a fiber peeled from a lotus stalk, gleams on the slab of his brow, which is like the curved digit of the Hare-marked Moon reddened by twilight. These eyes, white as blown *punḍarika* lotuses, extending as far as his ears, and having curved lashes, seem to whiten the bedchamber when they now and again flutter open. This nose, which



is long and looks like a streak of gold, seems to be smelling the natural fragrance of his mouth, as heart-stealing as perfume drifting out of an opening lotus. The ornament of his lower lip bears the likeness of a red lotus bud. His red-lotus palms are decorated with broad lines and marked with the conch and wheel so that they resemble the hands of the blessed Far-famed One, which bear his conch and discus. His feet, tender as young leaves from the Wishing Tree, are adorned with lines that form a banner, a chariot, a horse, an umbrella, and a lotus, and are suitable for kissing by the crest-jewels of many thousands of princes. And here is heard this voice of his as he cries, sonorous and deep as a *duṇḍubhi* drum.”

“While he was speaking, a man named Maṅgala quickly entered, his way ceded by the courtiers stationed at the door, who hastily drew aside. His body hair bristled from his great joy; his eyes dilated; and he looked very pleased indeed. Bowing at the king’s feet, he reported, “Oh sir, congratulations! Your enemies are repelled! Be long-lived! Be victorious over the earth! By your grace a son has been born to the Brahmin Śukanāsa, by his principal wife Manoramā, just as Rāma was to Jamadagni by Reṇukā. Having heard this, you may direct us.”

“When Tārāpīḍa heard those words, the very essence of a rain of Elixir, his eyes grew large with bliss and he replied, “Aho! one good fortune follows another. True indeed is the saying that calamity follows calamity and success piles upon success. By Fate we two have come to have joy and sorrow in common.” Upon saying this, his face expanded with bliss; he passionately embraced Śukanāsa and laughingly snatched away his upper garment as a *pūṇapātra* gift to himself. Pleased at heart, he told him that an exceedingly generous reward was to be given to the messenger, one suitable to the bringing of such wonderful news.

“He then got up and, just as he was, went to Sukanāsa’s house, followed by the people of the inner apartments, who made all space ring with their thousand anklets sounding as they bounced upon their feet; whose creeper-arms were noisy with rows of begemmed bracelets set atremble as they hurriedly raised their arms; who, because of their hands held aloft with upturned palms, looked like a lotus pond in the sky shuddered by the wind; whose ear shoots were thrown about and crushed; whose silk upper garments were torn and pierced by rubbings against the curved ends of one another’s armlets; whose fresh

clothes were dyed by their scented unguents awash in their perspiration; whose *tamālapattra* marks only remained in flecks; who, because of the wanton laughter the courtesans set rippling, gave rise to an appearance of an awakening white lotus pool; whose breasts were struck by swinging pearl necklaces tossed about in their vehement boundings; whose ornamented hair was turned tawny by the perfumed powder that was being cast about; who were headed by dancing hunchbacks, Kirātas, dwarfs, deaf-and-dumb, just deaf, and dull-witted folk; who vexed the old chamberlains by tying their upper garments around their necks and dragging them along; whose sweet singing was followed by melodies played on *vinās*, *veṇus*, *murajas*, and cymbals; and who, because of excessive joy, were given over to dancing and making no distinction as to what might or might not be said, as if they were intoxicated, or mad, or possessed.

“He was also followed by his royal attendants, whose cheeks were being struck by their swinging jewelled earrings; whose lotus ear ornaments were tossed about; whose chaplets were being shaken or had fallen off; whose blossom garlands worn over their shoulders were dancing; whose passion was increased by the noise of *kāhala* drums and conches accompanied by the sounds of wildly beaten *bherī*, *mṛdaṅga*, *mardala*, and *paṭaha* drums; and who with the trappings of their feet seemed to shatter the very ground. And he was followed by a number of minstrels, who had begun dancing; who were making a *kolāhala* sound with divers mouth instruments; and who were reciting and singing. There at Śukanāsa’s house Tārāpīḍa ordered a festival celebrated, twice as grand as the former one.

“After the Rite of Wakening on the sixth day, on the tenth day at an auspicious moment the king bestowed cows and gold by the tens of millions on the Brahmins. Then, in accordance with his dream—“I saw in a dream the circle of the full moon enter the lotus-mouth of his mother”—he gave his son the name Candrāpīḍa. On the following day Śukanāsa also performed all the rites suitable to Brahmins and, with the permission of the king, gave his son a name proper to a priest, Vaiśampāyana.

“In due course, Candrāpīḍa’s childhood and the various ceremonies connected with it, beginning with the Ritual of Tonsure, came and went. Tārāpīḍa, in order to ward off addiction to play, outside the city built a college, situated on the bank of the Siprā and measuring a

half *krośa* in length. It was surrounded by a very large circular rampart that was whitened with stucco and imitated the Snow Mountain's peaks. It was also girt by a great moat lying along the rampart. It had very strong gates with an entrance to it provided by one gate kept ajar. In one part were stabled carriages and horses. A gymnasium was constructed underneath. All in all, it resembled a house of the celestials. Tārāpīḍa took great pains to gather together teachers of every branch of learning. Then on an auspicious day, with Vaiśampāyana as companion, he put Candrāpīḍa there like a lion cub confined to a cage, with all egress forbidden, surrounded by attendants consisting chiefly of sons of families of his teachers, with the possibility of addiction to any and all childhood sports removed, so that he could single-mindedly study. Every day upon rising, the king, accompanied by Vilāsavatī and a small retinue, went there and paid his son a visit.

“As Candrāpīḍa's heart, having been checked by the king, was undistracted, in a short while he grasped all knowledge taught him by his teachers, whose efforts were aided by the intellectual powers of this most capable person, and who each displayed his own expertise. All the various arts transferred themselves to Candrāpīḍa, as if onto an exceedingly bright, jewel-like mirror. So it was that he obtained the highest skill in grammar; in aphorisms; in logic; in the Śāstra of Duty; in political science; in gymnastics; in the use of weapons such as the bow, discus, shield, sword, javelin, spear, axe, and mace; in chariot driving; in warfare on elephant-back; in riding horses; in playing various musical instruments such as *viṇā*, *veṇu*, *muraja*, cymbal, and *dardura*; in dancing as instructed by Bharata and others; in the various musical treatises such as the one written by Nārada; in the art of training elephants; in the science of ascertaining the age of a horse; in the marks of men; in painting; in leaf cutting; in calligraphy; in engraving; in all the arts of gambling; in various systems of music; in interpreting the language of birds; in astronomy; in testing precious stones; in carpentry; in ivory carving; in house-building; in medicine; in mechanical arts; in the use of antidotes for poison; in tunneling; in swimming; in rowing; in jumping; in climbing; in the erotic arts; in magic; in the study of stories, dramas, narratives, poetry, the *Mahābhārata*, the *Purāṇas*, history, and the *Rāmāyaṇa*; in all scripts; in all foreign languages; in all languages of signs; in ornamentation; in metre; and in many other arts.

“As he practiced gymnastics ceaselessly, there appeared in him, even in childhood, as in Wolf-belly, great bodily strength that caused awe in all the people. Though but spontaneously sporting with him, young elephants were pulled down as he tugged on their leaf-ears with his hands, as if they had been overpowered by the attack of a lion cub. Although he was a mere child, he felled palm trees as though they were lotus stalks, with but one stroke of his knife. His arrows destroyed the rock slabs of mountain peaks, like those of Paraśurāma, who was a fire in the cane forest of all kings. He exercised with a steel pike that took ten men to carry. And, except for great bodily strength, Vaiśampāyana followed him in all his accomplishments.



“Now Vaiśampāyana—on account of the great respect Candrāpiḍa had for his acquaintance with all the arts, out of the reverence Candrāpiḍa had for Śukanāsa, and because they had played together in the dust as children and had grown up together—became Candrāpiḍa’s best friend, his second heart, as it were, the abode of all his confidences. Candrāpiḍa could not be without him even for a moment, and Vaiśampāyana followed him as day follows the Hot-rayed One, never leaving him.

“While Candrāpiḍa cultivated his acquaintance with all knowledge, the advent of youth became manifest in him and doubly nourished his beauty. The charm of youth was to him as the Elixir of Immortality—enticing to all three worlds—is to the ocean; as moon-rise—the cause of joy in the hearts of all people—is to twilight; as the band of the rainbow—showing various colors—is to the rainy season; as the appearance of blossoms—used as the weapons of the *Makara*-

bannered God—is to the Wishing Tree; as the sunrise—beautiful with its fresh glow becoming apparent—is to a lotus grove; and as a peacock's tail—capable of sporting at various dances—is to a peacock. The Agitator approached him like a new worshiper ready to do his bidding. Candrāpīḍa's chest broadened along with his fortune. His thighs filled out along with the expectations of his family. His waist narrowed along with the number of his enemies. His hips widened along with his liberality. His hair grew along with his splendor. His arms hung down long along with the creeper-tresses of his enemies' wives. His eyes brightened along with his conduct. His shoulders became firm along with his authority. His voice became deep along with his heart.

“Thus in time the king, having learned that Candrāpīḍa had grown up, had studied all the sciences, and had gained complete knowledge of all the arts, summoned Balāhaka, the commander of his army, and ordered him to bring home his son, who was commended by his teachers. So on a special day, with a large escort of foot soldiers and cavalry, Balāhaka went to the college. There, having entered after being announced by the gatekeeper, he bowed with his head touching its crest-jewel to the floor. Then, with the prince's permission, he sat down on a seat suitable to his rank, as modestly as though in the presence of a king. After resting a short while, Balāhaka approached Candrāpīḍa and respectfully addressed him, “Oh prince, the king is pleased to announce, ‘All our expectations have been fulfilled. You have studied the Śāstras; you have mastered all the arts; and you have attained the highest skill in the use of weapons. Your teachers thus permit you to leave the college. Let the people now see you, you who have finished your education and who resemble a young rut-elephant emerging from the pen after having been duly trained, who have learned all arts, and who are like the newly risen Hare-marked Moon possessing all its digits. Let the world's eyes, which have anxiously desired your sight for so long, be rewarded. The women of the inner apartments also long to see you. It is now the tenth year since you came to the college; you entered in your sixth year; thus you have grown up to become sixteen years of age. From this day on, upon coming out and showing yourself to all your mothers, who are so eager to see you, and after saluting your elders, enjoy as it pleases you, without restrictions, the pleasures of court and the wanton play of early youth. Pay honor to the princes,

worship the Twice-born, protect your subjects, and gladden your kindred.'

““Also, the king sends you a veritable jewel of the three worlds, which possesses a speed equalling that of the wind or of Garuḍa. A horse, one Indrāyudha, stands at the gate. He has been sent to you by the king of the Persians, who took him to be the wonder of the three worlds and who declared, ‘This jewel of a horse, risen not from a womb but from the ocean waters, is fit for mounting by only the prince.’ After seeing him the readers of signs announced, ‘Oh lord, the marks are such that this horse is equal to Uccaiḥśravas. None has ever been such as he, nor will any ever be.’ Let this one be honored by your mounting of him. At the gate a thousand princes on horseback, sent to be in your service, ardently desire to salute you. They are from families of consecrated kings and are modest, brave, handsome, knowledgeable in the arts, and hold hereditary office.”

“When Balāhaka had finished speaking, Candrāpīḍa took his father’s command on his head and, wishing to go out, ordered in a voice deep as the rumbling of a new cloud, “Let Indrāyudha be brought in.” Immediately upon his word, Candrāpīḍa gazed upon that best of horses being led in by two men who were holding onto the rings of his gold bridle bits on each side and making an effort at every step to restrain him. He was of an extraordinary size—his back could only be reached by a man with his arms raised. He seemed to be drinking the sky in front of him. With the sound of his intermittent neighing, which was very harsh, which shook his belly, and which filled the hollows of the whole world, he seemed to be mocking the Winged One, who is vainly proud of his reputed speed. He continually lowered his head far down and raised it to a great height, and his fierce nostrils made a *ghur-ghur* snort as he raged at the restraint on his speed. He seemed to be sizing up the three worlds with a view to leaping over them, so proud was he of the power of his fleetness. He was piebald, with patches of black, saffron, amber, and bay, and thus imitated the bow of the Breaker; he looked like a young elephant with a multicolored blanket spread over him, like the Destroyer’s bull made ruddy from the dust of his buttings against mountain slopes, or like Pārvatī’s lion with its mane reddened by streaks of clotted demon blood.

“He looked like the incarnation of speed. Because of his ceaselessly emitting a *sūt-sūt* sound from the folds of his quivering nostrils,

he seemed to be ejecting through the hollows of his nose the wind inhaled by him in his extreme swiftness. He was spitting frothy flakes of saliva produced by the agitation of the sharp points of the bridle bit, which could be heard as it slipped inside his mouth—the saliva looking as if it were mouthfuls of Elixir drunk by him in his ocean home. His mouth was very long and, as it was so very lean, seemed to have been sculpted. The tips of his handsome ears stood motionless and, because they were covered with the shooting rays from rubies strung around his face, seemed to have red plumes attached to them. His neck was ornamented by the blazing gold chains of his reins and by a continuous flow of a waving, thick mane red as lac, which made him look as if he had pieces of coral stuck to him from his roamings in the sea.

““He, like the ruddy evening twilight with its multitude of stars, was adorned with a horse ornament that was inlaid with golden leaf-and-creeper decorations done in sharply curved and branching lines, which had jewelled tassels that sounded at every step, and which consisted mostly of large pearls. As his body was being darkened by the glow from emerald gems set in that ornament, he gave the impression of being one of the sun’s chariot steeds fallen from the sky. As he was so powerful, he rained perspiration that oozed from every pore of his skin as he struggled against the restraint on him, and that looked like pearls clinging to him after his residence in the sea. He seemed to be practicing the *muraṇa* drum with the huge hollows of his hooves, which pummelled the ground and produced a discordant thunder as they constantly rose and fell; which looked like pedestals of sapphire; and which seemed to be made of slabs of collyrium.

““He looked as though he had been carved out in his shanks, broadened in his chest, polished on his mouth, elongated in his neck, hewn in his sides, and doubled in his haunches. He was, as it were, a match for the Winged One in fleetness, a companion of Wind in roaming the three worlds, a partial incarnation of Uccaiṣravas, and a fellow-student of the mind in the pace of swiftness. He, like the foot of Hari, could bound over the whole world. He, like the God of the Sea’s goose, could wander with the speed of thought [swims in the Mānasa Lake]. He, like a day in the spring month, looked as colorful as fully blown *aśoka* blossoms [has *aśoka* and *pāṭala* flowers in bloom]. His face, like that of an ascetic, was marked with a *puṇḍraka* blaze white as ashes [is marked with the *puṇḍraka* sign in white ashes]. His mane, like a bed

of lotuses, was yellow like the dregs of mead [has filaments tawnied by thick honey]. He, like a summer's day, was of great length and dazzling luster [long and fiercely hot]. He, like a snake, was ever ready to bound off [disposed always to face windward]. He, like the ocean's shore, was garlanded with conches. He, like a timid person, kept his ears motionless [paralyzed]. He, like the sovereignty over the Vidyādhara, was fit only to be the vehicle of a sovereign ruler [was fit only for their ruler Naravāhana]. And he, like the rising sun, had a worth equal to all the world [was worthy of a respectful reception by all the earth].

“Upon seeing that magnificent horse with a shape such as he had never seen before, with a form fit for the Celestial World or for the royalty of the three worlds, and with all the auspicious marks, Candrāpiḍa's heart was seized with amazement, though he was by nature quite serene. Then he thought, “Truly, what jewel was extracted by the gods and demons—who spun the Mandara Mountain, using Vāsuki coiled and pulled in a ferocious twirling, churning the waters of the ocean—when they failed to take out this jewel of a horse? And what price the sovereignty of the universe when the Breaker has not mounted this back, broad as a slab of Mount Meru? Surely that God of a Hundred Sacrifices was deceived by the ocean when his heart was overcome with wonder by Uccaiṣravas. And I think this one must not in the course of time have come within the range of the divine Nārāyaṇa's sight, since even today that one does not give up his attachment for mounting Garuḍa.

“““Aho! truly, my father's Goddess of Royal Glory has surpassed the prosperity of the kingdom of heaven if even such jewels as this, which are rare in the three worlds, have come into his service. With its great power and magnificence, this form of Indrāyudha's seems to contain within it some deity. To tell the truth, he generates fear in me when I think of mounting him. A form fit for the Celestial World, the cause of wonder in all the three worlds, and endowed with such qualities—these are not common to horses. Even deities made subject to a sage's curse abandon their own bodies and inhabit other bodies assigned them by the words of the curse. It is said that in days of old a sage and great ascetic, one Sthūlaśira, cursed the Apsaras Rambhā, who was the ornament of all three worlds. Leaving the divine realm she transferred herself to the heart of a horse, became a mare known as



Aśvahr̥dayā, and served a king named Śatadhanvan in the city of Mṛtikāvati, living in the world of mortals a very long time. Other great souls, their splendor eclipsed by the curses of sages, have taken various forms and roamed this world. Without a doubt this must be some noble soul fallen afoul of a curse, for my heart seems to be alerting me to his divine nature.” As these thoughts passed through his mind, Candrāpiḍa rose with a desire to mount that very horse, and, having approached Indrāyudha, he mentally addressed him, “Oh noble steed, be whoever you may be. Let glory be yours and let my transgression of mounting you be forgiven in every way, for even deities, when unknown, receive undeserved insult. I salute you.”

“As if he understood Candrāpiḍa’s intent, Indrāyudha looked at him askance with his eye slightly squinting from the lashings of his shaking mane. His right hoof repeatedly pawed the ground, streaking the hair of his chest with the gray dust stirred up. He gave a charming whinny and a series of gentle *hum-hum* grunts followed by several sweet *ghar-ghar* snorts from his quivering nostrils, as if he were calling the prince to mount. Then, as if that horse had granted him leave to do so with his sweet neighing, Candrāpiḍa climbed onto Indrāyudha.

“Having mounted him and ridden forth, he considered the three worlds no more than the measure of a span. Before him ranged a cavalry of limitless size. It deafened all the chasms of the world with the clatter of hooves—a sound that was as harsh as the shower of hail loosed at Final Dissolution and that seemed to shatter the very Nether Region—and with a neighing all the more fearful for issuing from nostrils choked with the dust raised by the horses’ hooves. It decorated the sky’s expanse with a forest of raised creeper-spears—their bright blades glittering in the glancing rays of the Hot-rayed One—so that the sky was like a lake filled with blue lotus buds on upraised stalks. It darkened the eight quarters with thousands of umbrellas made of peacock feathers on staffs, so that it looked like a tower of clouds made iridescent by numbers of flashing bows of the God of a Hundred Sacrifices. The horses’ mouths were whitened by froth; and they were restlessly, ceaselessly capering so that the army looked as if it were the rolling billows of the ocean at the Final Dissolution.

“Like the ocean’s waters at moonrise, that whole cavalry stirred at Candrāpiḍa’s approach. The princes crowded around him, each desirous of making obeisance before the others; their heads were de-

serted by hastily removed umbrellas, and each man was wearied by the effort of checking his horse excited by the crush. Being announced one by one by Balāhaka, they saluted with heads bowed low, so that they seemed to be pouring out their loyalty to him in the form of rising rays of rubies in their agitatedly shaking crests. With their hands folded bud-like over their heads in homage, their heads looked as though they had lotuses sticking to them, poured out with the waters of their coronation pitchers.

“Candrāpīḍa honored them all according to their station, and then, accompanied by Vaiśampāyana, who was also mounted on a horse, he set out for the city. He was shielded from the heat of the day by a large gold-handled umbrella that looked as though it were the *puṇḍarika* lotus serving as a dwelling for the Goddess of Royal Glory, as though it were the circle of the moon to the bed of white lotuses in the form of all those assembled princes, or as though it were a sandbar in the river of that army of horses. Its hue was that of Vāsuki’s hoods whitened by the Milky Ocean; it was fringed with a network of large pearls marked with a lion as emblem. The ear blossom he wore danced in the wind of the many fly whisks being waved above him on either side. He was being lauded by his attendants, who ran before him on foot, who were mostly young and brave men, and who seemed to number many thousands, and by his bards, who constantly and in melodious tones uttered loudly the cries, “Victory to you!” and “Long life!”

“In due course the people, having left their work, appeared like a moon-lotus grove awakened by the rising Maker of Night. When he reached the road to the city they gazed upon him as if he were the Bodiless God in human form and descended to earth. “Truly, now that this one is here, Kārttikeya—his beauty spoiled by his several moon-lotus faces—mocks the term ‘Youth.’ Aho! we freely enjoy the reward of seeing his divine form with our very own eyes, which are wide-open, raised up, dilated, steady, and welling up with joy. Now our births have been made fulfilled. By all means, hail to the *Puṇḍarika*-eyed One, who has assumed another form and appears here in the guise of the blessed Candrāpīḍa!” Upon these words, the people bowed to him, their hands folded in reverence. And, as everywhere thousands of windows were thrown open and doors unfastened, the city itself seemed to have a multitude of open eyes curious for a glimpse of the prince.

“Immediately, upon the news that, “Candrāpīḍa has finished all

his studies, has left the college, and comes this way," all over the city the women left their toilettes unfinished and poured forth onto palace terraces. Some of them, carrying mirrors in their left hand, looked like full-moon nights shining with the Maker of Night. Some of them, with feet freshly dyed red by liquid lac, looked like lotus buds that had drunk up the early morning sunshine. Some of them, whose shoot-feet were fettered by girdles that had fallen down due to their careless gait, looked like female elephants moving slowly under the hindrance of restraining chains. Some of them, who wore garments brilliant with the hues of Indra's Bow, were lovely as a rainy season day. Some of them, whose feet blossomed with the rays from their gleaming white nails, looked as though they were pulling along with them tame geese attracted to the sound of their anklets. Some of them, who carried strings of large pearls, seemed to be imitating Rati as she clutched a crystal rosary in her grief at the death of the Maddener. Some of them, who had pearl necklaces hanging between their breasts, looked like beautiful evenings with pairs of *cakravāka* birds separated by a thin, limpid stream of water. Some of them, who had rainbows flashing from their bejewelled anklets, looked as though they were followed by friendly tame peacocks. Some of them, who had set down their jewelled cups half-drunk, seemed to be dripping wine from their flashing red blossom-lips. Others, with the orbs of their faces displayed in the holes of the emerald windows, gazed on him while they presented the appearance of a lotus grove, its buds blown, wandering in the sky.

"Suddenly, there arose the captivating sound of jingling ornaments dancing with the violent motions of the women's jewel necklaces shrilly resounding in their jostlings. The sound was thickened with the *kolāhala* murmur of *vīṇā* strings quivering after being sweetly stroked; it mingled with the cries of tame cranes summoned by the ringing girdles; it was accompanied by the cries of the inner-apartment peacocks that were excited by the deep boom of stumbling feet on the stairs. It was softened by the *kolāhala* whimper of royal geese, trembling with fear at the sound that resembled the rumblings of thunderclouds. It imitated the proclamation of "Victory!" by the *Makara*-bannered God. It reverberated in the chambers of the palaces.

"After a while the palaces seemed to be made of women, so densely packed were they with them: because of the imprints of lac-dyed lotus-feet, the ground seemed to be made of tender shoots; because of

the streaming light from the women, the city seemed to be made of loveliness; because of the multitude of round faces, the sky seemed to be made of reflections of the moon; because of the network of hands raised to ward off the sun, the directions seemed to be made up of a lotus grove; because of the many rays shooting from their ornaments, the sunshine seemed to be made up rainbows; and because of the continuous spreading luster from their eyes, the day seemed to be made of blue lotus petals. As they gazed at him the women's eyes widened with curiosity and did not move. Candrāpīḍa's form entered their hearts as though they were made of mirrors, of water, or of crystal.

“Immediately, in and among those women in whom the pleasures of love were manifest, began the ripple of charming conversations full of jests, confidences, confusion, jealousy, argumentation, criticism, coquetry, and longing. Such as: “Oh hasty-gaited one, wait for me!” “Oh mad-with-gazing one, hold up your upper garment!” “Oh silly girl, push your creeper-curls out of your face! Fix your Moon Digit!” “Oh one blinded by the Maddener, you fall, your feet stumbling on the offering blossoms!” “Oh you, made distraught by the Maddener, bind up your thick hair!” “Oh you, addicted to the sight of Candrāpīḍa, pull up your girdle string!” “Oh wicked girl, adjust your ear blossom that rocks against your cheek!” “Oh one who has lost her heart, pick up your fallen ivory earring!” “Oh you, infatuated with youth, you can be seen by the people! Cover your weighty breasts!” “Oh shameless girl, fasten your loosened silk garment!” “Oh you feigning ignorance, come along quickly!” “Oh curious girl, make some space for a look at the prince!” “Oh you never-satisfied one, how long will you stare at him?” “Oh you whose heart is aflutter, heed your attendants!” “Oh impish one, your upper garment has fallen! You are laughed at by the people!”

““Oh you whose eyes are filled with passion, do you not even see your friends?” “Oh you who are filled with all manner of feelings, you live in sorrow, your heart needlessly tormented!” “Oh you with pretended modesty, why do you look at him under the pretext of flirty glances? You may openly gaze upon him!” “Oh you so very youthful, why do you crowd me with your big breasts?” “Oh indignant one, move to the front!” “Oh selfish girl, why alone do you obstruct the whole window?” “Oh one ruled by the Bodiless God, it is *my* upper garment that you are using as your own!” “Oh you who are drunk with

the wine of passion, restrain yourself!" "Oh you who are so impatient, why do you run in the presence of your teachers?" "Oh you of shining disposition, why are you distracted?" "Oh simple one, conceal your thrilled flesh caused by the Maddener's fever!" "Oh ill-behaved one, why do you swoon?" "Oh changeable one, you are tormented in vain as you exercise your waist by contracting the bends of your body!" "Oh absent-minded girl, you are not even aware that you have come out of your house!" "Oh you lost in curiosity, you have forgotten to breathe!" "Oh you who have closed your eyes in the imagined ecstasy of union with him, open your eyes. He passes by!" "Oh you who are insensible from the arrows of the Bodiless God, hold your silk upper garment over your head to ward off the sun's rays!"

"“Ayi! Oh you who are obsessed by the chaste-wife vow you have taken, your eyes wander and do not see what is to be seen!” “Oh unhappy girl, you are ruined by your vow not to gaze on men other than your husband!” “Oh friend, be gracious, rise up and see, as if before your very eyes, the divine *Makara*-bannered God himself, here deserted by Rati and not displaying his emblem!” “Here through a space in his white umbrella is to be seen on his head dark as a swarm of bees a chaplet of jasmine flowers, which looks as though it were the Hare-marked Moon’s beams fallen there having mistaken it for the night!” “His cheek glows as if it wears a garland of bloomed *mālātī* blossoms, as it is darkened by the emerald light of his ear ornament!” “The passion of youth seems to hover around him as if it wished to enter his heart, in the form of the sparkling rays shooting from the rubies placed among his pearl necklace!” “He is glancing this way in between the gathering fly whisks!” “Talking with *Vaiśampāyana* he laughs and whitens all space with the line of his lustrous teeth!” “*Balāhaka*, with the border of his silk upper cloth, the color of the green plumage of parrots, wipes from the ends of his hair the clinging dust that is thrown up by the horses’ pounding hooves!” “He has playfully tossed his shoot-foot, its sole soft as the lotus-hand of the Goddess of Fortune, obliquely across his horse’s back!” “His hand, its long fingers splendid as red lotus buds, its palm wide-open and stretched out, asks for betel, like an elephant’s trunk eagerly longing for morsels of duckweed!” “Happy is she who, like the Goddess of Fortune, will, in a rivalry with Earth, win his hand, which surpasses the very lotus!” “Happy is lady *Vilāsavati* by whom he, who is capable of bearing the

weight of ruling the earth, was carried in the womb, just as an elephant of the quarters, which is able to bear the weight of the earth, is suspended in space!"

"While they uttered these and other things, Candrāpīḍa—who was being drunk in, as it were, by their eyes, summoned by their jingling ornaments, followed by their hearts, bound by the rope-rays of their ornaments, and given offerings of their fresh youth, and who had every step bestrewn, as if he were the fire at a wedding ceremony, with reverences of rice mixed with blossoms and heaps of white bracelets fallen from slack liana-limbs—reached the gate of the palace and dismounted. The gate looked like a cloudy day, as the quarters were made dark by the troops of elephants stationed there for night watch, that created an inky mud with the black ichor constantly oozing from their temples and that were dark as a mountain of collyrium. The gate was thronged by thousands of erect white umbrellas and hundreds of messengers who had come from many distant countries. After dismounting and taking hold of Vaiśampāyana's hand, with the way being indicated by Balāhaka who respectfully walked before him, Candrāpīḍa entered the royal residence.

"It was like the three worlds assembled in one place. Its entrance was always flanked by doorkeepers who carried gold cane staffs, wore white armor, were anointed with white ointment, were chapleted with white blossoms, wore white turbans, were clad in white dress, were like denizens of the White Continent, were of large proportions—all in all, looking like men of the Golden Age—and day and night they sat as if painted or carved near the pillars of the gate's arch. The palace seemed to contain within it the Snow Mountain's peaks, as its colossal buildings had tops crowded with the many smaller structures of quadrangles, terraces, aviaries, and balconies; with turrets that grazed the clouds and mocked the beauty of Mount Kailāsa; and with a white-wash of plaster. It shone as if decked with networks of gold chains made into a canopy, because of the way thousands of rays of women's ornaments issued from numerous window slits.

"It possessed arsenals that were extremely deep and that, as they contained piles of weapons, looked like caves of the Abode of Serpents inhabited by families of venomous snakes. It was adorned with Pleasure Hills that glittered with precious stones made red by lac rubbed off of women's feet and that echoed with the screams of peacocks

residing on them. The palace's stalls were never empty, as they were filled with female elephants that were ready for night watch duty, the gold harnesses of which were covered with pied carpets of blazing colors, the leaf-ears of which were kissed by the plumes hanging over them, and the tameness of which was a result of their training, just as young noble women are modest as a result of *their* training.

One part of the palace was occupied by a rut-elephant named Gandhamādana. Leaning against the pillar of his tying-post, his eyes partly closed, his trunk resting on the tip of his left tusk, his flapping ears still, he was listening at his ease to the ceaseless boom of the *mṛdaṅga* drum being played in concert—its rumble deep as the thunder of fresh clouds, its sound pleasant as it mingled with that of the *viṇā* and *veṇu*, and with the *ghar-ghar* of the struck *ghargharikā* bells. A multicolored carpet hung over his back, giving him a resemblance to the Vindhya Mountain with its sides variegated by revealed minerals. He hummed deeply with the delight he felt at the elephant driver's song. His ears were adorned with conch shells splashed with rut fluid, making him look like the swirling *sarṁvartaka* clouds reaching for the Maker of Night. His ears hung down and were ornamented with an elephant driver's hook, which looked like an ear ornament made of golden lotus filaments. A swarm of bees dark as ichor hovered near his cheeks, seeming to form a second rut-darkened plume for his ear. Since the upper part of his body was very high and his rear rather low slung, he looked as if he were coming up from the Abode of Serpents. He wore a gleaming Necklace of Stars that was set with a crescent moon and that looked like night wherein gleam the constellations ringed round the crescent moon. He, like autumn, had a lovely tawny nozzle [has lovely tawny lotuses]. He, like the Dwarf, stood on three legs [covered the world in three steps]. His tusks, tipped with images of a lion's face, gave him the appearance of the slope of a crystal mountain reflecting the faces of lions. He was slapping his face with his leaf-ears and so looked like a person wearing an ornamented coif with an ear ornament trembling against his face.

“The palace was majestic with its stables full of the king's favorite horses—the backs of which were covered with blankets of splendid silk, the necks of which were noisy with the sounds of sweetly tinkling bells, the waving manes of which were reddened with madder so that they looked like lions with their manes reddened with the blood

of wild elephants, the keepers of which were sitting on the tops of piles of hay that had been deposited in front of them, the ears of which reached out to hear the auspicious songs being sung in their vicinity—that munched in their cheeks mouthfuls of fried grain mixed with honey. The royal residence was inhabited by great men administering justice, who were seated in halls and offices, who were respectfully dressed, who were occupying tall cane seats, and who looked like they were the very incarnations of the God of Duty. Thousands of edicts were being written down by court scribes who knew the names of all the villages and cities, who looked upon the whole world as if it were one building, and who, as they wrote down all the world's transactions, seemed to be doing the business of the city of the King of Final Justice. The palace was filled with servants whose chief concern was to await the return of the princes visiting in the inner chambers; who were ranged in groups at various places; who, with their shields sprinkled with golden half-moons and numerous stars, seemed to be displaying night; who shattered the sunshine with rays shooting from their sharp, flashing swords; who wore white ivory earrings fastened on one ear; who bound their hair into a single high tuft; whose thick thighs and arms were smeared with white sandal unguent; who had small daggers tied at their waists; and who mostly consisted of persons coming from Andhra, Draviḍa, and Siṃhala.

“It was also inhabited by a group of neighboring consecrated vassals, who were seated inside the audience hall as befitted their rank. Some were indulging in the sport of dicing; some were playing chess; some were playing the *parivādinī*; some were drawing images of the king on a painting board; some were holding conversations about poetry; some were cracking jokes; some were making out which letters corresponded to which dots in the Bubble Verse game; some were pondering riddles; some were considering well-turned verses composed by the king; some were reciting poems in the *dvipadī* metre; some were praising various poets; some were making leaf-and-streak decorations on their bodies; some were conversing with courtesans; and some were listening to the songs of bards. These princes numbered in the thousands, and, as their heads were crowded with large diadems wrapped with white cloth turbans, they looked like a range of the Kula Mountains with patches of morning sunshine falling upon the cascades on their peaks.



“The sides of the splendid assembly hall contained carpets rolled up when Tārāpiḍa would leave, and gem-studded chairs, and so the hall looked as if it contained heaps of brilliantly flashing rainbows. The palace bustled with courtesans constantly going in and out. As their faces were reflected in the clear jewelled pavement, they seemed to be tossing blown lotuses onto the floor. Their anklets, bracelets, and girdles rang noisily with their comings and goings, and they carried gold-handled fly whisks over their shoulders.

“In one place rested hounds restrained by gold chains. Another place was perfumed with the fragrance of the many tame musk deer that wandered about. The residence was filled with many hunchbacks, Kirātas, eunuchs, dwarfs, deaf, and dumb persons. A pair of Kirmnaras had been captured and brought there, as well as a Vanamānuṣa. Fights of rams, cocks, ospreys, partridges, quail, and sparrows were taking place. There were cooings of *cakoras*, *kādambas*, pigeons, and cuckoos; and parrots and mynahs were talking to one another. The palace glowed with the presence of caged lions, growling in rage at the scent of elephant ichor; they looked as if they were the lives of the mountains that had dwelt in caves and that were now captured and caged. All space was made iridescent by the radiant eyes of tame deer that were frightened, their eyes atremble with alarm, at a fire born from the luster of the gold palace. Numerous peacocks standing on the emerald floor could only be discerned by their loud screams. Cranes were sleeping in the cool shade of sandal trees.

“The inner chambers of the palace were occupied by the harem. There some children had begun sporting with wooden balls and dolls; the quarters were filled with the din of tinkling bells attached to the tops of swings constantly ridden; pearl necklaces were being carried off by peacocks mistaking them for snake sloughs; one place seemed to be adorned with a pool of land-lotuses because a family of doves had alighted and were moving about on the top of the palace; the sport of imitating the deeds of the king was enjoyed by the harem women; an uproar was produced by monkeys that escaped from the stables, ravaged the fruit of the pomegranate trees growing near the palace, shredded the blossoms of *sahakāra* trees in the courtyard and scattered the ornaments they had snatched from the hands of hunchbacks, dwarfs, and Kirātas whom they had attacked; some ladies of the harem were blushing at having their conversations of sexual intimacy exposed by

parrots and mynahs; and the courtyard was whitened by a line of palace geese the noise of which was doubled by the women's jewelled anklets set in motion and resounding at every step as they ascended the stairs to the terraces. The harem was superintended by chamberlains, who wore sparkling white silk upper garments; who supported themselves on gold and silver staffs; whose heads were whitened with age; who were naturally grave as though they were made of stability, of proper behavior, of auspiciousness, or of profundity; who wore turbans; and who, though aged, had not abandoned their steadfastness of character, like lions that, though old, do not give up attacking beasts.

“The palace seemed to be filled with clouds because of a heavy pall of aloe wood smoke. It seemed to be covered by mist because of the spray from the trunks of a number of elephants on watch. It seemed to possess the night because of its dark avenues of *tamāla* trees. It seemed to contain the morning sunlight because of its red flowering *aśokas*. It seemed to hold multitudes of stars because of its many pearls. It seemed to be made of the rainy season because of its Rain Houses. It seemed to possess forked lightning because of its golden peacock perches. It was like an abode of the gods because of its carved *śāla* wood images. It was like Śiva's home where stand his Gaṇas because of its numbers of staff-bearing doorkeepers. With its fresh accumulations of treasures being brought in by various castes and guilds, it was like a gifted poet's composition with a wealth of novel meanings devised from different sounds and syllables. With all the charming undertakings seen there, it was like a covey of celestial nymphs including Manoramā and Rambhā.

“It, like the rising of the Maker of Day, made joy felt all around with its many shining golden coins [made manifest the fragrance of the lotuses in the lotus pools]. It, like the Hot-rayed One, obliged the Goddess of Fortune with its wealth [obliges sun-lotuses with his splendor]. It, like a drama, was adorned with emblems on unfurled banners [is embellished with clearly marked acts and episodes]. It, like the city Śoṇitapura, had rooms for the practice of archery [had dwellings suitable for its ruler Bāṇa]. It, like the Purāṇas, had various places where treasures from the whole world were kept [contain descriptions of the positions of the various worlds according to their respective divisions]. Its coffers of jewels, like the rise of the full moon, were increased by light taxes [whose thousand soft rays cause the Receptacle of Treasures to shine].

tures to swell]. It, like an elephant of the quarters, had unbroken munificence [has a great, unceasing flow of ichor]. It, like the Primordial Egg, contained gold amassed for the various actions of all men [produced the Golden Fetus to guide the conduct of all mankind].

“Its halls, like the arms of the Regent of the Northeast Quarter, were inhabited by thousands of people greatly devoted to pleasures [are encircled with thousands of large, coiling snakes]. In it, as in the *Mahābhārata*, men were delighted by endless numbers of songs [Nara is delighted by the song of the Boundless One]. It, like the race of Yadu, was guarded by an army of brave, formidable men who were hereditary servants [was guarded by the warriors Śūra, Bhīma, the Best of Men, and Bala]. It, like the science of grammar, was happy on account of the copious bestowal of gifts made at the command of officers in charge of rewarding low, middling, and excellent recipients [treats of the first, second, and third persons, substitutions in the declensions, relationships of nouns and verbs, verbs, the dative case, actions of verbs, and indeclinables]. It, like the ocean, was crowded with thousands of friendly kings who had entered it out of fear of their enemies [was filled with thousands of winged mountains that fearfully entered it]. It, like the union of Uṣā and Aniruddha, had various painted scenes of all three worlds [in which the various forms found in all three worlds were shown to Uṣā by Citralekhā]. It, like the enclosure of Bali, was occupied by old men and dwarfs [is occupied by the Dwarf incarnation of the Primal Male].

“The palace, like a night of the waxing moon, was canopied with cloth white as scattered beams of the Hare-marked Moon [whitens the sky’s expanse with clusters of shooting rays]. It, like the tale of the deeds of Naravāhana, created a longing in the Gandharvas on account of the beautiful princesses reared in it [in which there is fostered in his heart a yearning for the beautiful princess Gandharvadattā]. In that palace, as at a great pilgrimage place, many people at once received the fruits of their worship [numerous people instantly obtain the fruit of their sacred baths]. It, like a room in which families assemble at a sacrifice, was filled with various goblets for wine [is filled with various goblets for pressings of *soma*]. It, like night, was decked with many Necklaces of Stars [is decked with many constellations]. In it, like the time of dawn, the prosperity of friends could be inferred from the affection shown even at the very beginning of a friendship [when

the rise of Friend can be inferred from the redness of the eastern sky]. It, like a perfumer's house, was lovely with bath oils, lotions, and unguents. It, like the house of a betel seller, had stores of *lavalī*, clove, cardamom, *kakkola*, and nutmeg prepared in it. In it, as in the first union with a courtesan, the intentions of the heart and outward gestures were not known [her inner desires and gestures are not understood]. It, like gallants, had hands loudly clapping upon enjoying the delight of the witty speech of many graceful conversations. The palace, like a company of gamblers, was filled with piles of paper on which were recorded the hundreds of thousands of ornaments that were given away [who keep written records of the hundreds of thousands of ornaments that they pledge to one another].

“It, like the commencement of a holy rite, gave joy to the hearts of all people. It, like a great forest, resounded with various speeches of the Twice-born [resounds with the cries of various tigers and birds]. It, like the *Rāmāyaṇa*, was filled with the chattering of monkeys [is filled with tales of monkeys]. It, like the family of Mādri, was enhanced with mongooses [was adorned by Nakula]. It, like a music hall, had *mṛdaṅga* drums in its many buildings. Its people, like Raghu's family, took delight in the skills of actors [was delighted with the virtues of Bharata]. Its people, like the science of astronomy, were clever in the capture and release of prisoners and in all arts [gives accurate information about the beginnings and endings of eclipses and about the divisions of time]. It, like the composition of Nārada, had the duties of kings being set forth. It, like a musical instrument, enjoyed the pleasure of different sounds and sentiments [gives the pleasure of different sounds and tunes]. It, like fine poetry, manifested natures and meanings not imagined elsewhere. It, like the stream of the Great River, suppressed all wicked actions [carries away all sin]. It, like gold, was desired by everyone. In it was visible the arrival of Candrāpiḍa, and so it resembled the time of twilight in which is seen the rise of its crest-jewel, the moon. It, like the shoulder of Nārāyaṇa, lighted the horizons with the glow of its beautiful jewels [lights up all of space with the glow of the Goddess of Beauty and of the Jewel].

“Its people, like Balabhadra, were intent on trying to praise the properties of wine. In it, like a Brahmin, locales were reserved for the teaching of the Lotus Seat [who explains the world by means of the teachings of the God of the Lotus-throne]. It, like the Attacker, thun-

dered with the dancing of peacocks [sways on his dancing peacock]. In it, like the behavior of a virtuous woman, was always produced a sense of reserve. Its people, like a certain class of courtesans, were skilled in showing hospitality [are expert in attending to their lovers]. It, like a wicked person, had no fear of villains [has no fear of the next world]. It, like the lowest caste, desired unconquered territories [can have no desire for forbidden sensual enjoyments]. It, though attracted to inaccessible territories [to prohibited sensual enjoyment], was praiseworthy. Its residents, like attendants of the God of Death, were clever in distinguishing the accomplishments and non-accomplishments of people.

“It, like a righteous deed, caused good fortune at the beginning, middle, and end. Its buildings, like dawn, were being made red by gleaming rubies [by gleaming red lotuses]. It, like an assemblage of divine sages, was adorned with white banners emblazoned with peacocks [was adorned with Śvetaketu and Kalāpin]. It, like the Bhārata War, was frightening with its multitudes of armor, swords, and discuses [was terrible because of Kṛtavarma's weapons]. Inhabited by thousands of great chamberlains, it was like the Abode of Serpents [inhabited by thousands of large snakes]. It, like the Varṣa mountains, held immense quantities of gold [include the enormous Śṛṅgin and Hemakūṭha mountains]. Although it had a gigantic door, it was difficult to enter. Although it was situated in the country of Avanti, still it was inhabited by people from Magadha. And although it was prosperous, still it contained wandering Naked-goers.

“As he entered, the way was being shown by a group of doorkeepers who hurriedly approached and bowed to him. He was saluted respectfully by the princes, who had been seated but who now moved about him. They kissed the surface of the earth with the rays of the crest-jewels of their loosened crowns as one by one they were announced. Candrāpīḍa had the auspicious Ceremony of Descent being performed for him at every step by the old women of the harem, who were well-versed in customs and who had come out from the inner apartments. After passing through seven halls thronged with thousands of various creatures and looking as if they were other worlds, he saw Tārāpīḍa in an inner chamber. He was surrounded on all sides by men who were suitable for the duty of bodyguard, whose hands were polished black by their constant wielding of weapons, whose bodies—

save for their hands, feet, and eyes—were covered with black mail and so looked like elephant tying-posts made fuzzy by bees constantly swarming from hunger for fragrant ichor. They were hereditary servants, of noble descent and loyal. On account of their great power and hardness, they were like Dānavas, their heroism only inferred by their spirit and gestures. On either side women ceaselessly waved white fly whisks. His father rested on a couch white as a goose and lovely as the sandbank of a clear stream; he looked like the Elephant of the Gods at rest in the waters of the Celestial Ganges. At the doorkeeper's words, "The king is pleased to welcome you," Candrāpiḍa, with his head bent very low and with his crest-jewel shaking, made his obeisance.

"Tārāpiḍa cried, "Come! Come!" pushing himself up from the couch and extending his arms. His eyes filled with tears of joy as he embraced his son, who had bowed low in reverence. As bristling hair appeared on Tārāpiḍa, he seemed to be sewing Candrāpiḍa to him, to be uniting with him, or to be absorbing him.

"Freed from the embrace, Candrāpiḍa sat on the floor near his father's footstool, after he had pushed away with his foot the seat hastily made by his betel-bearer with her own upper garment rolled into a ball, while gently telling her, "Take it away." Vaiśampāyana, who had been embraced by the king as if he were his own son, sat on a nearby seat. The prince rested a while, being mobbed, as it were, by the glances of the harem women, who stood quite still, forgetting to lift their fly whisks; their glances were like wind-stirred sun-lotus-petal wreaths and were flickering with trembling pupils seeking the corners of their eyes. He was then given Tārāpiḍa's leave to depart, "Go, child, and salute your mother, who is so very devoted to her son, and then gladden your other mothers, who are so anxious to see you." Respectfully rising and bidding his attendants not to follow him, Candrāpiḍa with Vaiśampāyana following went to the inner apartments, the way being indicated by the royal servants privileged to enter the harem.

"There he approached his mother and bowed to her. She was surrounded on all sides by the attendants of the harem, who were clothed in white robes and who numbered many hundreds, and thus she resembled the Goddess of Beauty in the midst of the Milky Ocean's numerous white waves. She was being entertained by old female ascetics, whose forms were exceedingly serene; whose clothes were dyed red; who were fit to be praised by the whole world—they looked like

so many twilights, the appearance of which is very mild, the sky of which glows reddish, and which are adored by the whole world; who had elongated earlobes; who knew innumerable stories and chronicles; some of whom were narrating sacred stories; some of whom were reciting historical accounts; some of whom were holding books; and some of whom were teaching ethical precepts. She was being waited upon by a number of eunuchs who had assumed the speech and dress of women and who held fantastic combs. Fly whisks were constantly being waved above her. She was being honored by a group of women who carried clothes, ornaments, flowers, fragrant powders, betel, fans, unguents, and golden pitchers.

““She wore a pearl necklace that hung between her breasts, and thus she looked like the earth with the stream of Gaṅgā flowing between a pair of hills. Her image fell onto a nearby mirror, and thus she looked like the sky wherein the Hare-marked Moon has entered the sun’s disk. Having hastily raised him up, she herself performed the auspicious Ceremony of Descent, although her attendants, who were adroit at carrying out her commands, stood nearby. Her desire for hundreds of blessings for him in her love-filled heart and mind seemed to flow out in liquid form under the guise of the drops of milk oozing from her overflowing breasts.

““She kissed him on the forehead and embraced him for a long time. And immediately, after she had received Vaiśampāyana in the same manner with proper homage paid him and with an embrace, she sat down and forcibly drew to her the reluctant Candrāpīḍa, who, out of modesty, had sat upon the ground, and placed him by her side. When Vaiśampāyana had been seated on a stool brought with dispatch by the attendants, Vilāsavatī again and again hugged Candrāpīḍa, and, repeatedly caressing his chest and shoulders, she said, “Dear son, hard-hearted was your father by whom this body, endowed with such qualities and deserving of being fondled by the three worlds, was caused to undergo such great stress for such a long time. Tell me how you endured the extreme restraint imposed on you by your teachers. Aho! Although you were but a young boy, you had the fortitude of an adult. Aho! Your heart though childish had to give up its levity and interest in the play of childhood. Aho! You have an uncommon devotion to your teachers. Just as I have seen you thoroughly educated through the

grace of your father, so I shall in a short time see you endowed with suitable wives.”

“So saying she kissed Candrāpiḍa, who bowed his head and bashfully smiled; on his cheek the image of her face was reflected so that he seemed to wear an ear ornament fashioned of a blown lotus. He stayed there a short while and then in due order gladdened the whole harem with his visit. Leaving, he mounted Indrāyudha, who stood at the palace gate, and then, followed by that same company of princes, went to see Śukanāsa. Arriving at Śukanāsa’s palace gate, he dismounted from his horse in the outer courtyard as he had at the royal residence, although the doorkeepers who stood at the entrance and who ran quickly toward him did not prevent his entry.

“The palace was crowded with troops of elephants stationed there for night-watch duty. It was densely packed with thousands of horses and with an unlimited number of people pressing together. It was being visited day and night by Scarlet Robes, who are the chief followers of the teachings of Śākyamuni; by monks of the Lord of Animals; and by the Twice-born. They had one place apart to themselves where they had formed many small groups; they were eager to see Śukanāsa and had come on various business from all parts of the world. Their eyes of discernment had been opened by the ointment of the study of many Śāstras, and under the guise of their monk’s garb they seemed to be clothed in the garments of the God of Duty, who was pleased with their modesty. The residence was filled with hundreds of thousands of cow elephants of feudatory princes who had gone inside. The elephants had their long housings of painted cloth folded and carried on the laps of men who sat on their hindquarters. Their drivers had fallen asleep in their weariness at waiting so long. The elephants were in harness, and their heads swayed from their standing still.

“Candrāpiḍa left his horse at the entrance and, leaning on Vaiśampāyana, entered Śukanāsa’s palace. It was like a second royal palace and was replete with thousands of freshly whitewashed walls. He was being shown the way, exactly as he had been in the royal residence, by groups of doorkeepers who ran before him and drove away other servants. He was saluted, after rising in the same manner, by a host of kings, the tips of whose crests waved and who had come there to pay homage to Śukanāsa. Then he saw, again as before, the



inner apartments in which the servants were silent out of fear of rebuke from cross doorkeepers and in which the earth was shaken by the tread of hundreds of feet of the many neighboring vassals, who were startled at the numbers of staff-bearers moving about. Entering, he saluted Śukanāsa as if he were his second father; he was seated in the midst of many thousands of kings and, with his head bent very low, showed Candrāpīḍa respect. Śukanāsa hurriedly rose as did the kings surrounding him, one after the other. After Candrāpīḍa had modestly approached a good many steps, Śukanāsa, with tears of joy welling up in his eyes dilated with bliss, closely and affectionately embraced him as well as Vaiśampāyana. Freed from the embrace and avoiding the jewelled seat which was respectfully brought to him, Candrāpīḍa sat on the floor along with Vaiśampāyana. When the prince was thus seated, that whole circle of kings, save for Śukanāsa, left their own seats and sat on the floor.

“Śukanāsa remained silent for a moment, the extreme joy he felt in his heart showing on his limbs, which thrilled with erect hair. Then he addressed Candrāpīḍa, “Oh dear child Candrāpīḍa, surely today after such a time the blessed Tārāpīḍa receives the fruit of his sovereignty of the world now that he has seen you educated and mature. Today all your teachers’ wishes have come true. Today we reap the reward of merit acquired in many former births, and the household deities are content, for persons like you, the cause of amazement in the three worlds, do not become sons of those who are unworthy. Who has such youth! Who has such superhuman strength! And who has such ability to master boundless knowledge! Aho! Happy are the subjects whom you were born to protect, you who resemble Bharata and Bhagīratha. Indeed, what virtuous deed can Earth have performed to have you as her lord? Surely the Goddess of Fortune, passionately devoted to a rather silly desire for dwelling on Hari’s bosom, must be wretched at not having assumed bodily form and approached you. In every possible way, with your father’s aid, support the earth with your arm for ten millions of Ages, just as the Great Boar at the end of the Final Dissolution holds up Earth on the curve of his tusks.”

“Following these words Śukanāsa honored Candrāpīḍa with ornaments, clothing, flowers, ointments and such, and then gave him leave to depart. Dismissed, the prince rose and entered the harem to visit Vaiśampāyana’s mother, Manoramā. Then he came out and

mounted Indrāyudha and went to his own palace, previously built by his father. It was an exact copy of the royal residence: having silver jars filled and placed by its entrance, garlanded with festoons of green sandal, shining with thousands of white banners dancing over it, filling all space with the sound of auspicious musical instruments, having heaps of blown lotuses prepared for offerings, having sacrifices to Agni recently made, having handsome and clean servants, and having all rites for entering a newly built house performed. Arriving there he rested a while on a couch in the pavilion. Then his royal retinue helped him finish the day's business beginning with bathing and ending with dinner, and Candrāpiḍa arranged that Indrāyudha be stabled privately. And so as he pursued these and various other duties, the day came to an end.

“The sun, its rays shorn off, sank in the sky as if it were a ruby anklet—its interstices smothered by its glow—slipping from the foot of the Goddess of Beauty of the day as she descended from the sky. Daylight flowed westward like a stream of water following the tracks of the Maker of Day's chariot. The day wiped all color from the red lotuses by means of the Maker of Day, who, as his surface was red as fresh shoots and as he sank face down, looked like a hand the palm of which was red as new shoots and which stretched out to wipe away the lotuses' glow. Pairs of *cakravāka* birds parted and, as their necks were encircled and darkened by garlands of bees seeking out the fragrance of lotuses, seemed as if they were being dragged apart by the nooses of the God of Death. With its spreading rays, that were like hollowed hands, the Maker of Day, as if wearied by his journey across the sky, seemed to pour out, in the form of his reddish glow, lotus honey which he had drunk right up to day's end.

“In due course, when the blessed Ray-wreathed God—the red lotus ear ornament of the western quarter's virgin—had gone to the other world; when twilight—a bed of blown lotuses on the sky's shore—was displaying its glow; when the faces of the Virgins of the Quarters were marked with streaks of darkness, as if with leaf-and-creeper decorations of black aloe; when twilight's gleam was being driven away by thick darkness, black as a swarm of bees, just as red lotus groves are transformed into blue lotus forests when made smudgy by a bee swarm; when bees were sneaking into red lotuses as if they were ropes of darkness bent on pulling out the sunshine drunk by those lotuses;

when the luster of evening—which had served as a leafy earring for the Coquette of Night—had ever so slowly melted away; when rice-ball offerings had been scattered about for the twilight's goddess; when the peacock perches, swathed in gloom, seemed to be inhabited by peacocks, though none sat upon them; when pigeons, serving as the ear blossoms on the goddess of the palace, had taken up residence in the lattice windows; when the golden harem swings hung motionless because the ladies they bore were gone, and were dumb with their little bells stilled; when the parrots and mynahs sat silent in their cages suspended in the branches of the palace's *sahakāra* trees; when *vinās* were laid aside and their sound silenced at concert's close; when the royal geese were quiet at the cessation of the sounding of women's anklets; when conch-shell ear ornaments, plumes, and Necklaces of Stars had been removed from the rut-elephants, and the fissures of their cheeks had been abandoned by the bees; when lamps were being kindled in the stables of the king's favorite horses; when troops of elephants for the first watch were entering; when the priests had departed after performing the Blessed Success Rites for the king; when the inner apartments of the palace looked as though they had grown larger, as the royal retinue had been dismissed and only a few servants remained there; when the jewelled pavement, glittering with the reflections of thousands of glowing lamps, seemed to bear offerings of blown yellow *campaka* blossoms; when the palace ponds into which the splendor of the lamps plunged seemed to be visited by the early morning sunshine come to console the lotuses grieved at their separation from the sun; when the caged lions, yawning, fell asleep; when the *Makara*-bannered God had readied his bowstring, had seized his arrows, and had entered the harem as if he were a night watchman; when passionate words of love, delivered by messengers, were being listened to as though they were red-shoot ear ornaments worn over the ear; when the hearts of haughty ladies distressed by grief were burning as if with fire transferred to them from the sunstones; then nighttime arrived, and Candrāpīḍa, encircled by a number of glowing lamps, went on foot to the royal palace. He stayed with his father a short while, visited Vilāsavatī, and then returned to his own palace where he retired to a bed sprinkled with the light of many and various jewels; he resembled the Lord of the Senses resting beneath the circle of

Uragarāja's hoods, dappled with the glow of those hoods' many and various jewels.

“When night began to flee, Candrāpīḍa rose with a heart enticed by the pleasure of hunting, previously unknown to him. Granted permission by his father, he mounted Indrāyudha while the divine Thousand-rayed God had yet not appeared, and went to the forest. He was accompanied by many elephants, horses, and foot soldiers, and his enthusiasm was doubled by huntsmen who were dragging along on gold chains hounds the size of donkeys. The huntsmen wore clothing speckled like the hides of old tigers; their heads were bound with multicolored turbans; their faces were covered with heavy beards; each wore a gold earring in one ear; they had girded their loins; their thighs were well-developed from constant exercise; they carried bows in their hands; and they ran about raising a continuous *kolāhala* roar. There in the forest, with *bhalla* arrows, which he drew to his ear before discharging and which were bright as the petals of a blown sun-lotus, and with *nārāca* arrows, which could pierce a rut-elephant's temple, he, while gazed at by sleepy-eyed forest goddesses trembling at the *ṭam-ṭam* of his bow, killed thousands of wild boars, lions, *śarabhas*, yak, and many antelope. And by sheer force he took many other struggling, living creatures.

“When the Vivifier had moved to mid-sky, Candrāpīḍa returned to his palace. He was carried home by Indrāyudha, who gave off a ceaseless rain of froth as though he had just emerged from a bath, who now and again champed causing his rough bridle bit to sound with a *khaṇ-khaṇ*, who spewed bloody foam from his mouth slack with fatigue, who raised a line of lather along the edge of his saddle, and who wore over his ear as a souvenir of his visit to the forest a spray of shoots and flowers noisy with the *jhaṇ-jhaṇ* of swarming bees. Candrāpīḍa's handsomeness was doubled twice over by his armor, which was moistened at the waist by perspiration and was splattered with deer blood. Since his umbrella bearer was lost in the confusion of chasing after numerous wild beasts, he himself ward off the sun by a sprout of fresh leaves. Covered with the pollen of various wild liana blossoms, he looked like Spring incarnate. Sweat was clearly visible on his forehead, which was dirty from the dust kicked up by his horse's hooves. In front of him the area was clear, since his servants who were

on foot were cut off from him far in the rear. And with the few princes riding swift enough steeds to keep up with him, he recalled events of the hunt: "Thus was that lion killed." "Thus that boar." "Thus that buffalo." "Thus that *śarabha*." "Thus that stag."

"Dismounting, he sat on a seat brought by his attendants, who hurriedly ran forward with it, and he removed his armor. Then he doffed the remainder of his riding habit and rested a while, his fatigue taken away by the breezes of palm-leaf fans waved all around him. Rested, he went to the bathing room, which was furnished with hundreds of jewelled, silver, and gold pitchers and had a gold seat placed in its midst. After he had finished bathing and his body had been rubbed dry with clean cloth and his head wrapped with strips of fresh silk, he put on his clothes, paid homage to the gods, and then was seated in the anointing room. There the servants of the palace, sent by Tārāpīḍa and supervised by the head doorkeeper, the maids of Vilāsavatī headed by Kulavardhanā, and the harem servants from the inner apartments, all brought baskets filled with various ornaments, wreaths, unguents, and robes and presented them to him. He accepted the gifts from them in due order and, having himself first anointed Vaiśampāyana, finished his own toilette. Then he gave to those attendants who stood nearby, as each deserved, ornaments, clothes, unguents, and flowers and went to the dining room that was made splendid by thousands of jewelled cups and that looked like an autumn sky glittering with a multitude of stars. There he sat down on a seat of folded carpets and took his meal in the company of Vaiśampāyana, who was seated nearby busily extolling Candrāpīḍa's virtues, and of a number of princes, who were seated according to rank. The princes knew increased delight at his showing special favor to them with such words as: "Let this be given to him." "Let that be served to him."

"He then rinsed his mouth, took a betel roll, and rested a while, after which he went to see Indrāyudha. There, while remaining standing, he extolled the horse's merits. Although his servants stood nearby, their faces raised in anticipation of his every command, he himself, with his heart charmed by Indrāyudha's beauties, spread fodder before the horse. After he left him he went to the royal palace, and then, after seeing Tārāpīḍa, repaired to his own dwelling.

"At dawn on the following day he saw approaching the chamberlain named Kailāsa, chief of the whole harem and high in favor with



the king, closely followed by a maiden of exceedingly noble mien. She was in the first blush of youth, and though she was well-versed in the ways of the court, her modesty was unimpaired. Youth had, in fact, just made its appearance in her. She wore an upper garment red with dye made from the *śakragopka* insect; she looked like the eastern quarter's virgin clothed in early morning sunshine. With a lovely light streaming from her limbs, the color of which was that of newly powdered red arsenic, she seemed to fill the palace with an overflowing river of Elixir. She looked like the Maker of Night descended to earth out of fear of Rāhu's maw. She looked like the palace's guardian deity incarnate. As her feet were encircled by jingling begemmed anklets, she was like a lotus pool encircled by cackling geese.

“Her hips were bound by a girdle of precious gold; her breasts had barely appeared; and, under the guise of her nails swung to and fro as she gently moved her long slender arms, she seemed to shower the

very essence of her beauty. As her body was submerged in the network of rays from her pearl necklace, which sent beams of light shooting over the quarters, she looked like the Goddess of Fortune as her face emerged from the Milky Ocean. Her lower lip was darkened from the black hues of betel-chewing. Her nose was straight, well-rounded, and long. Her eyes were like blown *punḍarika* lotuses. As her cheeks were struck by the lustrous rays sparking from the tips of her *makara*-and-leaf jewelled earrings, they seemed to be caressed by ornamental ear shoots. Her broad forehead was enhanced with a *tilaka* of sandal paste that was gray from not being very fresh. Her jewelry was mostly of pearls. She, like Rādheya's Royal Goddess of Fortune, had used unguents [was loved by the people of Aṅga]. Her vine-body, like a grove of young trees, was slender and delicate [had tender and small creepers]. Her feet, like the Triple Sacred Sacrifice, were planted firmly

[the schools of which are well-established]. As her waist was slender, she looked like a sacrificial hall in the middle of which is an altar. And, as she was adorned with golden earrings, she looked like a golden-leaved liana on Mount Meru.

“The chamberlain bowed, approached Candrāpīḍa, and, with his right hand placed on the ground, said, “Oh prince, lady Vilāsavati commands thus: ‘This girl named Patralekhā is a daughter of the ruler of Kulūta and when but a young maiden was brought here with the other captives taken by our great king when he humbled Kulūta’s capital. Here she was placed among the women of the harem. Having lost her protector and being the daughter of a king, she gained my affection and was for a long time fostered and raised by me as if she were my own daughter. Now I send her to you as I have thought, “She is fit to be his betel-box bearer.” And you, of long life, are not to consider her an ordinary servant. She is to be cherished like a child, to be protected from whimsy, as you would your own mind, to be looked upon as a pupil, and to be initiated into all your confidences like a friend. Because of the affection I held for her for such a long time, my heart is attached to her as if she were my own child. Since she is descended from a family of kings of high nobility, only certain duties are to be assigned her. Surely, she, with her modesty, will in but a few days come to please you. She has been my only object of love for a very long time. As her character is not known to you, I send this message, “You, blessed one, should take pains by all means such that she long remains your fit attendant.””

“After Kailāsa had finished speaking, Candrāpīḍa long stared at Patralekhā, who had made a dignified bow, and then he said to the chamberlain, “It shall be as my mother commands,” and dismissed him.

“Now Patralekhā, who became zealously devoted to him at first sight, turned into his shadow, never leaving his side either by day or by night, whether he was asleep, seated, standing, or walking, or visiting the royal palace. Candrāpīḍa’s delight in her was great and increased from the moment he set eyes on her. Every day he showed her more and more favor, and in all confidential matters he considered her no different than his own heart.

“After some days had passed, the king decided to inaugurate Candrāpīḍa, heir apparent, and directed his doorkeepers to collect the

requisite materials. One day, when the prince was paying him a visit, with the day for coronation nigh, Śukanāsa wished to train him even further, although he was quite well-educated, and spoke to him at some length. "Child Candrāpīḍa, there is not even a small amount of advice that need be given you, who know all there is to be known and who have studied all the Śāstras. But the darkness that arises from youth is quite dense; it cannot be pierced by the sun, destroyed by the luster of jewels, nor dispelled by the light of a lamp. The intoxication induced by the Goddess of Fortune is terrible, and it does not subside even in old age. And then there is the blindness produced by cataracts in the form of power, which are very painful and not to be cured by a collyrium ointment. The fierce heat of the fever of arrogance cannot be assuaged by any cooling remedies. The stupor brought on by the taste of the poison of sensual pleasures cannot be counteracted by medicinal roots or spells. Passion's filth cannot be washed off by any amount of bathing or cleansing. The dreadful sleep brought on by royal pleasures disturbing the body's humor is one from which there is no awakening at night's end. For these reasons I now address you in some detail.

""""To be born sovereign, to be very young, to possess matchless beauty and superhuman strength is to be in the presence of a series of potentially great evils. Any one of these by itself may be the abode of insolence—how much more so a collection? As a rule, in early youth the intellect becomes muddy, laved though it may be by the waters of the Śāstras. The eyes of young men, while not surrendering their whiteness, become red [affected by passion]. Like a gusty wind stirring up a column of dust as it blows away a dry leaf, a young man's nature snatches him away as his mind is whirled about by an inclination for delight. Invariably this 'deer-thirst' [mirage] in the form of sensual pleasures has a bad end, as it carries off the deer in the form of the senses. To a soul afflicted by youth, those very forms of pleasure appear sweeter and sweeter as it goes on enjoying them, just as water tastes sweeter to one who has tasted poison. Extreme devotion to sensual urgings destroys a person by leading him down the wrong path, just as ignorance of the directions leads a person to take the wrong road.

""""Only persons such as yourself are fit receptacles for advice, for good counsel easily enters a mind free of impurities, just as the rays of



the Maker of Night penetrate crystal. A teacher's words, however pure, produce pain when they enter the ear of a wicked person, just as water, though pure, causes pain when it enters the ear. But in the case of some people such advice produces more beauty in the face, just as the conch-shell ornament imparts more beauty to an elephant. The words of a teacher remove all wickedness, even the most reprehensible, just as the twilight's Maker of Night dispels even the blackest darkness. Advice which calms the passions and transforms faults to virtues is like old age, diminishing passion and transforming dark hair to white. This is just the time to advise you, as you have not yet tasted carnal pleasure, for counsel trickles away like blood from a heart shattered by the Blossom-arrowed God's arrows. Noble lineage and good breeding are not deterrents to a wicked man of mean nature. Is not fire produced from sandalwood? Does not the Submarine Fire blaze all the more fiercely when fed with water, though water is the cause of its being quenched?

“““The advice of a teacher is a bath without water, capable of cleansing all the impurities of men; it is an agedness in which deformities such as gray hair are not produced and which is free from decrepitude; it is a fattening that does not produce the evil of corpulence; it is an ear ornament that is not embellished with gold yet is not rustic; it is a light without flame; and it is a wakefulness that causes no fatigue. All this is even more so in the case of kings, for few are their teachers. Out of fear people follow the words of a king like an echo, and those kings whose ears are stopped by a tumor in the form of wanton pride do not listen though being taught. Even when they do listen they remain apathetic, like an elephant closing his eyes in indifference. And they weary their teacher who proffers good advice. The nature of kings is that of delirium, their minds being darkened by a swoon caused by the fever of arrogance. Riches produce the madness of false pride, and the Goddess of Royal Glory brings on a coma caused by the workings of power's poison.

“““Let you, who are always intent upon goodness, consider first the Goddess of Fortune herself. For this goddess, who easily moves about the lotus-forest of swords, rose from the Milky Ocean and brought with her some mementos of her long residence in the sea, to ease the pangs of separation: passion [redness] from the leaves of the Paradise Tree; extreme perverseness [having curves] from the half-moon; un-

steadiness [fleetness] from Uccaiḥśravas; infatuation [swoon-causing] from the *kālakūṭa* poison; arrogance [drunkenness] from wine; and cruelty [hardness] from the Kaustubha gem. There is no one in this world so heedless of friendship as this dishonorable lady. Though seized, she is held with difficulty; though fettered with the ropes of merits, she vanishes; though confined in the cage of thin swords waved by thousands of proud warriors, she escapes; though guarded by columns of elephants darkened by a rain of ichor, she slips away. She does not respect intimacy, cares nothing for noble birth, is not concerned with beauty, does not esteem hereditary descent, has no regard for virtue, counts intelligence for naught, has no ear for learning, is not fond of duty, does not honor liberality, puts no stock in the discriminating man, does not observe custom, takes no account of truth, sets no value in auspicious signs.

“““Like the skyline of the city of the Gandharvas, she vanishes when looked at. Even now she wanders about as if still under the influence of being whirled around in the churning revolutions of the Mandara Mountain. She firmly plants her foot nowhere, as though a lotus-stalk thorn had lodged in it from her wanderings in lotus beds. Although with care restrained in the palaces of great kings, she staggers away as though intoxicated from drinking wine [ichor] from the temples of numerous rut-elephants. She dwells on the blades of swords as if to learn cruelty [keenness] from them. She clings to the bosom of Nārāyaṇa as if to learn the ways of illusion. Full of great trepidation she abandons a king though he may have enriched his territory, army, treasury, array of princes, just as she abandons a lotus at day’s end though it may have abundant roots, stalks, and buds.

“““She, like a creeper, dwells with rogues [climbs trees]. She, like Gaṅgā, though the producer of wealth, is fickle as the bubbles on waves [though she is the mother of the Vasus, restlessly ripples and bubbles]. She, like the movement of the Maker of Day, flaunts her various flittings around [shows off his passage through the zodiac]. She, like a cave in the Abode of Serpents, has many dark deeds [is extremely gloomy]. Her heart, like that of Hiḍimbā, is charmed only by daring deeds of stupendous bravery [was captivated only by the daring deeds of Bhīma]. She, like the rainy season, produces a short-lived glow [produces lightning]. She, like a wicked She-flesh-eater, promotes the rise to prosperity of many men and makes small men drunk with pride

[has a height equal to many men and drives timid ones into madness].

“““As if jealous, she does not embrace anyone embraced by the Goddess of Speech. She does not touch a virtuous person, as if he were impure. She does not esteem a noble person, as if he were inauspicious. She does not look at a good man, as if he were an evil omen. She avoids a high-born person, as if he were a snake. She shuns a brave man, as if he were a thorn. She forgets a liberal man, as if he were a bad dream. She does not approach an educated man, as if he were a dolt. She mocks a noble-minded man, as if he were a drunkard.

““““In the world her actions are thought to be the jugglings of opposites: though producing heat, she creates cold [she keeps a man in good spirits, yet makes him dull]; though bestowing height, she makes one a dwarf [though she brings about an elevation of status, she gives rise to meanness of character]; though produced from water, she increases thirst [though she is born of the ocean, she fosters avarice]; though she creates ‘Śivaness,’ she produces a nature not Śiva’s [though she makes a man wealthy, she leads him to venality]; though bringing an increase of strength, she enervates [though she makes a man powerful, she makes him small-minded]; though being a sister of the Elixir of Immortality, she gives rise to a bitter taste [she gives rise to disaster]; though she is embodied, she is invisible to the senses [she fosters strife]; though attached to the best of men, she loves mischievous ones [though she is attached to the Best of Men, she gravitates to wicked men].

““““As if made of dust, she soils even the pure. And the more this fickle lady shines, the more she gives rise to deeds dark as lampblack, just as the more the flickering flame of a lamp burns, the more does it produce black soot. Further, she is the nourishing stream to the poisonous vines of desire, the song of the hunter to the deer of the senses, obscuring smoke to the pictures of good deeds, the beautiful couch to the long sleep of infatuation, an old turret to the She-flesh-eater of avarice, the onset of blindness in the eye of the Śāstras, the banner in the van of impudence, the river of birth to the crocodiles of rancor, the drinking ground for the wines of sensual pleasures, the music room for the dance of frowns, the pit for the pythons of faults, the cane staff for expelling etiquette among good men, an unseasonable storm to the royal geese of merits, the breeding ground for the boils of public scandal, the prologue to the drama of deceit, the pennant on the elephant of

lust, the abattoir of good attitudes, and the tongue of Rāhu to the moon of righteousness.

“““I do not see anyone, even one formerly unknown to her, who has not been passionately embraced by her only to be deceived. She departs though captured in a picture. She conjures spells though confined to books. She deceives though carved as a statue. She cheats though merely heard. She lies though merely contemplated. Kings who are somehow, by the will of Fate, seized by this wicked woman, are bewildered and come to be the abode of wickedness. For it is thus: at the time of their coronation their piety is washed away as if with the water from auspicious jars; their heart is dirtied as if with the smoke of sacrifices to Agni; their patience is swept away as if with the *kuśa*-grass brooms held by priests; their memory of the approach of old age is covered over as if with the tying on of turban cloths; their sight of the next world is blinded as if by the umbrellas held over them; their truthfulness is blown away as if by the wind of the fly whisks waved around them; their merits are dispelled as if by the cane staffs of their doorkeepers; good advice is muffled by the din of the shouts of ‘Victory’; and their glory is smothered as if by the streamers of banner cloths.

“““And so it is that some kings are enticed by riches, which are unsteady as a bird’s neck hanging slack from exhaustion, which look charming for only a short while like a firefly’s flash, and which are censured by all high-minded persons. They forget their birth in the arrogance caused by the acquisition of a little wealth. As if from tainted blood, they are vexed by heightened passion increased by various misdeeds. In their ardent desire to enjoy pleasures of the flesh they are harried by their senses, which though but five seem to number many thousands. They are perturbed because their mind, which though but one seems to have been multiplied a thousand times and which has free rein in pursuit of its natural fickleness. They are seized as if by evil planets, overpowered as if by ghosts, possessed as if by spells, inhabited as if by goblins, ridiculed as if by delirium, and swallowed as if by Flesh-eaters.

“““As though hit in their vital parts by the arrows of the Mad-dener, they distort their faces into a thousand shapes. As if burned by the heat of wealth, they wither. As if struck with vehement blows, their limbs droop. Like crabs, they wander askew. Since their course

of action is determined by unrighteous deeds, as if lame they are guided by others. They mumble and speak with great difficulty, as though their mouths had become ulcerated by false speech. They produced a blinding passion, causing headaches in those who come near them, just as *saptacchada* trees cause headaches in bystanders with the pollen of their blossoms. As if near death, they do not recognize even their relatives. As if their eyes are agitated, they cannot look at great men. They cannot be awakened even by means of great ministers, just as a person suffering from snakebite cannot be roused even by means of great spells. They cannot endure great men, just as lac ornaments cannot bear to be near heat. They do not listen to advice, as they are made fast by their great pride, like a rogue elephant made fast to its very large tying post. Stupefied by the poison of greed, they see everything as if made of gold, just as a person who is delirious from a thirst-producing poison sees everything through a golden haze.

“““They destroy at others’ instigation when their cruelty is increased by drinking, just as arrows are sharpened on a whetstone and then discharged at the enemy. Dispatching their armies, they fell great families though they stand at a distance from them, just as men throw sticks at and knock down fruit growing high on a tree. Though charming of form they cause distress in people, just as does the untimely appearance of flowers. They cause great fear, like the burning grounds. They cannot see very far, like persons suffering from cataracts. Just as persons possessed by evil spirits have their houses invaded by bees, so their house is inhabited by mean persons. When merely heard, they cause terror, like the drum beaten at a cremation. When merely thought of, they cause calamity, just like decisions to commit great sin. Being sated daily, their bodies become bloated as though inflated with sin. And in such a condition they become the targets of hundreds of vices and never know their own fall, just as drops of water clinging to the tips of blades of grass on an anthill do not know their own fall.

““““Others are misled by praises only suitable for the Celestial World from rogues who are experts in flattery; who are bent on gaining their own ends; who are vultures devouring the flesh of wealth; who are cranes surrounding the lotus pool of the assembly hall; and who though laughing inwardly, outwardly raise faults to the status of virtues, thus: ‘Gambling is a diversion.’ ‘Cohabitation with another’s wife is cleverness.’ ‘Hunting is exercise.’ ‘Drinking is a sport.’ ‘Carelessness is

valor.' 'Deserting one's own wife is a rejection of addiction to sensuality.' 'Repudiating the advice of teachers is a refusal to be led by others.' 'Laxity with servants is a virtue.' 'Love of dancing, song, instrumental music, and the company of harlots is evidence of good taste.' 'Listening to a monstrous offense is a sign of great nobility.' 'Accepting insults is forgiveness.' 'Being out of control is assertion of sovereignty.' 'Showing disrespect to the gods is great moral strength.' 'The praise of sycophants is fame.' 'Rashness is energy.' 'Inability to distinguish right from wrong is impartiality.' Such kings, whose minds are drunk with the pride of wealth, insensibly become conceited and say to all the foregoing, 'So be it!'

““““Though mortal they look upon themselves as partial incarnations of divine beings, in fact, as superhuman beings. They undertake the behavior and gestures proper only to gods and are ridiculed by everyone. When their servants imitate them in their actions, they welcome it. Because they are deceived in their attribution of divinity to themselves and are seduced by an irrational assumption, they believe their two arms conceal a second pair; they imagine their forehead to have a third eye hidden beneath the skin; and they consider the mere granting of their sight to be a favor, the casting of their glance to be a benefit, conversation with them to be a boon, their command to be a blessing conferred, and their mere touch to be purifying. Bloated with the pride of false greatness, they do not bow to the gods, do not reverence the Twice-born, do not honor those deserving of honor, do not worship those worthy of worship, do not salute those who deserve to be saluted, and do not rise for their teachers. They laugh at the sages: 'Such worthless toil instead of the enjoyment of sensual pleasures!' They consider the advice of old persons 'prattlings of senility!' They are displeased with the advice of ministers: 'It is an insult to the intellect!' And they get angry with friendly counsel. In every way, him they welcome, him they talk to, him they have by their side, him they advance, with him they stay with pleasure, to him they give, him they admit to their friendship, his words they heed, on him they shower gifts, him they honor, and him they make their trusted confidant who with all other business set aside, and with folded hands, flatters them day and night, continuously as if they were gods, and proclaims their greatness.

““““What is proper to them whose authority is the Śāstra of Kauṭilya,

which is so dreadful in its very cruel advice; whose teachers are priests of wholly ruthless nature because of their practice of evil spells; whose advisers are ministers intent on deceiving others; who are deeply devoted to the Goddess of Fortune, who has been enjoyed and abandoned by thousands of kings; who persevere in the study of Śāstras that contain instructions for murder; whose own brothers, who are attached to them because their hearts are innately full of affection, are to be destroyed? Therefore, oh prince, in the rule of empire, which is awesome with its thousands of extremely devious and unpleasant tasks, and in this youth of yours, which lures one into deep infatuations, you should strive to conduct yourself such that you are not belittled by the people, not censured by the good, not reproached by your teachers, and not reviled by your friends, and that you do not grieve the wise. Act such that you may not be exposed by scoundrels, taken in by swindlers, preyed upon by dissolutes, attacked by wolves posing as servants, deceived by knaves, seduced by women, made ludicrous by the Goddess of Fortune, set to dancing by arrogance, driven insane by the Maddener, drawn in by carnal pleasures, dragged down by passion, or carried away by luxury. True it is that of your own free will you have a nature that is steadfast, and your father has seen to your education; for riches infatuate only the unenlightened and weak of heart.

““I may be garrulous, but I am reassured by your virtues. You should be told this again and again: though a man may be learned, rational, of great nobility, high-born, firm-minded, persevering—still, that man may be turned wicked by the ruthless Goddess of Fortune. May you in every way enjoy the auspicious ceremony with its attendant blessings now to be performed by your father for your coronation as heir apparent. Bear the yoke that was borne by your ancestors and that has been handed down to you. Bow the heads of your enemies. Raise up your kindred. After your inauguration, begin conquest of the directions, and in the course of your marches again subdue the earth with its ornament of seven continents, as it was once conquered by your father. This is the time for you to establish your prowess; for a king whose prowess is established is like a seer who can see into all three worlds: his orders are always carried out.” Having said this much, he ceased.

““When Śukanāsa had quit speaking, Candrāpiḍa, by those words of advice, seemed to become cleansed, brightened, purified, laved,

bathed, anointed, adorned, hallowed, and made resplendent. Filled with delight, he stayed there for a while and then returned to his own palace.

“After several days had passed, on a holy day, Tārāpīḍa, accompanied by Śukanāsa and surrounded by many thousands of princes, himself raised the special pitcher and anointed his son for whom all preparations had been made by the head priest for an auspicious royal inauguration. The waters of coronation had been collected from all the sacred places, rivers, and oceans and were mixed with herbs, fruits, clays, jewels, and with the king’s tears of joy, and were sanctified by spells. At that moment the Goddess of Royal Glory transferred herself to Candrāpīḍa, whose body was wet with the waters of the coronation, although she did not abandon Tārāpīḍa; she was like a creeper entwining itself around another tree without leaving the original one. Afterwards he was anointed top to bottom with fragrant sandal paste white as moonlight, by Vilāsavati herself, who was surrounded by all the ladies of the harem and whose heart was tender with affection.

“On his head he wore a chaplet of recently bloomed white blossoms. His body was covered with *gorocanā* unguent. He wore an ear ornament made of *dūrvā* grass. He had donned a pair of silken garments that had long fringes and were as pure white as the moon. His wrist was encircled by a thread tied on by the priest. Upon his breast lay a pearl necklace, which was the filament of the Goddess of Royal Glory’s newly blown lotus or the circle of the Seven Sages come for a look at the ceremony. Since he wore an upper garment of garlands strung with white blossoms that hung down to his knees and that shone like moonbeams, and since he had put on a white robe, he looked like the Man-lion with its thick mane shaken about, like Mount Kailāsa with its numerous cascading rivers, like Airāvata made hairy by a net of lotus stamens from the Celestial Ganges, or like the Milky Ocean covered with flakes of glittering foam. His father carried the cane staff himself on that occasion and cleared the path in front so that Candrāpīḍa might arrive at the assembly hall and mount the golden Lion Throne, just as the Hare-marked Moon ascends Mount Meru’s golden peak.

“After he had assumed the throne, had received all the princes with the respect due to each, and had stayed there for a short while, there sounded very slowly the *dundubhi* drum announcing the beginning of his conquest of the quarters. The drum muttered deeply like



the massing clouds at the Final Dissolution. It was being struck by golden rods as the ocean was pummeled by the whirling Mandara Mountain, as the foundations of the earth are smashed by thunderstorms at the close of an Age, as clouds portending calamity are ripped by flashes of lightning, or as the cavity of the Abode of Serpents is gouged by the snout of the Great Boar. By that sound the hollows of the world seemed to be inflated, opened, cleft, enlarged, enveloped, circumambulated, and deafened. The bonds of the joints of the directions seemed to be loosened. The sound rumbled through the three worlds. It was heard with alarm by the Guardians of the World. In the Nether Region it seemed to be embraced by Śeṣa, whose thousand hoods fanned out and trembled unevenly with fear. In the directions it seemed to be challenged by the elephants of the quarters, who again and again flailed at the air before them with their trunks. In the sky it seemed to be circled by the Maker of Day's chariot horses, which, in terror, cantered about in a circle. On Mount Kailāsa it seemed to be spoken to by the Three-eyed God's bull, which uttered the *hurṁ-hurṁ* sound of joy in the belief that it was the unusual and loud laughter of the God Who Slays with Arrows. On Mount Meru it seemed to be welcomed by Airāvata, who trumpeted deeply. And in the Celestial World it seemed to be bowed to by the God of Death's buffalo as he obliquely thrust down his circular horns in his rage at hearing such a strange noise.

“Then, having heard the sound of the *duṇḍubhi* drum, Candrāpīḍa descended the Lion Throne, along with his foes' Goddess of Beauty, as all around him were loudly raised shouts of “Victory!” As he came out of the assembly hall he was followed by thousands of princes who hurriedly arose. They scattered about them heaps of pearls that slipped from the strings of their necklaces broken as they collided with one another, as though the pearls were fried corn playfully tossed out on the wonderful occasion of setting out upon a conquest of the quarters; and so Candrāpīḍa looked like the Paradise Tree followed by Wishing Trees shedding white blossoms and buds, like Airāvata tracked by the elephants of the quarters emitting spray from their trunks, like the sky trailed by the directions raining numerous stars, or like the rainy season nudged along by clouds pouring down showers of large drops of water.

“Once outside he mounted a female elephant, the inner seat on which was occupied by Patralekhā. The elephant had been especially ornamented for the occasion and had been quickly brought forward by her driver. Then Candrāpīḍa began to ride out, the heat being kept off him by an umbrella that had a hundred ribs and a fringe made of hanging pearls, that was a white whirlpool of the Milky Ocean swirled in its purging by the mountain, and that had the beauty of Mount Kailāsa when borne on the massive arms of the Ten-faced One. Because of the morning sunshine shedding a profuse light surpassing the luster of the lacquered diadems of the princes who, hidden by the ramparts, were waiting for him, as he was riding out he saw, even from inside the howdah that the ten directions were exceedingly orange as though with his own valor’s fire flaring out from his coronation, that the surface of the earth was reddened as though with the glow of love she felt for him when he was anointed heir apparent, that the sky was rosy as though there were a blaze in the quarters portending the approaching annihilation of his enemies, and that the day’s light was pink as if from the lac juice of the feet of the earth’s Goddess of Fortune coming to meet him.

“When he emerged he was saluted by hosts of kings, the thousands of troops of whose rut-elephants quickly advanced, whose umbrellas were crushed as they rubbed against one another, the rows of whose jewelled diadems were loosened as their heads bent down in respect to him, whose ear ornaments hung low, whose earrings fell against their cheeks, and whose names were being announced to him by the commander of the army appointed to do so. And then Candrāpīḍa set out very slowly, first of all for the east. He was followed by Gandhamādana, who was pink with a thick dusting of vermilion powder, whose Crest-pendant made of strings of pearls dangled to the ground, whose head sparkled with chaplets of white flowers; thus he looked like Mount Meru in the evening sunshine with Gaṅgā’s stream tumbling across it and with its rocky peak spangled with numerous stars. In front of him was being led Indrāyudha, whose limbs, speckled with the luster of his golden ornaments, looked as though they were smeared with saffron.

“Then the entire army began to move, its forest of umbrellas swaying as the herds of elephants ambled forward. It flooded the sur-

face of the earth, and from it was born a marvelous din. It looked like the Final Dissolution's ocean waters when they give off thousands of reflections of the moon bobbing on a multitude of billows and when they flood the surface of the earth with an awesome roar. As Candrāpiḍa, moved off, Vaiśampāyana came from his own dwelling and approached on a cow elephant that moved with rapid strides. He had performed the Ceremony of Departure, wore fine silk clothing, had adorned his limbs with white flowers, was being followed by a very large army and by numbers of princes, and had a white umbrella held over him as if he were a second heir apparent. Having approached Candrāpiḍa, Vaiśampāyana stayed near him the way that beams of the Hare-marked Moon hover near the sun.

“Immediately upon the shout, “the heir apparent has come out!” the earth, under the weighty armies spread out everywhere, trembled as if it floated upon the waters of the ocean bound by the displaced Kula Mountains. Then the luster of begemmed diadems, the crests of which were smothered by a network of creeper-like rays and by the glow streaming from the multitude of leaf-and-streak decorated bracelets that shed a sea of luster, transformed the ten quarters as the kings who wore them came before Candrāpiḍa and saluted him one after the other. It was as though some places had the powder of the wings of blue jays scattered about; some places seemed to be speckled with hundreds of moving peacock-tail moons as the peacocks flew away; some places seemed to scintillate with the lightning of unseasonable clouds; some places seemed to be filled with Wishing Tree shoots; some places seemed to sparkle with the bow of the God of a Hundred Sacrifices; and some places seemed to glow with morning sunshine. Although the umbrellas of those kings were white, they appeared to be made of peacock feathers, for they were sprinkled with jewel-rays shooting upwards and patched with the clusters of different gems. All at once the earth seemed to be made only of horses, the directions of elephants, heaven of umbrellas, the sky of a forest of banners, the wind of the odor of ichor, the mortal world of kings, the vision of the rays of jewelled ornaments, the day of diadems, and the three worlds of the cries of “Victory!”

“Everywhere it seemed to be the time of the Final Dissolution: rut-elephants were the moving Kula Mountains; rocking umbrellas were like evil-portending moons; the sounding *dundubhi* drum gave out a

roar as terrible and deep as the *saṁvartaka* clouds; spray from elephants spewed out like showers of stars; the rising columns of dust on the earth shone gray as comets; the trumpeting from the throats of elephants were as sonorous and harsh as the crack of thunderbolts; the powdered vermilion from the temples of elephants was strewn hither and yon like a dusty red shower of blood; the rows of cavalry marched forward and were restless as billowing waves of the agitated ocean's water; the raining streams of ichor trickled ceaselessly and darkened all of space; and a *kalakala* sound filled all the regions of the earth.

“As if terrified by the loud din, the ten directions fled, for they were completely enveloped by the myriad of white banners. As if afraid of the touch of the earth's polluting dust, the sky's vault retreated far away, for it was crowded with thousands of Crest-pendants on the temples of rut-elephants. As if retreating before the staffs of the powerful cane bearers, or as if afraid of being grayed by the dust raised by the horses' hooves, the sun abandoned the van of the army. As if fearing the extinguishing spray from the elephants' trunks, the day disappeared, for its light was concealed by umbrellas. The earth, crushed under the weight of that army and struck by hundreds of feet of rut-elephants, howled frightfully as if it were a second *bherī* drum struck on the occasion of starting a march. The foot soldiers staggered step by step as they waded in the rut-fluid of elephants streaming ichor, which mingled with the sparkling white froth bubbling from the mouths of the horses. The power of perceiving all other odors left the nose, as it does that of an elephant, pervaded as it was with the scent of ichor, sharp as the scent of *haritāla*.

“In due course, the people, whose ears were stunned, felt as though they were going to swoon because of the *kolāhala* roar of the crowds of people that ran in front of the marching army; the loud, long roll of *kāhala* drums; the joyful neighing of horses competing with the clatter of their hooves; the trumpeting of elephants mixed with the slappings of their ceaselessly flapping ears; the *ṭaṁ-ṭaṁ* clang of bells sounding unevenly owing to the elephants' heavy movements and the tinkling of the tiny bells attached to their neck ornaments; the boom of *paṭaha* drums beaten at the start of the march, increased by the blare of special conches; and the relentless pound of *ḍiṇḍima* drums.

“Slowly, slowly rose the dust caused by the tramp of the army. Due to the ground's many colors in some places it was gray like the

breast of an aged *śaphara* fish; in other places it was like a camel's mane; in some places it was dark like the curly hair of a mature deer; in some places it was white as threads of woven silk; in some places it was pale as a fully grown lotus stalk; in some places it was tawny as the hair of an old monkey; and in some places it was like creamy flakes of foam cast off when the Best of Bulls ruminates. Like the stream of the River of the Three Worlds, which has its origin in the feet of Hari, the dust was caused by the hooves of horses. Like an angry person who abandons forbearance, it left the earth. Like a prankster who covers another's eyes, it blinded the spectators. Like a thirsty person, it drank the watery spray from the elephants' trunks. Like a bird, it flew into the sky. Like a swarm of bees, it descended onto the lines of rut-fluid. Like a lion, it clasped the temples of elephants. Like a victorious conqueror, it seized the banners. And like the advent of old age, it whitened the heads of the people.

“It fell on the tips of eyelashes as if it were sealing vision. It clung to the thickened, sweet drops of honey in the lotus ear ornaments as if it were smelling them. It crept into the cavities of the conch-shell ornaments on the ears of elephants as if in fear of being beaten by the flapping ears of those rut-maddened beasts. It seemed to be consumed by *makaras* with gaping mouths engraved in the curlicued leaves on the jewels in the princes' crowns. It seemed to be worshiped by clusters of flowery flakes of foam flung about from the mouths of horses as they tossed their heads. It seemed to be followed by clumps of mineral dust that fell from the broad temples of the herds of rut-elephants. It seemed to be embraced by the cloud of perfumed powder shaken from the bunches of fly whisks as they were waved. It seemed to be encouraged by the pollen from the filaments of blossoms fallen from the princes' thousands of chaplets. Like the evil-portending Rāhu, it unexpectedly engulfed the Maker of Day. It was ground into the *gorocanā* powder on the numerous bracelets worn by the princes as auspicious for the start of an expedition. And it was gray as the saw-dust of sandalwood.

“Swollen in bulk from the activity of the immense army and dense as a mass of forbidding clouds appearing out of season, it began to grow as though it intended to swallow up the universe, and that dust—the huge body of which was gradually increasing—traversed the whole of the three worlds. It was the auspicious banner proclaiming

Candrāpīḍa's conquest of the world. It was the killer frost to the lotuses of his enemies' families. It was the perfumed powder for the toilette of the Goddess of Royal Glory. It was a crushing snow on his foes' *punḍarika*-lotus umbrellas. It was the earth's blinding swoon as she groaned under the army's weight. It was the rainy season's *kadamba* blossoms, caused by the marching armies. It was a herd of elephants uprooting the lotus beds of the rays of the Maker of Day. It was the surging ocean at the Final Dissolution, flooding both the sky and the earth. It was the veil for the head of the Goddess of Fortune of the three worlds.

“It was various in color like the heavy mane of the Great Boar. It was thick as the columns of smoke rising from the fires at the Final Dissolution. It seemed to emanate from the Abode of Serpents, to issue from the feet of the soldiers or to drop from their eyes, to pour out from the directions, to cascade from the sky, to spring from the breeze, to be born from the sunbeams. It was an imminent sleep that did not remove consciousness. It was a darkness that did not obscure the sun. It was a subterranean summer house, though the season was not hot. It was an evening of a night in the dark half of the month, without the risings of star clusters. It was a rainy season with no showers of water. It was the Nether Region without roaming snakes. It grew and grew, like the stride of Hari. The sky, white as the Milky Ocean and overpowered by the dust storming up from the earth, looked like a bed of blue lotuses covered by fresh rain. The Hot-rayed One, made brown by the thick dust, lost his luster, as a fly whisk does when it is used as an elephant's Crest-pendant. The Sky River, white as a strip of silk, became soiled, as does the banner of a marching army. It was as if the earth, unable to bear the weight of the king's army, once again ascended to the Celestial World under the guise of the dust to beg relief from its burden. Having fouled the sun's chariot pennons, the dust, as if to quench its scorching, dove into the waters of the ocean.

“Soon, as a result of the dust, the earth seemed to take up residence in a womb, to enter the ocean waters at the time of the Final Dissolution, to crawl into the God of Death's belly, to slip into Mahākāla's mouth, to hide in Nārāyaṇa's stomach, or to curl up inside the Primordial Egg. The day seemed to be made of earth, the quarters of clay, the sky of dust, and the three worlds of but one great element. Then the dust was damped down by hard showers of spray that were

white as the Milky Ocean and that squirted out in all directions from the trunks of elephants, who were exhausted by the heat of their own ichor; by the rain of ichor that splashed about as it flowed and was slapped by the elephants' leaf-ears; and by a mist of saliva flung by neighing horses.

““Seeing that immense army that seemed to have emerged from the ocean, Vaiṣampāyana was awestruck and, looking all around, said to Candrāpiḍa, “Oh crown prince, what has not already been conquered by the blessed Tārāpiḍa, the greatest of all kings, that you will conquer? What directions have not been subdued that you will subdue? What forts have not been taken that you will take? What other continents have not been possessed that you will possess? What jewels have not been acquired that you will acquire? What kings have not bowed to him? By whom have not the folded hands, tender as the buds of young lotuses, been placed on their heads in homage to him? By whose foreheads with gold fillets fastened on them have not the pavements of the assembly hall been polished smooth? Whose diadem jewels have not rubbed against his footstool? Who have not clutched cane staffs, waved fly whisks, or uttered ‘Victory’? What kings’ *makara*-and-leaf crowns have not drunk the rays streaming from his toenails—rays as pure as flowing water?”

“““For these inaugurated princes—who, smeared with the oily arrogance of power, would headstrong plunge into the four surging oceans; who are equal to Daśaratha, Bhagiratha, Bharata, Dilipa, Alarka, and Māndhātṛ; who possess the pride of their race; and who have drunk *soma*—bear upon the sprigs of their crest-jewels, which have been purified by sprinklings of coronation water, your feet’s blessed dust as if it were protective ashes. The earth is supported by them as if by another First Mountain, and their armies, which overflow the ten quarters, wait upon you. Observe: wherever the eye looks, in whatever direction, there the Nether Regions seem to spew forth armies, the earth to produce them, the quarters to disgorge them, the sky to shower them down, and the day to create them. It seems to me that the earth, which today groans under the weight of these innumerable armies, must remember the shock of the Mahābhārata War. The Ray-wreathed God stumbles on their spears and wanders in the forest of banners, as if he were counting them out of curiosity. The earth is completely submerged

in the ichor of elephants shedding a rut-fluid that has the sweet odor of cardamom, that flows in an uninterrupted stream, and that is full of the *kalakala* hum of swarms of bees that have settled on it; it seems to be engulfed in the undulating waters of the Kālindī River. These many flags are moon-white and cover the directions like rivers that have climbed into the sky out of fear of the commotion caused by the crush of armies. Truly, it is amazing that today the earth does not shatter into a thousand pieces under these massy armies, all the bonds giving way that hold her fast to the Kula Mountains. Or, that the Snake King's gigantic hoods have not buckled, unable to support the earth pressed down by this crowd of armies."

"While he was speaking, the crown prince reached the campground in which numerous arches were raised, which was crowded with thousands of reed huts, and which shone with hundreds of gleaming white tents. Arriving there he conducted his affairs as though he were the king himself. Although the assembly of princes and ministers diverted him with various tales, he spent the whole of that day with a heavy heart, tormented as he was by a flooding sadness caused by his recent separation from his father. Having thus spent the day, so too he passed the night as he lay awake for the better part of it and conversed with Vaiśampāyana, who rested on a couch not far from his own bed, and with Patralekhā, who also slept nearby, on a carpet spread on the floor; sometimes the talk turned to his father, sometimes to his mother, sometimes to Śukanāsa.

"He rose at dawn and in due course crushed the earth with his armies, which increased with each day's march. He shook mountains, forded rivers, emptied lakes, razed forests, levelled rough places, tore down fortresses, filled up cavities, and flattened hills. Wandering slowly, at will, he roved the world. He made the haughty bow in submission and elevated the humble. He consoled the anxious and protected those come for sanctuary. He eradicated voluptuaries and destroyed the vexatious. He inaugurated princes in various provinces, amassed jewels, accepted gifts, collected tributes, gave instructions for the governing of countries, raised his insignia to commemorate his visit, erected memorials, had royal edicts written, worshiped the First-born, bowed to the ascetics, looked after the four orders of life, and inspired affection among the people. He displayed prowess, increased his glory,



swelled his fame, extended his merits, and had his good deeds proclaimed. He made all the oceans gray with his army's dust and crushed the forests on their shores.

“First he conquered the east, then the quarter that has the mark of Triśaṅku, then the one that is characterized by the God of the Sea, and finally the one decorated with the constellation of the Seven Sages. After three years he had covered the entire earth, which is bounded by the ditch of the moat of the four oceans, and had taken complete possession of all the other continents. Once, while he, who had in time subdued the surface of the whole world, meandered about in his perambulations, he conquered and occupied the city of Suvāmapura, which is not very far from the Eastern Ocean and is the residence of the Kirātas, who dwell on Mount Hemakūṭa and roam the area near Mount Kailāsa. He stopped there for several days to rest his army, which had become exhausted in its marchings over the face of the earth. One day while there he mounted Indrāyudha for a hunting expedition and was prowling through the forest when he accidentally spied a pair of Kirmnaras who had descended a hill. His curiosity was aroused by such an unexpected sight, and with the desire of capturing them he eagerly spurred his horse in their direction. But as he approached, the couple ran off frightened at the sight of a human being, something they had never before encountered. As they fled, Candrāpīḍa left his enormous army and followed them alone to a great distance on Indrāyudha, whose speed he doubled by constantly slapping him with his hand.

““Here they are caught!” “There, they are captured!” “Now I have them!” With his mind drawn along by tremendous energy, and with the extreme swiftness of his horse, in a short while he rode, unaccompanied, over a distance of fifteen *yojanas* into that region as though he took but a single step. Then, as he looked on, the couple climbed up a mountain that lay in front of them. When the pair had ascended the mountain, Candrāpīḍa reluctantly tore his eyes away and reined in his horse, as any further progress was denied him by the rocky terrain. Seeing that both his and Indrāyudha's bodies were drenched in the sweat of their exertions, Candrāpīḍa mused, chuckling in spite of himself, “Why have I so childishly and uselessly troubled myself? What difference could it make to me whether or not I capture those Kirmnaras? If I *had* taken them, what then? And as I did not capture them, so what? Aho! the nature of my foolishness! Aho! the attention given to

such trifling ventures! Aho! the devotion to senseless pursuits! Aho! what an attachment to childish actions! The challenge I set for myself to gain a pleasant reward has proven to be in vain. The work that had to be done and that was begun has become fruitless. The business of friends that was to be performed has not been completed. Royal duty, which was set in motion, is not accomplished. The important task that was undertaken has not been carried to fruition. The effort for the work of conquest is not successful. Why did I, as if possessed, abandon my followers and come to such a distant place? And why did I so pointlessly follow this horse-headed pair? When I reflect on this, my own soul—as if it were another person—makes me laugh at myself.

““I know not by what distance the army is cut off from me, for Indrāyudha has great speed and covers immense distances in the twinkling of an eye. And since my horse was so swift and my eyes were fixed upon the Kinnaras, I took no notice of the path I followed so that I might return by it. This great forest is filled with a dense growth of hundreds of trees and their branches, bushes, and spreading creepers; and the ground is covered by a thick layer of dry leaves. Even if I could make my way through this area, I could never hope to meet a human being who would show me the way to Suvāṇapūra. I have frequently heard tell that to the north of that city lies the boundary of the known earth, beyond which is an uninhabited forest, beyond which is Mount Kailāsa. Here is that very Mount Kailāsa. I should turn around and, guessing the way, proceed more or less in a southerly direction. Thus it is that we pay for our blunders.” Being so resolved, he pulled aside the reins with his left hand and turned back.

“After he had turned his horse around, he thought, “Now does the divine Luminous One, who is brightly lustrous, grace the middle of the sky like a jewel on the goddess of the day’s girdle. And Indrāyudha is tired. So I shall feed him some mouthfuls of *dūrvā* grass, bathe him, and have him drink water in some lake or mountain spring to remove his fatigue. I myself also shall drink water and rest for a while in the shade of some tree before I continue my journey.” Having thought this, he searched for water, casting his glance repeatedly here and there. He took a path that was made wet with lumps of mud raised by the feet of a large hill-roaming herd of wild elephants that had come up from a bath in a nearby lotus pond and had very recently departed; that was spotted with bunches of lotuses with fibers, roots,

and stalks that had been dragged about by the trunks of those elephants; that was darkened with young, dripping wet duckweed; that was bestrewn now and again with the buds of moon-, sun-, and other lotuses the herd had uprooted; that was dotted with muddy lotus roots that had been yanked up; that was covered with wild twigs broken and interspersed with bunches of blossoms; that was thickly carpeted with torn wild vines that had shining bees sitting on their flowers; and that was sprinkled everywhere with ichor bearing the scent of new blossoms and dark as the juice of *tamāla* leaves.

“Feeling that there was water nearby, he doubled back on his track and went a certain distance to Mount Kailāsa’s foot. That area was wooded with trees the tops of which could only be seen by persons with upturned faces; that imitated circular umbrellas; that consisted mostly of *sarala*, *śāla*, and *śallakī* trees; and that, although dense, appeared to be sparse because of the lack of low branches. It was covered with large yellowish gravel, and, since it had so many rocks, the grass was quite sparse. It was tawny with the dust of red arsenic slabs that had been battered by the tusks of wild elephants. The spaces between its rocks were filled with clusters of *pāṣāṇabhedaka* plants, which curled in swirls, looking as if leaf-and-streak decorations had been engraved on them. Its rocks were moistened with a ceaseless ooze of sap from *guggulu* trees. Its stones were slippery with the oil of bitumen that flowed down from the mountain. It was dusty with *haritāla* pulverized by the chisel-hooves of horses. It had gold dust scattered round the holes dug by the claws of moles. Its sand bore the hoof imprints of yak and *kastūrikā* deer. It was overspread with tufts of hair fallen from *rañku* and *rallaka* deer. On jagged outcroppings perched pairs of *jivamjivaka* birds. Vanamānuṣa couples crouched in the mouths of its caves. It was perfumed with the fragrance exuded from sulphur. Bamboo had sprung up in thickets of cane reeds. In the region to the northeast of Mount Kailāsa he saw a thick grove of trees that looked like a bank of clouds lazy with a load of water or like the accumulated darkness of nights from the dark fortnight. As he entered it he seemed to be embraced by a breeze that stirred the waves of water, that blew from the front, that bore the sweet smell of pollen, that was cool from its contact with water, that was charged with mist, and the touch of which was like sandal paste. He seemed to be beckoned by the charming *kolāhala* of geese intoxicated from drafts of lotus honey.

“In the very middle of that grove of trees he came upon a lake—Acchoda, by name—which was a beautiful and most refreshing sight. It was like a jewelled mirror of the Goddess of Fortune of the three worlds, the subterranean crystal chamber of the blessed earth, the passage for the escape of the ocean’s waters, a flow of liquid from the quarters, or a partial incarnation of the sky. It looked like Mount Kailāsa liquified, the Snow Mountain melted, moonlight made fluid, the loud white laughter of the Destroyer become water, the three worlds’ treasury of good deeds taken the form of a lake, a mass of cat’s-eye gem hillocks transformed into liquid, or a heap of autumn clouds turned to rain and emptied in one place. Because of its purity, it mimicked the looking glass of the Attentive One. It seemed to be fashioned from the hearts of sages, the virtues of good men, the luster of the eyes of deer, or the soft glow of pearls. Though it was completely filled to its banks, it seemed empty because everything in it could be clearly seen. It seemed to be guarded by thousands of rainbows that had sprung up everywhere and that were produced by the misty spray raised by the wind on the waves of its water.

“It, like Nārāyaṇa’s belly, in the form of reflections, bore within it, wherein lotuses grew, the three worlds with their collection of water, wind, forests, mountains, stars, and planets [from which springs a lotus and carries inside it all the three worlds along with their collection of water, wind, forests, mountains, stars, and planets]. Its water was mixed with the Elixir of Immortality, which oozed from the crescent moon of the heaving crest-jewel of the divine God Who Slays with an Axe. That god, descending nearby Mount Kailāsa, had hundreds of times dived in and out of its waters, the Elixir looking like a stream of loveliness flowing down the cheek of his left half when it was washed with water. Its mysterious depths were like doors to the Nether Regions, as its interior was darkened by reflections of the groves of *tamāla* trees growing on its shore. Its dense blue lotus beds were shunned by pairs of *cakravāka* birds, who feared the coming of night even though it was yet day.

“The waters of Acchoda Lake were frequently hallowed by having the pitchers of the Grandfather filled in them. Often on its banks troops of Thumb-sized Sages performed their worship of twilight. Many times the goddess Sāvitrī had entered its waters and plucked thousands of lotuses for worship of the gods. Thousands of times it had

been consecrated by the bathings of the Seven Sages. Always it was sanctified by the Siddha women, who washed their bark garments made from the Wishing Tree. Its waters were drunk by deep whirlpool-navels—curved as the *Makara*-bannered God's bow—of the Lord of the Guhyakas' harem women, who came there yearning to sport in it. In some places the honey of its lotus beds was drunk by the goose of the God of the Sea. In some places its fully grown lotus fibers and stalks were crushed by a wading elephant of the quarters. In some places the rock slabs on its shore had been cracked by the horn tips of the Three-eyed God's bull. In some places piles of foam had been tossed up by the horns of the God of Death's buffalo. In some places its blossoms and stalks had been uprooted by Airāvata's pestle-tusks.

“It, like youth, was filled with waves [is filled with longings]. It, like a lovesick person, was adorned with clusters of lotuses [is adorned with lotus fiber bracelets]. It, like a great person, displayed clearly the presence of a multitude of fish, *makaras*, and tortoises [bears the marks of a fish, a *makara*, a tortoise, and a discus]. In it, like in the deeds of the Six-faced God, there was heard the chatterings of female curlews [are heard the loud lamentations by the wife of Krauñca]. That lake, like the Bhārata, was agitated by the wings of flocks of white geese [tells of the commotion of partisans, Pāṇḍavas and Dhārtarāṣṭras]. It, like the time of the Churning for the Elixir, had waters being drunk by peacocks on its shore [had poison drunk by the Blue-necked One standing upon the shore]. Its waters, like in the deeds of Kṛṣṇa's childhood, were enjoyed by monkeys who jumped into them after climbing onto the branches of *kadamba* trees on its banks [when he jumped into the water after climbing onto the branch of a *kadamba* tree on its bank]. It, like the banner of the Maddener, was inhabited by *makaras*. It, like a god, was lovely with fish [is beautiful with its unblinking eyes]. It, like a forest, was filled with blooming *puṇḍarika* lotuses [is filled with stalking tigers]. It, like the race of Nāgas, was shining with innumerable hundred-petalled sun-lotuses [is illustrious with snakes called Ananta, Śatapatra, and Padma]. It, like the army of Kaṁsa, had clusters of sun-lotuses hovered about by swarms of bees [in which the elephant Kuvalayāpīḍa was hovered over by swarms of bees]. It, like the breasts of Kadrū, had mouthfuls of its water imbibed by thousands of elephants [from which mouthfuls of milk were sucked by thousands of snakes]. It, like the Malaya Mountain, had spray cool as sandal paste

[the forests of which are cool with sandal trees]. And it, like a false argument, had limits beyond the range of sight [for which no conclusion can be devised].

“Candrāpiḍa’s exhaustion disappeared at the mere sight of that lake, and as he looked at it, he was struck by this thought: “Aho! Though my pursuit of the horse-faced pair was fruitless, I have been amply rewarded with the sight of this lake. Today a look at the most worthy of all sights has been granted my two eyes. Surely the limit of beauty has been seen, the boundary of that which produces joy observed, the ultimate of heart-stealing objects witnessed, the culmination of that which makes for joy gazed upon, and the abode of all things worthy of being seen viewed. The Creator, who produced the Elixir of Immortality when he had already created the water of this lake, made his second creation seem superfluous, for this water, like the Elixir, is suitable for gladdening all the senses. Being exceedingly clear, it gives joy to the eyes; being cool, it pleasures the touch; being redolent with lotuses, it gratifies the nose; being noisy with geese, it delights the ear; and being sweet, it gladdens the tongue.

“““Surely it is out of a desire for the constant sight of this lake that the divine Husband of Umā does not relinquish his devotion to his residence on Mount Kailāsa. Surely the blessed Holder of the Discus does not properly satisfy his longing to sleep in water, since he neglects this water, which is sweet as the taste of nectar, and sleeps on the ocean, where the water is rough and salty. Surely this lake did not exist at the beginning, for the earth—fearing the blows of the boar’s snout at the Final Dissolution—plunged into the ocean, all of whose water was but a mere draft for the Jar-born One; otherwise, had she submerged herself in this great lake where the water is deep as many unfathomable Abodes of Serpents, she would not have been seized by even a thousand Great Boars, much less by one. Surely the Final Dissolution clouds repeatedly draw water from this very lake in order to flood all the spaces of the Universe and darken the ten directions with their deluge. I think that what existed before creation was a world made of water and shaped like the Primordial Egg; that same watery cosmos, distilled, lies here in the guise of this lake.”

““While he was thinking those thoughts, Candrāpiḍa reached the southern shore and dismounted. The place was covered with sand roughened by stone chips. Many lovely phalluses made of sand stood

there, worshiped with bunches of moon-lotuses and stalks plucked by the Vidyādhara. It was beautified by red lotuses cast about with the worship water offered by Arundhati. The sunshine was being enjoyed by water creatures who sat on the rocks near the bank. As it was close to Mount Kailāsa, it bore the imprints of the feet of some Mothers who came there for bathing. It was dusted with ashes from a troop of Gaṇas who had performed their rite of scattering ash as they emerged from their bath. It was splattered with a stream of ichor oozed from the temples of the Lord of the Gaṇas when he came down for bathing. And that it was the place where Kātyāyāni's lion descended could be discerned by the immense footprints.

“Having dismounted, Candrāpīḍa removed Indrāyudha's saddle and, after the horse had rolled on the ground and munched a few mouthfuls of grass, led him down to the lake. When the horse had drunk water and bathed at his leisure, he was led out; his bit was removed; and he was hobbled with a gold chain from his reins and tied to the low branch of a tree growing nearby. Then the prince cut some *dūrvā* grass with his dagger and scattered it in front of Indrāyudha and again descended to the lake. There he washed his hands, and, like a *cātaka* bird, he took food that consisted of water; like a *cakrāhva* bird he tasted bits of lotus fibers; like the Cold-rayed One, who fondles moon-lotuses with his rays, he touched moon-lotuses with his fingers; like a snake he rejoiced in breezes off the waves of the water; like a person wounded by the arrows of the Bodiless God, he covered his breast with lotus leaves as an upper garment; like a wild elephant whose trunk is adorned with its tip wet with spray, he had his hands adorned with a lotus wet with spray. He emerged from the lake, and on a rock slab that was surrounded by a bower of vines, he made a bed of lotus leaves that were cool from having been recently snapped off, that were wrapped in lotus fibers, and that were covered with drops of water. Then he rolled his upper garment into a ball and, placing it under his head, lay down. When he had rested a while he heard, coming up from the northern bank of that lake, a sound of supernal music, charming to hear, and blended with the *jhaṇ-jhaṇ* of the chords of the *vinā*. It was first heard by Indrāyudha, who let fall his mouthful of grass, held his ears motionless, and, facing it, stretched out his neck. Hearing it, Candrāpīḍa's curiosity was aroused: “From where comes the sound of music in an uninhabited region?” He rose from his bed of lotus leaves

and looked hard in the direction from which the music seemed to come; but as the distance was great, he could not see anything, though he strained his eyes and stared. He only heard that incessant sound.

““Being overcome with curiosity and with a desire to know the source of that music, he saddled and mounted Indrāyudha and started out, taking the sound as his guide. The way was pointed out to him by the wild deer, though not asked to do so, who had started out before him, as they so cherished music. He followed the western line of forest on the bank of the lake—the line was sweetly fragrant with the trembling blossoms of *bakula*, cardamom, clove, and *lavalī* creepers; was noisy with the humming of bees; and was dark with *tamāla* trees. So it was that that line of forest resembled a streak of ichor on an elephant of the quarters—that line being sweetly fragrant with trembling *bakula*, cardamom, clove, and *lavalī* blossoms, noisy with humming bees, and dark as *tamāla* trees.

““In time, he saw an empty shrine sacred to the blessed Trident-wielder and situated on a piece of ground at the foot of a spur of Mount Kailāsa—Moon-bright by name—which was located on the western bank of that lake and which whitened all that region with its shimmer, dazzling as moonlight. On his way he was welcomed by the refreshing, sacred breezes from Mount Kailāsa, which blew towards him, which were torpid with thick drops of water from limpid streams, which ruffled the bark of birch trees, which bore bubbles of foam from the ruminations of the bull of the Bearer of the Matted Locks, which kissed the crest of the peacock of the Six-faced God, which had the obstinate desire to shake the leaves used as ear ornaments by Ambikā, which longed to toss about the ear lotuses worn by the women of the northern Kuru country, which shook the *kakkola* trees, which tickled pollen out of blossoms of the *nameru* trees, and which were what remained of what was inhaled of them by Vāsuki when he was distressed by being used to bind up the matted locks of the Lord of Animals.

““The shrine was surrounded by an emerald green forest, which sweetly cooed with green *hāritas*; the fully grown buds of which were slashed by the claws of roving *bhṛṅgarāja* birds; the tender leaves of the *sahakāra* trees of which were devoured by flocks of intoxicated cuckoos; the blown mango blossoms of which resounded with swarms of crazed bees; the sprouts of pepper shrubs of which were kissed by fearless *cakoras*; the *pippalī* fruit of which was eaten by *kapiñjals*,



tawny with heaps of *campaka* pollen; in which sparrows had given birth in nests built in pomegranate trees groaning under the weight of their fruit; the leaves of palm trees of which were shaken and struck by the hands of families of sporting monkeys; and in which blossoms were felled when sideswiped by the wing edges of quarrelling pigeons. The tops of those trees were occupied by *sārikās* dappled with blotches of blossom pollen. Those same trees were heavy with fruit from which pieces had been torn by the beaks and claws of hundreds of parrots. Numerous *tamāla* trees chattered with the notes of silly *cātaka* birds, who were deceived into desiring water from clouds for which they took the dark trees to be. Coils of *lavalī* lianas bounced up and down as their sprouts were chewed by young elephants; their thick blossoms were scattered about when struck by the wings of turtledoves settling down in them, infatuated with fresh youth. The trees were fanned by banana leaves shaken by gentle breezes. Groves of coconut palms were bent down with their chunky fruit. Those trees were surrounded by bushes the folded leaves of which were not yet fully grown. Date-palm fruit was pierced by the beaks of freely roaming birds. The grounds between the trees were splendidly sweetened with the sound of madly chattering peahens. The trees looked thorny with clusters of shaking buds. Now and then the sandy soil at their roots was washed over by streams flowing from Mount Kailāsa. Their thick foliage was extremely delicate and—looking like a cluster of forest goddesses' hands—seemed to be sprinkled with handfuls of liquid lac. Their roots were occupied by herds of yak, delighted with mouthfuls of the *granthiparṇa* plants. Those trees belonged mostly to the camphor and aloe variety.

“The trees, like rainbows, grew thickly together. Their interiors, like moon-lotuses, were cool, since the Maker of Day's rays were denied entrance. They, like the flanks of the armies of Dāśarathi, were bordered by *añjana*, *nīla*, and *nala* trees [were guarded by Añjanā, Nīla, and Nala]. They, like palaces, were inhabited by turtledoves. They, like ascetics in their own houses, contained varieties of reeds called *vetra* and *āsana* [have cane seats near them]. They, like the Rudras, were encircled by *nāga* creepers [gird their girths with creeper-snakes]. They, like the sandy shores of the ocean, were clustered with tendrils of tender-leafed vines growing thickly on them [are thickly clustered with coral]. They, like coronation water, were full of the flowers, fruit,

and leaves of all kinds of plants. They, like painted houses, were adorned with hundreds of birds whose speckled wings were multicolored [are decorated with hundreds of multicolored birds, leaves, and pictures]. They, like the Kurus, were attended by skylarks [were served by the Twice-born Bhāradvāja]. They, like the beginnings of great battles, attracted bees with their *puṁnāga* trees [have arrows drawn forth by warriors]. They, like huge elephants, touched the ground with low-hanging sprouts [drag the ground with their long tails]. They, like vigilant kings, had many thickets clumped around their skirts [have many troops stationed at their borders]. They, like armed men, were covered with a coat of mail in the form of bees [have their bodies covered with a heavy coat of mail dark as a swarm of bees]. They, like persons about to weigh something, had their *guñjā* berries touched by monkeys [now and again touch *guñjā* berries]. They, like the couches of kings, had their ground marked with the paw prints of lions [have pedestals shaped like the paws of a lion]. They, like persons who have undertaken the Five-fire Ritual, were surrounded by peacocks with erect tails [are surrounded by towering flames]. They, like people consecrated for sacrifices, were used as scratching posts for their horns by spotted antelopes [scratch themselves with horns of spotted antelopes]. They, like old sages at home, possessed fibrous roots and numerous water basins [have around them groups of young boys wearing matted hair]. And they, like magicians, charmed the sight of the beholder [deceive the eye].

““Entering the shrine he was dusted with white pollen from the *ketakī* blossoms falling all about as they were tossed by breezes so that he seemed forcibly to be made to observe the vow of ashes requisite for a visit to the Lord of Animals, or as if he were being robed in the merits of entering the temple. On entering he saw an idol of the



divine Three-eyed God; it was four-faced; it was the teacher of all things movable and immovable; its feet were saluted by all the three worlds; and it was stationed on the floor of a crystal shrine that had four pillars. It had been worshiped<sup>d</sup> with gleaming *puṇḍarika* lotuses from the Celestial Ganges. The lotuses were wet from being recently plucked, and dripped water from their petals. They looked like torn-in-half pieces of the moon, like chips of loud laughter of the god himself, like sections of Śeṣa's hood, or like the brothers of Pāñcājanya. They were the heart of the Milky Ocean and had the beauty of a crown of pearls. The phallus of the idol was made of a rod of lustrous pearl.

““There too he saw a maiden who had taken a vow to the Lord of Animals. She was seated facing the idol's southern face, in the Brahmā Pose. By means of her body's abundant luster—which was great in expanse, which flooded the faces of the quarters, which was white like the Milky Ocean's surging waters agitated at the time of the Final Dissolution, which seemed to be the store of her penances accumulated over time and now radiating, and which seemed to be amassed and streaming through the interstices of the trees like the Triple-streamed River—she seemed to be turning all that region, together with its hills and forests, into ivory. She seemed to be whitening Mount Kailāsa in a new way. She seemed to enter the inside of the beholder by way of his eyes and to make his mind white. Since her body was surrounded by a brilliant white aura, her limbs could not be seen clearly, as if she were seated inside a crystal house, submerged in a mixture of milk and water, veiled within a piece of fine silk, transferred onto the surface of a mirror, or concealed by a bank of autumn clouds.

““She seemed to have been made only out of the abstract quality of whiteness, without recourse to the substances of the human body, which is formed from the five Great Elements. She looked like a personified sacrifice worshiping the Three-eyed God out of fear of his Gaṇas rudely seizing her by the hair. She looked like Rati undertaking propitiation of the Destroyer to calm him for the sake of the Maddener's body. She was like the Milky Ocean's deity come there in longing for a glimpse of the lunar digit on the head of the Destroyer, with which that deity was familiar, for they had dwelt together. She looked like the moon coming for shelter to the Three-eyed God out of fear of the Master of Heaven. She had the hue of Airāvata's hide, that elephant having approached upon being called to mind by the Blue-necked One

longing for a cloak of elephant skin. She was like the color of the laughter come forth from the southern face of the Lord of Animals. She looked like the embodiment of Rudra's act of smearing himself with ashes. She looked like moonlight made corporeal and come to remove the darkness on the Destroyer's neck. She looked like purity incarnate of Gauri's mind.

“She looked like the embodiment of Kārttikeya's vow of abstinence. She was like the splendor of the Mountain Dweller's bull, stationed there separate from its body. She was like the abundant blossoms of the trees near the shore offering themselves for worship of the Beneficent One. She looked like the success of the great penance of the Grandfather, descended to earth. She looked like the glory of the people of the First Age, resting there in its exhaustion after wandering the seven worlds. She looked like the Triple Sacred Sacrifice taking to a forest residence in its grief at the destruction of the God of Duty in the Dark Age. She looked like a germ of the coming Golden Age, residing in the form of a girl. She looked like the embodied splendor of the meditation of sages.

“She looked like a troop of celestial elephants fallen in their speedy descent to the Sky River. She looked like the beauty of Mount Kailāsa tumbled there after experiencing tremors when uprooted by the Ten-faced One. She looked like the beauty of the White Continent, come there curious to see the other continents. She looked like the blooming loveliness of *kāśa* blossoms waiting for the advent of autumn. She looked like the sheen on Śeṣa's body, leaving the Nether Region and coming there. She looked like the luster of the Club-armed One's body, dislodged by the exertions of his staggerings when drunk on wine. She looked like a collection of all the bright phases of the month. She looked as if all geese had bestowed on her their whiteness. She looked as if she had sprung forth from the heart of the God of Duty. She seemed to be carved out of conch, extracted from pearl, or as if she had limbs made of lotus fibers. She appeared to have been fashioned with pieces of ivory, washed with brushes of moonbeams, covered with layers of whitewash, whitened with wisps of foam of the Elixir, laved in streams of liquid mercury, cleansed with molten silver, carved out of the lunar orb, or ornamented with the lusters of *kuṭaja*, *kunda*, and *sinduvāra* blossoms. She was, as it were, the acme of whiteness.

“Her head was adorned with matted locks that hung to her shoulders; that seemed to be created out of the aura of the morning rays of the sun resting on the edge of the Rising Mountain; that were tawny like the sparkling glitter of flashing lightning; and that, since they had a few drops of water clinging to them from her recent bathing, seemed to have powdery ash sticking to them from when she made her bow at the feet of the Lord of Animals. She wore in that thick matted hair a miniature pair of the Supreme Lord’s feet, made of jewels and engraved with his name. The expanse of her forehead was whitened with ash dazzling as crushed stars pounded by the hooves of the sun’s chariot horses. She looked as if she were a slope of the King of Mountains with the Hare-marked Moon hovering about a rock on its summit. She was honoring the Lord of Spirits with a gaze that was full of great devotion, that was directed toward the phallus, and that appeared like a second garland of *puṇḍarika* lotuses gracing the idol. She was bathing the Lord of Gaurī again with her teeth’s gleaming rays that flowed out of her mouth with the forceful throbbing of her lower lip as she sang without ceasing and that seemed to be the embodied rays of her pure heart, the merits of her song, the notes of her music, or the syllables of her praises. Her throat was encircled by a rosary made of pearls as large as *āmalaka* fruit. The pearls were so very pure they looked like the meaning of the Vedas in solid form drawn from the mouth of the Grandfather, or like syllables of a Sun Spell that had formed themselves into a wreath, or like *puṇḍarika* lotus seeds extracted from the lotus in Nārāyaṇa’s navel, or like the Seven Sages come in the form of stars with the wish to be purified by the touch of her hand. She looked like a night of the full moon with its orb surrounded by a halo. Because of her two breasts resembling the skull of the bowed head of the Destroyer, and having the beauty of pitchers placed at the Door of Absolution, she looked like Gaṅgā possessing but one pair of royal geese.

“For an upper garment she wore a bark cloth of the Wishing Tree. The cloth seemed to be made of the mane of Gaurī’s lion, was as bewitching as fly whisks, and was knotted between her breasts. Her body was sanctified by a sacred thread, which looked like a line of the rays of the moon serving as crest-jewel and granted her as a boon from being before the Odd-eyed God. Her hips were covered with a silk

garment that hung down to her feet and that, though white by nature, was reddened from contact with the glowing soles of her feet upturned in the Brahmā Pose. She was being served even by youth, which had approached in due season, was without passion, and was humble, as if by a disciple who approaches his teacher at the proper hour, is without passion, and is humble. She was seized by beauty, too, bright of essence, as if it had accumulated religious merit. She was also attended by comeliness with charming eyes but without rashness, as if it were a deer of the shrine with lustrous eyes but without its quick flights.

““She was playing an ivory *vinā*—which lay on her lap as if it were her daughter—with her right hand, the fingers of which wore small rings made of tiny bits of conch. Her hand was whitened with the ash that remained after she had made the *tripuṇḍraka* mark on her forehead, and her wrist was braceleted with pieces of conch. As her hand bristled with the rays of her nails, it seemed to hold an ivory stick for stroking the *vinā*. She looked like the Gandharva Science incarnate. She was surrounded by her own images, *vinā* in hand, reflected on the jewelled columns of the shrine; they looked as if they were her female companions who, similar to her, leaned against the shrine’s jewelled pillars. She seemed to have entered the heart of the Destroyer, who was propitiated by such strong devotion, because her reflection was transferred to his phallus, which wetly glistened from a recent bathing.

““She was waiting upon the blessed Diversely Eyed God by singing a song that, like her pearl necklace, embraced her throat; that—as the planetary system swings around Dhruva—was bound by a fixed verse; that—as an angry woman’s complexion turns red—opened with words that were full of passion; that—as an intoxicated woman has eyes that charmingly roll—had many tremulous high and low notes; that—like a delirious woman who repeatedly claps her hands—had many markings of time; and that—as *Mīmāṃsā* is replete with many incentives to perform rites—was full of many emotional changes. Her *vinā*’s sound blended with her song that was being listened to by wild animals such as deer, boars, monkeys, elephants, *śarabhas*, lions, and others, which ranged around in groups and the ears of which were motionless. Attracted by that very sweet song, they seemed to be practicing religious meditation. She looked like the River of the Gods

descended from the sky, or like a consecrated person's speech that is grammatically pure. She seemed to be made of fire, like the arrow-heads of the Enemy of Tripura.

“She, like a person who has drunk nectar, was free from all desires [has thus lost his thirst]. She, like the digit of the Hare-marked Moon on the head of the Regent of the Northeast Quarter, was without passion [has no redness]. She, like the unchurned ocean, was clear [tranquil] inside. She, like a style of composition, was unaffected by contradictions [is free of compounds and has no pairs of opposites]. She, like the doctrine of Buddha, was self-supported [recognizes no material substratum]. She, like Vaidehī, had obtained insight into the nature of the Supreme Light [had entered the fire]. She, like a skilled gambler, had subdued her senses [has mastered the secrets of dice]. She, like the earth's bulk, sustained herself only on water [rests upon water]. She, like the beauty of daybreak in winter, had imbibed the light of the Luminous One [has its sunshine obscured]. She, like a verse in the *āryā* metre, possessed only such belongings as were proper to an ascetic [has metrical units consistent with its caesuras and feet]. She sat motionless, as if she were a painting. She covered the ground with her body's luster, as if she were made of rays. She was without attachments, humble, and unselfish. Her form was not human. As she was celestial, her age could not be guessed, but she seemed to be about eighteen years old.

“He dismounted and, after tying Indrāyudha to the branch of a tree, bowed with devotion to the blessed Three-eyed God. Then he again gazed on that woman of divine form, his lashes motionless, his eyes riveted on her. As amazement rose in him at the serene beauty of the girl, he thought, “Aho! How is it that various events fall so unexpectedly upon creatures of this world? For, while I was hunting, I senselessly followed the horse-faced couple and came upon this most enchanting region that is inaccessible to humans and fit for the wanderings of celestials. Here, while seeking water, I saw this heart-stealing lake, the water of which is used by the Siddhas for ablutions. While resting on its shore, I heard singing that was not human, and upon tracking the sound I saw this celestial maiden whose sight is not easy for mortals to obtain. I have no doubt that she is a divine; her very form makes one infer that she is not mortal. Moreover, how in the mortal world would such excellent music be produced? If she does not

suddenly vanish from my sight, ascend Mount Kailāsa's peak, or fly up into the sky, I shall approach and ask her, 'Who are you? What is your name? Why have you, in the very prime of life, taken this vow?' and all such things. There is great room here for wonder." And so resolving, he sat down near one of the pillars in that crystal shrine and remained there, waiting for her song to end.

"When her *vīṇā* was silenced at the close of her song, that maiden, who resembled a lotus plant with its sweet hum of bees stilled, rose, circumambulated, and bowed to the Destroyer. Then she turned around and spoke to Candrāpiḍa, as she seemed to encourage him with her glance, which was naturally splendid and confident because of the power of her penances, thus seeming to touch him with holy merits, to wash him with the waters of sacred streams, to sanctify him with religious austerities, to make him pure, to grant him boons, and to render him holy. "You are a welcome guest! How did such an eminent person happen upon this place? Well, rise and come receive the honor due a visitor."

"Since she had spoken to him in this way, he felt himself favored and rose. After reverently bowing, he said, "Oh noble lady, as you bid," thereby showing his modesty, and then, like a disciple, he followed her, thinking to himself, "Well! It is good that upon seeing me she did not vanish. For curiosity has arisen in my heart, and I harbor the hope that I may ask her a question. Since I see her noble behavior, and her exceeding courtesy—even when she possesses a divine beauty so rare among ascetic folk—I think that, on being petitioned by me, she surely will tell me about herself." Having come to this conclusion, he went on for about a hundred steps and then saw a cave.

"It was darkened in front by *tamāla* trees, which gave the appearance of nighttime even during the day. Its environs were noisy with the agreeable murmurings of intoxicated bees humming in creeper-bowers smothered in blossoms. A mist enveloped it, produced by waters that tumbled from a very great height and frothed as they dashed against white rocks; the streams, shattered by the edges of the sharp rocks, made a loud roar and threw up a hard spray cool as snow. Owing to the cascades—white as snow, pearl necklaces, or the Destroyer's laughter falling down on both sides—that cave seemed to have waving fly whisks hanging on each side of its door. Inside it were placed a number of jewelled ascetic's pitchers. In one corner hung a *yogapaṭṭaka*



garment used in meditation. Tied to a forked pole was a clean pair of sandals made of coconut fibers. In one part stood a bed of bark cloth, gray with the ashes shed from the girl's body. Nearby lay an alms bowl, which was made of conch and which looked like the moon chiselled into that shape. And close by that lay a gourd for keeping holy ashes.

“He sat down on a rock slab near the entrance. The maiden, after having put down her *vinā* near the head of her bark-cloth couch, brought water from the stream in a leaf-cup and approached him. He said to her, “No more of this troubling yourself, please. No more showing me so much favor. Oh noble lady, please desist. Put an end to this excessive regard. The mere sight of you—destroying all sin, as it does—is like the holy Sin-effacing Spell and able to purify a person. Please, sit down.” But, being repeatedly pressed by her, he accepted, with his head bowed deeply and with due respect, all the homage that was due a guest. After the ceremonies of hospitality had been completed, he remained silent for a while. Then she sat on another rock slab as he, having been questioned by her, narrated everything to her, beginning with his conquest of the quarters and ending with his arrival there in pursuit of the Kinnara pair.

“When all had been made known to her, the maiden rose, took up the alms bowl, and walked about under the trees near the shrine. In a short while that bowl was filled with fruit that spontaneously fell into it from the trees. Returning, she asked Candrāpiḍa to enjoy the fruit. Thereupon the thought came to him: “Certainly there is nothing that cannot be accomplished by religious austerities! What can be more wonderful than this, that even the nonsentient trees of the forest show their favor to this blessed lady by giving her fruit as if they were intelligent beings? I have seen a marvel such as was never seen before.” Thus being filled with even more amazement, he rose and led Indrāyudha to that place, removed his saddle, and tied him not very far from the cave. He then bathed in a stream, ate that fruit, which was sweet as nectar, and drank the water of the stream, which was cool as snow. He sipped water and rested a while off to one side, while the maiden attended to her own meal of water, fruit, and roots. When she had finished and had performed the rites proper to be done at twilight, she took her ease on a rock slab. Candrāpiḍa quietly drew near her and sat down close by.

“After waiting a while, he courteously addressed her: “Oh noble lady, the audacity that is common to mortals and that is stirred by my curiosity is encouraged by my having gained your favor, and it now forcibly impels me to ask you questions, though I do not wish to do so. Thus it is that even the slightest favor shown by the master produces boldness in an impatient pupil; even a small fraction of time spent in one place produces familiarity; and the acceptance of even the least bit of hospitality produces affection. So, if it will not trouble you much, I should like to be favored by your words, for great indeed has been my curiosity in this matter since I first laid eyes upon you. Which family of gods, sages, Gandharvas, Guhyakas, or Apsaras has been favored by your birth? Why have you taken a vow at such an early age when you are blossom-tender? From where comes this youth! From where comes this form! From where comes this transcendent loveliness and this tranquility of senses! All this seems to me quite wonderful. Why do you live alone in this uninhabited forest, avoiding divine hermitages accessible in the Celestial World frequented by many Siddhas and Sādhya? And how is it that your body possesses such whiteness, though it be composed of the five Great Elements? I have never seen nor heard of such a thing anywhere else before. Please satisfy my need to know and tell me everything.”

“At his words she remained quiet for a moment, as if thinking about something, and then, heaving a big sigh, began silently to weep, her eyes shedding huge tears that issued as if taking with them the purity of her heart; that seemed to shower down the piety of her senses; that seemed to stream with the trickling fluid of her penance; that seemed to pour out the liquified whiteness that belonged to her eyes; that were very clear; that trickled down her fair cheeks; the trembling fall of which resembled that of pearls tumbling from a broken necklace; that formed a line of droplets; and that gave rise to a spray as they dashed against her breasts covered with her bark garment.

“Seeing her weeping, Candrāpīḍa immediately thought, “Aho! the inevitability of calamities, since they overtake even a form such as this one, which is not deserving of being assailed by difficulties! Certain it is that troubles visit any embodied creature. Mighty indeed are the activities of pairs of opposites. Because of her shedding of tears, I have become even more curious than before, for it is not for a trifling cause that such forms are possessed by grief. Indeed, the earth does not shake

when struck by the fall of common thunderbolts.” With his curiosity thus piqued, and thinking himself possibly guilty of an offense, since he was the cause of bringing her grief to mind, he rose and from the stream brought in his cupped hands water for washing her face. Although the flow of her tears continued, on being coaxed by him, she washed her eyes, which were slightly reddened, and wiped her face with the edge of her bark garment. Then she heaved a long and passionate sigh and slowly replied: “Oh prince, what is to be gained by hearing the story of my renunciation of the world—of me, so cruel of heart, so ill-fated, so sinful since my birth? Still, if you are so very eager to know, I shall tell it. Please listen.

“““No doubt you, who are always devoted to doing good, have heard that in the celestial world there are certain women called Apsaras. There are fourteen families of them. One was produced from the mind of the blessed Lotus-born God; another was born from the Vedas; another rose from Agni; another originated from the wind; another was churned up along with the Elixir of Immortality; another came from water; another issued forth from sunbeams; another descended from Soma’s rays; another arose from the earth; another sprang from lightning; another was created by the God of Death; another was produced by the *Makara*-bannered God; and two other families were born from the union of the Gandharvas and two of the many daughters of Dakṣa, one of the Lords of Creatures—namely Muni and Ariṣṭā. Together these made fourteen families, out of which the Gandharvas and those two daughters of Dakṣa produced two of them.

““““To Muni was born Citraratha, who was the sixteenth son and who excelled his fifteen brothers, Sena included, by his good qualities. Indeed, it is said that he, whose courage was celebrated in the three worlds, had his glory heightened by being called ‘friend’ by the Breaker, whose lotus-feet are caressed by the chaplets of all the gods. In his childhood he took sovereignty over the Gandharvas by his arm, which was darkened blue by the glinting light of his long thin sword. His residence is the Varṣa mountain called Hemakūṭa, which is not very far from here; it is on the continent called Kimpuruṣa, which lies to the north of Bhārata. There live many hundreds of thousands of Gandharvas under the protection of Citraratha’s two arms. It was he who planted this enchantingly beautiful grove called Caitraratha, dug

this immense lake called Acchoda, and erected this idol of the Lord of Bhavānī. Ariṣṭā had a son, Harṁsa, the eldest of six brothers among whom was Tumburu, a Gandharva well-known worldwide, who while yet a child was installed by Citraratha himself as king of that second family of Gandharvas. Mount Hemakūṭa is also his residence and that of his enormous following of Gandharvas.

“““Now into that family of Apsaras, which was produced from Soma’s nectar, was born a girl named Gaurī. She had a complexion white as the Cold-rayed One’s rays; she seemed to have been fashioned from the grace of all of the Maker of Night’s digits, trickling down in concert with his liquid beams; she was pleasing to the eyes of the three worlds; and she was like a second goddess Gaurī. Harṁsa, the king of the second Gandharva family, took her for his beloved wife, just as the Milky Ocean took the Celestial Ganges to be his second wife. She, being united with Harṁsa—as Rati was with the blessed *Makara*-bannered God and as the lotus is with autumn—felt very great delight at her union with such a mate; and she became the mistress of his entire harem.

“““To those two noble souls I was born an only daughter, merely to make them miserable—I, of such a sort as you see, having no auspicious marks and being the vessel of a thousand sorrows. My father, having long been childless, welcomed my birth with great festivities unequalled by any celebrations for the birth of a son. On the tenth day he performed the proper ritual and gave me the rather significant name Mahāśvetā. I spent my childhood in my father’s house where I babbled sweet and indistinct words while passed from lap to lap by the Gandharvas, like a *vīṇā* issuing sweet and indistinct music. I never knew the torments that affection and grief can bring. In due course, puberty appeared in me, as in spring does the month of Madhu, as in Madhu does a new shoot, as on a new shoot does a blossom, as on a blossom does a bee, as in a bee does intoxication.

“““Once on a day in the month of Madhu, I, accompanied by my mother, came to Acchoda Lake for my bath. Spring heightened the beauty of the lake, and there bloomed in it various lotuses including moon- and sun-lotuses. It was one of those springtime days when lotus beds are bursting with blooms; when yearning is produced in lovers by clusters of tender mango buds; when the Bodiless God’s banners flutter in the gentle breezes that waft from the Malaya Mountain;

when *bakula* trees burst with buds as they are watered with mouthfuls of wine by inebriated women; when *kāleyaka* buds are stained by swarms of bees; when the air is sonorous with thousands of *jhaṇ-jhaṇs* made by the women's jewelled anklets sounding as *aśoka* trees are kicked; when *sahakāra* trees charmingly buzz with sweet nettings of bees thronging them for the fragrance of opening buds; when the ground is whitened by sandy beaches made of dense pollen; when vine-swings are set in motion by swarming bees maddened by intoxicating honey; when a day is made rainy by honey-spray splashed round by drunken cuckoos lurking in *lavalī* lianas, the sprouts of which are full of blossoms; when paths are moistened by dripping blood from travelers' hearts that burst in fear at the snap of the Agitator's bow—the god made pleased at the offerings made of the lives of the travelers' wives; when the quarters are deafened by the constant *sūt-sūt* of the Blossom-arrowed God's feathered arrows; when even in the light of day crowds of women, by passion blinded, set out on their assignations; when passion's swelling ocean overflows; and when joy is felt in all the hearts in all the world.

“““After saluting the Three-eyed God's images, which were drawn on rocks on the shore by the divine Pārvatī, who came here for her bath, and those of Bhṛṅgi and Riṭi, which could be seen as having been circumambulated and bowed to by the sages because of the circles of their small footprints impressed in the dust, I wandered about in the company of my female friends. My heart was tempted by that gorgeous, most charming locale: 'Here is a creeper-bower, made lovely by offerings of blossoms that are crushed and the filaments of which are bent over with the weight of bees!' 'Here is a *sahakāra* tree, heavy with flowers, with a stream of honey oozing from rents in the stalks of its buds torn by the sharp claws of cuckoos!' 'Here is a cool avenue of sandal trees, the ground under which has been abandoned by snakes out of fear of the *kalakala* of the flocks of love-sick peacocks!' 'Here under this enchanting tree on the bank there are goose footprints sunk deep into the thick pollen!'

““““In one place I caught the scent of some flower, suddenly brought to me on the sylvan breeze. The blossom was obviously fully bloomed, and it completely overpowered the perfume of other flowers. The odor spread everywhere, and its special sweetness seemed to satiate, infuse, and fill one's sense of smell. It was closely tracked by bees competing

for it. It was such as had never been smelled before, something totally unexpected in the mortal world. 'Where is this coming from?'—so I, filled with curiosity and with half-closed eyes, was drawn along like a female bee by that bouquet. Trembling with eagerness I advanced for a few steps, attracting geese from the lake by my jewelled anklets' *jhaṇ-jhaṇ* resounding in greater measure than before. Suddenly I saw a most handsome young sage who had come there to bathe. He looked like Spring doing penance, overcome by grief at the burning of the Maddener by the Destroyer's fire; or like the crescent Hare-marked Moon on the head of the Regent of the Northeast Quarter, which had taken a vow in order to obtain a full orb; or like Desire practicing austerities out of a wish to propitiate the Odd-eyed God. His great splendor made him appear as if he had entered a cage fashioned of flashing streaks of lightning, as if he had penetrated the Maker of Day's circle on a summer's day, or as if he stood in the midst of flames. With the shining luster of his body, which was a glow strong and yellow like the blaze of a lamp, he turned the forest tawny, as if he had changed it into gold.

“““His matted hair was soft and straw-colored, resembling wrist-threads rolled in wet *gorocanā*. He was illuminated by his forehead's ash mark, which seemed to be the banner of his merit or a smear of sandal paste put there in his desire for union with the Goddess of Speech; thus he looked like Gaṅgā's stream brightened by its strip of sandy shore. He was adorned with creeper-brows, the arches of the house of his frowns that were made in the performance of many a curse. As his eyes were extremely elongated, he seemed to be wearing a chaplet made of eyes, and he looked as if all the deer of the forest had shared with him some of the sheen of their own eyes. His nose was long and high. The *rucaka* ornament of his lower lip seemed to have been completely reddened by the passion of adolescence when it found no way in to his heart. As his beard had not yet appeared his face was like a young lotus that has not yet acquired the beauty of being surrounded by bees.

“““He wore a *yajñopavīta* sacred thread, which was like the twisted string of the Bodiless God's bow, or a lotus fiber in the pool of his penance. In one hand he held a water gourd that looked like a *bakula* fruit with stem intact, and in the other he carried a rosary of crystal beads that looked as if it had been strung with the tears of Rati when

she wept in her grief at the destruction of the *Makara*-bannered God. The handsome depression of his navel resembled a whirlpool formed by the meeting of the many rivers of knowledge gained by him.

“““His abdomen had a very thin line of hair dark as collyrium dust and looking like the path of escape for error’s darkness expelled by the knowledge he had gathered within him. His hips were encircled by a *mauñja* grass girdle that seemed to be a halo he captured from the Vivifier after conquering him with his own light. His garment was made from the bark of the *mandāra* tree, had been washed in the Sky River, and was of a reddish color like the eyes of an old *cakora*. He looked like Chastity’s ornament, like the God of Duty’s youth, like the Goddess of Speech’s grace, like the self-chosen lord of all sciences, and like the sum total of sacred knowledge. He, like the hot season, carried a staff of *āṣāḍha* wood [includes the month of *Āṣāḍha*]. He, like the cold season, was white as blown *priyaṅgu* creeper blossoms [was whitened by blown *priyaṅgu* creeper blossoms]. His face, like the month of Madhu, was graced with a *tilaka* white as flowers [has its advent graced by *tilaka* plants white with flowers].

“““He was accompanied by another young ascetic, who resembled him and who was gathering blossoms for worship of the gods. He wore a spray of flowers on his ear as an ornament, the equal of which I had not seen before. It was like the lustrous smile of the forest’s goddess of beauty delighted at the advent of spring, like a handful of white fried grain offered by the month of Madhu for the approaching breezes from the Malaya Mountain, like the young grace of the splendor of blossoms, like clustering drops of perspiration raised on Rati’s body by the fatigue of sexual romplings, or like the feathery tail of a plume that makes a banner for the Mind-born God’s elephant. It was a woman come for an assignation, with bees as flowers. It resembled the star cluster that forms the *Kṛtikā* constellation. And it rained drops of nectar.

“““Concluding, ‘Surely this the source of that fragrance that surpasses the perfume of all other flowers,’ I gazed upon that young sage and thought: ‘Aho! How inexhaustible must be the materials at the Creator’s disposal for producing perfection of beauty since, having created the divine Flower-weaponed God, whose perfect beauty is the wonder of the three worlds, he has fashioned this second *Makara*-bannered God in the disguise of an ascetic who, with his wealth of

beauty, surpasses that of the first. And I think that the Self-existent by creating the orb of the Hare-marked Moon, which delights the eyes of the entire world, and by creating the lotuses that are the special abodes of the Goddess of Fortune was only practicing the skill needed to create this one's face; otherwise, what could be the reason for his creation of those similar things? And surely it is untrue that the sun, by means of his ray named Grace Note, drinks up all the digits of He Who Has Phases as he wanes in the dark half of the month, for surely all the beams of the moon enter this one's body; otherwise, from where comes this loveliness in one who has been practicing austerities that supposedly destroy beauty and bring nothing but pain?' As I was thus reflecting, the Flower-weaponed God—who makes no distinction between virtues or faults and who, favoring beauty alone, is always at hand in one's early youth—enslaved me with sighs, just as the intoxication of the time of blossoms enslaves the female bee.

“““I gazed yearningly at him a very long time, drinking him, as it were, with my right eye, which had forgotten to blink, the lashes of which were slightly open, and the white of which danced with a darting, very tremulous pupil. I seemed to be begging from him; or saying, ‘I am at your disposal’; or presenting my heart to him; or entering him with all my soul; or desiring to become one with him; or seeking refuge in him, saying, ‘Protect me, for I am overpowered by the Mind-born God’; or beseeching, ‘Make room for me in your heart.’ I gazed at him as my senses spun out of control, though I was yet aware and thinking, ‘Ha! Ha! What is this that I have embarked upon? It is improper, very shameful, and unworthy of a noble woman!’ I gazed at him as all my limbs became motionless because of a stupefaction that instantly overcame me so that I seemed paralyzed, drawn in a picture, carved, fettered, insensible, or forcibly restrained. I gazed at him as if I had been taught without being told by something indescribable, something known only to the self and not perceptible. Perhaps it was because of his perfect beauty, because of my mind, because of the Mind-born God, because of my adolescence, because of my passion that was so obviously aroused, or because of some other reason—I really do not know why it happened.

“““Though I seemed to be lifted up and swept toward him by my senses, and dragged forward by my heart while pushed from behind by the Blossom-bowed God, somehow, although I had no will, I made



the effort to restrain myself. Immediately my breath rushed out in a continuous flow, as if to make room inside for the Maddener. My nipples throbbed as if longing to speak of my heart's yearnings. Shame drained away as if washed down by my perspiration. My slender body trembled as if it were afraid of the *Makara*-bannered God's sharp arrows. A net of erect hair bristled on my limbs that desired to embrace him, as if it were curious to see his marvelous beauty. And passion flooded my heart, as if washed from my feet by the waters of perspiration.

“““And then I thought, ‘What an improper thing is this, wrought by the dishonorable Mind-born God, who is casting me upon this person so quiet of soul and aloof from sexual contacts. A woman's heart is so foolish it is not able to determine the fitness of the object of its affection. What a great distance there is between this man, who is an extremely resplendent dwelling of light and austerities, and the rising passion welcomed by ordinary people. Surely he laughs at me as I am made to look ridiculous by the *Makara*-bannered God. And this is strange: even though I understand it, I am unable to stop the changing feelings in myself. Other maidens also abandon shame and approach their lovers. Still others have been led to madness by this ill-mannered Agitator, but not in the way I have been. How is it that I lose mastery of my mind on the instant and become excited at the mere sight of this man? For usually it is time and acquaintance with a person's virtues that produce such uncontrollable passion.

““““While I am still conscious and while this rashness of mine in yielding to the evil workings of the Maddener is not noticed by him, it is best for me to slip away. Or it may be that he will become angered by the sight of these unwanted agitations of Love's Recaller and will curse me; for the nature of ascetics is such that anger is never very far from them.’ Having thus reflected, I decided to retreat, thinking, ‘This is a class to be revered.’ I bowed to him—my bowing such that my glance did not leave his face; my eyelashes were motionless; I did not see the ground; my cheek was freed from contact with the slightly raised sprout I wore over my ear, the flowers flashing in my creeper-locks dangled; and my jewelled earrings swung against my shoulders.

““““Upon my bowing, because of the Mind-born God's irresistible rule, the passion-generating month of Madhu, that place's great loveliness, youth's many misbehavings, the senses, fickle nature, the entice-

ments of sensual enjoyments, the mind's levity—because of the inevitable consequences of all those things, what more is there to say? Because of the wickedness of my ill-luck and because it was ordained that such was to be—he, too, whose serenity was removed by the sight of my passion, was made unsteady by the Bodiless God, just as the flame of a lamp is guttered by the wind. On him, too, bristling became visible, as if coming forth to receive the Maddener, who was visiting for the first time. Sighs issued from him as if to show the way to his mind, which was setting out in my direction. The rosary he held was seized with a tremor and trembled as if frightened at the violation of his vow. Drops of perspiration clung to his neck like a second spray of blossoms worn on his ear. The ten directions were veiled in the spreading, continuous rays from his eyes, those rays being like a bed of blown sun-lotuses flown up to the sky after leaving Acchoda Lake. His eyes were dilated with the pleasure of my sight; their pupils were raised upwards; and they made that place appear to be made of *punḍarika* lotuses.

“““Now, because of that all-too-visible change in him, my infatuation doubled, and I experienced a feeling too strange to be described. And this is what I thought then: ‘It is the *Makara*-bannered God, the teacher of the many graceful sportings connected with sexual play and union, who teaches coquetry. Otherwise, how is it that this man, whose mind is uninitiated into such activities that are so charming because they are full of a variety of sentiments, can have such flirtatious eyes that have movements of a kind not practiced by him, that stream love’s sentiment and pour out nectar, that are lazy as if dulled by sleep, that wander about with their pupils glassy with excessive joy, and that are so very attractive with their ever moving eyebrows. And from where comes this great skill such that his heart’s desire is revealed by his mere glance, without the use of words?’ Seizing my courage, I approached him and, bowing again, asked that second young sage who was with him, ‘Oh sir, what is his name? Of what great ascetic is he the son? And what is the name of the tree to which belongs this spray of flowers he uses as an ornament? Its spreading fragrance and its extraordinary perfume are such as I have never smelled before, and they have aroused a great curiosity in me.’

“““He chuckled: ‘Oh young lady, what purpose is served by these questions? Still, if you are eager to know, I shall tell you. Listen. There

is a great sage named Śvetaketu, who resides in the Celestial World. His fame is celebrated in the three worlds, and he is so very noble that his feet are saluted by gods, demons, and Siddhas. This blessed man's form delighted beautiful women in the heavenly world, captured the beauty of the three worlds, and excelled that of Nalakūbara. Once, wishing to pick lotuses for the worship of the gods, he went down to the Celestial Ganges, whose stream is white as the Destroyer's laughter and on whose waters float hundreds of tiny circles, like peacock-tail moons, that are formed by drops of Airāvata's ichor. Now the Goddess of Fortune, who is always present in lotus beds where she sits on a blown thousand-petalled *puṇḍarika* lotus, saw Śvetaketu when he descended. As she gazed at him her mind was overcome by the Agitator. She devoured that man's beauty with eyes half closed in love's ecstasy, tremulous, and welling with tears of joy. Placing her sprout-hand over her mouth, she languidly yawned. By merely looking at him she enjoyed sexual union with him and on that very *puṇḍarika* lotus seat was satisfied. From that lotus a son was born. Carrying him on her hip she gave him to that same Śvetaketu and said, "Oh sir, take him, he is your son." He performed for him all the rites proper to young boys and, since he was born in a *puṇḍarika* lotus, gave him the name Puṇḍarika. After taking his vows, he was thoroughly educated. This one is that son.

““““ And here is a spray of the Paradise Tree that was churned up from the Milky Ocean by the gods and demons. How it came to be favored by contact with his ear, contrary to his vow, that too I shall relate. As today is the fourteenth day of the dark half of the month, Puṇḍarika decided to worship the Husband of Ambikā, who resides on Mount Kailāsa, and so he left the Celestial World and with me went to the Nandana Wood. Suddenly there came out of it, with this spray of Paradise-tree flowers, the goddess of the forest, who was leaning on a lovely hand given her by Madhu's Goddess of Beauty incarnate, who was girdled with a garland of *bakula* flowers, who wore around her neck a thick covering of garlands that were made of flowers and sprouts and that hung to her knees, who had a fresh mango sprout as an ear ornament, and who was drunk on flower wine. She bowed to Puṇḍarika and declared, "Oh sir, be so gracious as to wear this as an ornament. It is fitting for you, who are the most enchanting sight in all the three worlds. Place it over your ear, since it so willfully desires to be made

your alluring ear ornament. May the birth of the Paradise Tree thus become fruitful.” As she was saying this, he with his eyes bashfully cast down at her words praising his beauty began to move off in indifference to her. But I saw her following. “What is the harm, friend? Grant her request,” and I forcibly placed the spray on his ear, although he did not wish it. So now I have told you everything: who he is, what this spray is, and how it came to be worn over his ear.’

“““When he had said this, that young ascetic gently smiled and spoke to me, ‘Oh inquisitive maid, why do you bother yourself with all these questions? If this flower’s sweet perfume so pleases you, then take it for your own.’ So saying, he approached me, took the spray from his ear, and placed it on mine. Because that cluster resonated with the hum of swarming bees, it seemed to have made a proposition on his behalf for sexual union. At the touch of his hand my skin thrilled on the instant just at the place where the blossom was worn over the ear, as if it were a second Paradise-tree blossom. He failed to notice that his rosary had fallen, along with his shame, from his hand—all the fingers of which were trembling with the pleasure of touching my cheek. I caught that rosary before it reached the ground and playfully put it around my neck as an ornament, where it bore a grace never seen before in a necklace, and I felt as though I enjoyed the pleasure of being clasped around the neck and fastened by the fetters of his arms.

“““As these things were happening, my umbrella bearer said to me, ‘Oh princess, the queen has bathed, and it is nearly time to go home. Please, then, finish your bath!’ Against my will I was somehow dragged away by those words of hers, as a newly caught cow elephant is dragged away by means of the hook and curse for the first time, and went to bathe. I had torn my eyes from his face with great difficulty—my eyes seemed to be sunk in the mud of his beauty’s nectar, to be snared in the thorny erect hair on his cheek, to be pinned to him by the Maddener’s arrows, and to be sewn to him with the thread of his loveliness.

“““As I left him, that second young ascetic, seeing Puṇḍarīka’s loss of solemnity, spoke to him with affectionate anger: ‘Friend Puṇḍarīka, this is not proper behavior for you; this is a path taken by commoners. Composure is an ascetic’s treasure. Why do you not check yourself when, like some vulgar soul, you become agitated? From where

has come upon you today this previously unknown affliction of the senses that has so undone you? Where is your firmness? Where is your control of your senses? Where is your serenity? Where is your vow of celibacy, handed down from your ancestors? Where is your indifference to sensual pleasures? Where is the instruction of your teachers? Where is your learning? Where are your ideas of renunciation? Where is your aversion to enjoyment? Where is your avoidance of pleasure? Where is your devotion to religious austerities? Where is your distaste for diversions? Where is your discipline for controlling youth's impetuosity? In every possible way, intellect is useless; study of the Śāstras fruitless; education to no purpose; discrimination, learned from one's teachers, worthless; enlightenment for naught; and knowledge gained in vain—since I see that in this world even persons such as you are defiled by passion's evil and made infatuation's slave. How is it you do not see that your rosary has fallen from your hand and has been carried off by someone else? Aho! Even your awareness is dulled! Check your heart, which is also being borne away by this roguish girl!

““““Being spoken to thus by his friend, a slightly abashed Puṇḍarīka replied, ‘Friend Kapiñjala, why do you think me to be other than I am? I do not pardon this ill-bred girl's offense of taking my rosary.’ Saying this, his moon-face made lovely with feigned anger and graced by a horrible frown that he made with effort and a lower lip trembling from the desire to kiss me, he said to me, ‘Mischievous maid, unless you return my rosary you shall not move even a single step from this spot.’

““““Hearing that, I removed my single strand of pearls—a handful of white blossoms offered as sport at the beginning of the dance in honor of the *Makara*-bannered God—and said, ‘Oh sir, please take back the rosary,’ and I placed it in his hand as he stared fixedly yet blankly at my face. Then I went down to bathe again, bathed as I was in my own perspiration. Coming up from the water I was somehow, with great effort, taken back by my friends, like a river made to flow against the current; and thinking of him I went home with my mother. There I entered the inner apartments reserved for princesses and from then on, bereaved at being separated from him, I was not aware of anything at all: ‘Have I returned, or am I still there? Am I alone, or with friends? Am I silent, or constantly talking? Am I awake, or asleep? Am I weeping, or not? Is this misery, or joy? Is this longing, or a disease? Is

this a calamity, or a festival? Is it day, or night? Are these things charming, or no?' And as I was unfamiliar with the ways of the Maddener, I did not know any of *these* things: 'Where do I go? What do I do? What do I listen to? What do I look at? What do I say? To whom do I speak? What is the cure for this?'

“““I simply climbed up to the palace's quarters for princesses, dismissed my female companions, and forbade entrance to my servants. Disregarding all my duties and alone, I thrust my head out of a jewel-latticed window, stood there motionless, and gazed in the direction that, as it contained him, was so very pleasing to my sight, as if it were ornamented, held within it a great hoard of jewels, flooded with a surging ocean of nectar, or adorned with the risen full moon. I stood there longing to ask news of him of *anything* that came from his way—even if it were a breeze, the scent of a wild flower, or the call of a bird. I even envied the pains of religious austerities, because *they* were dear to him. I took the vow of silence because *it* seemed to be beloved of him. Since strong passion had been aroused in me by Love's Recaller, I attributed refinement to the dress of an ascetic, since *he* put it on; beauty to youth, since *he* was its abode; enchantment to the Paradise-tree blossom, since it rested on *his* ear; delight to the Celestial World, since it was *his* residence; and invincibility to the Flower-weaponed God, because of *his* perfect beauty.

“““I stood there and turned my face toward him, although he was at a great distance, like a lotus turned toward the Vivifier, like the swelling ocean turned toward the moon, and like a peahen turned toward a cloud. I wore around my neck that rosary as if it were a talisman against the leaving of my life as it suffered so from being separated from him. On my ear in exactly the same place I wore that spray of Paradise-tree flowers, which seemed to be whispering his secrets to me. One of my cheeks, its flesh thrilling from the pleasurable touch of his hand, looked exactly like a *kadamba* bud made into an ear ornament. Then Taralikā, my betel-box bearer, who had gone with me to bathe, came up behind me and after a long while spoke very softly to me, who was in such a condition, 'Princess, one of those two divinely bodied young ascetics we saw on the shore of Acchoda Lake—the one who made this spray of the celestial tree into an ornament for your ear—avoiding being seen by that other one and walking with very cautious steps, approached me by way of a passage through a thicket

of vines densely overgrown with flowers, and questioned me thus about you as I was on my way here: "Oh maiden, who is this girl? Whose child is she? What is her name? Where has she gone?"

"I answered, "Truly, she is the daughter of the Apsaras Gaurī, who was produced from the rays of the White-rayed One, and of the blessed Harṁsa, who is king of the Gandharvas, whose array of toe-nails is smoothly polished by the needle tips of the diadem jewels of all the Gandharvas, the upper portions of whose tree-arms are decorated by the leaf-and-creeper paintings from the cheeks of Gandharva women who affectionately snuggle up to him in sleep, and who uses as his footstool the lotus-hand of the Goddess of Fortune. Her name is Mahāśvetā, and she has set out for Mount Hemakūṭa, which is the Gandharvas' residence."

"After I had said this, he remained silent for a while as if thinking about something, and then, staring at me a long time with an un-blinking eye, he respectfully spoke to me again, as if begging a boon: "Oh maiden, even in adolescence you possess a noble form that does not contradict the good opinion one makes of you, that you are not of a frivolous nature. Would you comply with a request of mine if I were to ask it?"

"I modestly folded my hands and said respectfully, "Oh sir, why need you ask? Who am I? Great-souled persons such as yourself who are worshiped by all the three worlds do not even cast their sin-removing gaze on people like me, unless we possess holy merits—much less do they cast their commands our way. So tell me without fear what you want done. Let the lowly creature that I am be so honored."

"When I had spoken to him in this way, he greeted me with an affectionate look—me, whom he looked upon as if I were a friend or a benefactress or had restored him to life. Then he took a leaf from a *tamāla* tree that grew nearby, crushed it on a rock, and tore off a piece of his bark-cloth upper garment. With the juice of that leaf, which had an odor sweet as a rut-elephant's ichor, he wrote with the tip of the nail of his lotus-hand's little finger and said, "This is to be given secretly by you to that maiden when she is alone," and so he gave it to me.' When Taralikā had finished saying this, she drew the letter from her betel box and showed it to me. I seemed to come under the influence of the Maddener's spell because of her speech concerning him; that speech, though made of sounds, seemed to produce the sensation

of touch inside me although its proper province was the ear, and it entered all my limbs with its penetration made known by my thrilling skin. I took that bark-cloth letter from her hand and on it read this, written in *āryā* metre:

'Lotus-white nacre  
Draws my soul  
To you, to ecstasy.  
So does a lotus root  
Lure the Mānasa-goose  
Too far away, too long.'

“““Merely reading this verse was to the wicked designs of my lovesick mind as loss of sense of direction is to one who has lost his way; as a dark fortnight is to a blind man; as severing the tongue is to a dumb person; as the waving of a conjurer's peacock tail feather is to a befuddled person; as a fever of delirium is to one given to incoherent babblings; as sleep brought on by disturbed humors is to one who has been poisoned; as the study of materialism is to an atheist; as liquor is to a mad person; or as an evil incantation is to one possessed by a Flesh-eater. Being bewildered by that exacerbation, my head began to whirl as does a river when flooding.

““““Since she had seen him a second time, I looked at her as though she had acquired a treasure of great merit, had enjoyed residence in the Celestial World, was inhabited by a god, had been granted a boon, had sipped the Elixir of Immortality, or had been given a crown over the three worlds. I spoke to her respectfully, as if an audience with her were difficult to obtain although she was always near me, or as if she were unknown to me although we were most intimate. I looked at her as if she were placed above all the world, though she stood at my side. With conciliation I stroked her cheeks and creeper-tresses. So I reversed our relationship of mistress and servant. 'Oh Taralikā, tell me, how did you see him? What did he say to you? How long did you remain there with him? How far did he follow us?'—thus I repeatedly questioned her. I passed the day in the palace, with this same kind of talk in her company, after I had forbidden all my other servants entry.

““““Then when the sun's orb, suspended in the sky, was becoming red as if a portion of my heart's own ardor had been ladled onto it;



when the sunshine's Goddess of Fortune—amorous at the sight of the love-filled [red] Maker of Day and lying on a couch made of lotuses—was paling; when the Luminous One's rays—a crimson mountain stream tinged with red chalk—were rising from lotus beds and clumping together, like wild elephants reddened by their plungings into chalk-dyed torrents and leaving the lotus beds to herd together; when the day was entering the cavern of Mount Meru along with the echoing sounds of the joyful neighings of the sun's chariot horses, who longed for rest after their descent from the sky; when the lotuses, having swarms of bees entered into the folds of their red blossoms, seemed to be closing their eyes as their hearts were darkened by a swoon caused by their separation from the sun; when the pairs of *rathāṅga* birds were separating—taking each other's heart with them as though their hearts had been transferred to one another through the hollow lotus fibers they shared when eating; at such a time that umbrella-bearer of mine entered and said, 'Princess, one of those two ascetics is at the gate. He says, "I have come to ask for the return of the rosary."' "

""Now at the mere mention of the words 'young ascetic,' I felt as if I had gone to the door, though I remained where I was. Imagining that *he* might have come, I called to one of my chamberlains, 'Go, bid him enter,' and thus commanding sent him out. After a time, I saw the young ascetic named Kapiñjala—*his* worthy companion, as youth is of beauty, as the *Makara*-bannered God is of youth, as spring is of the *Makara*-bannered God, or as the southern breeze is of the spring—walking behind the chamberlain, who was hoary with age; he was like morning sunshine following after moonlight. As he drew near I saw that he seemed to be bewildered, depressed, distracted, solicitous, or seemed to have some problem to convey. Rising, I bowed to him and myself respectfully offered him a seat. When he was seated I washed his feet, although he did not wish it, wiped them dry with the hem of my silk upper garment, and then sat down on the floor nearby. He remained silent for a while, as if he wished to say something, and then looked at Taralikā, who was seated near me, his mere glance revealing his thoughts. 'Oh sir, she is the same as my own body. You may speak freely,' so I reassured him.

""Kapiñjala replied, 'Oh princess, what do I say? From shame my very speech does not descend to the sphere of what must be said. On the one hand are ascetics seeking bulbs and roots, tranquil, de-

voted to forest life, and on the other is this worldly existence, which is fit for people who are filled with passion, which is stained by the lust for sensual pleasures, which is crowded with the Agitator's various sports, and which abounds in passion. You see, all this is quite improper. What is this that has been set in motion by Fate? Certainly, without even the slightest effort, the Supreme Lord leads creatures to the abode of ridicule. I do not know if this is befitting of bark garments, if it is proper for matted locks, if it is seemly for religious austerities. Aho! Perhaps this is a part of religious instruction! Strange mockery! But there is something I must tell you. There is no other way, no other remedy, no other refuge, no other road. If I do not tell you, an awful calamity will occur. The life of a friend must be saved even at the cost of one's own. So I tell you this.

““““It was in your presence that I severely scolded him and in such a way displayed my anger. After I had spoken to him thus, I left him and, my temper aroused, abandoned my gathering of flowers and went away from that place. Once you had gone, I remained alone for some time; then, feeling curious, “How does he behave now?” I went back and, hiding myself in some branches, I looked for him. When I did not see him, this ran through my mind: “Can it be that he, overwhelmed by love, has left to follow that girl? Or perhaps at her departure he came to his senses and is ashamed, unable to come within the range of my sight. Or is it that he is angry and has abandoned me and gone away? Perhaps, seeking me, he has gone from here to another place.”

““““Indecisive, I stayed there a while, but being pained by his absence, which I had not experienced even for a moment since my birth, I again reflected, “Embarrassed at the loss of his resolve, he might even do something foolish; for there is nothing shame cannot accomplish. It is simply unwise to leave him alone.” With this in mind, I began a diligent search for him. While searching, the more I did not see him the more my mind, despairing with love for my friend, feared this or that misfortune had befallen him. I wandered about for a long time, carefully looking here and there, inspecting the trees, creepers, and thickets, the vine bowers, the area under the avenues of sandal trees, and the shores of the lake. Then I saw him, seated in a liana thicket that grew near the lake. As it was crowded, it seemed to be made of flowers, bees, cuckoos, or peacocks. It was so very charming

it seemed to be the very birthplace of spring. As he was motionless, he looked as if he were drawn, carved, paralyzed, dead, asleep, or engaged in meditation. Although he sat still, yet he wandered from his virtuous conduct. Although he was alone, yet he was inhabited by the Agitator. Although he was full of love, yet he was pale. Although his mind was empty, yet his beloved dwelt in his heart. Although he was silent, yet he declared the abundant pain of his love. And although he was seated on a stone slab, yet he had taken his stand on death.

““““He was being tormented by the Flower-weaponed God, who kept out of sight as if afraid of being cursed. As he was exceedingly still, his body was deserted by all his senses, as though they had entered him to see his beloved who dwelt in his heart, as though they left out of terror at his unbearable distress, or as though they were angry at the agitation of his mind. From his eyes—which were motionless and closed, the whites of which seemed to be pained by the smoke of the Maddener’s fire that blazed inside him—he ceaselessly gushed tears in myriad streams that trickled out through his eyelashes. He caused the filaments of blossoms on nearby creepers to wave with his sighs that exited, taking with them his lips’ reddish luster that looked as though it were the flame that flared in his heart—the flame of the fire of the Bodiless God. As his palm supported his left cheek, his forehead was whitened by his nails’ glittering, shooting rays that seemed to paint a *lalāṭika* on it with very pure sandal paste. His ear seemed to be graced with lotuses, or with *tamāla* shoots, because of the swarms of bees that, because of their indistinct humming, seemed to be muttering the spell that produces the infatuation of the Maddener, and that hovered about seeking the perfume lingering from his recently removed ear ornament of Paradise-tree flowers. Due to the bristling engendered by the fever of his yearning, he seemed to have sticking to his body a number of broken chips and points of the barbs of the Maddener’s flower arrows that had been discharged into every one of his pores.

““““With his right hand he clutched against his breast a pearl necklace that was the banner of his folly and that, with his nails’ rays playing over it, seemed to thrill to the pleasure of his touch. He was being dusted by the trees with their flower pollen—as if it were a powder for subjugating a person to the Maddener’s influence. He was being caressed by the leaves of nearby *aśoka* trees, which were moved by the

winds and which seemed to transfer their own redness to him. He was being wetted by the forest's Goddess of Beauty with sprays of honey from clusters of newly blown flowers, the spray being like a bath preparatory to love play. Because of the *campaka* buds that fell on him and the fragrance of which was being drunk by bees, he seemed to be attacked by the Blossom-arrowed God with red-hot barbs and smoke. Because of the *jhaṇ-jhaṇ* sound of bees drunk on the heavy perfume of the forest, he seemed to be rebuked by the angry "hum!" of the south wind. Because of the indistinct *kolāhala* of families of drunken cuckoos, he seemed to be agitated by the month of Madhu with its *kalakala* cries of "Victory to spring!"

““““He, like the moon at dawn, was seized by paleness. He, like Gaṅgā's stream in summer, was emaciated. He, like a sandal twig burning inside, was vanishing. He seemed to be another person, one not seen before, one unfamiliar, one who has taken another birth, or one who has been changed into another form. He seemed to be possessed, inhabited by a great ghost, seized by an evil planet, delirious, in disguise, blind, deaf, or dumb. He looked as if he were made of love play or of the Maddener. His mind had been appropriated by someone else. He had reached the climax of his possession by the Maddener. His former self was nowhere in sight.

““““For a long time I stared at him, who was in such a state, and I grieved. With a trembling heart I thought: "The force of the *Makara*-bannered God is very irresistible, indeed, for this one, in but a moment, was reduced to such a weak, hopeless state. How could such a great quantity of knowledge become useless all of a sudden? Aho! Bata! It is a great miracle! This one, so firm of nature and unswerving of conduct, from his very childhood was a model of behavior for me and for other young ascetic lads. Here now like an ordinary person he is stupefied by the Agitator, who has subverted his learning, ignored his serious purpose, and destroyed his fortitude. It is indeed impossible to become mature in one's youth!" I approached, sat on one part of that same stone slab, placed my hand on his shoulder, and asked him, whose eyes were still closed, "Oh friend, tell me what this is." Making an effort, he somehow opened his eyes, which seemed to have fused shut from having been closed a long time, which were red from his ceaseless weeping, which were awash with tears, which seemed to

tremble or to be pained, and which had the appearance of a pool of lotuses shrouded in a veil of clean white silk. He stared at me a long time with his dull, glazed eyes.

““““Then he sighed and said very slowly, and with difficulty, his syllables broken with shame, “Oh friend Kapiñjala, why do you ask when you already know?”

““““When I heard that his condition had no cure, I inwardly decided, “Still, when a friend takes to evil ways, his friend must hinder him with all his might.” I said aloud, “Oh friend Puṇḍarika, of course I know. I merely ask this: Is this course upon which you have embarked one you learned from your teachers? Did you study it in the Śāstra of Duty? Is it perhaps a new method for acquiring religious merit? Or another way of performing austerities? Is it a path to heaven? Or a secret vow? Or a new means of obtaining absolution? Perhaps it is another kind of religious observance? How is this a suitable thing for you even to consider, much less to talk about or to see? You are not even aware that you are being made an object of ridicule, like some uneducated person, by this cursed Agitator. Only a fool is harassed by the Maddener. What hope for happiness can be had from such sensual pleasures that are censured by good people and applauded by vulgar ones? Surely that idiot, who expects happiness to spring from sensual enjoyments that bring such misery in their wake, waters a poisonous vine, thinking that to be a virtuous act; takes up a long thin sword, thinking it to be a sun-lotus garland; embraces a black snake, taking it for a line of smoke from burning aloe wood; touches live charcoal, thinking it to be jewels; or pulls on the pestle-tusk of a rogue elephant, under the impression that it is a lotus stalk. You know the nature of sensual pleasures; how is it you carry this knowledge that is powerless to guide you, like the light carried by a firefly? You certainly do not check your straying senses, which are defiled by a multitude of passions and which are thus like streams clotted with a thick layer of dust. Nor do you restrain your agitated mind. Indeed, who is this Bodiless God? Catch hold of courage and rebuke this ill-mannered fellow.”

““““I was still speaking when he cut me short, and, after wiping his eyes streaming tears that tumbled from his eyelashes, he took my hand and said, “Friend, what is the use of all this talk? You are completely at ease. You have not come within the range of the Blossom-

bowed God's arrows, which are painful as the virulent poison of a venomous snake. It is easy to advise another person. He is only fit to be advised who has his senses intact, has a steady mind, can see, can hear, can remember, or who is able to make distinctions between right and wrong. I have lost all such abilities. Resolve, wisdom, courage, reflection—all talk of such is at an end. Somehow only my life stays with me, although I am making no effort to hold onto it. The time for advice is long past. The moment for courage has fled. The hour for reflection is gone. The season for knowledge is over. Who else, save you, should advise me at this time or try to prevent me from taking a wrong path? Who else but you are my kindred soul? What am I to do since I am not able to restrain myself? You can see the dreadful condition I am in right now. Therefore the time for advice is no more. While I am still alive I need some remedy to allay the Maddener's fever, which is as severe as the heat of the rays of the twelve Makers of Day risen at the time of the Final Dissolution. My limbs seem to cook, my heart to boil, my eyes to burn, my body to be in flames. You must do what you can in the time you have." And with that he left off talking to me.

““““Although I was spoken to in this way, I admonished him further. But he did not listen, even when I spoke coaxingly to him and was conciliatory, using words illuminated by the teachings of the Śāstras, full of illustrations and examples from history. I thought to myself, “This fellow has taken to the high ground and it is impossible to turn him back. Indeed, all advice is futile now. I must make some effort to save him.” Being thus resolved, I rose and left. From the lake I pulled up juicy lotus fibers and lotus leaves spotty with drops of water, and gathered moon-, sun-, and other lotuses, which were fragrant with the astringent perfume of their pollen. Then I returned and made a couch for him on that same stone slab in the liana bower. While he lay there as comfortable as possible, I crushed a few tender sprouts of sandal that grew nearby and with the juice, which is especially fragrant and cool as snow, I smeared his forehead and anointed his body from the soles of his feet upward. I checked his perspiration with powdered camphor, which I had pried out of bark broken from trees growing in the vicinity and had ground up with my own hands. On his chest I placed a bark garment wet from sandal juice and fanned him with a banana leaf, which shed a thick spray of water.

““““While I was repeatedly engaged in preparing new lotus-leaf beds, in grinding sandal paste, in making a remedy for his perspiration, and in fanning him with a banana leaf, these thoughts came to me: “Certainly the blessed Mind-born God is not one to be subdued. Here is this man, like a deer, devoted to forest life and by nature simple, and there is Mahāśvetā, the daughter of a Gandharva king, who has a wealth of various coqueties and moods! There is absolutely nothing in this world that that god finds impossible to achieve, that is hard for him to accomplish, that lies beyond his power, or that he cannot do. He disdainfully acts in matters others would find repugnant. What do sentient creatures count, for if he so pleases, he even can bring together nonsentient things. Even the moon-lotus becomes enamored of the Maker of Day’s rays; even the sun-lotus gives up its enmity for the beams of the Hare-marked Moon; even night mingles with day; even moonlight follows darkness; even a shadow hugs the base of a lamp; even lightning rests in a cloud; even old age becomes a companion to youth.

“““““What is difficult for him who has brought to such a condition of degradation, as if he were a bundle of straw, this one who was an unfathomable ocean of calm? What has become of his penance? How has such a state come to be? Surely an unmitigated disaster has been visited upon us. Now what is to be done, or even to be attempted? Where should I turn? Who is our refuge? What is to be my strategy? Who can help? What is the way? What is the plan? And what is the refuge I should seek in order to save his life? By what skill, device, method, support, wisdom, or consolation can he be saved?” Then I further reflected: “What is to be gained by needlessly brooding? He must be rescued by any means, good or bad, and, except for union with her, there seems to be no other way. Certainly he will not gratify his lust himself by going to her, even though animated by but a single breath, because his youth and modesty would cause him to consider the performance of love play to be a mockery of, and contrary to, his religious austerities. But the Maddener’s perturbation cannot be endured by him for much longer. Wise men say that a friend’s life is always to be protected, even by a most contemptible act. So this thing that has just occurred to me must be done, although it is exceedingly shameful and improper. What else can I do? What alternative do I

have? I shall go to Mahāśvetā and tell her of his condition.” Being thus decided, I got up under some pretext, and, without telling him lest he should try to prevent my going and feeling ashamed at having such an unworthy purpose, I came here. So, as things have reached such a state, you must do whatever needs to be done in this matter, or whatever is worthy of such devotion, or whatever befits my visit, or whatever may be proper for you to do.’ Having said these things, he fell silent and fixed his eyes on my face, waiting to see what I would say.

“““When I heard that, I seemed to be plunged into a heart made of the ambrosia of joy, immersed in a sea made of the liquid of love, floating to the top of all manner of delights, ascended to the pinnacle of all desires, or resting on the culmination of all festivities. On the instant, I felt ecstatic, and I manifested that feeling by my sparkling tears of joy that streamed down my face but that did not touch the hollows of my cheeks because I bent my head slightly in my shyness. The tears seemed to string together into a garland as one after the other they trickled down, and they were heavy because they had not filtered through my eyelashes. ‘It is fortunate, indeed, that the Bodiless God pursues him too as he does me. Certainly, by tormenting me he has shown a certain measure of favor; and if such is really *his* condition, then what favor has not been conferred by that god, what has he not done for me; who else is a friend like him? Else, could a false word escape the lips of Kapiñjala, even in sleep—he who has such a serene aspect? As things have taken such a turn, what should I do or say to him?’

“““As I was musing, a portress hurriedly entered and said, ‘Princess, the great queen, having learned from her attendants that you are not well, has come to see you.’ On hearing this, Kapiñjala, fearful of the crush of people, hastily rose, saying, ‘Princess, this may be the cause of some delay, and the blessed Maker of Day, crest-jewel of the three worlds, nears his setting. Therefore I will leave. My folded hands are a gift I offer you for the saving of my dear friend’s life by whatever means. This is the best I can do.’ Saying this, without waiting for my answer, he left, taking his departure with great difficulty as the door was blocked on all sides by the entering portresses, who carried gold staffs and entered in front of my mother; by the body of cham-



berlains who carried betel, flowers, perfumed powder, and unguents; and by the attendants busily waving fly whisks and followed by hunchbacks, Kirātas, deaf ones, dwarfs, eunuchs, and deaf-and-dumb people.

“““My mother visited for a long while, and then returned to her own palace. Whatever her visit accomplished—what was done, what was said, what was performed—I did not notice, being so very distracted. When she was gone and when the divine Vivifier—his steeds green as *hārīta* birds, the lotuses’ lord of life, friend to the *cakravākas*—had set; when the virgin of the western quarter’s face was becoming crimson; when the lotus beds were turning green; when the eastern quarter was darkening; and when the mortal world was being seized by a night black as the clay of the Abode of Serpents, as if by the flooding ocean at the Final Dissolution; then I, not knowing what else to do, wailed, ‘Ayi! Taralikā, how is it you do not see that my heart is violently wrenched, and my senses thrown into confusion? I myself am not able to determine, even in the least, what is to be done about this. You must tell me what course to take. Kapiñjala has gone, but he related everything in your presence. In the first place, if I, like a common maiden abandoning shame—forsaking decorum, shunning modesty, paying no head to gossip, transgressing good behavior, overstepping character, not honoring my status by birth, succumbing to notoriety, blindly led by passion, rejected by my father, not approved by my mother—approach him myself and offer him my hand, the elders will consider that a great transgression of duty. But if, out of respect for duty, I take the alternative and choose death, then it will be disregarding the affectionate solicitation of the blessed Kapiñjala, who came here in person and requested that I seek union with Puṇḍarīka. And there is another thing to consider—if somehow Puṇḍarīka loses his life because I frustrated him, I would be committing a horrendous crime: the murder of an ascetic!’

““““While I was speaking, the eastern quarter turned gray with the faintest of glimmers showing at the rise of the Hare-marked Moon, just as a forest in spring is made slightly gray by the pollen of its flowers. Then, with the moon’s appearance that quarter seemed to be whitened by powdered pearls gleaned from the elephant of darkness’ temples that were ripped open by the claws of the lion in the form of the Hare-marked Moon. It seemed to be made pale by the thick sandal dust shaken from the breasts of the Rising Mountain’s Siddha women.

It seemed to become creamy with the swirled sands from the shore, stirred by the restless wind moving across the waters of the ocean. Slowly the fall of moonbeams gave a glow to the Coquette of Night's face, as if she gently smiled with sparkling teeth at the sight of the moon. Afterwards, the evening began to shine with the Maker of Night's orb, as if it were the circle of Śeṣa's hood rising and breaking through the earth from the Nether Region. And in time the night was made enchanting by the rise of the Hare-marked Moon, who gladdens the mortal world, who is the beloved of amorous women, who had somewhat given up the passion of childhood [early rising], who has a blushing sheen, who is fit solely for the enjoyment of the sportings of love play, who is made of the Elixir of Immortality—in short, who is like youth.

“““Upon seeing the risen Maker of Night—who was ruddy with the glow of his fresh advent as if he were flushed with the luster of the nearby coral ocean, or crimsoned with the blood of his deer struck by the paw of the lion of the Rising Mountain, or stained by the lac juice from the foot of Rohiṇī angered by a lovers' quarrel—I, whose heart was darkened although the Maddener's fire burned within me, who rested in the hand of the Agitator although I lay in Taralikā's lap, and who sought death although my eyes were fixed on the moon, at once thought, 'On one side, certainly, are gathered together, among other things, the month of Madhu and the breeze from the Malaya Mountain, while on the other is this insufferable, mischievous, cursed moon. My heart pains me. The rising of this moon is a shower of live coals on one consumed by burning fever, a fall of snow on one shivering with cold, or the bite of a black serpent on one fainting from a poisonous abscess.'

““““While I was thus thinking, a swoon, brought on by the rise of the moon, closed my eyes as if they were withered sun-lotuses. I soon was revived by means of applications of sandal unguent and breezes of fannings made by a very agitated Taralikā, and I saw that she was extremely distressed, seemingly seized by despair incarnate. She was weeping, her face reddened by streaming tears, as she held a stick of oozing moonstone to my forehead. When I opened my eyes she bowed at my feet and, clasping her hands, which were wet with sandal paste, said, 'Oh princess, why be ashamed or why consider the elders? Be gracious, send me. I will bring him who is your heart's beloved. Or

else rise and go there yourself. You are not able to endure this *Makara*-bannered God, who makes hundreds of yearnings well up in you at the rise of the powerful moon, just as the ocean, replete with *makaras*, surges with hundreds of waves at moonrise.'

""To her who had spoken thus I replied, 'Mad girl, why talk of the Agitator? Surely this Friend of Moon-lotuses has come here to lead me either to death or to him; and he is removing all doubts, driving out all thoughts of other ways, concealing all obstacles, dispelling all uncertainties, casting away all fears, uprooting shame, veiling the sinful levity of my going to him myself, and doing away with delay. Then rise. Going to him while I yet live, I somehow will honor that person, the love of my heart, the one who torments me so.' As I spoke I got up, supporting myself with difficulty on her. My limbs were flooded with the perspiration of the swoon caused by the Maddener. As I set out, my right eye quivered, indicating a bad omen. Filled with apprehension, I thought, 'What else has been set afoot by Fate?'

""Then, when the spaces between the three worlds were being drenched in light from the moon's orb—which had not yet risen far, the rays of which made an immense watercourse in the palace of the three worlds, which seemed to propel a gush of liquid whitewash, which seemed to let loose a tumbling torrent of sandal juice, which seemed to spew a flooding ocean of nectar, which seemed to discharge thousands of streams of the White Ganges; when the people seemed to be experiencing the pleasure of residing on the White Continent, or of having a glimpse of Soma's world; when the circle of earth seemed to be lifted up out of the cavity of the Milky Ocean by the Hare-marked Moon, which resembled the curved tusks of the Great Boar, when in every house moonrise was being welcomed with offerings made by women bearing sandal water perfumed with blown moon-lotuses; when the king's roads were crowded with thousands of messengers of love dispatched by amorous ladies; when young women on assignations were running about cloaked in blue silk garments, trembling with fear of the moonlight—as if they were so many Goddesses of Fortune of lotus beds concealed by the luster of blue lotuses; when the moon-lotuses in the palace ponds were waking and had bees clustering on each blossom; when the sky was whitened with the abundant pollen from blown moon-lotus beds, resembling an island in the river of night; when the mortal world was like a great ocean overflowing with joy at

the moon's rise and seemed to be made of the essence of passion, of festivity, of love play, and of desire; and when the time of early evening was made charming by screaming peacocks noisy with joy at the torrents spilling from the water channels of moonstones; then, having for my dress the wet sandal paste that had been smeared on my body when I swooned, with hair dishevelled, gray, and sticking to the slightly dry sandal paste on my forehead, with that rosary worn round my neck in the same way as before, with that Paradise-tree blossom kissing the tip of my ear, with my head veiled by a red silk garment that seemed to have been spun from the rays of rubies, and seen by no one, not even any of my own attendants, I came down from the palace terrace along with Taralikā, who carried sundry flowers, betel, unguents, garments, and perfumed powder.

“““Having descended, I left by the side door of the women's garden and set out to meet him. I was being followed by bees that were drawn by the Paradise-tree blossom, abandoning the garden and the moon-lotus beds to fly after me; they created the illusion that I was swathed in a veil of blue cloth. As I proceeded, seeing that I was accompanied only by Taralikā and had no other attendant with me, I thought, 'What does a person, set out for a rendezvous with her beloved, need with "real" attendants? Surely *these* play the parts of servants: the Flower-weaponed God, who follows along with his arrows notched in his strong bow; the Hare-marked Moon, who draws me on with his outstretched rays [hands]; passion that supports me at every step lest I stumble; my heart, which casts away all shame and, along with my senses, rushes along in front of me; and longing, supplying resolve, which leads me on.' Out loud I said, 'Ayi! Taralikā, I wish that this cursed moon would pull Puṇḍarīka forward, as he has me, by dragging him along by the hair with his rays!'

“““To me who spoke thus, she smiled and said, 'Princess, you are confused. What has the moon to do with Puṇḍarīka? It is *you* with whom he, as though lovesick, is involved in various ways. For instance, pretending to be looking at his reflection he kisses your cheeks, which gleam with perspiration. His trembling rays [hands] fall upon your beautiful, heavy breasts, and they fondle your girdle's gems. With his image clinging to your bright toenails, he falls at your feet. Moreover, as if lovesick his body wears the pallor of sandal ointment dried by the fever of love. His hands [rays] are whitened by bracelets of

lotus stalks. Under the guise of his reflection, he tumbles onto crystal and jewelled pavements. He plunges into moon-lotus pools with his feet [rays] made gray by *ketakī* pollen. His rays stroke moonstones wet with sprays of water. He hates lotus beds wherein pairs of *cakravāka* birds are separated.' With these and other comments to pass the time she accompanied me to the liana bower.

“““There, as I washed my feet, dusky with pollen from vines growing along the path, in a stream that was made from the melt of moonstones affected by the moon's rise and that trickled down Mount Kailāsa, in the distance I heard the soft sound of a man weeping; the sound came from the lake's west bank in the very direction where I expected to find Puṇḍarika. Fear had already been created in me by the throbbing of my right eye; now that sound seemed to tear at my heart. My mind despaired and seemed to warn me of some evil. 'Oh Taralikā, what is this?' I said with terror, my slender body trembling, as I hurriedly headed for him.

“““Then, even from afar, because of midnight's dead calm, I heard a shriek of pain: 'Ha! I am slain! Ha! I am consumed! Ha! I am deceived! Ha! What is this that has come to pass? What has happened? I am uprooted! Wicked-souled, Flesh-eater of a Maddener, sinful and pitiless, what is this evil deed you have performed? Ah! Foul evil-working, ill-mannered Mahāśvetā! What wrong did he do you? Ah! Vile, misbehaving, base-born moon! You have achieved your purpose! Now cursed, compassionless south wind, your desires have been fulfilled! Blow as you will! It is done that which you would have done! Ha! Blessed Śvetaketu, so devoted to your son, you know not that you have been robbed! Ha! God of Duty, you have lost a follower! Ha! Penance, you are widowed! Ha! Truth, you are without a lord! Ha! Celestial World, you are empty! Oh friend, wait for me, I shall follow you! How could you desert me today, suddenly leaving me as if I were a stranger? From where comes this extreme cruelty on your part? Tell me, without you where do I go? whom do I importune? to whom do I go for refuge? I have become blind! To me space has been made vacant! Life is without purpose! Penance is pointless! The world is without joy! With whom shall I wander? To whom do I speak? With whom do I share my afflictions? Arise! Answer me! Where is the affection you had for me? Where is that conversation of yours pre-

ceded by a smile?’ So it was that I heard these and other laments coming from Kapiñjala.

“““Hearing that, I uttered one loud wail, even while yet at a distance, as my life seemed to fail. My silk upper garment ripped as it stuck to the vines on the lake’s bank. Stepping without regard to whether the ground was even or rough, as fast as I could manage, though stumbling at every step, I went to him as if I were being carried along by someone who had lifted me above the ground. And there I, a hapless sinner, saw that noble soul whose life had fled that very moment.

““““Puṇḍarika lay on a couch that had been spread on a moonstone slab that was near the lake’s shore and that shed an icy cold shower of spray. The bed was made of lotus stalks and looked as though it was formed of garlands of moon-, sun-, and other lotuses and of various woodland blossoms and wild flowers, or as though it was made of the arrows of the Blossom-arrowed God. As he was absolutely still, he seemed to be listening for the sound of my footsteps. He seemed to have fallen asleep that very moment, when perhaps the distress of the Maddener’s fire had been quenched by his anger turning inward, thus giving him relief. He seemed to be holding his breath as an atonement for his mind’s agitation. He seemed to say with his lips, the luster of which sparked wildly, ‘You have done this to me!’ With his body turned sideways in hatred of the moon, and from the appearance of the rays of the nails of his hand that was placed on his heart distressed by the Maddener’s fire, he seemed to be pierced by the Hare-marked Moon’s beams that fell onto his back.

““““His forehead was smeared with a streak of sandal paste that was dry and pale and that looked like the Maddener’s crescent moon portending his destruction. He seemed to have been abandoned by life, angry with the thought, ‘Another has been much dearer to you than I!’ Having of his own accord relinquished his life along with the perturbations of the Agitator, he seemed to be experiencing the pleasure of unconsciousness. He seemed to be pondering the yogic lore of the Bodiless God, or to be practicing a new kind of breathing exercise. It seemed as if the *pūṇapātra* gift basket of life had been affectionately snatched away from him by the Bodiless God, who had caused my coming. He seemed to be effecting a spell for sexual union with me by

wearing a garb suited to the vow of the Mind-born God, for: the *tripuṇḍraka* mark on his forehead was made with sandal paste; he wore a sacred thread of juicy lotus fibers; his bark cloth garment was a tender banana leaf attached to his shoulder; his rosary was a single string of pearls; his whitening of ashes was done with dustings of white camphor powder; and he charmed the heart with his bound amulet cord of lotus fibers.

“““His eyes seemed lovingly to upbraid me, ‘Bhoḥ! Oh hardhearted one, this person who followed you was never favored again by even a glance!’ Their pupils were cast upward and slightly visible. They were red with his constant weeping as if blood had poured out of them along with the exhaustion of his tears at his loss of life; and they were slightly closed from the pain caused by the points of the Maddener’s arrows. As his lips were somewhat parted, the front of his body was whitened by his teeth’s rays, as if they were moonbeams exiting after having entered him and taken his life. With his left hand placed over his heart, which was torn apart by the Agitator’s torments, he seemed to hold me in his heart with the thought, ‘Be so gracious, you who are as dear to me as life; do not depart with my vital force!’ With his other hand, which seemed to stream sandal paste because of the jagged rays of his nails and which was raised, he seemed to be warding off the moonlight. He was flanked by the gourd pitcher, his friend in penance, which stood nearby and which, with its upraised neck, seemed to be searching the path along which his life had recently fled. He was being led to the next world by the garland of lotus fibers that graced his throat, as if by a noose of beams made by the Maker of Night. His neck was embraced by Kapīṣṭhala, who raised his hands at my sight and wailed, ‘What a disgraceful deed this is!’ and wept with the flow of his tears doubled.

“““The darkness of a swoon enveloped me, and, as if I had descended to the Abode of Serpents, I knew nothing at all of where I went, what I did, or how I lamented. Nor do I know why my own life did not leave me at that moment, whether because of the extreme insensitivity of my stupefied heart, because of the ability of this cursed body to endure thousands of sorrows, because of my being enjoined to suffer terrible grief, because of my being a vessel of evils acquired from another birth, because of the penchant of miserable Fate for making trouble, or because of the extreme perversity of the wicked

and cursed Agitator. I only know that when I, unhappy girl, came to, after a very long time, I was writhing on the ground and burning with an unbearable grief as if I had been plunged into a fire.

““““To me his death seemed impossible to believe, unimaginable, as did *my* continued existence. I rose. ‘Ha! What is this that has come to pass?’—thus emitting sounds of calamity. ‘Ha! Mother! Ha! Father! Ha! Friends!’—thus screaming. ‘Ha! Lord, the fetter of my life, tell me, oh pitiless one, where have you gone leaving me all alone without a protector? Ask Taralikā about the state to which I was reduced for your sake. Only with difficulty did I pass the day, which stretched out to a thousand Ages. Be gracious, speak to me but once. Show kindness to one who worships you. Look at me, if even but just a little. Grant my desire. I am distressed. I am devoted to you. I am helpless. I am but a young girl. I am without resources. I am miserable. No other protects me. I am overpowered by the Maddener! Why do you not have pity on me? Tell me my offense. What have I neglected to do? What command of yours did I disregard? What thing did you find agreeable but I did not, thereby making you angry? Wandering away, deserting your handmaiden without cause, are you not afraid of gossip? On the other hand, what have you to do with wretched me who am skilled in deceiving with false love, perverse, and sinful. Ah! Yet even now I live! Ha! I am undone—ill-fated that I am! How is it that I have neither you, nor modesty, nor relatives, nor heaven? Fie on me! a doer of evil, for whose sake your condition has become thus! There is none so hard of heart as I, leaving you in such a state and going home. What have I to do with home, mother, father, relatives, or servants? Ha! Whom do I approach for refuge? Oh Fate, pity me, I entreat you. Blessed Destiny, give me the gift of my beloved, show compassion, protect this helpless woman. Divine forest goddesses, be gracious, return his life to him. Save, oh Earth, that one who bestows favor on all people. Oh Night, why do you not sympathize with me? Oh Father Kailāsa, I come to you for asylum, take pity on me.’ So I lamented thus and more—how much I do not remember. I screamed as if seized by an evil planet, as if possessed, as if intoxicated, or as if struck down by a ghost.

““““As streams of tears fell continuously from my eyes, I seemed to dissolve, melt, turn into liquid. The syllables of my escaping lament followed by the rays of my teeth seemed to be accompanied by those



rivulets of tears. My hair seemed to shed teardrops, because blossoms ceaselessly fell from it. Even my ornaments appeared to be weeping, as they produced tears in the beams from their bright gems. I longed as much for my own death as I did for his life. I wished to enter his heart with all my soul, even though he was no more. I stroked his cheeks, his forehead with the roots of his matted hair white with slightly dry sandal paste, his shoulders adorned with juicy lotus fibers, and his chest covered by lotus leaves sprinkled with drops of sandal juice. 'Oh Puṇḍarīka, you are cruel. You care not for me, though I am so in need!'—thus I chided him. I conciliated him repeatedly. I kissed him again and again. I hugged his neck over and over, weeping aloud. 'Ah! Oh wicked one, even you did not preserve his life till my return!'—so I reproached that string of pearls. 'Ayi! Good sir, be gracious! Revive him!'—so I fell time and again at Kapiṇjala's feet. And clasping Taralikā's neck, I sobbed.

““As I reflect upon it, yet today I do not know from where came those many wretched but endearing terms used by one whose stock of merit was exhausted—terms that previously were unthought-of, unlearned, untaught, and unknown. From where too all those utterances, those piteous weeping wails of distress? Things were so strange then. A flood of tears welled up inside of me, like waves at the time of the Final Dissolution. spurts of tears were released like fountains. Lamentations shot out like shoots. Sorrows arose like so many mountain peaks. And swoon after swoon consumed me.”

““As she was relating her story and seemed somehow to be re-experiencing that very painful past, she lost consciousness. As she crumpled to the stone slab, Candrāpīḍa, greatly concerned, quickly reached out for her, like a servant, and held her up. Gently fanning her with the edge of his own upper garment, which was wet with tears, he revived her. Filled with sympathy, his cheeks awash gushing tears, he said to her when she had regained her senses, “Oh lady, because of me your grief has been felt afresh, and you have been brought to such a state. So away with this story! Let it end! I, too, am unable to hear any more. For a friend's woeful description of separation from a loved one, though long past, causes the listener to feel actual pain. Therefore, you will please not offer again as fuel to the fire of sorrow this life that is preserved only with great difficulty and that is so very precious.”

“‘When she was thus addressed, she heaved a long, impassioned sigh and, with her eyes welling with tears, spoke despairingly, “Oh prince, it is out of the question that my most cruel life, which did not desert me on that terrible and cursed night, will leave me now. Even the blessed God of Death shuns the sight of me, struck down as I am by lack of merit and such a sinner. How can I feel sorrow, hardhearted as I am? All this is just a false show of my wicked heart. Surely, with this heart abandoned of shame, I have become the chief of all the shameless ones. What does this tale matter to one, adamant, who has known love and yet experienced all this? What is there more painful to be told than this that is not possible to hear or tell? I shall but make known to you the wonder that transpired once the thunderbolt had fallen—what arose was just enough for me to hold onto life. I shall tell you the mirage of vain hope, that I grasped at and by which I support this cursed body that, nearly dead, seems alien to me and a burden, worthless, and ungrateful. Let it also be heard.

“‘“At the end of such lamentations, I made one resolution: to die. Mourning aloud in various ways, I said to Taralikā, ‘Ayi! Rise, you cruel-hearted girl! How long will you cry? Collect fuel and arrange a funeral pyre. I follow the lord of my life.’

“‘“Suddenly, a male being exited the moon’s orb and descended from the sky. He trailed behind him a silk upper garment that fluttered in the wind and stuck to the points of his bracelets and that was white as foaming Elixir. One cheek was reddened with the glow of a jewelled ornament that swung upon his ear. He wore on his chest a string of huge pearls, which, due to their size, looked like a cluster of stars all strung together. His knotted turban was fashioned from the border of a white silk garment. His massive head with its curly black hair looked as though it swarmed with bees. His other ear ornament was a blown moon-lotus. His shoulder was decorated with the leaf-and-creeper saffron paintings from the breasts of his wives. His body was white as a moon-lotus. He was large-proportioned, endowed with the marks of a great man, and of divine form. He seemed to wash space with his body’s shimmer, which, spreading about, was clear as the purest of water. With his arms as stout as Airāvata’s trunk—the hands of which were white as lotus fibers and the touch of which was frigid—he lifted up the dead Puṇḍarika and anointed him, as if with a blast of frost, with the fragrant and chilly spray of nectar that dripped from his body

and that was cold as a sprinkling of sandal juice from the *gośirṣa* tree. Then he spoke, in a voice deep as a sounding *duṇḍubhi* drum, 'Child Mahāśvetā, do not give up your life. You two will be reunited.' And then he ascended into the sky with the body.

“““Now I was terrified at the incident and amazed. Curious, I turned to Kapiñjala and asked, 'What is this?' But he, agitatedly, rose and without answering me shouted, 'Villain! Where are you going with my friend?' With his face raised and his anger roused, he quickly bound up his loins with his bark-cloth upper garment and, following him who had flown up, also sprang into the sky. As I looked on, they all disappeared into the heart of a constellation.

“““At Kapiñjala's going, which was like the second death of my beloved, my grief doubled and my heart was rent even more. Perplexed about what to do, I asked Taralikā, 'Ayi! Do you not know? Tell me what is this!'

“““But at that she, with a woman's natural timidity, was instantly overcome with a fright that overwhelmed her sorrow and set her slender frame to trembling. Sad at heart, fearful for my death, the miserable girl piteously said, 'Oh princess, sinner that I am I do not know. Nonetheless, it is a miracle. That man possessed a form not mortal, and you were sympathetically comforted by him before he left, as by a father. Generally, such divines do not contravene their statements, even in our dreams, much less when they are present before our eyes. Thinking it over, I do not see the slightest reason for him to speak falsely. Therefore, it is proper that, upon reflection, you should turn back from your resolve to quit this life. This is certainly a very great cause for consolation. Also, Kapiñjala has set off in pursuit of him. He will learn from him: "Where do you come from? Who are you? Why have you lifted up and carried off Puṇḍarika? Where have you taken him? Why was she comforted by you who held out hope of reunion with Puṇḍarika, something she thought quite impossible?"' Once you have come to know all this, then you can decide to live or to die. After all, death is not so hard to obtain; it can be chosen later. And Kapiñjala, if alive, will not rest until he has seen you. So stay alive till his return.' After she said this, she fell before my feet.

“““So—because of the great effort, common to all men, which it takes to overcome the thirst for life; because of a woman's trifling nature; because of the mirage of vain hope brought forth by her words;

and because I was hopeful for Kapiñjala's return—I agreed that that was indeed the proper course for the moment and did not take my life. For what cannot be done by hope? Then I, the sinful one, my sleep destroyed, rolled about upon the ground in the same way as before with my face covered by my loosened, dishevelled hair, which was dusty and which stuck to my tear-stained cheeks, and with my throat parched by the loss of my voice cracked by the cruel sobbing. So I passed the night with Taralikā as companion on the shore of Acchoda Lake, a night that was the counterpart of the Final Dissolution's night: a thousand years in length, and seemingly composed of tortures, sorrows, fire, and the Hell of Torment,

“““At dawn I rose, bathed in the lake and made my resolution. Out of my love for him I took that gourd pitcher, those same bark garments, and that rosary. Understanding the insubstantiality of worldly existence, knowing myself to be ill-fated, reflecting upon the irremediable cruelty of evils that befall us, examining the inevitability of sorrow, seeing the heartlessness of Fate, considering the great discomforts of love, pondering the transience of all emotions, and knowing the transitory nature of all pleasures, I turned from my parents and abandoned my other relatives as well as my servants. I withdrew my mind from the joys of sensual pleasures, restrained my senses, took the ascetic vow, and sought refuge in the Motionless Yogi, who is the lord of the three worlds and the shelter of the helpless. The next day my father, having heard of my experiences, came with my mother and relatives. He wept for a long time and made a great effort to persuade me to go home. He used a number of stratagems, made many requests, admonished me variously, and consoled me in dozens of ways. When he knew for certain that it was not possible to dissuade me from my resolve and although he was without hope, because of the difficulty of giving up the love of one's daughter, he stayed there for many days, despite repeatedly being dismissed by me, but finally went home, full of sorrow, his heart burning from within.

“““Ever since the departure of my father, I have lived here with Taralikā. I have experienced much sorrow in this cell as I proved my loyalty to Puṇḍarika by the shedding of tears. My cursed body has become emaciated by hundreds of different penances; before, it had grown thin out of love for him. Being full of sin and shame, it had come to be polluted, and was the abode of many thousands of dis-

tresses and agonies. Now I live on wild fruit, roots, and water. Under the guise of muttering prayers, I seem to count his many virtues. I bathe in this lake three times a day. I daily worship the blessed Three-eyed God. So I am of this sort: a sinner, without auspicious marks, shameless, cruel, without affection, mischievous, contemptible, born to no purpose, of fruitless life, without support, and unhappy. What will you, noble sir, do then by seeing or questioning me who has committed the heinous crime of murdering a Brahmin?" Saying this, she covered her face with the hem of her white bark garment—as if veiling the Hare-marked Moon with an autumn cloud—and, unable to hold back the irrepressible gush of tears, she gave over to weeping loud and long.

"From the very beginning, Candrāpīḍa respected her because of her beauty, modesty, courtesy, sweet speech, detachment, penances, serenity, selflessness, magnanimity, and purity. Now his heart was captivated by these additional circumstances: the narration of her story, which displayed her goodness, and the gratitude she showed him. So his pleasure was greatly increased, and with a tender heart he gently spoke to her, "Oh lady, a person afraid of torment, who is ungrateful, who is drawn to pleasures, and who is unable to do an act worthy of love—that one displays emotion by the mere fall of feckless tears. But by you who have done everything possible, what that is worthy of love has possibly *not* been done that you should weep? For Puṇḍarika's sake, your own relatives, whose loving intimacy began with your birth, have been abandoned as if they were strangers. Sensual pleasures, though near at hand, have been disregarded and condemned as if they were grass. The comforts of power—surpassing the prosperity of the God of the Plowshare—have been relinquished. Your body, though very slender like a lotus stalk, has been made even thinner by mortifications not suitable to it. You have taken an ascetic's vow. You have taken on hard penances. And you have taken up residence in the forest, which is a most difficult life for a woman.

"Moreover, life is relinquished quite readily by those overcome by sorrow; but with great effort only is it maintained when subjected to extreme distress. That which is called 'following in death' is pointless. It is a path proper to the illiterate. It is a pastime of the infatuated. It is a road for the ignorant. It is an act for the rash. It is taking a narrow view of things. It is very careless. All in all, it is a foolish

blunder to abandon one's own life because a father, brother, friend, or husband is dead. If life does not leave on its own, it is not to be forsaken. If you think about it, you will see that giving up one's own life is only an act of self-interest, for it serves to assuage the unbearable agonies of sorrow that one suffers. It brings no good whatsoever to the already dead one. In the first place, it is not a way to bring *that* one back to life. Nor is it a way to add to *his* accumulations of merit. Nor is it a remedy for his possible fall into Hell. Nor is it a way to see him. Nor is it a cause of mutual union. The dead one is helpless and is carried off to a different place that is proper for the ripening of the fruit of his actions. As for the person who abandons life—that one is simply joined to the sin of suicide. But, living, he can do much for the dead one and for himself by the offering of water, the folding of hands, the giving of gifts, and so forth. But if *that* one dies, nothing is accomplished for either one.

“““Remember Rati, the dear wife of Love's Recaller, who, although her lord and husband—the *Makara*-bannered God, the thief of the hearts of all women—was burned by the Destroyer's fire, did not abandon her life. And Pṛthā—of the race of Vṛṣṇi and daughter of Śūrasena—did not give up her life even when her handsome husband Pāṇḍu, the whole of whose footstool was perfumed by blossoms from the crests of the entire body of kings easily conquered by him and who enjoyed tributes from all the world, became the fuel of the fire of Kīṁdama's curse. And Uttarā, too, the daughter of Virāṭa, was a young woman who preserved her body although Abhimanyu—who was modest, heroic, and a cause of delight to the sight, like the young Hare-marked Moon—died. And Duḥśalā—the daughter of Dhṛtarāṣṭra, dandled on the knees of her hundred brothers—did not resign her life even when Jayadratha—who was king of the Sindhus, who was exceedingly heart-stealing, and whose greatness was increased by the gift of a boon from the Destroyer—was sent to the next world by Arjuna. And others are heard of by the thousands—daughters of Rākṣasas, gods, demons, sages, mortals, Siddhas, and Gandharvas—who preserved their lives though bereft of their husbands.

“““Your life might be forsaken if reunion with him were doubtful. But you yourself have heard the words that promise his return. What doubt can there be in a matter of actual experience? How can falsehood find a place, even though the cause be great, in the speech of

such great souls whose forms are extraordinary and who always speak the truth? And what sort of union can there be between a living woman and a dead man? Therefore, without a doubt, that noble, compassionate being lifted and bore to heaven the dead one to restore him to life. For the power of great men is beyond comprehension. Various are the events of worldly existence, and wonderful are the workings of Fate. The powers gained by penance are extraordinary and superhuman. Actions have many potentialities.

“““Moreover, if we reflect on the matter very carefully, what other reason can we find for his being carried away than that he is to be given the gift of life? You should not think this impossible, for this path has long been traversed. For instance: A young sage named Ruru—son of Pramati and the grandson of the blessed Cyavana—endowed with half his life, in the hermitage of Sthūlakeśa, a girl named Pramad-varā—who was born of Menakā by the Gandharva king Viśvāvasu—whose life was destroyed by a poisonous snake. Arjuna also—who followed the sacrificial horse and whose life was snatched away in the van of the battle by an arrow shot by his son Babhruvāhana—was restored to life by a Nāga maiden by the name of Ulūpī. Also, Parikṣit—who was a son of Abhimanyu, who had fled the womb dead, and who was burned by the fire of Aśvatthāman’s missile—was brought back to life, such a difficult venture, by the blessed Vāsudeva, whose mercy was aroused by the lamentations of Uttarā. And in Ujjayinī that same god whose feet are worshiped by the three worlds brought back to earth the son of the Twice-born Sāṃdipani after spiriting him away from the city of the God of Death. Something like this may happen even now.

“““After all, what is to be done? Who is to be blamed? For the divine Creator is powerful. Destiny is strong. It is not possible for us even to breathe by our own will. The workings of cursed Fate can be very wicked and extremely cruel. They do not allow love, so charming in its simplicity, to endure for a long time. As a rule, by their very nature joys are fragile and basically of short duration, while sorrows by *their* nature are extended—so it is that creatures are united in merely one life, while their separation lasts thousands of other lives. So it is not proper for you to blame your irreproachable self, for such things do indeed happen to those who enter the snarled path of worldly existence. Only those most firm surmount calamity.” With these and other

such gentle and kind words, he comforted her and made her, though she was unwilling, wash her face with water he again brought from a spring in the cup of his folded hands.

“At that time the blessed sun abandoned his daily chores and hung his head as if he were grieved at hearing Mahāśvetā’s story. Then, when the day faded and the Ruddy One’s disk drooped and was reddened by a rosiness that resembled the pollen of fully grown blossoms of *priyaṅgu* creepers; when the faces of the quarters were being abandoned by the sunset’s glow, which was mellow as silk heavily dyed with the juice of safflower blossoms; when the sky with its blueness veiled was being anointed with a purple color that was bright as the eye of a *cakora*; when twilight reddened to a tawny hue like a cuckoo’s eye; when the multitudinous stars were twinkling according to their magnitude; when the nocturnal darkness, which was black in color like a wild buffalo and which stole away the expanse of the star path, was a spreading murk; when the avenues of trees with their greenness hidden in the dense darkness seemed to thicken; when the wind began to blow, heavy with clustering drops of night dew, its passage inferred by a heavy fragrance of wild flowers it teased from creeper shoots; and when the early part of night was marked by birds still slumbering—it was then that Mahāśvetā slowly rose, honored the blessed evening twilight, washed her feet with water from her gourd pitcher, and with a heavy, sorrowful sigh lay down on her bark couch.

“Candrāpiḍa too rose and, after paying homage to twilight with sprinklings from his cupped hands full of spring water, prepared a bed on the second stone slab with tender vines and sprouts. Seated on that couch he went over and over Mahāśvetā’s story in his mind. The thought came to him: “This Flower-weaponed God is evil—being remediless, cruel, and the cause of perturbations difficult to endure—such that even great ones are overcome by him and, their fortitude vanquished, disregarding the course of time left them, immediately surrender their lives. Be that as it may, I bow to the divine *Makara*-bannered God, whose commands are honored by the three worlds.” Again he questioned her: “Oh lady, where is that Taralikā—your servant, your friend during your misfortune of a forest sojourn, the one who shares your ascetic vow of suffering?”

“Then she told him: “Oh noble sir, out of the race of Apsaras,



which I told you was sprung from the Elixir, was born a daughter with fascinating and long eyes, Madirā by name. The blessed Citraratha, whose feet rest on the footstool of the buds of the crowns of all Gandharvas, took her to wife. Highly delighted with Madirā, his heart drawn to her many virtues, he bestowed on her as a mark of his favor the rank of 'queen'—a title not granted to all women—which put the entire harem under her sway, which was marked by a golden tiara, and which had for its paraphernalia the umbrella, fly whisk, and wand. As those two were intent on fostering mutual love, it led to the pleasures of youth, and in time a jewel of a daughter was born to them—Kādambarī, by name. She was a marvel. She was the one life, as it were, of her parents, or rather, of the very race of Gandharvas, or, better still, of all creation. She, who from her birth shared with me food, bed, drink, and seat, has been my friend since childhood, the abode of great love, and the home of all my confidences. She is like a second heart to me. Together we learned the arts, such as singing and dancing, and the years of our childhood were spent in sports proper to children and according to our pleasure.

“““She was filled with despair by my sad tale and resolved, ‘I shall not in any way give my hand to anyone while Mahāśvetā grieves.’ And she took an oath in front of her friends: ‘If somehow my father wishes to give me to anyone at any time against my will, I shall surely take my life by starvation, by fire, by the rope, or by poison.’ Her father Citraratha, king of the Gandharvas, heard that determined, resolute oath of his daughter as it was passed around from servant to servant. Seeing her with the passage of time come to adolescence, he fell into the clutches of a powerful anxiety and did not enjoy a minute of contentment. But he could not say anything to her, as she was his only child and very much loved by him. He simply saw no remedy for the situation. Then, trying to find something that might alter the situation, he counseled with his chief queen, Madirā, and sent to me a chamberlain named Kṣīroda: ‘Child Mahāśvetā, this is another visitation of grief on us whose hearts are already burned by your separation from Puṇḍarika. You are our last resort to change Kādambarī’s mind.’ Such was the request given me at dawn by that chamberlain. Then, out of respect for my elders and out of affection for my friend, I sent Taralikā back with Kṣīroda, carrying this message: ‘Friend Kādambarī, why do you torture even more a person already tortured? If you wish me to

live, please fulfill your parents' wishes.' Taralikā was not gone long when you, noble sir, reached this place." Having said this, she fell silent.

"At that time the divine King of the Stars—the crest-jewel in the heavy tangled hair of the Bearer of the Matted Locks—rose. Marked by his blemish, he seemed to imitate the heart of Mahāśvetā with its middle part burned by the fire of grief, to bear the great sin of the murder of the young sage, or to display the long-ingrained scar of the fire of Dakṣa's curse. So stained, it was like Ambikā's left breast, white with a thick smear of ash and half-covered with a black antelope skin. In the course of time, when the orb of the Hare-marked Moon—which is the island in the great ocean of the sky, which is the offering vessel for pouring sleep on the seven worlds, which is the friend of moon-lotuses, which opens the beds of moon-lotuses, which blanches the ten quarters, which is white like a couch, which spreads snowiness all around, and which is the enemy of prideful and haughty women—filled the sky; when the twinkle of the constellations was depleted by the spreading beams of the Hare-marked Moon; when oozing trickles from moonstones on Mount Kailāsa were cascading all around; when the Acchoda Lake, full of lotus fibers, appeared to have the beauty of its sun-lotuses destroyed by the moonbeams falling upon them as if under attack; when pairs of *cakravāka* birds—stupefied by infatuation and shaken by waves of longing—were wailing at their separation from each other; and when moonrise was complete and the charming Vidyādhara women, bent on assignations, were hurrying along with their eyes misty with joy, and were cavorting in the sky—then Candrāpiḍa, seeing that Mahāśvetā was asleep, slowly lay down on his couch of shoots. "At this moment what could Vaiśampāyana, poor Patralekhā, and the princes possibly be thinking about me?" While musing on this, he fell asleep.

"At dawn, after night had worn away, as Mahāśvetā sat on a stone slab at daybreak and worshiped morning by murmuring the purifying Sin-effacing Spells, and as Candrāpiḍa finished his morning rituals, Taralikā appeared, followed by a Gandharva boy, one Keyūra. He was sixteen years old, had a resolute form, and walked with the gait of a venerable elephant lazy with the lethargy of intoxication. His broad thighs were made gray by dabbings of sandal unguent, and he was tawny from applications of saffron. His only clothing was a lower

garment that was bound by a bunch of gold chains and the hem of which fluttered, except where it was fastened at his girdle. As his waist was very small, he seemed to be divided in the middle. His chest was broad and his arms were stout and well formed. A bracelet of rubies dangled about his left wrist. Thrown over one of his shoulders was a silk upper garment that seemed to be colored by a network of rainbows, as rays from his jewel ear ornament sparkled and scattered everywhere. His lower lip was tender as a mango shoot and was darkened from his fondness for chewing betel. By his glowing eyes, which stretched to his ears and which were dazzling, he seemed to be whitening the spaces, showering down a forest of moon-lotuses, and making the day seem as though made of *punḍarika* lotuses. His forehead was broad and golden. His straight hair was dark as a swarm of bees. He was refined and clever from his association with the royal court.

“Upon her arrival Taralikā looked at Candrāpiḍa for a long time, curious about who he might be. Then she approached Mahāśvetā, bowed, and respectfully sat down. After that, Keyūraḥ, too, having bowed with his head bent very low, sat down on a stone slab at a distance approved by a glance from Mahāśvetā. When he was seated he became awestruck at seeing Candrāpiḍa’s captivating beauty, the like of which he had never seen before, which vanquished the Flower-weaponed God, and which scorned the beauty of gods, demons, Gandharvas, and Vidyādhara. After Mahāśvetā finished her prayers she asked Taralikā, “Did you see my dear friend Kādambarī and is she well? Will she do as I asked?”

“Then Taralikā, with her head lowered and tilted slightly to one side, in a very melodious voice said, “Oh lady, I did indeed see princess Kādambarī and found her well in all respects. I communicated the whole of your message to her. Having listened to it, she wept a shower of large, profuse tears, and then she sent a reply by this Keyūraḥ, who is her *vīṇā* bearer and who will deliver it to you.” Having said this, she fell silent.

“When her words stopped, Keyūraḥ said, “Oh princess Mahāśvetā, my lady Kādambarī closely hugs your neck and sends you this: ‘Tell me whether what Taralikā, upon coming here, has said to me was instigated by my parents, was a testing of my heart, was a disguised reproach for my offense of staying home, was an effort on your part to end our friendship, was abandonment of one devoted to

you, or was an act committed out of anger. You know my heart is filled with a natural flood of love for you. How could you not be shamed to send me such a heartless message? Who taught you, who are sweet of speech, to speak so vilely? What sensitive, cultured person puts his mind to a frivolous deed that leads to unpleasantness, let alone directs such an act at a person like me, whose heart is overwhelmed with sorrow? When the mind is gripped by grieving for a friend, what hope is there for joy, what chance is there for rest, what enjoyments or merrymakings can there be? How can I bend to the wishes of Desire, who is so dreadful, who is an evil-doer just like poison, and by whom my dear friend has been reduced to such a state?

““““When lotuses are bereft at the setting of the Maker of Day, even young female *cakravāka* birds, because of the intimacy born of dwelling in among those lotuses, will forsake the pleasure of union with their mates. How much more, then, should women not act so? Moreover, how can another human being enter my heart wherein day and night resides my friend, who is tormented by the loss of her lord and who avoids the sight of another male? And while my friend, who is afflicted with separation from her beloved and emaciated from penances, is in pain, how can I ignore her plight and seek joy by giving my hand in marriage? How can I be happy? Out of affection for you I have in this matter assumed an independence that is most contrary to a young maiden and have accepted disgrace, disregarded modesty, disobeyed my parents, discounted gossip, and ignored bashfulness, which is woman’s natural ornament. Then tell me, how can I possibly think of consenting to a marriage? So, here are my folded hands; this is my bow to you; and here I seize your feet. Favor me. You have left me and gone to the forest, taking my life with you. Do not let such thoughts enter your mind again, even in a dream.”” After saying this, Keyūraḥa fell silent.

““““When Mahāśvetā heard that, she thought for a while, then, “Please leave. I myself shall go there and do what must be done.” So saying, she dismissed Keyūraḥa. When he was gone, she said to Candrāpiḍa, “Oh prince, delightful is Mount Hemakūṭa. Wonderful is the capital of Citraratha. The Kimpuruṣa region abounds in curious things. The Gandharva world is beautiful. And Kādambarī has an honest heart and a great nobility. So, if you think the journey will not exhaust you, if no pressing business will be neglected, if your mind has a curiosity to

know a region not seen before, if you are inclined to follow my words, if the sight of wonders gives you much pleasure, if I deserve a boon, if you think me a person worthy of no refusal, if you think a modicum of friendship has grown up between us, if you will favor me—then you will please not render my request fruitless. Come with me to Mount Hemakūṭa and there see Kādambarī, who is a very lovely treasure and like a second self to me. Remove this folly of hers. Then, after resting there a day, return tomorrow. Upon meeting you, such a selfless friend, I felt that my mind, although tormented by the darkness of grief, had taken a fresh breath after many a day. And having told you my story I find my sorrow somewhat bearable. Contact with good people gives pleasure to even an afflicted person. And the appearance of virtues in persons such as you tends to induce happiness in others.”

“To her who had spoken thus, Candrāpiḍa said, “Oh lady, from the moment I saw you I have been your servant. So, at your pleasure, command me to duties I shall assume without hesitation.” Having said this, he set out with her. In due course they reached Mount Hemakūṭa and the residence of the Gandharva king. They passed through seven courts with gold arched gates and reached the door of the princess’ inner apartments. The way was being shown by porters holding gold staffs, who ran forward at the sight of Mahāśvetā and who bowed while yet at a distance. The prince entered and gazed upon the interior of the princess’ residence. It was filled with hundreds of thousands of women too numerous to be counted. It seemed as if all the women of the three worlds had been collected together in one place for a census. It was like a new universe, without men. It was like a newly formed continent of women. It was like the advent of a fifth Age wherein only women existed. It was like the creation of a Lord of Creatures who hated men. It was like a treasury of women placed there for supplying women to many Ages. As it was encompassed everywhere by the very extensive flood of light of the young women’s beauty—a flood which splashed over and through all the quarter spaces, which seemed to sprinkle the day with an abundance of the Elixir, and which seemed to moisten the spaces of the world—and because of the emerald ornaments that showered a profuse glow, it seemed to be made of light and to be the abode of a thousand moons. It seemed to be a dwelling fashioned of moonlight. It seemed as if the quarters were made of the glitter of ornaments.

“In it all requisites were supplied by the flirtations of women. All its parts seemed to be created from the sportings of youth. It seemed to contain a hoard of the love play of Rati, and its space seemed to be made of the deeds of the Agitator. All its people and all objects seemed to be anointed with passion. It seemed to be made of the sentiment of love, of beauty, of the presiding deity of sexual pleasure, of the Blossom-armed God, of curiosities, of marvels, and of the tenderness of youth. Since it contained very large numbers of women, it seemed to rain little moons, owing to the splendor of their faces; its ground seemed to be made of a moving forest of sun-lotuses, owing to their seductive eye movements; hosts of Desire’s bows seemed to be shuttling about, owing to the overt knittings of their creeper-eyebrows; and numerous nights seemed to be amassing, owing to their thick dark hair. On account of the lights of their smiles, a spring day seemed to be afoot, whitened by blown blossoms. On account of the perfumed breezes of their sighs, it seemed that winds from the Malaya Mountain were wafting. On account of the luster of their cheeks, thousands of ruby mirrors seemed to be flashing. On account of the redness of their palms, the mortal world seemed to shower down lotuses. On account of the glintings from their fingernails, all space seemed to be enveloped with thousands of arrows from the Flower-armed God. On account of the network of rainbows made by the rays of their ornaments, it seemed that flocks of tame peacocks were flying. On account of the changeable emotions of the women’s youth, it seemed that thousands of Agitators had been summoned.

“Candrāpīḍa noticed that the women were practicing a novel kind of love play under the pretext of attending to their chores: squeezing of hands when they leaned on the arms of their friends, kissing when playing the *veṇu*, scratching with fingernails on *viṇās*, slapping when sporting with a ball, hugging with creeper-arms around the necks of pots used for watering the palace vines, jiggling of hips and breasts when playing on swings, biting when chewing betel rolls, exchanging of mouthfuls of wine when spitting on *bakula* trees, kicking when striking *aśoka* trees, and *śīt-śīt* hissings when stumbling over the offering blossoms on the floor. There, the luster of the young women’s cheeks washed their faces; their eyes were lotus ear ornaments; their brilliant smiles were their body cosmetic; their sighs were a means of perfuming such things as clothing; the glow of their lower lips was a

smear of saffron on their faces; their voices were the sounds of *tantri* strings; their creeper-arms were *campaka* flower garlands; their palms were playful lotuses; their breasts were mirrors; their naturally dazzling complexions were veils for their bodies; their heavy hips were sportive jewel slabs; the redness of their tender toes was the lac juice for their feet; and the rays of their jewel-like toenails were heaps of offering blossoms thrown onto the pavement. There, mere lac juice was a great burden to the feet; the donning of a girdle of *bakula* flowers impeded walking; the weight of unguents caused labored breathing; the pressure of a silk garment caused lassitude; the wearing of a special amulet bracelet was the reason for trembling hands; the putting on of a chaplet of blossoms was fatiguing; and the wind from the wings of bees hovering around the lotus ear ornaments was exhausting. Moreover, he saw that: rising at the sight of a friend without leaning on someone's arm was a very foolhardy act; the ability to endure the weight of a necklace was due solely to the power of firm breasts; in the gathering of blossoms, the plucking but a second flower was considered too difficult for young women; among the arts for maidens, the stringing of garlands was an occupation only for a person not of such tender youth; and in bowing to the gods, the breaking of the waist was a distinct possibility.

“He walked a ways into the residence and wandered around, overhearing various very charming conversations between the servants who closely attended on Kādambarī: “Lavalikā, make basins at the roots of the *lavalī* creeper with *ketakī* pollen.” “Sāgarikā, scatter jewel-dust on the ponds of scented water.” “Mṛṇalikā, sprinkle handfuls of saffron powder on the pairs of toy *cakravāka* birds in the beds of artificial lotuses.” “Makarikā, perfume the scent pots with the juice of camphor sprouts.” “Rajanikā, place jewel lamps in the avenues of *tamāla* trees.” “Kumudikā, cover the pomegranates with netted pearls to protect them from the flocks of birds.” “Nipunikā, draw decorations with saffron juice on the breasts of the jewelled *śāla* wood dolls.” “Utpalikā, sweep the emerald dais in the banana house with golden brushes.” “Kesarikā, sprinkle wine on the houses made with garlands of *bakula* blossoms.” “Mālatikā, redden with powdered vermilion the ivory roof of Desire's temple.” “Nalinikā, give the royal geese some lotus honey to drink.” “Kadalikā, take the tame peacocks to the Rain House.” “Kamalinikā, give the milky juice of lotus fibers to the young of the

*cakravākas*.” “Cūtalatikā, take a meal of mango sprouts and buds to the caged cuckoos.” “Pallavikā, feed the tame *hārīta* tips of pepper shrub shoots and leaves.” “Lavaṅgikā, throw pieces of *pippalī* leaves into the cages of the *cakoras*.” “Madhukarikā, make some flower ornaments.” “Mayūrikā, dismiss the pair of Kinnaras in the music hall.” “Kandalikā, place the couple of *jivamjivaka* birds on the top of the Pleasure Hill.” “Hariṇikā, give the caged parrots and mynahs their lesson.”

“And Candrāpiḍa heard these and other banterings: “Cāmarikā, displaying false innocence, whom do you wish to seduce?” “Ayi! Oh you maddened by the coquetries of youth, you are discovered, since you lean on the jewelled peacocks with your body bent by the weight of your pitcher-breasts.” “Oh you desiring levity, you speak to your own image, which has fallen onto the jewelled wall.” “Oh you whose silk upper garment has been snatched away by the wind, you worry the palm of your hand trying to catch the light of your pearl necklace.” “Oh you who are afraid of stumbling over the offering lotuses on the mosaic floor, you are avoiding the reflections of your own face.” “Oh you who surpass the tenderness of lotus fibers and blossoms with the pride of your own delicacy, you are using the back of your hand as an umbrella to ward off the rubies’ rays falling from the lattice window as you mistake that glow for morning sunshine.” “Oh you whose hands droop from fatigue, the fly whisk has fallen and you are simply waving the rays of your fingernails.”

“As he listened to these and other such conversations, he came to the path leading to Kādambarī’s chamber. It had been made into a sandy beach by pollen thickly dropping from the blossoms of vines in the garden. It was turned into a rainy day with showers of juice from *sahakāra* trees in the courtyard as their fruit was torn by the claws of cuckoos. It was misted over by a fine spray of liquor, which had been sprinkled on the *bakula* trees and was scattered by the wind. It was an island made golden by offerings of *campaka* petals. And it was a forest of lovely *aśoka* trees because of the dark masses of bees alighting on the clusters of flowers. In the same way, on account of the women milling around, that path was an ocean of passion fed by the streams of lac juice from their feet. It was the day the Elixir was created, because of the fragrance of their unguents. It was the moon world, because of their circular ivory earrings. It was a grove of *priyaṅgu* creep-



ers, because of their decorations of black aloë. It was reddened by *aśoka* sprouts worn on their ears; it was whitened by their smearings of sandal paste; and it was made green by their acacia blossoms. It had the appearance of a long avenue made of women, and, as the women who had come to serve Kādambārī stood at attention on both sides of it, it seemed to have walls of lustrous beauty. He saw flowing along it the rays of ornaments that fell upon it like the continuous current of a river. Entering the middle of it as if he were pushing upstream, he saw a beautiful pavilion, in front of which were stationed a number of portresses.



“There in its midst he saw Kādambārī. She was surrounded by a group of maidens who ranged round her in a circle, who numbered many thousands, and who, with their collection of glittering jewels, looked like a grove of Wishing Trees. She was seated on a small couch that was covered with a blue silk coverlet, and rested her folded creeper-arms on a white pillow; she looked like the Earth resting on the tusk of the Great Boar. She was being fanned by fly-whisk bearers who, because of the wavings and tossings of their creeper-arms, seemed to be swimming in the spreading water of the wash of light coming from her body. As her reflection fell onto the jewelled pavement, she seemed to be carried away by Nāgas; as it fell onto the nearby crystal walls, she seemed to be led away by the Regents of the Quarters; as it fell on the jewelled ceiling above, she seemed to be elevated by the gods. She seemed to be taken into their hearts by the large jewelled pillars, to be drunk up by the mirrors of the palace, and to be transported to the vault of the sky by the Vidyādhara, carved face down, in the middle of the pavilion. Under the guise of the pictures painted all around, she seemed to be surrounded by the three worlds gathered together out of curiosity over her. She seemed to be stared at by the palace itself with

thousands of inquisitive eyes, when the scintillating moons on hundreds of peacocks' tails appeared as the peacocks danced to the jinglings of ornaments. She was being gazed at with unblinking eyes, even by her own attendants, as if they had assumed celestial eyes in their eager desire to see her.

“All her limbs were possessed by auspicious signs as if they were possessed by a passion for her. She was shaking off childhood as though it were a thing of little value, while, though not surrendering to it, she was being captured by adolescence as though it were ruled by the power of the Agitator. She seemed to be creating a river of liquid coral with her feet, which bore jewel-like nails looking like a cluster of stars come to earth. Her toes seemed to be the issuing forth of a constant steam of red rays from her feet, the cascades of her loveliness reddened with liquid lac, the edges of her silk garment's fringe, or the reed-like beams from the jewels of her foot ornaments; and because of their extreme tenderness, they seemed to pour through the holes, in the form of her toenails, streams of blood. Her loins were being stroked by the finger-rays from the jewels in her anklets—the rays rising as if to offer support to her thighs, which were wearied by the weight of her heavy buttocks. Her thighs were like her beauty's stream running in two channels and blocked by her slab-loins as it flowed from her waist, which had been firmly squeezed by the Lord of Creatures. Her hips were wreathed by a girdle cord that extended its long rays everywhere as if jealously warding off the sight of any other male, as if striving for magnitude through its eagerness to know the measure of her hips, or as if thrilling at the pleasurable touch of those hips. Her hips were very heavy, as if with the weight of all the men's hearts that had fallen upon them.

“Her waist was growing thin as if out of grief that the sight of her face was denied it by her lofty breasts. Her whirlpool-navel seemed to be the impression of the Lord of Creature's fingers, sunk in when touching her extreme softness. The curly line of hair traveling down her abdomen looked like the Agitator's lettered praise of his conquest of the three worlds. Her huge breasts were adorned with the reflections of her sprouts worn as ear ornaments, so that they seemed to be the *Makara*-bannered God's footstool emerging and being pushed away by her heart's hand, which had become exhausted by its great weight. She was brightly ornamented by her arms that stretched down like the

shooting rays of her earrings and that looked like two lotus stalks in the water of her dazzling complexion, and by her hands that, raining streams of rays from her nails, looked as if they were shedding a flowing network of perspiration brought on by her exhaustion at carrying her heavy ruby bracelets. Her chin was seized by the rays of her pearl necklace, as if it were propping up her face pulled down by the weight of her breasts. Her lips glowed red as a coral creeper and looked like two waves of the ocean of passion stirred by the winds of puberty. Her cheeks had a clear pink transparency—the color of a pearl and ruby bowl filled with wine. Her long straight nose had the beauty of the jewelled bow of Rati's *parivāḍinī*.

“She seemed to be intent on composing a mortal world of glances with her eyes, which were slightly red at the corners as if angered at her ears for obstructing their further progress, and which were a Milky Ocean for the residence of the Goddess of Fortune of her own face. The broad expanse of her forehead was graced by her eyebrows—twin rut-lines of the roguish elephant of her youth—and by the *tilaka* dot drawn on with red arsenic clay that looked as if it were the Agitator's heart overwhelmed by love and clinging to her face. She had beautiful ears seemingly made of fine gold *tālīpaṭṭa* adornments and giving the illusion of honey flowing down from her lotus ear ornaments; her swinging earrings were made of rubies and emeralds set into gold leaf. Her thick hair seemed to be washed by wine, as the netting of rays pouring out from her crest-jewel had reddened her forehead and kissed the part of her hair. She displayed her particular good fortune by the fact that the Agitator seemed to have entered *all* her limbs with the desire of conquering Gaurī, who was proud that the Destroyer had entered *half* her body. She seemed to be creating hundreds of Goddesses of Fortune with the reflections of her own form, as if to humble the pride of Nārāyaṇa, who was delighted at having *one* Goddess of Fortune resting on his chest. Her graceful smiles seemed to cast off into all directions thousands of moons for the purpose of crushing the conceit of the Destroyer, who was filled with wonder at his having placed *one* moon on his head. She seemed to be producing myriads of Agitators in each person's heart, as if through anger at the Lord of the Tormentors, who had cruelly burned the *one* Agitator.

“She was having small lotus pollen sandbanks made on the Pleasure Rivers, so that the tame pair of *cakravākas*, wearied by their nightly

wakefulness, might sleep upon them. She was ordering the female keeper of geese, "Having bound with a lotus fiber noose my beloved pair of geese who have set out after the jinglings of my attendant's ankle ornaments, bring them to me." She was giving tender shoots of barley that she had removed from a friend's ear to the fawn that licked at the rays of her emerald ornaments. She was making gifts of her jewelry to the female gardener who had come to tell her of the appearance of blossoms on creepers that she herself had tended. She was repeatedly coaxing to speak the Śabara woman who kept guard over her Pleasure Hill and who had brought her a basket made of leaves and filled with various wild flowers and fruit, because her unintelligible, strange speech was a source of amusement. She was playing with bees as though they were black balls—the bees coming back again and again though brushed away by her, because they were stunned by the fragrance of her mouth. She was striking with her sporting lotus the head of her fly-whisk bearer after laughing at her when the bearer had snickered at a caged *hārīta*'s song. With the belief that it was a nail scratch covered by drops of perspiration, she was throwing a handful of perfumed powder on the breast of her betel bearer, who had the image reflected on her breast of a crescent-shaped pearl-inlaid ornament. She laughingly covered her fly-whisk bearer's cheek with her own ear ornament sprout, placing it there under the pretext of a mark of favor, though suspecting that the reflection of her own jewelled earring was in fact a freshly implanted circular nail mark.

"She, like the earth, had dismissed marriage with princes of high pedigree and occupied herself with other pleasures [has cast aside support of the great Kula Mountains and rests on the hoods of Śeṣa]. She, like the splendor of the spring month of Madhu, had redness of her feet made dusky by the pollen carried away by swarms of bees [has the redness of trees made dusky by pollen borne away by swarms of bees]. She, like autumn, humbled the pride of the Blue-necked One by the sounds of the Mind-born God's arrows produced especially for her [when the peacock's pride is humbled by the song of birds from the Mānasa Lake]. She, like Gaurī, was robed in white silk and wore a head ornament [Gaurī, whose head ornament is veiled by the rays of the White-rayed One]. Her face, like the forests on the ocean's shore, was graced with thick hair dark as a bee swarm [shore where groves of *tamāla* trees darkened with swarming bees]. Her heavy hips, like the

moon, were possessed by the intense sportings of the Agitator [who seized Guru's wife through the wiles of powerful passions]. Her waist, like a forest, was graced with creeper-folds of pale skin tinged with dark [has its interior adomed with the pallid-but-dark *lavali* creepers]. She, like the face of day, was decorated with rubies mixed with the rays of shining pearls [is decorated with the hue of lotuses opened by the rays of the Luminous One]. Her *mons veneris*, like the lotus-lake of the sky, was tender as a lotus fiber and could be spied through her sheer garment [contains the extensive Mūla constellation that is bland white like a lotus stalk and can be seen in the clear sky]. She, like a flock of peacocks, wore a shining moonstone in her heavy tresses that kissed her hips [peacocks who have moon-eyes flashing on their tails when their thick crests touch their backs]. She, like the Wishing Tree, was to grant the fruits of love [which grants fruit as desired].

“She—of Keyūra, who was seated close to and facing her, whose comments mostly concerned Candrāpiḍa, and who was garrulously describing his beauty—was questioning thus: “Whose child is he? What is his name? What does he look like? How old is he? What did he talk about? What did you say to him? How long did you see him? How did Mahāśvetā come to know him? Will he be staying here?”

“Now Candrāpiḍa's heart became filled with joy as if it were an ocean of the Elixir swelling at the sight of the beautiful moon of Kādambārī's face. And he thought, “Why did the Creator not make all my senses into eyes? What meritorious deed was done by my eyes that they, unimpeded, gaze upon her? Aho! Wonderful is this abode of all charming things produced by the Creator! From where have come these atoms of extraordinary beauty? Surely the beds of moon-, sun-, and other lotuses have sprung up in the world out of the teardrops her eyes shed at the pain she suffered when the Creator, in fashioning her, stroked her with his hand.” While he was thinking all these thoughts, his eyes met hers.

“The idea came to her that surely this must be the man of whom Keyūra had spoken. Her eyes dilated with wonder at seeing his astonishing beauty, and she steadfastly gazed at him for a long while. Whitened by the light of her eyes and perturbed by looking at her, Candrāpiḍa shone like a mountain. Upon her seeing him, there arose the hair on her arms, then the sound of her ornaments, and finally Kādambārī herself. The Flower-weaponed God produced beads of

perspiration on her, for which she feigned the cause to be fatigue from hurriedly arising. The trembling of her thighs hindered her movements; the circle of geese drawn by the sounds of her anklets got the blame. The passion of her sighs rippled her garment; the breezes from the fly whisks were made the cause. She rested her hand on her heart with the desire of touching Candrāpiḍa, who had entered it; the ostensible reason for the gesture was the wish to cover her breasts. Joy caused tears; the pollen of her shaking ear ornament was the excuse. Bashfulness did not allow her to speak; the bees swarming around the fragrance of her lotus-face were found at fault. The agony caused by the first wound of one of the Maddener's arrows tore a *śīt-śīt* hiss from her; the scratch of a thorn in a *ketaki* offering flower was the supposed agent. A tremor shook her hand; the sign to check the portress about to speak to her was the deceit.

“At the very time the Agitator was entering Kādambārī, a second Agitator seemed to come to be and with her to enter Candrāpiḍa's heart. So it was that Candrāpiḍa saw the splendor of her jewelled ornaments as a veil screening her from him. He counted her entrance into his heart as her acceptance of him. He thought the sound of her ornaments to be conversation with her. He considered her capturing of all of his senses to be a favor conferred on him by her. And he imagined contact with but the glow of her body to be the bliss of sexual union with her.

“Kādambārī walked a few steps, seemingly with difficulty, and passionately, affectionately embraced Mahāśvetā, whose yearning had grown stronger at seeing Kādambārī after such a long absence. Mahāśvetā embraced her even more firmly and said, “Friend Kādambārī, in Bhārata there is one Tārāpiḍa who has set his seal on the four oceans with the scratch-marks of the sharp hooves of his numerous royal steeds and who has sheltered his subjects from all suffering. This is his son, Candrāpiḍa, who is decked with the weighty garland of the world resting on the two rock pillars of his arms and who has come here in the course of his conquest of the quarters. Ever since he saw me he has, as is his way, been my disinterested friend. And though my heart had turned unfeeling because of my renunciation of attachments, he won it over with his extraordinary, natural, simple virtues. It is difficult to find a gentleman who is gallant, guileless, and sincere. So I have persuaded him to come here so that you, like me, will know the

true skill of the Lord of Creatures, beauty without peer, the total devotion of the Goddess of Fortune to the proper person, the joy of Earth in having a worthy husband, the superiority of the world of mortals to the Celestial World, the reward personified for women's eyes, the union in one place of all the arts, the supremacy of fortune, and the civility of human beings. And you, my dear friend, have been spoken of by me to him on several occasions. So cast off your shame at having not seen him before; set aside your reserve that you do not know him; and dismiss doubt that you are not conversant with his character. Behave toward him as you do toward me. He is your friend, your relative, and your servant."

"After Kādambarī had been thus addressed, Candrāpiḍa bowed to her. She looked affectionately askance at him when he bowed, and a flood of tears of joy tumbled from her eyes, as if it were perspiration streaming from her pupils exhausted by their journey to the corners of her eyes. The moonlight of her smile, white as nectar, issued out as if it were the dust her heart made as it swiftly set out for him. One creeper-brow arched, as if saying to the head, "This exceptional, heart-stealing man should be honored with a bow in return." Her hand—the streaks of rays of her emerald ring shooting out between her fingers, as if she had playfully picked up a betel roll—crept to her mouth as she began languidly to yawn. Candrāpiḍa seemed to be the *Makara*-bannered God undulating on her limbs, because his image was reflected on them in her lustrous complexion washed in the flow of her perspiration. His image fell onto her toenails, as if he were beckoned by her big toe scratching at the pavement and her jewelled anklet jingling. He was seen in the cleavage of her breasts, as if he was led there by her heart after it had pressed forward in great haste for a glimpse of him. He was seen on the surface of her cheeks, as if he had been drunk by her glance, which was a drawn garland of blown sun-lotuses. In their darting glances, the tremulous pupils of all the maidens there snuggled in the corners of their eyes from their furtive looks at him and seemed to wish to fly free with the bees that hung in the air near their ear ornaments.

"Kādambarī made a graceful bow and sat down on a couch with Mahāśvetā. Candrāpiḍa sat on a stool decorated with gold feet and a coverlet of white silk, which was quickly brought by the servants and placed near the head of the couch. Knowing Kādambarī's wishes and

respecting those of Mahāśvetā, the portresses gave the signal for silence, with their hands placed upon their closed lips, and held in check everywhere the sounds of *veṇus* and of *viṇās*, the singing of songs, and the cries of "Victory!" made by Magadha women. With water brought immediately by the servants, Kādambārī washed Mahāśvetā's feet, dried them with her silk upper garment, and then sat down on the couch again. Kādambārī's friend, Madalekhā—similar to her in beauty, dear to her as life, the abode of all her confidences—washed Candrāpīḍa's feet, although he protested. Mahāśvetā then asked Kādambārī if she were well, while she affectionately touched her shoulder on which showered the light of her earring, lifted up her ear ornament that was smothered by clustering bees, and smoothed the curls of her hair, which were being blown about in the breeze of the fly whisks. For her part, Kādambārī, out of love for her friend, feeling that she had committed a sin by staying at home while her friend lived in the forest, and being ashamed of the fact that she was healthy, said with some effort that she was indeed well.

"Then, although she was filled with embarrassment and intent on looking at Mahāśvetā, Kādambārī could not prevent her eye—its white variegated with a tremulous pupil that repeatedly shifted to and from the corner of her eye—from being willy-nilly drawn to Candrāpīḍa by the blessed Blossom-bowed God, who bent his weapon as if for tormenting him. Suddenly she was jealous that his image was reflected in the cheeks of her friends seated nearby. She was pained at being bereft of him as his reflection on her breasts faded when it was broken by her tingling flesh. She was indignant at sharing him with other women, as images of the female *śāla*-wood statuettes fell onto his bosom wet with perspiration. She felt the sorrow of misfortune when he closed his eyes. And she experienced the pain of blindness when he was blurred from sight by her tears of joy. After a while, Mahāśvetā said to her as she was engaged in giving her a betel roll, "Friend Kādambārī, it is acknowledged by all of us that our newly arrived guest, Candrāpīḍa, should be honored by us. Therefore, present this to him first."

"When she was thus addressed, Kādambārī tilted her lowered head slightly to one side and slowly, softly murmured, "Dear friend, I am shy. I do not feel bold, for I do not know him. Take it and you yourself please give it to him." But being urged to do so, Kādambārī at last and with difficulty, like some rustic maiden, made up her mind to



offer him the betel roll. Her eyes were fixed on Mahāśvetā's face; her body shuddered; her gaze was tremulous; she heavily sighed; she was seemingly bathed by the Agitator in streams of perspiration and stunned by his arrows; she seemed to beg the support of Candrāpiḍa as if she feared drowning in a sea of perspiration; she was overpowered by fear as she felt she had to make an effort to keep from falling—so it was that she stretched forth her shoot-like hand containing the betel roll. Candrāpiḍa reached out his hand, which was naturally red as if red lead had been transferred to it when he rubbed the temples of his victorious elephants; it was dark with the scars made by his drawings of the bowstring but looked as if it had collyrium adhering from touching the eyes of his enemies' Goddess of Fortune, who wept as he dragged her away by the hair; it had fingernails with rays radiating such that his fingers seemed to be advancing, growing in length, or laughing; and it possessed fingers that seemed to be another set of five senses, full of passion, that had taken up a position there at that time with a desire to touch her.

“Then Kādambarī—possessed by many moods, from who knows where, eager to see her graceful moves that were so apparent at that moment—placed the betel roll in his hand. Her hand that gave the betel roll dripped a bead of perspiration as it was stretched forth without her looking at the object to be reached. The streaming rays from her fingernails seemed to seek Candrāpiḍa's hand. Her arm chattered with bracelets shaken by her tremor and consequently seemed to be conversing with Candrāpiḍa: “Let this slave, a gift of the Agitator, be made your own”—thus presenting herself, as it were. “Beginning with today, this is in your hands”—thereby placing her life, so it seemed, in his hands. As she withdrew her tender hand, she did not notice that her jewelled armlet had slid down, as though it were her heart pierced through the middle by an arrow of the Bodiless God, and fallen from her liana-arm in eagerness to touch him. Selecting another betel roll she gave it to Mahāśvetā.

“All at once there entered with quick steps a mynah who seemed to be formed of flowers, for her feet were orange as the lotus filaments, her beak resembled a yellow *campaka* bud, and her wings were blue like petals of sun-lotuses. She was closely followed by a lazy-gaited parrot, who seemed to bear around his neck a tricolored rainbow, whose beak shone like a coral shoot, and whose wings were the

hue of emeralds. Approaching, the mynah said angrily, "Princess, why do you not forbid this bird, who is so vain about his looks and so mischievous, from tailing me? If you make light of my chagrin, caused by him, I shall surely end my life. Truly, this I swear and touch your lotus-feet." When she was addressed by her in this way, Kādambarī smiled.

"Mahāśvetā, who knew nothing of the matter, asked Madalekhā, "What ever is she talking about?"

"So that one said, "This mynah's name is Kālindī, and she is a friend of princess Kādambarī. The princess gave her as wife to this parrot, named Parihāsa, who has duly taken her under wing. But today at dawn Kālindī caught him teaching something in private to Kādambarī's betel-box bearer, Tamālikā, and since then she has fumed with jealousy. She from anger turns her face away from him and will not let him come near, nor will she speak to him, nor let him touch her, nor even look at him. Although conciliated by all of us, she will not be appeased."

"Hearing this, Candrāpīḍa chuckled softly and, visibly suppressing a smile, said, "There is this story—heard in the palace by many ears, rumored by the servants, bandied about by the people outside, told in all the quarters—even *I* have heard, namely, 'The parrot, Parihāsa, has fallen in love with Tamālikā, princess Kādambarī's betel-box bearer and, being subject to the Maddener, does not even know the days pass by.' This shameless fellow, who abandoned his own wife—let him be, and her as well. But is this proper of the princess Kādambarī, that she should leave unchecked her fickle, wicked maid? Furthermore, she showed a certain lack of sensitivity by giving poor Kālindī to such an ill-mannered fellow in the first place. Now what can she do? For a woman, being made a second wife is the premier cause of anger, a chief reason for estrangement, and a matter of grave insult. This one is most patient in that she, though filled with loathing at her situation, has neither taken poison, plunged into fire, nor given in to self-starvation. Surely nothing can be more degrading to women than this. If she reconciles with him after such a heinous act, or comes to him after being propitiated by him, then fie on her! Away with her! She should be shunned, banished in disgrace. Who would speak to her, look at her, or utter her name?"

“After he had spoken thus, Kādambarī and all those women laughed, impressed by his sophisticated jest. But hearing this teasing banter, Parihāsa said, “Oh witty prince, she is clever. Although fickle, she will not be fooled by you or by anybody else. And she well understands evasive and jesting speech, for her mind is shrewd from contact with the royal court. So give it up. She does not succumb to the witticisms of gallants, for she herself is honey-tongued and knows the proper time, cause, measure, and occasion both for anger or for peace.”

“At that time a chamberlain came in and said to Mahāśvetā, “Oh long-lived one, lord Citraratha and queen Madirā wish to see you.”

“Mahāśvetā, thus addressed and eager to go, asked Kādambarī, “Oh friend, where should Candrāpīḍa stay?”

“Kādambarī, inwardly laughing with the thought, “Is not his residence in the many thousands of women’s hearts enough for him?” said out loud, “Friend Mahāśvetā, need you ask? Since I laid eyes on him, he has been the master of my body, how much more so of my palace and servants? Let him stay wherever it pleases him, or wherever it pleases the heart of you, my dear friend.”

“Having heard that, Mahāśvetā replied, “Then let him stay in the Pleasure Hill’s jewelled house in the royal garden near your palace.” And she went off to see the Gandharva king. Candrāpīḍa left with her, the way being shown him by Keyūraka, whom he had previously met. He was followed by maidens sent for his pleasure by the portress designated by Kādambarī. They were players of the *vīṇā*, skilled on the *veṇu*, proficient songstresses, loved the sport of dice, were adept at checkers, competent painters, and could recite graceful verse.

“When he was gone the Gandharva princess dismissed her friends, and, accompanied by a few servants, climbed to the terrace of her palace. There she collapsed on a couch while her attendants tried to divert her, respectfully keeping their distance. When she returned to her senses she was alone and felt greatly ashamed as if: “Rash girl, what have you started?”—she was thus restrained by Modesty; “Gandharva princess, how is this befitting of you?”—she was thus reproached by Training; “Where has your guileless childhood gone?”—she was thus mocked by Innocence; “Willful girl, do not commit alone and willfully an immodest act!”—she was thus admonished by Youth; “Timid girl, this is not the conduct of high-born ladies!”—she was thus cen-

sured by Nobility; “Ill-behaved one, avoid this brazenness!”—she was thus threatened by Conduct; “Silly girl, you are led to frivolous behavior by the Maddener!”—she was thus informed by High Birth; “From where comes this unsteadiness of your heart?”—she was thus condemned by Courage; and “Oh independent one, my authority has been disregarded by you!”—she was thus chastised by Family Custom.

“Then she thought, “What is this that I have done today—I, who was blinded by infatuation and displayed an unsteady heart as I ignored all warnings? Being rash, I did not hesitate, though he was a stranger. Being shameless, I did not consider the fact that people will take me for a fickle-hearted girl. Being foolish, I did not find out what his feelings are toward me. Being unsteady, I did not take into consideration whether he was pleased or not at seeing me. I did not fear being repudiated by him. I did not fear my teachers, nor the censure of the people. In my unthinking way I did not even notice that Mahāśvetā is yet grieving. Out of sheer stupidity I did not even notice that my friends standing nearby would notice. With my mind gone elsewhere I did not even stop to think that my servants who were at my side might see me. Even dull-witted folk would be able to mark that kind of degeneration of behavior, how much more so would Mahāśvetā, who knows the workings of the Maddener, or my friends who are skillful in all the arts, or the servants who are clever from their association with the royal family and who always read so well the gestures that reveal thoughts and feeling? And handmaidens of the inner quarters are especially sharp of sight. In every way, I, ill-fated, am undone!

“““Better death for me today than a disgraceful life. What will my mother, my father, or the Gandharvas say when they hear of this? What am I to do? What is the remedy for this? How shall I hide my erring? To whom shall I confide this rashness of my unloosed senses? Where shall I take this heart tormented by the Five-arrowed God? After all, I made a solemn vow concerning the misfortunes of Mahāśvetā. Worse, I made that declaration in front of my dear friends, and I sent out that very information by way of Keyūra. Indeed, unlucky girl that I am, I do not even know how this Candrāpīḍa, who has become my beguiler, came to be brought here, whether by fraudulent Fate, by the cursed Agitator, by a collection of sins committed by me in former births, by the damnable God of Death, or by someone else. Or perhaps he is someone I have never seen before, or known, or heard of, or

thought about, or imagined, who has come here to ridicule me. So it is that at the mere sight of him I have seemingly become his slave, as though I were bound and handed over to him by my senses, or consigned to the cage fashioned from the Agitator's arrows, or enthralled by passion and taken to him, or sold to him by my heart after receiving his many virtues as my price. Well, I shall have nothing to do with the knave!" So she resolved, for the moment.

"But immediately thereafter, her heart was drawn toward Candrāpīḍa once again, exactly as before. "Oh you falsely modest girl, if you will have nothing to do with me, I shall leave you"—thus as if she were mocked by Candrāpīḍa dwelling inside of her and stirred by her trembling heart. She seemed to be questioned that moment by her life, now in her throat, which had set off the same instant she made up her mind to abandon it. "Oh you, who have so little judgment, look once again, with eyes properly washed, and see whether that person is fit to be repudiated or not"—thus she was admonished by her tears. "I shall carry off this proud resolve of yours, along with your life"—so was she abused by the Mind-born God. Then, when all arguments had been stilled, she, enslaved by the power of love, got up as if ruled by another and stood looking through a lattice window at the Pleasure Hill. Standing there she saw him with her memory, not with her eyes, as if she were afraid her tears of joy would intervene between them. She pictured him with fancy, not a paint brush, as if she feared dilution from the perspiration trickling down her fingers. She embraced him with her heart, not with her bosoms, as if she feared their heaving might come between her and Candrāpīḍa. To fetch him, she dispatched her mind, not her servants, as if she could not bear any delay in being joined with him.

"Meanwhile, Candrāpīḍa, too, entered as he pleased the jewelled house, as if it were a second heart of Kādambarī, and sat on a carpet spread upon a rock slab at both sides of which were many pillows piled on top of one another. There, with his feet held in Keyūra's lap and surrounded by handmaidens seated in the places assigned to them, with his mind awl he thought: "Are these coquetries that steal the hearts of all men innate to Kādambarī, this daughter of the Gandharva king, or are they aimed at me by the divine Makara-bannered God, who is pleased with me in spite of my not worshiping him? She looks at me sideways with eyes suffused with tears and showing pas-

sion, the corners of which contract as if they were dusted with the pollen of the flowers of the arrows of Love's Recaller, which have fallen onto her heart. When I look at her she shyly covers herself with the sheen of her smile as though with white silk. She turns her face from me in coyness and thus seems to offer me the mirror of her cheek on which to transfer my image. With her fingernail she scratches the couch as if she writes about her heart's illicit act: the making of room for me. And she seems to fan her tired face with her hand, which shakes with the fatigue of bringing me the betel roll and which looks as though it held a *tamāla* shoot, as swarming bees hover round thinking it a lotus."

"And he further considered: "Possibly it is my frivolity, natural to humans, that thus deceives me by giving rise to thousands of such false ideas. Most likely it is the exuberance of youth, or the Maddener, who intoxicates one such that he does not know right from wrong; for young men's eyes, as if they were afflicted with an eye disease, see the slightest perturbation greatly magnified. Even a drop of affection is spread afar by youth's infatuation, as is a drop of oil by water. Just as a poet's mind is filled with many hundred fancies created in and of itself, there is nothing that one of unsteady sensibility does not imagine. Just like a paint brush, there is nothing that a young mind will not paint when seized by the clever Maddener. Just like an unchaste woman who has a high opinion of herself, there is no place where self-conceit in its pride of beauty would not insinuate itself. Like a dream, desire sees even what is not experienced. Like the conjurer's peacock-tail feather, hope shows one even the impossible." And still more he pondered: "What is the purpose of exercising the mind for naught? If this maiden of the dazzling eyes is favorably disposed toward me, then that same Agitator who is likewise favorably disposed toward me—though not asked to be—will present her in her true light. He will remove my doubt." Deciding thus, he rose and stayed there, dallying with those maids with dice, with song, with *vīpañcī* and *pāṇavika* concerts, with discussions about doubtful notes, with all kinds of conversations, and with charming exhibitions of the other fine arts. After remaining there for a while, he went out, curious to see the gardens, and climbed to the top of the Pleasure Hill.

"Now Kādambarī, having seen him, said, "I shall leave the window and go watch for Mahāśvetā, who is late," and, with her mind

undone by the Bodiless God, she ascended to the top terrace of the palace. There she stayed with a few servants. The sun was warded off by a gold-handled umbrella white as the Hare-marked Moon's orb. She was fanned by four foam-white fly whisks waved over her. Because of a swarm of bees that lusted after the perfume of the blossom she wore and that hovered near her head, she seemed even by day to be trying on the dark blue assignation veil of a woman going out to meet her lover, Candrāpiḍa. While there, she one time seized the ends of fly whisks. Another time she leaned upon the staff of her umbrella. Then she put both hands on Tamālikā's shoulders. Now she put her arms round Madalekhā. Then she hid behind the servants and looked at Candrāpiḍa from the corners of her eyes. Now she turned so that the three folds of her midriff were twisted slightly. Then she placed her cheek atop the portress' cane staff. Now she put a betel roll upon her tender lower lip and held it there unmoving. Then she struck at her attendants with a lotus that had fallen from her hair and, as they ran away, pursued them a few steps. And so, smiling, looking at him, being in turn looked at by him, she took no notice of the great amount of time that passed.

“When a portress came and told her Mahāśvetā had returned, she left the terrace. Though she had lost interest in her bath and such, she took care of her daily chores out of love for Mahāśvetā. Candrāpiḍa too had left the hill and attended to his toilette with the help of servants sent by Kādambarī. Then he worshiped on a smooth rock his favorite deity and took care of his daily duties, such as meals, on that same Pleasure Hill. After finishing his meal he took a seat upon an emerald slab that lay along the east side of the hill, which was green and as captivating as a *hārīta*, which was sprinkled with saliva of ruminating deer, which had the color of the Kāṇḍī River made motionless from fear of the plow of the Plow-weaponed One, the glow of which was reddened by liquid lac from the feet of young women, the surface of which was covered with blossom pollen as if with sand, which was surrounded by a bower of vines, and which served as a concert stage for dancing peacocks. As he sat there he suddenly saw, on account of a white light of a dazzling brilliance, that the day seemed to be extinguished by water, the sunshine to be drunk up by a circle of lotus fibers, the earth to be flooded by the Milky Ocean, the quarters to be wetted by a shower of sandal juice, and the vault of the sky to be

whitewashed by nectar. He thought, "Can it be that the Cold-rayed One—the blessed Lord of Herbs—has risen of a sudden? Or perhaps the Rain Houses have loosed thousands of streams of white water. Maybe the Sky River has come down to earth and is whitening it with a spray that is dispersed by wind."

"Curious, he cast his eye about, and then saw Madalekhā coming toward him. She was surrounded by her many handmaids, had a white umbrella held above her, and had two fly whisks shaken round about her. Support was given to her by the right hand of Kādambārī's portress whose left hand, that normally bore a cane staff, held a coconut casket filled with sandal unguent and covered by a piece of moistened cloth. The way was being pointed out to her by Keyūraka, who carried a pair of clean silk garments, which had come from the Wishing Tree, which could be blown away by a sigh, and which were white as a snake's slough. She was followed by Tamālikā carrying an exceedingly luminous pearl necklace in a small case covered with white silk. The necklace seemed the source of the Milky Ocean's whiteness, or the Moon himself, or the white lotus of Nārāyaṇa's navel, or the flakes of foam of the Elixir of Immortality churned up by the agitation of the Mandara Mountain, or Vāsuki's slough cast off in the fatigue he suffered in the Churning, or the laughter of the Goddess of Fortune when she left her family home, or a collection of all the fragments of the digits of the Hare-marked Moon pulverized by the Mandara Mountain in the Churning, or the reflection of the multitudinous stars peeled off of the ocean's waters and assembled, or like the accumulated hard showers sprayed from the trunks of the elephants of the quarters, or like the Necklace of Stars of the elephant in the form of the Maddener. It looked as if it were made of wisps of autumn clouds or created out of the hearts of ascetics bewitched by Kādambārī's beauty. It seemed to be the chief of all jewels, or a heaped mass in one place of all the ocean's foam, or the rival of the moon, or the very essence of moonlight.

"Its central jewel, like the Goddess of Fortune's heart, gracefully flickered like a drop of water sliding along a lotus leaf [is fickle as a drop of water slipping from a lotus leaf]. Its rays, like a lovesick person, were white as bracelets of lotus fibers [who has hands white with bracelets of lotus fibers]. It, like the autumn Hare-marked Moon, whitened the quarters with the thick cluster of the rays of its pearls



[which whitens the quarters with its rays freed from the clouds]. It, like the Celestial Ganges, wafted about a perfume like that from the breasts of young celestial nymphs. Having seen it, Candrāpīḍa concluded, "This is the cause of that whiteness that eclipses the splendor of moonlight."

"He received the approaching Madalekhā with due courtesies, such as rising while she was still at a distance. She sat down for a while on the emerald slab, then rose, anointed him with the sandal unguent, had him put on the two silk garments, and arranged on his head a chaplet made out of jasmines. Then she raised the pearl necklace and said to Candrāpīḍa, "Oh prince, your tenderness, which is so pleasantly free of vanity, whom does it not subjugate with love? Your modesty encourages one like me. Whom does your noble bearing not influence? Whose friendship can you not win with your selfless tenderness? Whom does your sweet demeanor not make a friend? To whom do your virtues, of themselves innately gentle, not give comfort? It is your handsome form alone that deserves reproach, for it produces confidence in others at first sight. Were it otherwise, all this would seem improper when performed for one like you, whose greatness is well-known by all the world. For, mere conversation with you would seem to insult you; respect shown you would be like overweening pride; praise of you would indicate one's self-conceit; reverence would appear as thoughtlessness; love of you would seem to indicate one does not know one's proper place; a request would seem to stem from boldness; service offered you would be seen as insolence; a gift would seem to be an impertinence. Moreover, what can be given to one who is lord of all our lives? What favor can we tender you who first have given us the favor of your presence? How can we make your coming worth your while, when the mere sight of you has made our lives fruitful?"

"Under the pretext of this gift, Kādambarī is displaying her affection, not her riches; for it goes without saying that the riches of the good are the property of others as well. But riches aside—even if a maiden agreed to be enslaved by you, the world would not consider her at fault; even if she offered herself to you she would not be deceived; even if she gave you her very life she would not regret it. The magnanimity of good persons is never hostile to a suppliant's request and must always bow to courtesy's demands. And never do the ones who beg feel the sort of shame that those who wish to give experi-

ence. Truly, Kādambarī is convinced that by sending these gifts she has committed an offense toward you. This necklace is called Śeṣa and is the only jewel left of all those stirred up at the Churning for the Elixir. It was highly prized by the blessed Lord of Waters and given by him to the Attentive One when he visited his dwelling. By that Noose-wielding One it was given to the Gandharva king, who gave it to Kādambarī. Now by her, thinking—‘Candrāpiḍa’s beautiful body is worthy of this ornament, for the sky, and not the earth, is the proper abode of the Nectar-rayed God’—it is sent to you.

““Although persons such as yourself, whose slender bodies are graced with the adornments of a myriad of virtues, do not usually wear a crush of ornaments, which are a source of bother and highly valued only by commoners, still the love Kādambarī feels for you is the reason you should wear this. Did not the blessed Holder of the Bow place upon his bosom that piece of stone called Kaustubha, thereby showing his high esteem for it because it was produced along with the Goddess of Fortune? Now, Nārāyaṇa is no greater than you; Kaustubha does not surpass Śeṣa by even the slightest fraction of excellence; and the Goddess of Fortune cannot challenge Kādambarī’s beauty by an iota of similarity to her. Therefore, Kādambarī deserves this great honor from you, for she is a most proper receptacle for love’s flood. Certainly, if her request is not granted by you, she will harry Mahāśvetā with thousands of rebukes and in the end may even give up her life. Mahāśvetā has also sent along Taralikā, who has brought the necklace, and she gives you this message: ‘Surely the noble lord should not harbor thoughts of refusing this that is Kādambarī’s first request.’” Having said this, she placed the necklace on him where it lay against his chest like a circle of stars upon the slope of the Golden Mountain.

““The amazed Candrāpiḍa replied, “Oh Madalekhā, what shall I say? You are clever; you know how to extract my acceptance. By leaving me no chance to reply, you have proved your skill in speaking. Oh simple girl, who are we to overrule our hearts, and who are we to accept or refuse? Let this kind of talk come to an end. As he is made dependent on your ladyships, who abound in goodness, let this person be employed by you as you will, whether it be pleasant to me or no. There is none whom the discourteous merits of courteous princess Kādambarī do not enslave.” After he said this, he spent a long while conversing about Kādambarī, and then dismissed Madalekhā.

“Before Madalekhā had gone very far, the daughter of Citraratha laid aside her royal insignia of cane staff, umbrella, and fly whisks, bade all her attendants not to follow her, and in the company of Tamālikā again ascended to the terrace of that palace to gaze at Candrāpīḍa, who stood on the Pleasure Hill. He, like the moon resting upon the Rising Mountain, was whitened by the sandal paste, the silk garments, and the pearl necklace [was as white as sandal paste, as silk garments, or as a pearl necklace].

“Standing there on that terrace, Kādambarī again captivated Candrāpīḍa’s heart with her passionate glances that moved to and fro in her various flirtations. Once more, now and again she seemed to be painted, as she posed by placing her left shoot-hand on her round hip, extending her right hand along the border of her silk garment, and looking ahead with motionless eyes. Now and then she seemed to cover her mouth out of fear she might stammer his name, as she placed her palm over it when beginning to yawn. Now she seemed to have begun beckoning to him as the loquacious bees, desiring the fragrance of her sighs, were struck at with the hem of her silk garment. Then she seemed to signal her intention to offer an embrace as she covered her breasts with her two arms folded about her in her confusion at having her silk upper garment slip down because of the breeze. Now she seemed to pay homage to him as she delicately smelled her cupped hands that were filled with the flowers taken from her hair. Then she seemed to tell of the rising yearnings in her heart as she twisted a string of pearls over her two forefingers. Now she seemed to suffer the pain of the Flower-weaponed God’s arrows as she wrung her hands when she tripped over the offering blossoms. Then she appeared to be handed over to him by the Agitator as her feet became fettered by her girdle that had fallen. Now, having her loosened clothing held together by her quaking thighs, her breasts covered with only a portion of her garment that trailed the ground, her three skin folds broken as she twisted around in feigned alarm, her hands busy with tying up her heavy hair that had tumbled to her shoulders; she turned her face sideways so that her lotus ear ornament was whitened by her side glances and her cheeks made pearly with the powder of the nectar of her smiles and gazed at him in a manner that was filled with many and various meanings and moods. So she stayed until daylight diminished and reddened.

“Then when the blessed Nourisher, who is Lord of the Lotuses’ Lives and the ruler of all worlds, was being reddened as if with the passion his heart felt for the lotuses; when afterwards the sky too was turning crimson as if from the women’s glances that were red with anger at the lingering of day; when the sun’s horses, green as an aged *hārīta*, had departed along with his glow; when the sun-lotus beds were becoming green as their numerous lotuses closed upon being separated from the sun; when the moon-lotus beds were becoming white; when the faces of the quarters were turning ruddy; when the face of evening was darkening; when the blessed Ray-wreathed God had very slowly disappeared with his rays, which seemed to be red with hopes of being reunited with the day’s Goddess of Beauty; when the mortal world was flooded with the scarlet twilight as if with the ocean of the redness of Kādambarī’s heart, which had swelled at that time; when the darkness spread about with the luster of a young *tamāla* tree and brought tears to the eyes of haughty women as if it were the smoke of thousands of hearts being consumed in the Flower-weaponed God’s fire; when the sky’s star clusters brightened like spray scattered about from the trunks of the elephants of the quarters; and when the hour came when it was too dark to see anything—then Kādambarī came down from the palace terrace and Candrāpiḍa from the slope of the Pleasure Hill. In a short while, rose the divine Producer of Nectar, the festival to the eyes, who seemed as if he was being honored by the moon-lotus beds as they caught hold of his feet [rays]; who was brightening the quarters whose faces seemed to be dark with anger; who was avoiding the sleeping sun-lotuses as if afraid of waking them; who, because of his stain, seemed to carry the Coquette of Night on his heart; who wore the red hue of his recent rise as if it were the liquid lac that stuck to him when Rohiṇī kicked him in a lovers’ quarrel; who was sneaking up on the sky, the surface of which was blackened by the darkness as if she were a woman bent on an assignation and was wearing a cloak black like darkness; and who, out of his extreme love, seemed to be scattering good fortune everywhere.

“When the White-rayed One—the umbrella marking the Flower-weaponed God’s sovereignty, the husband of the brides in the form of the moon-lotuses, and the graceful ear ornament on the face of the Coquette of Night—had risen; and when all the world’s whitened quarters seemed to have been carved out of ivory; then Candrāpiḍa

reclined on a broad pearl slab that was washed with *haricandana* juice, that was cool as the moon itself, and that had been pointed out to him by Kādambari's servants. It had white *sinduvāra* offering flowers placed on it and leaf decorations made on its edges with rows of moon-lotus petals, and it lay on the bank of the palace moon-lotus pond, which seemed to be filled with moon-lotuses, as moonlight had fallen thickly onto it. The bank had a flight of stairs white as nectar and washed by the ripples of the pond. A gentle breeze wafted over it, which fanned the delicate waves of water. A pair of geese slept on it, and nearby was a couple of *cakravākas* noisy at being separated. As he lay there, Keyūra approached: "Princess Kādambari comes here to see you." Candrāpīḍa hurriedly rose in time to see Kādambari arriving, accompanied by a few female friends. All her royal insignia had been removed, and she wore only a single string of pearls, as a common woman might. Her slender body was whitened by very pure sandal paste. On one ear she wore an ivory earring, on the other, as an ear ornament, a white moon-lotus petal tender as the bud-shaped digit of the moon. She had donned a pair of silk garments that had been fashioned from the Wishing Tree and that shone like moonlight. Her dress was so very resplendent, she looked like the goddess of moonrise in bodily form. She was supported by Madalekhā.

"Upon arriving, she displayed a charming affection and sat down like a commoner on the ground where it is proper only for servants to sit. Candrāpīḍa, though he was repeatedly pressed by Madalekhā, "Oh prince, may you be pleased to sit on the pearl slab," also sat on the ground.

"And after all the maidens had been seated, Candrāpīḍa remained silent for a long while and then spoke: "Oh princess, in the case of a servant like me, who is delighted by the mere sight of you, there is no reason for you to show me even such favors as conversation—what then can I say about this sort of graciousness? Certainly, after careful reflection I do not see the slightest merit in me for which this excessive favor is suitable. It is due to your extreme courtesy and your goodness, which is sweet because it is free from vanity, that you show such consideration for me, your newly acquired servant. Perhaps you think me lacking decorum that I must be won over by your ministrations. Fortunate indeed is that servant who is governed by you, for what respect need you have for him who is fit to carry out your or-

ders? My body is at the service of others, and my life is as insignificant as a blade of grass. I am ashamed to offer these to you, who have come here, as gifts in return for your favors: this my body, this my life, and these my senses. Elevate any one of them to importance by accepting it."

"Cutting him short, Madalekhā smilingly said, "Oh prince, enough of this. My friend Kādambarī is truly pained by this extreme humility. Why is all this said? All this she has already accepted, even without your words. Why then must she observe the formality of trifling speech?"

"After she waited for a while for the proper moment: "What sort of person is lord Tārāpiḍa? And queen Vilāsavatī? And the noble Śukanāsa? Ujjayinī, what is it like? How far away from here? What sort of land is Bhārata? Is the mortal world attractive?"—in such a way Kādambarī asked of everything. After staying for a time, engaged in conversation, Kādambarī arose, gave instructions to Keyūra and the other servants, who were to sleep near Candrāpiḍa, and then retired to the terrace of her bed chamber. There she graced a couch spread under a white silk canopy. As for Candrāpiḍa, he passed the night as though it were but a moment on that rock slab while his feet were rubbed by Keyūra. He recalled to mind Kādambarī's lack of vanity, her exceeding beauty, her deep serenity, the unselfish love of Mahāśvetā, the goodness of Madalekhā, the great dignity among the servants, the grandeur of the Gandharva monarch's world, and the beauty of the country of Kimpuruṣa.

"Then in time the Star Lord, as if wanting sleep and wearied by remaining up to get a glimpse of Kādambarī, descended to the line of forest on the shore, which was full of palm, *tamāla*, *tālī*, and banana trees and which was cooled by the wind rolling off of gentle waves upon the ocean. The moon appeared to be fading under the hot sighs of amorous women distressed at the imminent separation from their lovers. The Goddess of Fortune, as if she were lovesick after catching sight of Candrāpiḍa, fell upon a bed of lotuses where she passed the night lolling in moon-lotus petals. As night drew to a close the palace lamps grew thin and pale as if they longingly remembered blows given them by women with their lotus ear ornaments. Then the dawn breezes began to blow. They were charged with fragrance of the creeper blos-

soms and resembled sighings of the Bodiless God, exhausted by the ceaseless shooting of his arrows. The stars, eclipsed by coming day, were taking refuge, as if in fright, in creeper-bowers on the Mandara Mountain. Gradually the Vivifier rose. His orb was red as if passion clung to it from its dwelling in the hearts of *cakravākas*. At such a time Candrāpiḍa rose from the slab of rock, washed his lotus-face, paid homage to the twilight, took a betel roll, and said, "Keyūra, go find out whether princess Kādambarī has risen and where she is now."

"After Keyūra returned from his errand and said, "Lord, she is sitting with Mahāśvetā on the white dais in the courtyard just below the Mandara Palace," Candrāpiḍa went to pay a visit on that daughter of the Gandharva king.

"There he saw Mahāśvetā respectfully being honored: by female ascetics who wore white ash marks on their foreheads, who turned their rosaries in their hands, who had taken a vow to the Lord of Animals, and whose robes were dyed with mineral colors; by those who wore clothes red as the rind of a ripe palm fruit and who had taken the vows of the Scarlet Robes; by those whose bosoms and waists were tightly bound by strips of white cloth and who wore the marks of the White Robes; and by those who wore matted hair and bark garments, who carried *āṣāḍha* wood staffs, and who bore the marks of religious students. They all looked like the presiding deities of spells in bodily form, and they were reciting holy praises to the divine Three-eyed God, to Ambikā, to Kārttikeya, to Viśrāvas, to Kṛṣṇa, to the honorable Avalokiteśvara, to an Arhat, and to Viriñca. She was honoring the Gandharva king's elderly kinswomen, who were being venerated by the women of the inner apartments, who bowed respectfully to them, conversed with them, and rose in order to offer them nearby cane seats.

"He also saw Kādambarī. She was giving her attention to the greatest of all great books, the *Mahābhārata*, which was being recited in a soft voice by a daughter of Nārada, to the accompaniment of a tune sounding sweet as humming bees, played on flutes by two Kinnaras who sat at the rear. She was looking into a mirror held before her, gazing at her lower lip the inside of which was darkened by the black tint given it by betel and which, sprinkled with the shine of her teeth, looked creamy red like a strip of cloth onto which beeswax has been rubbed. She was being circumambulated, as if by dawn's

Hare-marked Moon, by a tame goose that wandered in a circle around her and cast his wide-open eyes at her acacia flower ear ornament, with the desire for duckweed for which he mistook it.

“He approached them, bowed, and sat on a seat that was placed for him on the same dais. After pausing, he looked at Mahāśvetā’s face and gently smiled, his cheeks throbbing. From that alone she knew his thoughts and said to Kādambarī, “Oh friend, Candrāpīḍa is weakened by your virtues, as is the moonstone by the moon’s rays, and cannot speak. He wishes to depart. The army of princes that was left in the rear must be anxious at not having news of him. Moreover, this love between you two—even though you may be far apart—will last until the end of time, just as will that between sun-lotuses and the Friend of Sun-lotuses, and that between moon-lotuses and the Lord of Moon-lotuses. So please, give him leave to go.”

“Then Kādambarī, “Friend Mahāśvetā, this person, with all her servants, is entirely in his power, just like his own soul. What regard need he have for my wishes in this matter?”—thus she said and, summoning the Gandharva princes, directed them, “Escort this prince to his own place.”

“Candrāpīḍa rose, bowed first to Mahāśvetā, and then to Kādambarī. He was seized by the latter’s glance, moist with affection, and by her mind. “Oh princess, what shall I say? People distrust those who talk too much. Please remember me when speaking of your servants”—with this he left the inner quarters, while all those maidens, with the exception of Kādambarī, drawn by reverence for his many merits—as if dragged helplessly along by ropes—followed him as far as the outer arched gate. When those women had turned back, Candrāpīḍa mounted his horse, which had been brought to him by Keyūra, and, followed by Gandharva princes, set out from Mount Hemakūṭa. As he rode away Citraratha’s daughter not only was the mainstay of all his inner hopes but also occupied his physical world. For, as his mind was filled with thoughts of her, he saw her: seeming to cling to him because of the immediate and unbearable pain of separation; in front of him seeming to obstruct his progress along the road; in the sky above as if cast there by the forceful yearnings of his heart distraught at being apart from her; and on his chest as if her mind was grieved by separation and she stayed there just to gaze upon his face.



“In time he reached Mahāśvetā’s hermitage and found his army encamped on the shores of Acchoda Lake, where it had come by tracking Indrāyudha’s hoofprints. After he had bid farewell to all the Gandharva princes and had been saluted by his soldiers, who were filled with joy, curiosity, and amazement at his return, he entered his own tent. Having honored all his princes, he passed the day mostly talking with Vaiśampāyana and Patralekhā with remarks such as, “Thus is Mahāśvetā. Thus is Kādambarī. Thus is Madalekhā. Thus is Tamālikā. Thus is Keyūra.” The Goddess of Royal Glory took no pleasure in him, unlike before, as though she felt hostility to his having gazed upon the beauty of Kādambarī. The night passed as he lay awake, his mind still occupied with thoughts of that bright-eyed maiden. The next day, once the blessed sun had risen and Candrāpiḍa had gone to the assembly tent, his thoughts still on Kādambarī, he saw Keyūra fast approaching with the doorkeeper. As Keyūra, while yet at a distance, bowed before the prince, his head touching to the ground, Candrāpiḍa, saying, “Come! Come!” ran forward and openly embraced him tightly—first with his eyes that glided from one corner to the other, then with his heart, then with hair that stood on end, and finally with his two arms. He then made Keyūra sit quite near him, and diligently questioned him in words the syllables of which seemed whitened with his smile’s nectar and which seemed made from his affection liquified and oozing. “Keyūra, tell me whether princess Kādambarī, all her friends and servants, and lady Mahāśvetā remain well?”

“Now that one, whose weariness was instantly removed as if he had been bathed and oiled by the prince’s loving smile, bowed and most respectfully replied, “She about whom you, sir, ask today is well.” Having said this, he removed a covering of damp cloth and displayed for him a casket full of lotus leaves, the lid of which was fastened with a lotus filament and which bore a seal of rings of tender lotus fibers pressed into wet sandal paste. Opening it, he showed him tokens of remembrance that had been sent by Kādambarī: milky betel nuts—some of which were emerald green, some of which had been shelled, and others of which were gathered into pretty clusters; betel leaves green as cheeks of amorous female parrots; camphor, in chips as large as the Destroyer’s crescent moon; and sandal unguent, heart-stealing

with thick honeyed fragrance of musk. He said, "Princess Kādambarī honors you, sir, with her folded hands that kiss her crest-jewel and from which flows a network of red rays between her tender fingers; as does Mahāśvetā, with words about your health and an embrace about your neck; as does Madalekhā, with a salutation by which is bathed her forehead in the brilliance of her crest-ruby that has slipped; as do all the maidens, with their pointed *makarikā*-crest-gems worn in the partings of their hair touching the ground; and as does Tamālikā, with a bow that dusts your feet.

""Also, Mahāśvetā sends you this message: 'Fortunate are those within the range of whose sight you have come. Your merits, which in your presence were cold as snow and seemed made of the moon, in your absence have become as if made of the Brilliant One. Indeed the people long for that day gone by that was made to seem by you, somehow, as though it were the day of the creation of Elixir. Deserted by you, the Gandharva's regal city seems so dull, as if a sumptuous festival had vanished from it. Now you know I have renounced all things; nevertheless, my heart seemingly against its will wishes once again to see you, who befriended me without cause. Moreover, Kādambarī suffers. She remembers you who have a smiling face equal to that of Love's Recaller. So be gracious to her, as if she possessed great merit, and pay her the respect of a second visit; for respect shown by those of nobility increases one's own self-esteem. You, the prince must endure this bother caused by friendship with the likes of us. Your very goodness brings out the audacity of sending you a message. And here is Śeṣa, the necklace you forgot and left upon your couch.'"

""With these words Keyūra brought out the necklace that was tied up in one corner of his upper garment and the presence of which was revealed by the streaming rays that issued forth through the threads' minute interstices. He placed it in the hand of Candrāpiḍa's fly-whisk bearer. Then Candrāpiḍa, "That princess Kādambarī should bestow on me, her slave, such a massive favor as to think of me is the fruit of my performing penance in the form of worshiping Mahāśvetā's feet." Having said that he accepted Mahāśvetā's offer. He then put that necklace round his neck, after he had smeared himself with a sandal ointment that was pleasant to the touch, exhilarating, and most sweet. The necklace seemed to be a loveliness slipped from Kādambarī's cheeks, her luminous smile liquified, her heart turned into fluid, or an exuda-

tion of her many, many virtues. After he had taken a betel roll and rested a while, supporting himself with his left arm on Keyūra's shoulder, he stood and dismissed all the favored kings, who were delighted with the respect shown them as usual. Then very slowly he went to see the elephant Gandhamādana. Candrāpīḍa stayed there for a while and himself strewed before him a mouthful of tender grass that seemed to be full of lotus fibers as it bristled with the netting of rays from his fingernails. Then he headed for the stables of his favorite horses.

"As he went he turned his face slightly and looked at his servants. His doorkeepers read his mind and, preventing those servants from following him, dismissed them so that he entered the stable with only Keyūra as companion. There the stable keepers looked nervous, as if they were afraid of being sent away, bowed to him, and retreated. Thereupon he adjusted Indrāyudha's housing, as it had slipped down a little on one side, and pushed back his thick mane, tawny as saffron, which lay over his partly closed eyes. Then he put his foot on the wooden peg to which the horses were tethered, slowly and gracefully leaned the weight of his body against a wooden post, and asked, full of curiosity, "Keyūra, tell me all that has happened in the Gandharva king's palace since my departure. Tell me how the daughter of the Gandharva king spent her leisure time, what was done by Mahāśvetā, what was said by Madalekhā, what the servants talked about, and what you yourself did. Was there any talk about me?"

"Then Keyūra told him everything. "May you, sir, be pleased to hear it. At your departure, while the multitude of jingling anklets of the maidens of the inner quarters made a sound like *kalakala* drums announcing the departure of their thousand hearts, princess Kādambarī, with her servants, climbed to the terrace of the palace and gazed in the direction you had taken, which was gray with dust raised by the horses. When you were no longer in sight, she rested her face on Madalekhā's shoulder and remained there a long time, as though wishing to flood that direction with her glances that were white as the Milky Ocean, while the touch of the sun's rays were kept off her, as it were, by the jealous Hare-marked Moon disguised as a white umbrella. Completely dispirited, she descended the terrace with difficulty, rested a while in the audience hall, then stood up again. She seemed to be warned about the offering flowers on the floor by the humming of

bees afraid she might step on them. She seemed to create neck chains for the tame peacocks—she was pained by the noise of their cries—by means of her bracelets that dropped around their necks as they raised their heads to the white streams of water that were the rays of her nails. At every step she supported herself with her hands, by grabbing at the shoots of lianas white with blossoms, and with her heart, by seizing upon your many virtues. And so she came to that same Pleasure Hill where you had stayed.

“““There she passed the day looking at the places that bore signs of your stay and that were needlessly pointed out to her by servants thus: ‘Here the prince rested on this rock slab, which is covered with a fine mist and a creeper bower sprinkled by a stream of water flowing from a *makara*-mouthed aqueduct carved out of emerald. Here he bathed in this place, which is hairy with bees clinging to it for the perfume of the scented waters. Here, on the mountain stream’s bank made sandy with pollen, is where he worshiped the divine Trident-wielder. Here is where he dined, on this crystal rock that puts the Hare-marked Moon’s luster to shame. Here he slept on this pearl slab that is stained by the liquid sandal transferred to it from his body.’ When the day had drawn to a close, by the earnest efforts of Mahāśvetā, she was made to take her meal, on that same crystal stone, though she had no appetite. Even after the blessed sun had set and the moon had risen, she stayed there for some time. At moonrise her moist body seemed to be made of the moonstone. She placed her hands on her cheeks, as though she feared the entrance of the moon’s orb. She stayed there a while with her eyes closed, as though she was thinking about something, and then she went to her bed chamber. She painfully moved her feet, which were skilled in walking with a gracefully slow gait, as though they bore the heavy weight of the Hare-marked Moon fallen onto her toenails. There she threw her slender body on the bed. Writhing with a splitting headache and overpowered by a burning fever, she passed the night; but since she was in great pain due to some anxiety, she did not close her eyes in sleep, thus joining the auspicious lamps, the beds of moon-lotuses, and the *cakravākas*. At dawn she called me to her and, reprovingly, ordered me to seek news of you.”

““Upon hearing this, Candrāpīḍa, intending to proceed to her immediately, ran out of the stable and shouted, “Ready my horse! Ready my horse!” Having mounted Indrāyudha, who was hastily brought by

the grooms, he placed Patralekḥā behind him, appointed Vaiśampāyana head of the army, turned back his servants, and, followed by Keyūraḥ, mounted on another horse, went to Mount Hemakūṭa. Reaching the gate of Kādambarī's residence, he dismounted and entrusted his horse to the doorkeeper. Then, followed by Patralekḥā, who was eager to get her first look at Kādambarī, he entered and asked one of the eunuchs coming toward him, "Where is princess Kādambarī?"

"That one bowed and answered, "Sir, she is in the Snow House, which is located on the bank of the oblong lotus pond below the Pleasure Hill called Love-struck Peacock." Thereupon Āndrāpīḍa went some distance through the women's garden, with the way being shown him by Keyūraḥ, and saw there the day turned green as the sun's rays were transformed into tender blades of grass by the glowing emerald-green banana trees. In the very middle of those trees he saw the Snow House, which was thatched with a thick layer of lotus leaves. And he saw coming out of the house the servants who attended Kādambarī and who were such a part of her they resembled her own body. They seemed, in the guise of their wet garments, to be covered with the waters of the Acchoda Lake. As their creeper-arms were ringed with lotus fibers, their limbs seemed to be whitened with real ornaments. With the whitish inner petals of the *ketaki* blossoms they wore on one ear, like *tāṭaṅki* ornaments, they seemed to put ivory earrings to shame. Their lotus-faces had foreheads painted with sandal, looking as though they were bound with auspicious strips of cloth. On their cheeks they had dabbed spots of sandal, so that they seemed to wear reflections of the moon that stayed there even by day with the desire of touching them. On their ears they had placed duckweed sprigs that excelled the beauty of acacia flowers. They wore upper garments of lotus leaves on their breasts that were made pearly with camphor dust, were smeared with splashes of sandal juice, and were garlanded with *bakula* flowers.

"In their hands, whitened from the constant application of sandal to Kādambarī's body and looking as if they had crushed moonbeams in anger at the pain they were causing her, they held fly whisks, the handles of which were made of lotus stalks and the threads of lotus fibers. They were warding off the sunshine with moon-, sun-, and other lotuses on upraised stalks, with banana leaves, with lotus leaves, with clusters of blossoms—all being used as umbrellas. They looked like a company of water goddesses, an assembly of Goddesses of Beauty of

the God of the Sea, a multitude of autumns, or a meeting of lakes. They were skilled in cooling remedies. They bowed to him and hurriedly left, ceding him the path as if they were afraid of having their reflections fall upon his toenails. He walked along under the arches of banana trees. Those arches had plinths smeared with sandal paste, were furnished with bells in the form of *puṇḍarika* lotus buds, and had fly whisks made of bunches of blown *sinduvāra* blossoms. They had wreaths made of outsized jasmine buds hanging from them, garlands made of clove and sandal shoots fastened to them, and banners of moon-lotus chaplets waving over them. They were guarded by portresses holding staffs made of lotus stalks, who had ornamented themselves with splendid flowers and who looked like the very images of spring's Goddess of Fortune.

“Looking all around he saw: In some places there were sandal-juice rivulets with lines of *tamāla*-leaf forests planted on both banks that were sand made of moon-lotus pollen. In some places beds of red lotuses were being spread out on pavements colored with red lead underneath wet canopies hung with red fly whisks made of clusters of *nicula* flowers. In some places crystal houses, the beautiful walls of which could only be inferred by touch, were being sprinkled with cardamom juice. In some places mechanical peacocks, streaked with *kadamba* pollen, were being positioned on the tops of Rain Houses built of lotus fibers with grassy grounds fashioned nearby of acacia blossom filaments. In some places leaf-huts were being strewn inside with *jambū* shoots moistened with *sahakāra* juice. In some places golden lotus ponds were being agitated by troops of artificial elephants set to sporting. In some places over wells of scented water, waterwheels with leaf-cups were being fastened with ropes of moon-lotus garlands; the wheels sat on pedestals of molten gold used like plaster, their spokes were made of lotus stalks, and they had troughs of *ketaki* leaves. In some places banks of artificial clouds arched by painted rainbows were being made to move about and rain down on crystal cranes. In some places strings of pearls were being cooled in *haricandana*-juice ponds that had barley shoots sprouted near their edges and that had ripples teeming with new jasmine buds. In some places mechanical trees, the water basins of which were made with powdered pearls, were constantly showering down large dewdrops. In some places mechanical birds made of leaves moved about and created a mist by scattering a

spray with their fluttering wings. In some places were swings made of garlands of blossoms and tightly bound with rows of little bells in the form of bees. In some places golden jars were being brought inside, their mouths covered with the leaves of lotuses that had grown within and sprouted stalks erect. In some places umbrellas formed of flower sprays were being gathered, their handles were made from the pith of banana trees that looked like bamboo. In some places garments fashioned out of lotus fibers were being perfumed with the juice of camphor sprouts that had been crushed by hand. In some places trinkets for the ear made of sheaves of spiky grass were being moistened with the juice of *lavalī* fruit. In some places sap from cooling herbs stored in stone vessels was being fanned with lotus leaves. And in other places similar tasks were being carried out by servants preparing cooling remedies.

“Candrāpīḍa reached the central part of the Snow House. It was like the heart of the Snow Mountain, the Attentive One’s arena for water sports, the birthplace of all the digits of the moon, the ancestral home of the deities of all the sandal forests, the source of all moon-stones, the residence of all the nights of the cold month of Māgha, the meeting place of all rainy seasons, a region for all the rivers to take away the summer’s heat, a place for all the oceans to remove the Submarine Fire’s flames, a spot for all the clouds to counteract the scorching of lightning, the place for all moon-lotuses to spend the day made unbearable by their separation from the moon, or a place for the *Makara*-bannered God to extinguish the Destroyer’s fire. It was being shunned even by the Maker of Day’s rays, which were being driven away by thousands of streaming fountains and which had turned back fearing the icy touch. It was accompanied by breezes that, bearing quantities of *kadamba* filaments, seemed thrilled. It was surrounded by groves of banana trees that, as their leaves rippled in the wind, seemed to be trembling with the cold. It was noisy with bees that, as they buzzed in their intoxication from floral perfume, seemed to have teeth that chattered. And it was adorned with creepers that, swarming with those bees, seemed to have wrapped about them a dark cloak. In time, seemingly being anointed both inside and out by that exceedingly cool touch that was so thick it seemed congealed in lumps, Candrāpīḍa felt his mind was made of moon, his senses of moon-lotuses, his limbs of moonlight, and his intellect of lotus fibers. He

deemed the sunbeams made of pearl necklaces, the sun's heat of sandal paste, the breezes of camphor, time of water, and the three worlds of snow.

““In one part of the Snow House he saw Kādambarī. She was surrounded by her friends, thus looking like the divine Gaṅgā with her attendants of rivers lying on the floor of one of the Snow Mountain's caves. She reclined on a bed of flowers underneath a small pavilion that had lotus stalks for pillars and that was encircled by a small and winding channel filled with a stream of camphor. She seemed completely ravished by the very gods. As her necklace, armlets, bracelets, girdle, and anklets were of lotus fibers, she seemed to have been bound with fetters by a jealous Agitator. As her forehead shone white with sandal, she seemed to have been stroked there by the Hare-marked Moon. She seemed to have been kissed on her eyes, from which tears flowed, by the God of the Sea. She seemed to have been bitten by the Wind on her mouth, from which heavy sighs were issuing. Her limbs, aglow with passion, seemed to have been possessed by the Bodiless God. Her heart, inflamed with the blaze of the Inflamer, seemed to have been seized by the Oblation Eater. Her body, bathed in perspiration, seemed to have been hugged by Water. She felt weak, as if her limbs accompanying her heart had gone from her to her beloved. She was tingling, her hair erect and whitened with damp sandal paste so that it seemed her pearls' rays clung to her body from its contact with her pearl necklace. She seemed to be pitied by the bees hovering near her ear ornaments and fanning with the breezes of their wings the surface of her perspiration-beaded cheeks.

““As though singed with fire from those bees around her ear ornaments, her ear was being sprinkled by the gush of her tears pouring from the corner of her eye; she was attaching to one ear a *ketakī* bud scented with camphor, as if it were a conduit for carrying away that copious flow. Her jar-breasts were being abandoned by her silk garment that trembled with her long shuddering sighs, so that it looked like the spreading of her body's glow fleeing out of fear of heat. With her hand she covered up her heavy breasts upon which fell the image of the waving fly whisks—they looked as though they had grown wings in their wish to fly to her beloved. With her creeper-arms she repeatedly embraced a frosted statuette of *śāla* wood. Now she clasped to her cheek a camphor doll. Then with her lotus-foot she nudged a san-



dal-paste image. As she had turned around, she was being stared at, as if with curiosity, even by her own face reflected in her breasts. Her cheeks seemed to be kissed even by the sprout she wore as an ear ornament, resting as if full of longing upon its own image reflected in her cheeks. She was being embraced even by pearl necklaces with rays stretched out as if they were people who were overwhelmed by love for her and had lost all self-control. Pressing a jewelled mirror to her breast, she made it take an oath upon her life not to rise, as if it were the Hare-marked Moon.

““She had stretched out her hand to ward off the perfume that came toward her from the women’s garden, like a female elephant [that stretches out its trunk to an approaching maddened rut-elephant]. She, like a woman setting out on a journey, did not welcome the arrival of the deer in the form of the south wind [does not like the *vātamrga* deer to pass her on the right]. Her sides, like the Maddener’s bathing stool, were seized by her jar-breasts that were whitened with sandal and covered with lotuses [flanked by pots of water mingled with sandal and covered with lotuses]. Her *mons veneris*, like the sky’s lotus pond, was delicate as lotus roots and could be seen through her transparent garment [contains the large Mūla constellation, delicate as lotus fibers, seen in the clear heavens]. She was made more beautiful by excessive merits given to her by the Maddener, like the line of the blossom bow [that is lovely in that its string is twisted over its ends by the Maddener]. She wore a cooling pearl necklace, like the month of Madhu’s goddess [who chases away winter]. She was agitated by the Blossom-arrowed God, like a female bee [eagerly occupied in searching out flowers]. She, though anointed with sandal, was without any bodily cosmetic [was filled with passion produced by the Bodiless God]. She, though but a young girl, was the mother of the Agitator [produced passion in others]. She, though, like a lotus plant, wore lotus fibers, still yearned for the touch of [lotus-killing] frost.

““Then, as her servants one by one announced Candrāpīḍa’s arrival, she wordlessly asked each with but the glance of her eye that trembled urgently, “Tell me, has he really come? Did you see him? How far away is he? Where is he?” The brightness of her eyes increased as she saw him coming toward her; and that fine-hipped girl, seized by paralysis of thighs just as a newly captured cow elephant is held fast to the tying post, and trembling in her every limb, rose, seem-

ingly pulled erect by the noisy bees drawn to the fragrance of her flower couch. As her upper garment slipped down in her haste to get up, she seemed to wish to place the rays from her pearl necklace on her bosom. As she placed her left hand's palm upon the jewel pavement, she seemed to beg support of her own hand from her own image. She seemed to be offering herself, by sprinkling water with her right hand that dripped perspiration in its fatigue at struggling to tie up her heavy hair that had tumbled loose. As the line of hair on her abdomen became wavy when her three waist-folds were crushed in her twistings, she seemed to be having all her feelings squeezed out of her by the Bodiless God. Her eyes were shedding a cool stream of joyful tears that seemed to have been mixed with sandal juice that had entered her by way of the mark upon her forehead. With the river of her happy tears she washed her cheeks dusty with pollen from her shaking ear ornament, as if she craved the reflection of her loved one to slip and fall upon them. Her head was slightly bent as if weighty from the sandal on her forehead. She seemed drawn ahead by her long eyes fixed on his face, and her pupils were for the moment frozen at the corners of those eyes.

“Candrāpīḍa neared and showed respect just as before, by bowing to her after doing so first to Mahāśvetā. When she had returned his bow and was seated once again upon that flowery bed, a small gold chair with feet inlaid with brilliant gems was brought to him, but he pushed it from him with his foot and sat on the floor. Then Keyūra, “Princess, this is Patralekhā, betel-box bearer of the lord Candrāpīḍa and a favorite of his.” Saying this, he presented Patralekhā.

“Seeing her, Kādambarī thought, “Aho! How very much does the Lord of Creatures favor mortal women!” As Patralekhā bowed respectfully, Kādambarī called, “Come! Come!” and made her sit close by her, where she was stared at by the inquisitive servants. Feeling even at first sight an excessive affection for her, Kādambarī over and again stroked her in a friendly manner with her shoot-hand.

“Now Candrāpīḍa, having at once performed all the courtesies proper to his arrival and seeing the daughter of Citraratha in that condition, thought, “My heart must be extremely dull since it still does not believe. So I will ask her.” With a skilfully worded speech, he said out loud, “Princess, I know this malady, which feeds on constant pain,

has been brought on by the passion of Desire. Oh fair-bodied one, truly this does not hurt you as much as it does me. I wish to restore you to health, even with the offer of my body. As I feel pity for you, who tremble so and who have taken to a blossom bed, my own heart seems to fall. Your arms, bereft of bracelets, grow so thin. Because of your distress you seem to wear a sun-lotus in your land-lotus eyes. When you are miserable, even your servants don pearl necklaces formed from ever falling teardrops. Put on your pearl ornaments; you are worthy of embellishments, for a creeper is most splendid when adorned with bees and blossoms."

"Then, although she was by nature and by youth naive, Kādambarī, as if instructed by the Inflamer, understood all that Candrāpiḍa hinted at in his subtle speech. But thinking her desires to be impossible to fulfill right then, she turned bashful and stayed silent; however, under some pretext she flashed a smile at that moment as if to see him better, whose face was darkened by the swarms of bees come for the fragrance of his mouth. Then Madalekhā said, "Oh prince, what shall I say? This fierce torment cannot be described; moreover, what is there that does not render pain to her who is in youth's first blush? Even cool sprigs of lotus fibers act like fire, and even moonlight turns to sunshine. Indeed, do you not see how her mind is pained by the winds from the palm leaf fans? Courage alone preserves her life." And Kādambarī's heart, along with that one of Madalekhā, made reply to him.

"Candrāpiḍa was a bit disquieted, since that speech could be taken either way. He stayed there a long time, engaged with Mahāśvetā in discussions that were clever enough to increase affection; then he freed himself, skillfully but with some effort, in order to depart Kādambarī's palace to return to his own camp. As he was about to mount his horse, Keyūraka came up behind and said, "Sir, Madalekhā sends this message: 'Princess Kādambarī wishes Patralekhā to remain behind, as she has felt affection for her at first sight. She will join you later.' Hearing this you must judge."

"When he heard that, "Keyūraka, fortunate and to be envied is Patralekhā, whom the princess' favor, so rare to come by, pursues. Let her be taken back"—thus saying he went to the royal camp. As he entered it he saw a letter bearer, well-known to him, who had come

from his father. Reining in his horse and with his eyes wide with joy, he hailed him from afar, "Well, are my father, with all his servants, and my mother, with her ladies, in good health?"

"That man advanced and after bowing, "Sir, it is as you say." Then he handed him two letters. The prince, taking them as orders, opened them himself and read: "Hail from Ujjayinī. His Imperial Majesty, Lord Tārāpiḍa, who is a devotee of the Great Lord and whose lotus-feet are worn as ornaments on crests of all the kings, greets Candrāpiḍa, who is the font of treasures, by kissing him upon his head, which itself plants kisses on the circle of the refulgent rays of gorgeous crest-jewels. The subjects are all well. Much time has passed since you left. My heart yearns for you. The queen and all her ladies pine. Aho! The ending of the words of this letter should be the time for you to start for home." He read the same instructions within the letter sent by Śukanāsa. Just then Vaiśampāyana too approached and showed him two letters with that same directive.

"Thereupon, "As commands my father," Candrāpiḍa said, and gave the order to the *paṭaha* drum to sound departure. He instructed Meghanāda—the son of Balāhaka and commander of the army—who stood nearby surrounded by a cavalry detachment, "You are to escort Patralekhā. Surely Keyūra will return here with her, so that via him this message may be sent to princess Kādambarī: 'Truly, this is mortals' nature—a nature that is censured by the three worlds, that is not amiable, that disregards friendship, and that is difficult to grasp—that affections unexpectedly prove faithless and that they ignore selfless tenderness. By my leaving, my affections turn into a snare of lowly fraud; my devotion becomes but cleverness at changing my tone falsely to mislead you; the offering of myself is lowered to some roguery and is sweet only by appearance; and discordance between speech and thought is manifested. But leave aside the question of myself. The princess too, though worthy of celestials, has bestowed her favor on a scoundrel and thus exposed herself to censure. For the glances of the great—full of the nectar of their favor—when cast upon unworthy vessels afterwards produce shame. Indeed, my heart is not so much depressed with shame before the princess as it is before Mahāśvetā. Surely the princess will often reproach her who has praised my many virtues—mistakenly attributing them to me—as one of misplaced partiality. What shall I do? The weighty order of my father is master only

of my body; but my heart, which longs to dwell on Mount Hemakūṭa, has to the princess signed a bond of slavery for a thousand other births. My heart is not given leave to go by the princess, as a woodsman is not given passage by a tollgate guard. But I must go to Ujjayinī by order of my father. In small talk about people, truly this Candrāpiḍa should be remembered. Do not think the base Candrāpiḍa, while yet living, rests until he tastes again the joy of honoring the lotus-feet of the princess.'

““The feet of Mahāśvetā are to be praised and she is to be circumambulated with bent head. Tell Madalekhā that a fond embrace about her neck, preceded by a salutation, is sent her. And Tamālikā should be firmly hugged. All Kādambārī's servants are to be asked about their health. And divine Mount Hemakūṭa should be taken leave of with hands folded.” When he had finished instructing him, “Oh friend, let the army follow slowly without tiring”—having said this, he handed over command of the royal army to Vaiśampāyana. Then he himself mounted just as he was and started out, asking the way to Ujjayinī from the letter bearer, who was riding at his side. His heart was vacant due to the recent separation from Kādambārī. He was followed by the cavalry, riding mostly young horses, which shook Mount Kailāsa with the sound of neighing as their mounts pranced, which crushed the earth with dancing hooves, and which bore a charming stand of creeper-spears.

““All day he rode through a desolate forest filled with ancient trees, some of which were being strangled by bowers of *mālīnī* creepers, his path winding round, skirting trees felled by wild bull elephants. The spots where valiant men had been slaughtered were marked by mounds, raised by the people, and enhanced with grass, leaves, and sharpened sticks of wood. Images of Durgā had been carved into the roots of giant trees. Heaps of *āmalaka* fruit were piled about, their skins squeezed dry by thirsty travelers. There water was hard to get due to the condition of the ancient forest wells, the slopes of which were sprinkled with pollen from clusters of blown *karañja* flowers and marked by banners of strips of cloth and rags tied on trees. Resting spots for travelers could be inferred by seats of dry shoots lying on the bricks. The environs of the wells were decorated with twigs besmeared with dust that pilgrims who had rested there had rubbed off their feet. The water reeked of rotting leaves, was tepid, muddy, bad of color, and foul-

tasting. The presence of the wells was signaled by such things as knotted creepers, leaf cups, and clumps of grass. The forest's depths were rendered nearly impassable by dried up mountain streams. The banks of the streams shone silvery with pollen from the *sinduvāra* groves that dripped honey. Their sandy shores were overrun by a twisted net of creepers. Some turbid water could be had from them from little ditches travelers had dug in the sand. Small hamlets hidden in the forest's thickets were revealed by sounds of dogs and numerous cocks.

“When the sun's disk had matured and reddened the day's shine, Candrāpiḍa saw from afar a large red flag waving above a wooded grove. The place was dense with *kadamba*, *śālmali*, and *palāśa* trees that, since they were branchless and had only a single tuft of leaves on top, looked like umbrellas. It contained fields lumpy with gnarled roots of massive tree stumps and with sprouts that had shot skyward. The fields were fenced by fully grown bamboo thickets tawny as *haritāla*, which had grass-men figures placed in them to scare away the deer, which were yellowish with the ripening corn, and which were rich in fruit and filled with *priyaṅgu* vines. The red flag, atop an old red sandalwood, seemed wet with dabs of lac—like bloody chunks of fresh, moist flesh. The tree's trunk was ornamented with red banners that were like lolling tongues, and with black fly-whisk streamers that appeared like matted hair or the limbs of freshly butchered animals. It was inlaid with a fat crescent moon made of full-sized lotus seeds. Its pinnacle glowed as if it bore the Hare-marked Moon made to descend by the Maker of Day, who had himself come down to protect his son's buffalo. It scratched the arching sky with its golden trident that had a terrifying bell that sounded with a *ghar-ghar*, that was suspended from an iron chain attached to its prongs, and that had affixed to it a fly whisk brilliant as a lion's mane. The flag seemed to be searching here and there on the path for humans who could serve as offerings to Durgā.

“When Candrāpiḍa had advanced toward the flag a ways, he saw Caṇḍikā. She was ringed by wild elephant tusks that were yellowish like many needle-filaments of *ketaki* blossoms. Her doorway was fitted with an iron arch that bore a garland of round iron mirrors surrounded by a row of fresh red fly whisks, so that it looked like a row of Śabara heads made fierce-looking by their tawny hair. Her pedestal was a stone, collyrium black, supporting a buffalo of iron that stood before it. As the buffalo bore palm prints of red sandal, he looked as

though he had been gently patted by the God of Death's bloody hand. His red eyes were being licked by restless jackals, greedy for the gouts of blood.

“Offerings had been made to Caṇḍikā of holy flowers: in one place with red lotuses that were like the eyes of wild buffalos slain by Śabarās, in one place with *agastī* buds that were like the claws of lions, in one place with the buds of *kimśuka* flowers that were like blood-smearred tigers' claws. In another place she displayed the offerings that had been made to her: shoots in the form of curve-tipped antlers of a deer, leaves in the form of some hundred bloody severed tongues, flowers in the form of some thousand reddish eyes, and fruit in the form of a myriad heads. Her inner court was graced with red *aśoka* trees that, because of the numbers of cocks perched in their branches out of fear of dogs, seemed to have put forth blossoms out of season. Offerings had been made to her with the palm tree's skull-like fruit—those offerings were like so many Ghouls come there with a want to drink her victims' blood.

“She was concealed on all sides by groves of banana trees that seemed to shake with fever brought on by fear, by stands of *śrīphala* trees that seemed to bristle with some terror, and by a number of *kharjūra* trees that seemed to have their hair erect through fright. The region round her was never void of lion cubs that romped about—spoiled by being the pets of Ambikā—and scattered here and there red pearls dropped by lions once they had torn them from the temples of wild elephants. The pearls were picked up then spat out by roosters who were pecking out the boiled rice from the offerings mixed with blood. Her courtyard was slick with rivulets of blood made even redder by the Vivifier, who at the time of his setting was reflected in those puddles as if he had fallen into them in a swoon brought on by the sight of all that blood.

“Caṇḍikā shone splendidly through her inner shrine's doorway. Lamps, smoke, and reddened cloth hung in it; rows of bracelets made of peacock necks were strung across it; and a garland made of close-set flour-dusted bells decorated it. The door had a pair of panels with thick iron spikes fixed in the middle of cast-iron lion mouths, a bolt made out of long-tusked elephant ivory, and spheres of flashing light from red and blue and yellow mirrors. Her feet were swathed in lac-dyed cloths that had been thrown onto the pedestal inside just as if

they were the lives of all the creatures come there for asylum. She seemed to be residing in a temple in the Abode of Serpents, due to the heavy darkness caused by the glint of weapons such as spears and axes used to slaughter animals, which had reflections of black fly whisks falling on them and seemed to have some hair stuck to them from the decapitations. She was adorned with garlands made of *bilva* leaves, shoots, and shining fruit, smeared with red sandal—they looked like heads of infants. Her limbs were threatening and, having worship done to them with offerings of clusters of *kadamba* flowers that had a coppery color like blood, seemed to thrill at the lusty and strong roar of the *paṭaha* drum at the moment that the animals were sacrificed.

“She was dressed like a coquette on her way to meet her lover, Mahākālā: her forehead was filleted with a gorgeous gold band; her face was marked with a red lead *tīlaka* made by Śabara women, had broad cheeks reddened by the shedding luster of her pomegranate blossom ear ornament, had lips crimsoned by betel in the form of blood, had dark brown crooked eyebrows contracted into a frown, and had red eyes; and her slender body was swathed in silk dyed red with safflowers. Because of the long flickering flames of the lamps of the inner shrine, ruddy from the thick blue smoke of burning incense and bdellium, she seemed to be threatening—with long fingers caked with clotted blood from the demon Mahiṣa—the wild buffalo who had committed the offense of shaking her trident’s rod by scratching against her pedestal an itch on his shoulder. Caṇḍikā seemed to be propitiated by billy-goats, beards grown long, as if they had taken a holy vow; by trembling-lipped mice, as if they were muttering prayers; by black-skinned antelope, as if they were importuning her; and by black serpents with the rays of blazing jewels in their hoods, as if they carried jewelled lamps upon their heads. She seemed to be extolled on every side by flocks of old and cawing crows, as if intent on praising her.

“She was being waited on by an old Draviḍa ascetic. He looked as if a lattice window had been made upon his body by a network of most prominent veins that were like hoards of iguanas, lizards, and chameleons that had crawled up him in the mistaken belief that he was a burnt stump. His whole body was pitted with the scars of small pox, as if they were the spots where his auspicious marks had been gouged out by adverse fortune. He seemed to have a rosary of Rudra-eyes



draped over his ear, on account of his hair, which he wore as an ear ornament. On his forehead grew a callus, dirtied by his falling at the feet of Ambikā. As he had lost the sight of one eye due to a magic ointment given him by a charlatan, he had worn thin a wooden pencil by his careful application of collyrium to the other eye three times a day. Daily he tried to remedy his projecting teeth by applying to them the moisture from bitter gourds. He assiduously spread medicinal oil on one of his arms that was shrivelled from being hit by a falling brick. He had increased the opacity of his eyes by the constant and persistent use of a pungent salve. For shattering stones he had secured the tusk of a boar. He had stored herbs and ointments in the hollow *iṅgundī* nuts. The fingers of his left hand were contracted because the veins of his arm had been sewn with a needle. The big toes of his feet were ulcerated from his wearing coverings of silkworm cocoons. He had brought on an untimely fever by taking an improperly prepared drug used as a vermifuge.

“Although he was old, he was tormenting Durgā with his prayers to secure the boon of sovereignty of the southern country. He had his hopes fastened on obtaining a fortune by means of the magical *tilaka* mark as advised by some half-educated Buddhist monk. He wore a clam shell blackened with ink made from charcoal and the juice of green leaves. He had composed a panegyric to Durgā on a bandage. He had collected manuscripts containing information about jugglery, mystical formulas, and spells, penned on palm leaves in letters drawn with lac and fumigated with smoke. He had written down the doctrine for Mahākāla’s worship based on instructions of an aged worshiper of the Lord of Animals. He had the disease of constantly babbling about finding treasure. He had the madness of belief in alchemy. He was obsessed with a yearning to enter the world of the demons. He entertained the foolish fancy of becoming the lover of a Yakṣa maiden. His collection of chants for producing invisibility had grown. He knew thousands of strange stories about the Śrī Mountain. His ears were flattened from being boxed by Flesh-eaters who rushed upon him when struck by white mustard seed that had repeatedly been consecrated by incantations. He never lost his pride in being Śiva’s devotee. He was ostracized by travelers who were disgusted at how poorly he played the bottle-gourd *vīṇā*. During the day he sang—his head shaking—and

made a sound that resembled the buzzing of mosquitoes. He danced as he sang a psalm he had composed in his native tongue in devotion to Bhāgīrathī.

“Though he had taken the vow of celibacy, he often threw powder that was thought to make women sexually active on the old female ascetics who had come from foreign lands and were staying in the temple. As he was extremely irritable, his ire was roused if sometimes the eight flowers to be offered together fell apart when improperly placed. His distorted features were more grotesque than even Caṇḍikā's. Sometimes he injured his back when he fell in the many fights he started with travelers who were annoyed at his refusal to let them take up residence in the shrine. Sometimes his neck was sprained and his skull split on a stone when he fell face down as he stumbled, running in indignation after fleeing boys who made fun of him. Sometimes he attempted to hang himself out of jealousy at the respect the people gave to another ascetic recently arrived there. Not being refined, he did whatever he pleased. Being lame, he moved about very slowly. As he was deaf, he used sign language. On account of his night blindness, he moved about only by day. As his belly hung down low, he ate much food. Several times he had his nose pierced when it was scratched by the nails of monkeys angry at his felling fruit. Often he was stung by thousands of bees that had to move aside when he gathered flowers. Thousands of times he was bitten by black serpents in the desolate and filthy temples wherein he slept. Hundreds of times he sustained a concussion when he tumbled from the top of *śrīphala* trees. More than once his cheeks were torn by the claws of bears that resided in the dilapidated shrines of the Mothers.

“He was made fun of for being married to an old slave who, in the spring, was placed on a broken cot and tossed into the air by pranksters. He had come away empty-handed after prostrating himself in many a temple. He bore his wretchedness, which was accompanied by various ailments, as though it was his immediate family. He displayed his foolishness, which went hand in glove with many vices, as though it was the children he had fathered. He exhibited his wrath, which had given rise to boils on his body caused by many blows of sticks, as if it were bearing fruit. He manifested torment, which was apparent from his ulcers that caused a burning sensation like lamps blazing through all his limbs, as if he had many mouths. Even insult,

in which hundreds of kicks were given him by the country folk he reviled without cause, washed over him like a river. Out of dried vines he had woven a large basket in which to store flowers, to fetch which he had made a hook out of a bamboo stick. And he did not even for a moment lay aside his *khola* headgear made from a piece of black blanket.

“Candrāpīḍa decided to make camp at that shrine and, dismounting, entered the temple. With a mind full of devotion, he bowed to Caṇḍikā, circumambulated her, and bowed again. Then he wandered off, curious to see the area. In one place he spied that Draviḍa ascetic in a rage, scolding and haranguing. Seeing him, though he was pained by his distress at being separated from Kādambarī, Candrāpīḍa laughed, then checked his soldiers who were quarreling with the ascetic and deriding him. With cajoling words and with a hundred sweet ones of conciliation, Candrāpīḍa somehow mollified him and, in order, asked his birthplace, caste, education, whether he had a wife and children, his wealth, his age, and the reason for his becoming a recluse. On being questioned, the ascetic told about himself, and the prince was very much amused by him as he on and on narrated his past heroism, handsomeness, and wealth, thus becoming truly a diversion to the one whose heart was grieved by separation from his love. After making friends with him, Candrāpīḍa had betel given him.

“When the Seven-steeded God had traveled to the Setting Mountain; when the princes took what shelter they could beneath the trees; when their mounts—whose golden saddles hung on branches, whose energy was evident from the way they tossed their manes made dusty from their rolling on the ground, who had taken several bites of grass and drunk water, and whose weariness had been removed when their backs were laved while bathing—were fettered to spears stuck in the ground before them; when the soldiers—who had prepared a couch of leaves near the horses, who were exhausted by the day’s march, and who had chosen their night watch—were fast asleep; and when the camp was bright as day as the darkness was completely gobbled up by the glow of many bonfires—then Candrāpīḍa retired to a couch that had been made for him by servants, that was in front of Indrāyudha tethered in that part of the camp, and that was pointed out to him by his attendant. As he lay down, then and there his heart was touched by an uneasiness. Seized by anxiety, he dismissed the princes and did not

speak even to his favorites who stood nearby. He closed his eyes and in his mind time and again visited the land of the Kimpuruṣas. With his attention undistracted he recalled Mount Hemakūṭa. He thought of Mahāśvetā and how she had become his selfless friend. He yearned constantly for sight of Kādambārī, the reward of his life. He longed for Madalekhā's company, she who was devoid of haughtiness. He wished to see Tamālikā. He looked forward to Keyūra's coming. He saw the Snow House. He repeatedly heaved long passionate sighs. He felt a great fondness for the Śeṣa necklace given to him by his beloved. He felt that Patralekhā, by remaining there, had become one who partook of all merit. So he passed a sleepless night.

“Candrāpīḍa rose at dawn and gratified the old Draviḍa with a sum of money offered him according to his wishes. Then, after pitching camp in several charmingly delightful and pretty places, in a few days' time he arrived back in Ujjayinī. Accepting countless salutations from the people, who made them with hands folded like lotuses of worship and who were excited but confused by his sudden arrival, he rapidly entered the city. Hearing “Lord Candrāpīḍa is at the gate” from servants who were wild with joy and who rushed about competing with each other, his father went toward him on foot. He was slow of gait from his great happiness. He wrapped around him his clean silken upper garment that had slipped, as the Mandara Mountain drew about itself the Milky Ocean. He shed drops of water from his joyful eyes, as if he were a Wishing Tree raining pearls. He was followed by a thousand kings who were close at hand. Their heads were white with age; they were anointed with sandal; they had donned clean linen garments; and they wore bracelets, turbans, diadems, and chaplets, so that they made the earth appear to bear many Mount Kailāsas or several Milky Oceans. They carried swords and staffs, umbrellas, flags, and fly whisks.

“Having seen his father from afar, Candrāpīḍa dismounted and touched the ground with his head that wore a garland made of crest-jewel rays. Then with outstretched arms, “Come! Come!” his father called and clasped him closely for a long time. Candrāpīḍa bowed to those present and deserving honor, and then the king took him by the hand and led him to Vilāsavati's residence. She, surrounded by all the women of the inner quarters, advanced to meet and welcome him, coming in like manner as had his father. She performed the auspicious

Ceremony of Arrival, and he stayed with her for a while talking about things connected with his conquest of the quarters, then went to visit Śukanāsa. There too he stayed a lengthy time, going through the same procedure, and told him Vaiśampāyana was with the army and was well. He also met with Manoramā. Returning, he mechanically attended to his daily routine, such as bathing, in Vilāsavati's palace.

“In the afternoon he went to his own palace where, with a mind tormented by longing, he regarded both himself and his own palace, the country of Avanti, and the entire circle of the earth as empty without Kādambarī. Eager for news of the Gandharva princess, he awaited Patralekhā's coming as though it were a major festival, the day for gaining a desired boon, or the time of the extraction of Elixir. A few days later, Meghanāda came with Patralekhā and presented her before the prince. As she bowed, Candrāpiḍa showed his joy with a smile, and when she had risen he embraced her who, though naturally most dear to him, seemed even dearer now by virtue of the superior grace she had gained from being favored by Kādambarī's presence. And he touched Meghanāda on the back with his shoot-hand as that one bowed to him. Sitting down, he said, “Patralekhā, speak about the health of the revered Mahāśvetā, and of princess Kādambarī and Madalekhā. Are her attendants well—Tamālikā, Keyūra, and the others?”

“She replied, “Oh prince, all is well, as you request. Princess Kādambarī honors you with folded hands across her brow.”

“As Patralekhā spoke, he caught her by the hand and, excusing the princes, went inside the palace. There, with an anxious mind and unable to restrain his curiosity because of his great love, he sent away his servants and entered his chambers. Sitting in the middle of some newly grown land-lotuses that made their large upraised leaves into parasols, he pushed away with his lotus-foot a pair of geese sleeping comfortably under a leafy bower that looked like an emerald banner, and questioned her: “Patralekhā, tell me about your stay. How many days were you there? What sort of favors did the princess show you? What kind of conversations did you two have? What kind of small talk? Who most remembers me? And who holds great affection for me?”

“Thus asked, she answered, “Sir, may you hear with an attentive mind how my stay was, for how many days, what sort of favors the princess showed, what kind of conversations we two had, and what

kind of small talk. Once you were gone, I returned with Keyūra and sat down as before near the couch of flowers. There I happily enjoyed fresh favors from the princess. What more is there to say? For the better part of the day, the princess' eye was on my eye, her body on my body, and her shoot-hand on my hand. Her voice dwelt on the letters of my name, and her heart, on affection for me. The next day, leaning on me only, she left the Snow House. Walking at her ease, she bade her attendants to stay back and proceeded to her favorite children's garden. There, by a chain of emerald steps that seemed to be fashioned from the waters of the Kālindī River, she ascended to a whitewashed pavilion in the women's garden, where she stood leaning against a jewelled pillar. Staying there a while, she debated with her heart some time, and then, wishing to speak, she long stared at my face with eyes the pupils of which did not move and the lashes of which did not flutter.

“““She gazed at me, and, as though she wished to enter the Maddener's fire, she bathed in the streaming water of her perspiration. She trembled as if shaken by a torrent, and as her limbs were quaking she seemed to be seized by Depression, fearing she might fall. There-upon I, who guessed her motivation, fastened my eyes upon her face and, giving her my full attention, asked, 'Please command me.' But she seemed as if prevented by her very own trembling limbs. With her big toe that drew upon the jewelled mosaic floor, she touched her own reflection as if asking it to leave, ashamed that it might hear her secret. With her lotus-foot, the anklet of which was set jingling by her scratching of the floor, she dismissed tame geese. With her silken garment's hem that she used to fan her perspiring face, she drove away the bees that hovered round her ear ornament. She gave the peacock a piece of betel-roll bitten with her own teeth, as if it were a bribe. She repeatedly looked this way and that as if she feared that a forest goddess might overhear her. Though desiring to speak she could not; her voice faltered as she stammered with shame. Although she made an effort, her voice could not escape, as if it were completely consumed by the blazing fire of the Maddener, as if it were carried away by the ceaselessly flowing current of her tears, as if it were crushed by overpowering grief, as if it were shattered by the falling arrows of the Blossom-bowed God, as if it were dismissed by her deep exhalations, as if it were held back by the countless anxieties hidden in her heart, or as if

it were drunk by the swarm of bees that sipped her sighs. With her head bent, she simply gave rise to a storm of tears with sparkling drops of water that fell without touching her cheeks and that seemed to be forming a rosary of pearls on which she could count her myriad sorrows.

““Then from her, even shame seemed to learn the grace of shame; even modesty, superior modesty; even simplicity, simplicity; even cleverness, cleverness; even fear, fearfulness; even perturbation, perturbation; even depression, depression; and even flirtatious gestures, coquetties. When I asked her, who was in such a condition, ‘Oh princess, what is this?’ she wiped her reddened eyes and caught hold of a dangling garland, woven by the keeper of the dais, with her liana-arm, which was tender as a lotus fiber, as if she were about to hang herself out of excess of grief. Then, as if she were gazing down the path of death, she raised one creeper-eyebrow and gave out with a long, warm sigh. Though repeatedly pressed by me, who had guessed the cause of her grief, she long remained with her steadfast eyes fixed on the ground. With her fingernail she scored a petal of the *ketaki* flower she wore, as if she wished to hand to me what she had to say in written form. Her lower lip quivered with the urge to speak, as if she whispered a secret message to the bees that were suspended in her sighs.

““Gradually, fixing her eyes on my face again, she seemed to wash her speech, which had turned dusky with the smoke of the Maddener’s fire, with the water of her tears that fell from eyes suffused. She seemed to be composing through her tears, new and wondrous words of what she wished to say but had forgotten in her agitation. And with the rays of her flashing teeth as she demurely smiled, she somehow set herself for speech. She said to me, ‘Oh Patralekhā, by reason of my great love for you, neither father, mother, Mahāśvetā, Madalekhā, nor life itself do I place so high as I do you. You have been dear to me since I first laid eyes on you. I know not why my heart has cast off other friends and placed its trust in you. Whom else shall I blame? Whom else shall I tell of my disgrace? With whom else do I share my sorrow? After I have told you of this unbearable weight of grief, I shall give up my life—I swear it by your life. I am ashamed even for my own heart to know of this affair, how much more so then that another’s heart should have knowledge of my fall? How is it possible that someone of my rank can stain by scandal a race pure as

the rays of the Maker of Night? Or lose that sense of propriety that is our family possession? Or turn my heart to rash behavior unworthy of a maiden? Then, I—who am so situated, not promised to him by my father, not given to him by my mother, not permitted by my elders to go to him—shall not send to him a message, shall not send him anything, shall not openly make any gesture. I, timid and without a protector, have been brought by Candrāpiḍa, that conceited prince, to the censure of my elders. Tell me, is this the conduct of the great, or is it the fruit of friendship that my mind, which is tender as a fresh lotus shoot or a lotus fiber, is thus trampled underfoot? Maids are not to be insulted by young men. As a general rule, the Maddener's fire burns first shame, then the heart. The barbs of the Blossom-arrowed God first fell modesty and other virtues, and then attack the vitals. I therefore salute you: may we meet again in our next birth. I have none else dearer to me than you. I shall cleanse this stain of mine by undertaking the atonement of surrendering my life.' Having said this, she fell silent.

““Now I, because I really knew nothing at all about the matter, despairingly addressed her as if I were ashamed, terrified, confused, and unaware: 'Oh princess, I wish to hear. Please tell me, whatever did prince Candrāpiḍa do? What sin did he commit? With what rudeness did he vex the princess' mind that is tender as a moon-lotus and does not deserve to be so vexed? You will sacrifice your life only after I have heard all there is to hear and given up my own!'

““When addressed in this way, Kādambarī said, 'I shall tell you. Listen well. In my dreams the clever rogue comes every night and makes the caged parrots and mynahs carriers of secret messages to me. As I sleep he whose mind is infatuated with vain lusting writes the places of our assignations on the inside of my ear ornaments. He, slave to hopes engendered by his wayward mind, sends me charming love letters that, though some words are washed away by perspiration, tell of his state by the spatter of collyrium tears that fell on them. With his passion he seems forcibly to dye my feet with red lac. Bereft of sense because of his immodesty, he prides himself on being mirrored in my nails. Falsely proud, he embraces me when my face is turned and I am alone in the garden; and when I run away afraid of being seized by him, my escape is hindered by the ends of my silk garment sticking to shoots, as if I were surrendered to him by my friends after



they had captured me. Drawing leaf-and-streak adornments on my breasts, the false knave seems to teach perversity to my simple nature. The flatterer fans my cheeks, which are star-spangled with the water of fatigue, with breathings from his mouth as if they were the breezes from the waves of longings of his heart. The foolish man makes me an ear ornament with his fingernails' bright rays that look like shoots of barley emanating from his empty hand, since the lotus it held fell from his grasp made loose by perspiration. The bold one catches hold of my hair and forces me to swallow sips of wine taken up by me at the time of watering my very dear *bakula* sapling. Mocked by his weak-mindedness, he receives upon his head the kicks of my foot poised to strike the palace *aśoka* tree. Hai! Tell me, Patralekhā, how can he, whose mind is fascinated by the Agitator and who has no sense, be held in check? For he supposes rejection to be jealousy, considers abuse to be teasing, thinks silence to be esteem, takes the enumeration of his faults as a device for remembering him, views contempt as unrestrained affection, and counts his subjects' vile rumors as renown.'

“““Hearing her speech I became ecstatic and thought: ‘Aho! Surely because of Candrāpiḍa she has been transported afar by the *Makara*-bannered God. If the Mind-born God really grants a favor to the prince in the form of Kādambarī, then his innate virtues fostered so respectfully have repaid him; the quarters have been brightened by his glory; a spray of jewels has been poured upon his youth from the waves of the ocean of the sentiment of love; his name has been written on the Hare-marked Moon by the graces of his youth; his splendor has been manifested by his good fortune; and the Elixir has been showered by his loveliness as if by the digits of the moon. After a long time the proper season has come about by the Malaya Mountain's breeze; the moment has arrived for the rising of the moon; the suitable fruit has been produced by Madhu's luscious blossoms; the blame of wine has turned into a virtue; and the dawning of the Age of the Agitator has come to pass.’ I smiled and said aloud, ‘Oh princess, if it is so, then let go of your anger. Be gracious. You should not revile the prince for the sins of Desire. Indeed, these are the vagaries of the Blossom-bowed God, not of the prince.’

“““When I had said that, she again spoke to me, full of curiosity: ‘This Desire, whoever he may be, tell me, what are his forms?’

“““I said to her, ‘Princess, how can he have a form? He is form-

less fire, for without flames he produces heat; without a cloud of smoke he causes tears; and without a heap of dusty ashes he causes one to pale. There is none in the far expanse of all three worlds who has not been, is not, or will not be the target of his shafts. Who does not fear him? Taking up his blossom bow, he pierces even a robust man. Moreover, to young women who are overcome by him, the sky's vault seems too narrow when they behold the thousand fancied moon-faces of their beloved; the circle of the earth seems too confined when they draw upon it their lover's forms; numbers seem too small when they enumerate the many merits of their loved one; the Goddess of Speech seems not eloquent enough when they listen to talk about their dear one; and to their hearts, time itself seems too short when they meditate upon the delights of union with the one they hold as dear as life.'

“““Hearing this, Kādambari thought awhile and then replied, 'Patralekhā, as you say, I have been made to yearn for the prince by the Five-arrowed God. All these signs of that god's doings and even more are found in me. You are now not different from my own heart, so I ask you to tell me what is proper for me to do in this case? I am not versed in such matters, and my heart thinks death itself far better than life as I am led toward being censured by my elders and feeling very, very ashamed!'

““““To her who spoke in such a way, I said again, 'Enough! Enough now! Oh princess, what is the use of dying for no reason? Beautiful-thighed one, you have been granted a boon by the blessed Blossom-arrowed God, who is pleased with you though he has not received your worship. What is there in this to be censured by the elders when, indeed, the Five-arrowed God himself selects a husband for a maiden like an elder, gives approbation like a mother, gives her away just like a father, creates a longing in her like a girl friend, and teaches in her youth love's proper conduct like the Creator? How many maidens shall I tell you of who have chosen their own husbands? Were it not so, the ordinance of Self-choice as laid down in the Śāstra of Duty would be meaningless. Then be so gracious, princess, enough of this resolve to die! I swear upon your lotus-foot, devise a message and send me; I shall go and bring back, princess, your heart's desire.'

““““After I said this she seemed to drink me in with her glance, moist with liquid bliss. She was confounded by a flurry of gestures

caused by love that, though they were obstructed, escaped, seemingly having found access by breaking through her sense of shame, which was shattered by the arrows of the *Makara*-bannered God. She seemed to wear her silk upper garment, which clung to her perspiring body, raised up on the clusters of her erect hair thrilled at the joy she felt on hearing my agreeable words. She unfastened her pearl necklace, stuck to the points of the *makaras* on the ruby leaves of her dangling ear ornament, as though it were the fetter of death made out of the rays of the Hare-marked Moon and placed on her by the *Makara*-bannered God.

“““Although her heart was aflutter with joy, she still seemed to take recourse to bashfulness, which is natural to maidens, and very softly spoke, ‘I know you have great affection for me, but how can maidens whose nature is tender as young acacia blossoms be so brazen, especially those who are still so very young? They act rashly who themselves send messages or approach their lovers. I am a young maiden and ashamed to send a bold message myself. Besides, what message can I send? “You are very dear to me,” is superfluous. “Am I dear to you?” is a silly question. “I am deeply in love with you,” is the talk of a harlot. “I cannot live without you,” is contrary to fact. “The Bodiless God overpowers me,” is excusing my own fault. “I am given to you by the Mind-born God,” is too obvious a means of approaching him. “I have forcibly possessed you,” is the boldness of an unchaste woman. “You must come, by all means,” is the pride of beauty. “I will come myself,” is a woman’s fickleness. “This one is your servant and has no other passion than you,” is frivolously expressing total devotion. “Through the fear of rejection, I send no message,” is an attempt to awaken him who sleeps. “I shall know severe grief in living apart from you, for that is undesired by me,” is displaying too much love. “You will know my love by my death,” is simply impossible.”““

In service to the untangling of this knotty tale  
I bow in homage to the parents of all creation:  
Daughter of the Mountain  
And the Supreme Lord.  
Their one body,  
Wedding two halves,  
Shows neither rent nor meld.

I salute Nārāyaṇa, Creator of the Universe  
 Whose Man-lion form  
 Burst into being,  
 Tossing its prideful mane  
 About its terrible face.  
 In his hands  
 Flash the conch, club, sword, and discus.

I bow in reverence to my father,  
 Master of speech.  
 This story was his creation,  
 A task beyond other men's reach.  
 The world honored his noble spirit in every home.  
 Through him I, propelled by  
 Merit, gained this life.

When my father went to heaven  
 The flow of his story  
 Along with his voice  
 Was checked on earth.  
 I, considering the unfinished work to be  
 A sorrow to the good,  
 Again set it in motion—  
 But out of no pride in my poetic skill.

That the words flowed  
 With such loveliness  
 Was due to my father's gift.  
 One touch of the rays of the moon  
 —the single source of the  
 Elixir of Immortality—  
 Liquifies the precious moonstone.

As other rivers,  
 Swollen,  
 Flow into Gaṅgā and, absorbed  
 By her, enter the sea,  
 So for the completion of this story,  
 I fling my words  
 Into the rushing Indus-flow of my father's eloquence.

As if drunk on the strong wine  
 Of Kādambārī,  
 I am an addled creature

Who does not fear  
 To compose the conclusion  
 In my own  
 Dry, colorless words.

The Sower with suitable labor  
 Forces to flower  
 The seeds pregnant with fruit.  
 Scattered into good ground  
 They mellow.  
 But it is the son  
 Who must become the Harvester.

““““Moreover, Modesty herself, shamed by my waverings, would not let me set eyes upon the prince, even if he should return. Shame herself, embarrassed by the pain wrought by the Mind-born God’s perturbation, would not remain. Paralysis, stupefied by my panic and confusion, would not approach. Even my light-heartedness, frivolous enough to go to him unbidden, would not find support in welcoming him. Fear itself, afraid of the offense of bringing him by force, would not face him. Then if—because of his respect for parents, his compliance with his royal duty, his longing for his cherished relatives seen after a long absence, the sight of the lotus-faces of friends, his desire to avoid the rigors of another journey, his preference to remain at home, affection for his birthplace, or his dislike for me—it is not in the power of my dear friend Patralekhā, even by prostrating at his feet, to bring him here, all hope would be lost.

““““What can have happened? I am that same Kādambarī who was gazed on by the prince as I reclined upon a flower couch within the Snow House. It was that time of evening when the heartache of separated lovers is reflected in the *cakravāka*’s sad laments intertwined with soft *kolāhala* sounds of swarming bees buzzing honey-drunk; when the ten directions are refreshed by a fragrant wind languid with perfume emanating from blown lotuses; when the Flower-weaponed God is adroitly loosening haughty women’s grasp on their pride, he whose hold is all the tighter from the odor of the blooming flowers; and when the moon is pouring down a hard shower of liquid moonlight with his camphor-white rays. The Snow House stood upon the Pleasure Hill on the slope above the moon-lotus pond. The hill gurgled with the *jhaṇ-jhaṇ* of cascades tumbling from moonstones melting under the caress

of moonbeams, while the very horizons were scented with the perfume of its moon-lotuses. The couch was a broad slab of pearl most pleasurable at that time, for, under the guise of droplets of shining *haricandana* juice, it seemed to stream with perspiration produced by the thrill of my trembling hand's touch. The Snow House sweetened the ten regions with a floral fragrance, but although it was delightful with its heaps of snow, it only could consume the body's outer heat. That Snow House was itself the sum of all enchantments.

““““It was into the range of these same eyes, which long to see him ever and again, that the prince came. This is that same wretched heart, so vacant with confusion, into which he entered but in which he could not be held. This is that same body that stayed near him a long time without notice. This is that same hand that, out of a false regard for elders, did not have itself taken in marriage by him. And he is that same Candrāpiḍa who, disregarding another's woe, came here twice, then went away. It is the same Five-arrowed God who is now powerless against others because he has spent his arrows on me and who is the very one made known to me by you. I vowed to Mahāśvetā, “While you are miserable, I myself shall not marry.” I repeatedly told her this. But she said, “Princess, do not choose to do this. It is utter folly. This scoundrel, the *Makara*-bannered God, is pitiless. Even when the beloved is not seen, he robs you of life because of the passion he engenders in your heart.”

““““Even that course is denied me, for, because of the Maddener, of Fate, of being separated from a lover, of youth, of passion, of madness, of the heart, or of some other reason, the prince is always with me. Made of fancy he is like a Siddha, and his supernatural powers make him imperceptible to everyone else, even to those standing very near me. This fanciful lover, unlike that real one, has not the cruelty of heart to leave me so abruptly. *He* fears being separated from me. *He* does not concern himself both night and day with the Goddess of Fortune. *He* is not a lord of the earth. *He* does not bow to the Goddess of Speech. *He* does not crave shouting “Glory!” So I have told you how I see the prince—night and day, whether sitting, rising, wandering about, lying down, waking, dozing, moving, dreaming, on a couch on Beauty Spot, in the palace lotus beds, in the gardens, in the sporting ponds, or in the little rivulets trickling down the Pleasure Hill—that deceiver, whose sole occupation is to mock this foolish person.

Enough of this talk of bringing him here!’ So saying, she closed her eyes as if seized by a sudden swoon, and a shower of tears piled upon the fringes of her eyelashes as if she were dissolving. As if choked by the force of the agitation inside her, she pressed her face against her creeper-arm that clung to the silk cord hanging from the nave of the dais canopy. Her face was like a sun-lotus colored copper-red by violent cloudbursts, and her arm was like a lotus fiber grown up in a limpid stream. She silently remained in that position, as if chiselled out of stone.

“““Having listened to her, I thought: ‘This is a great support indeed to aid those women separated from their lovers to cling to life, namely, an imaginary lover. It is crucial in the case of high-born ladies, and most of all in that of princesses. For then: love play is free from the awkward times when messengers prostrate themselves; there are a myriad unions at every moment; the amorous meetings are pleasant because they can be had at any time; there is the thrill of capricious encounters; and the virginity of the maiden remains intact. Also, in such love play there are embraces in which breasts do not intervene; there are no embarrassing wounds of tooth and nail marks to be seen; there is no disarray of ornamented tresses; there is no playful seizing of the hair; sex acts are wordless; and the frisky play of biting the lower lip does not produce a shameful rent to be seen by the elders. The imaginary lover is not concealed by a cloak of night, screened by a veil of rain, nor swathed in a blanket of mist.’ While I was thus thinking, the day reddened as if steeped in the flood of my musings about love.

“““At that moment the sun with its revealed redness seemed to flee in shame as if it were Kādambarī’s heart running away after its passion had been exposed; and for the sun the Coquette of Night seemed to spread red twilight like a couch of shoots while evening, like a servant, made up a moonstone bed. Meanwhile young servant girls came to us, each one attending to her tasks. Then, bearing lamps, they surrounded us, making a circle with the lamps that exhaled sweet breaths of fragrant oil in which they had been drenched. I spoke again to Kādambarī, who wore reflections of the flickering lamps on her spotless beauty as if the arrows of the Maddener stuck like thorns upon her limbs; she stood there like a *campaka* creeper burgeoning with young buds. ‘Princess, be gracious. Please do not succumb to sorrow that so

distresses your heart, which does not deserve this torment. Curb the agitation of your senses. See, I shall return immediately with Candrāpiḍa.'

““Following these words that rang with the sound of your name, she at once opened her eyes, as a woman who was unconscious from a poison is revived by venom-cleansing spells. Looking at me eagerly she said to her servants, ‘Where am I?’ Then those maids ran forward; their slender bodies were radiant in their white garments, and when they drew in their arms as they passed through the doorway—they looked like a line of geese slipping through a fissure made by Paraśurāma’s arrows. Their anklets, sounding like the gentle call of geese, seemed to send replies to her. Their ears glittered with shoot ear ornaments that fell forward seemingly to run ahead to hear her every word. They seemed to carry fly whisks on their shoulders, as crisscrossing rays of light spilled from their pearl earrings. They seemed spurred on insistently by earrings that beat upon their cheeks. And they seemed to be chanting, ‘You only need command,’ along with bees that hummed about their ear ornaments.

““While they, expectant of her order, looked upon her lotus-face, she let a loving glance fall upon them, lay down upon an emerald slab, and said, ‘Patralekhā, I cannot say that your departure is agreeable to me, for it is only as I see you that I stay alive. Nonetheless, if this is your decision, then do as you wish.’ Once she had said this, she dismissed me, after showing me excessive favor by gifts of garments and jewels that she wore upon her body, and of betel.” Having made all this known to him, Patralekhā slightly bent her head and softly said, “Oh sir, I am so miserable. By virtue of the show of great hospitality recently tendered me by the princess, I say to you: is this worthy of you who are tenderly disposed toward the afflicted, that you have left the princess in such a state?”

““Now Candrāpiḍa listened to Patralekhā’s words, filled with reproach for him and with words of love for Kādambarī—those words that carried hidden meanings and that were full of sorrow, ridicule, entreaty, pride, disdain, benevolence, aversion, passion, anger, decisiveness, resolve, dedication, derision, censure, tenderness, desire, and assurance. Though sweet, they were unpleasant [cacophonous]; though charming [juicy], they caused dryness; though tender, they were hard; though humble, they were noble; though gracious, they were proud;



and though artless, they were mature. And imagining her face—its long eyes streaming tears of intolerable grief, its lashes sodden—though he was by nature imperturbable, Candrāpiḍa became completely unhinged.

““Having tracked the steps of that speech as if they were Kādambari incarnate, he was simultaneously seized in his heart by passion, on his throat by life, on his blossom-lips by trembling, on his face by heavy sighs, on the tip of his nose by throbbing, and in his eyes by tears. Feeling great empathy for Kādambari, he garbled his words through the splashing, trickling tears and said out loud, “Oh Patralekhā, what shall I do? This foolish heart of mine is ill-bred, proud of its knowledge, self-conceited, ignorant, weak-minded, not at all steadfast, bears a hundred thousand self-created baseless doubts, and is untrusting. It is this same heart that is the cause of the princess’ monumental suffering and that is the cause of your reproach. It made me vacillate from doubt to indecision when I saw those various actions which the Mind-born God—the teacher of the dance of love—forced that maiden to perform, revealing to me her innermost emotions by way of acts she would consider natural. My doubts were partly due to never having seen before celestial maidens and my taking the princess’ actions for a playful game most suited to her beauty; and partly because her high esteem for me seemed impossible to me.

“““Some curse must cloud my mind, if not how could I be confused about clear signs of the Maddener—signs which even one inept in matters such as these could not misconstrue? In certain situations one could possibly ignore those signs, the nature of which is difficult to perceive: those smiles, glances, words, hesitations, coyness, blushings. But did she not reveal everything to me at the very moment she placed round the neck of this worthless fellow that necklace that is blessed due to the union it enjoyed with her neck? Since what happened in the Snow House occurred while you were there, you know what the princess said about me even though her heart was distracted with feigned anger. The fault is due entirely to my inability to comprehend. So now I must act, and devote to her my very life, so that the princess will know me not to be a cruel-hearted cad.”

““As Candrāpiḍa was saying this, his mother’s portress entered unannounced. She carried a staff and after bowing said: “Sir, queen Vilāsavati sends this message: ‘From the rumors I have heard among the servants, it seems that Patralekhā, who remained behind, has today

arrived here. There is no difference between you and her—none whatsoever; she is just as dear to me. Moreover, this is an opportunity for me to see you again. So come, and bring her with you. I yearn for sight of your lotus-face and yet obtain it rarely.”

“Now Candrāpīḍa, hearing that, thought, “Aho! My life now mounts the swing of doubt! Mother, not seeing me for but a moment, feels uneasy. But now too the princess’ kind favor, which unselfishly favors me, commands me through Patralekhā’s mouth. On one hand there is my mother’s love, which is powerful because it has been growing since my birth—on the other, there is my heart so bewildered with these yearnings. Then too there is the joy of reverencing my father’s feet—but the Agitator gives me no rest from this wretched torment. My parents’ fondlings captivate me—but my longing is unbearable. My relatives’ affections hold me in check—yet my young desire is full of curiosity. A line of sovereigns looks upon my face—still, to gaze upon the face of one’s beloved is life’s greatest reward. My subjects quite adore me—but my love for the Gandharva princess is compelling. One’s place of birth is difficult to quit—yet I want to win the hand of princess Kādambarī. My mind cannot bear further delay—but long is the distance between Mount Hemakūṭa and the Vindhya Mountain.” With these thoughts, as the portress led the way, and as he leaned on Patralekhā’s arm, he went to see his mother. And there he passed the day, his heart’s impossible desires forgotten in the joy of his mother’s many caresses.

“At night when the ten directions were darkened like his thoughts; when the pairs of *cakravākas* made their plaintive, low, intense laments, unsettled by the pain of inevitable separation; when the moon’s first light shone pearly as *aṅkola* pollen and shot out like the sharpened darts of Love’s Recaller; when the wind of early evening began languidly to blow, charged with the fragrance of the sighs of blooming moon-lotuses; then Candrāpīḍa lay back on his couch. Although his eyes were closed, he found in sleep no respite from anxiety. His mind recalled Kādambarī’s form—the shrine of Love’s Recaller. His spirit seemed to make a weary journey to Mount Hemakūṭa to take its ease in the shadow of Kādambarī’s shoot-feet. It seemed to him that he climbed her shank, clung to her well-formed thighs, was engraved onto her broad buttocks, plunged into the whirlpool of her navel, frolicked in the hair upon her abdomen, climbed the stairs of her triple-folded

waist, and settled on her high and rounded breasts. Then he seemed to surrender himself to her arms, to rest within her hands, to wrap himself around her neck, to stick upon her cheeks, to bind himself to her lower lip, to be strung along the fine line of her nose, to be swallowed by her eyes, to rest on her broad forehead, to lose himself within the heavy darkness of her hair, and to drift away upon her flooding beauty which bathed the entire horizon.

“When he awoke, his heart was tender with excessive love; and, from that moment on, he seemed to gird for Kādambari’s protection, to throw himself between her and where he saw that *Makara*-bannered God, who bent his blossom bow to ready his discharge of arrows. “Are you not ashamed to attack so cruelly that sweet body, tender as a blown jasmine blossom?”—thus he seemed night and day to take to task the Blossom-bowed God, as his sight blurred with tears and his pupils trembled. Sobbing, heaving long sighs, he sprinkled drops of perspiration toward that imaginary love of his, as if to bring her out of the swoon into which she fell when penetrated by the arrows of Love’s Recaller. He could not for an instant stop his shuddering, as if he were enchanted at his mind’s touching her. His mind was void, as if his consciousness had been dispatched for news from Kādambari whether her heart could tolerate the suffering. He kept silent as he listened for her answer. He saw nothing, as though his sight were buried in her face. He did not even see the moon’s disk. He heard nothing else, as his ear was filled with her speech. The *vinā*’s music was unwelcome. Charming discourse gained no entry. His friends’ words seemed harsh. Conversations with his relatives held no delight. And, as if he were afraid of showing his condition, he no longer held audience as before.

“Though his breast was burning with the Maddener’s incessant blaze, he was ashamed before his elders and so did not at once take to a bed of dampened lotuses; did not smear his limbs with nets of juicy lotus fibers; did not have tender lotus leaves, star-spangled with a silvery dust of water drops, placed on his ribs; did not ask to have prepared a blossom-and-shoots couch; did not contemplate the Rain House with its stormy, cooling spray that shone and fell like ceaseless rain. He did not dwell even within the creeper bowers of the palace gardens, the ground of which was cool from a steady honey shower. He did not even roll on the jewel mosaic pavement, the surface of which was pleasant, sprinkled as it was with sandal juice. And he did not

even cast his image in the jewelled moonstone mirrors, the glittering gems of which were lovely with reflections of the Cold-rayed One's rays. What more is there to say? His demeanor was such that he gave no hint that he might like an application of damp sandal paste.

“Thus it was that, night or day, he gained no respite: he burned though he was not engulfed in flames; he blazed and yet the oil of affection was not exhausted; he was inflamed by grief and yet not reduced to ashes. As the Maddener's fire raged up inside and covered him without, his body became desiccated. And his love grew and grew. Attended by the Mind-born God—whose machinations are irremediable, difficult to escape, and extremely perverse—he guarded his emotions from the eyes of the world, but not his life from the arrows of the Blossom-arrowed God; he assented to emaciation, not to shame; he neglected care and feeding of his body, not the welfare of his family; he surrendered not to his subjects, only to the torments of the Agitator; and he rejected only comfort, not fortitude. Somehow, a couple of days passed—days which, however few, seemed like thousands—during which Candrāpiḍa, who was firm by nature, behaved himself in accordance with his moral duty. Thus, while from the front he was cajoled by passion as his life leaned on the grace and beauty of Kādambarī, from behind he was drawn by the strong affection he had for his parents. He was like the Lord of Rivers, which though pulled in both directions by the moon still keeps within its shores.

“One day, as he seemed to find no inner peace because of mental agony, he wandered outside the city along the banks of the Sīprā where moist breezes were swept from the cool drizzle of its waves and its delicate, tender sands were visited by flocks of softly cackling geese and *cakravākas*. Suddenly, in the distance he saw a great number of horses, their haste making known the importance of their mission and their weakness the fatigue of a long journey. They came together, and then dispersed, bumped into one another and then parted, rose and sank; their line was broken by their forward movement. Their riders pressed them to the utmost of their powers, holding them from stumbling, falling, sinking. Having seen them and now curious, Candrāpiḍa signalled one of his servants for information. Then he waded across the Sīprā where it came up only to his thighs, and on the other side in a temple of the blessed Kārttikeya, he waited for news. Standing there so very curious with his gaze fixed on that cavalry, he drew beside

him by the hand Patralekḥā, who stood near him, and said, "Patralekḥā, look! I know that rider out in front, the one whose face is hard to see. It is Keyūraḥa. His peacock-tail umbrella bobs and dances with the rocking of his horse, and it glitters so it shatters the very beams of the sun."

"While Candrāpīḍa watched with Patralekḥā, Keyūraḥa got the message from his man, came to where Candrāpīḍa stood, and dismounted in front of him. His body was filthy with the dust of his hard traveling, as if he had rolled in the dirt, and even from afar he wordlessly told that Kādambārī's situation was alarming for his body was soiled by his neglected unguents such that he was almost unrecognizable; his face was desolate with depression; and his eyes betrayed the heavy sorrow he bore inside. Having seen him, Candrāpīḍa was enraptured and called out, "Come! Come!" and with his two arms far outstretched embraced Keyūraḥa, who had bowed hastily and approached. Drawing back when that greeting was complete, Candrāpīḍa gratified Keyūraḥa's companions with inquiries after their health. Looking lovingly again and again at Keyūraḥa, who stood before him, he said, "The very sight of you seems to bring me word about princess Kādambārī's welfare and that of her followers. When you are made comfortable and have rested, you will tell me the reason for your coming." After saying this, he mounted a cow elephant that had been brought near for the trip home, put Keyūraḥa behind him—Keyūraḥa who said as he climbed up, "What could possibly make me comfortable?"—and bade Patralekḥā also to ascend. Then he headed for his palace. There, with the rest of the princes excluded, he entered his favorite garden with Keyūraḥa and his followers, and restlessly attended to his affairs. Afterward, with only Patralekḥā in attendance, his other servants sent away, he called Keyūraḥa to him: "Please, give me the news from princess Kādambārī, along with any from Madalekhā and Mahāśvetā."

"Keyūraḥa sat down modestly in front of Candrāpīḍa and said, "Oh sir, what can I say? I have not the least of messages from princess Kādambārī, Madalekhā, or Mahāśvetā. After I had consigned Patralekḥā to Meghanāda and returned to Mount Hemakūṭa with news of your return to Ujjayinī, Mahāśvetā, casting her eyes skyward, sighing long and passionately with despair, said, 'So be it!' and rose and went back to her hermitage in her pursuit of her austerities. Princess Kādambārī,

as if an axe had suddenly struck her in the heart or a thunderbolt had unexpectedly fallen on her head, closed her eyes as if they winced from inner wounds. It seemed as if her mind were ravished, deceived, or unbalanced. She had not known in advance of Mahāśvetā's departure, and she stood for a long time after opening her eyes, as if she were confounded, forgetful, or ashamed—her stare frozen with astonishment. 'Tell me of Mahāśvetā,' she somewhat angrily commanded me, while her face turned toward Madalekhā with a smile of chagrin. 'Madalekhā, is there any other deed that anyone will do or ever did, which has not been done already by this prince Candrāpīḍa?' On saying this, she rose, dismissed the rest of her attendants, threw herself upon her couch, covered her head with her upper cloth, and spoke not even to Madalekhā, who was as heartsick as she.

““““So she passed the day. The next day at dawn she approached me. 'I understand that men who are in such a state of depression seem as if, despite strong bodies, they stand before death's door'—as if she reproached me. Then, 'It seems my noble attendant does not serve me'—as if she rebuked me. And, 'Why do you stand before me?'—as if she raged at me out of the storm of her inner passion. She stared a long time at me, with eyes completely befuddled with trembling and brimming with a flood of tears. When I was looked at by her with such sorrow, I understood myself to be commanded to depart, and so, not telling the princess, I came here to your feet. Be so kind as to show favor by giving your attention to hearing the directive of this Keyūra, whose heart is totally concerned with preserving the life of a creature whose sole refuge you are. Sir, listen to this. At your first coming that whole creeper-forest of a maiden swayed as if struck by the fragrant Malaya Mountain wind. Then, as she looked upon you, who give the delight of spring to all the world, the *Makara*-bannered God entwined her like a vine around a red *aśoka* tree.

““““Now, because of you, she is distraught. She burns in the *Makara*-bannered God's fire, which is like the flare of sunstone from the Maker of Day's ascent, and which blazes without sound, without wind, without smoke, without ash. A wave of solicitation of frisky, dancing tender shoots held in the lotus-hands of servants cannot douse that fire, nor can a misty sprinkling of frigid sprays of water from delicate palm leaves, nor is it stopped by trickling streams of *haricandana* juice, nor

can it be snuffed out by dustings of crushed pearls, nor is it extinguished in the Rain House where streams of water shoot out from rows of mechanical geese. And the more she is star-spangled from cold sprays and frosty drizzle from turning water wheels, the more she shines with the Maddener's fire, like a twin of lightning. Furthermore, she is beautifully ornamented with a netting of perspiration that glitters as if it is a cluster of cool *kunda* buds. Strangely enough, the sheen of her body, scorched by the *Makara*-bannered God's fire, remains completely spotless, like a silk garment that has been purified by Agni. I think that a weak creature's heart, though it be tender, is rendered hard when filled with ardent longings and does not melt away when exposed to such great heat, just as raindrops, though tender, can give birth to pearls. Certainly the wish to unite with one's beloved is most powerful, such that the very breath of one distressed by longing is drawn with pain. What shall I do? How do I tell you? In what way is it to be described? With what means is it to be shown? How can it be made known? How is it to be imparted? By what concept is it to be understood?

“““Obviously, living creatures are given no knowledge of suffering in dreams of longing, for you do not see Kādambarī's condition even though she appears to you in your visions. Because she desiccates her couch of lotuses, which can withstand the heat of a thousand fierce rays, she surpasses even the Maker of Day with her innate hotness. Her various gestures are interfered with by pitiless Desire, who works against her without cause. It is with great effort that her friends stretch her out upon a couch of tender blossoms, as they murmur, 'You who can endure the pain of the Maddener must dwell in a very hard heart indeed.' She lies on her flower bed and reddens it with smears of lac rubbed off in her distress, so that the blossoms look like bloody arrows discharged from her heart. She is garbed in hairs that stand on end when she thinks of you, as if a garment of arrows were discharged onto all her limbs by the Bodiless God. As she replaces upon her tingling breasts her upper garment that has fallen in her heaving sighs when she longs to take your hand, her right lotus-hand seems to be taking a vow on a bed of thorns; and she waves her other lotus-hand sideways—glowing with sparks of light from her glittering ruby bracelet as if coruscating with the burning fire of the Maddener—as its fin-

gers are benumbed by the weight of her left cheek. With her ear sun-lotus buffeted about in the breeze made by her lotus-leaf fan, she seems to wear another eye fearfully fleeing the endless fall of tears.

““““Because she wastes away more and more each moment, she keeps in place with her shoot-hand not only her auspicious bracelet but also her vacillating heart, which she fears will fall. She is exhausted by her friends’ laying of their hands and garlands of lotuses on her body. Now, she supports her girdle string with her feet, her waist with her heavy hips, her heart with hope of union with you, you with her heart, a covering of lotus petals with her breast, her life with her throat, the side of her cheek with her lotus-hand, her flow of tears with conversations about you, marks of sandal with her broad forehead, and her braid with her shoulders. So great is her desire to see you that she wishes her heart might break. She is ashamed of her life, as one who stumbles over names of kin. Her mind is touched again and again by a swoon, as if by a dear friend. Longingly absorbed in your face, she is drawn from her blossom couch, as if pulled up by her attendants. Her drooping limbs are shifted about by pain, as if by a servant.

““““Now and again she occupies a creeper-bower that, as it rocks in the wind, seems to tremble with fear of being uprooted for shoot-fans for allaying her torment. Sometimes she stumbles into a grove of lotuses where a mass of cup-like buds seems to try with lovely hands to protect the lotus bed. Other times she inhabits a garden whose noose-creepers are hidden by a dense cover of shoots, as if it feared she might hang herself. Now she plunges into a forest pond onto which the image of her eyes made red from ceaseless weeping falls, so that the water seems to harbor red lotuses submerged out of fear of being used to fashion flower couches. Emerging from the pool, she ventures toward a line of *tamāla* trees and, raising her creeper-arms, hangs from a branch and rests there with her eyes closed, producing fear she may hang herself with a garland of *campaka* flowers. Other times, after resting, she enters the concert room. Then she rushes to the Rain House with its cascading streams, as if she were a peahen weary of a desire to dance and lusting after the sweet sound of the music of the *muraja* drum.

““““Another time, thrilling from the drizzly rains of streaming water, she stealthily approaches the edge of the lotus pool in the inner apartments and trembles like a *kadamba* flower. Leaving there, she lays



aside her anklets as she cannot tolerate the cacklings of the palace geese. She welcomes emaciation as if it had foresight. She is troubled by the cooing, from the palace ponds, of pairs of *cakravākas* that seem to be annoyed at how all their juicy lotus stalks are being used in preparing bracelets for her. She is disturbed by the noise, from the women's garden, of bees who seem to be angry at her crushing of masses of blossoms in her tossings on her bed. She is bewildered by the *kalakala* sounds from the *sahakāra* trees in the courtyard made by flocks of cuckoos who seem to be enraged at having their sound conquered by songs sung to assuage her deep yearning. Her pain is revived by the needle-sharp points of the *ketaki* flowers in the garden, which seem to pierce her face because its luster excels that of a budding leaf, as they rest on her cheek pale with passion. And as she suffers these torments caused by the Maddener's misbehavings, the day draws to a close.

“““At moonrise her courage flees, as if it were made of darkness, and her heart is pained, as if it were made of sun-lotuses. The *Makara*-bannered God appears, as if he were made of moon-lotuses. Her eyes ooze, as if they were made of moonstones, and her sighs swell as if made of the ocean. Her fancies are frustrated as if they were made of pairs of *cakravākas*. Spreading her uncontrollably shaking fingers upon the circle of the Cold-rayed One reflected on the mosaic floors, as if from fever feeling for cold objects, she knows the unspeakable heat of the Hare-marked Moon. When she makes a *śīt-śīt* sound, the bright rays of her teeth make her seem to emit moonbeams that had entered her heart as it was pierced by the Agitator's arrows. Her trembling banana-leaf fan seems to tutor her shudderings. Her yawnings seem to point out her throat as the path of her life's escape. In her embarrassed smiles at her stumblings over names of relatives, she seems to scatter around the pollen of the Maddener's blossom arrows. As she sends out a continuous flow of huge teardrops, she seems to be dissolving in her showery weeping. As her several images quiver in moonstone mirrors, she seems to shatter into a hundred pieces. As she is pestered by swarms of bees greedy for the perfume of her blossom beds, she seems to go up in smoke. As she is made tawny by the quantities of pollen from lotus filaments that make up her lotus couches, she seems to burn. As she is whitened by shining camphor dust used to assuage her perspiration, she seems to be reduced to ashes. Whether from

naivete, playfulness, or madness—I know not why—she stops up the beaks of the emerald gem-encrusted peacocks in the Rain House, as if she is afraid of hearing them cry “*kekā!*” during the *mṛdaṅga* drum concerts. She joins together with lotus-fiber necklaces the pairs of *cakravākas* painted on the walls, as if she dreaded their separation at day’s end.

“““During her imaginary love play, she exposes her fancied meetings in love letters, and sends out messages of reproach because of insults that occur in her dreams. Along with the south wind, confusion catches her as if it were sandal perfume. Along with night the fear of sleeplessness befalls her, as if it were the curse of the *cakrāhva* bird. Along with the chuckle of pigeons on the roof comes her sorrowings, as if they were echoes. Along with the smell of wild flowers comes the desire for death, as if it were a bee. She who lies on lotus leaves trembles like a drop of water hanging from a lotus leaf. She, like a reflection, is seen on crystal slabs, in water, in jewelled mirrors, and on mosaic floors. She, like a sun-lotus, withers at the touch of the Hare-marked Moon’s beams. She, like a goose, lives by contact with garlands of juicy lotus fibers. She, like the autumn, is made sweetly fragrant from fondling many moon- and sun-lotuses and is possessed by the Blossom-arrowed God [when the breezes are sweetly fragrant from sifting through moon- and sun-lotuses and *bāṇa* trees burgeoning with blossoms]. She, like the moon, wanders the night and her shoot-feet [rays] trip over masses of lotuses. She, like a moon-lotus pool, sleeps away the day in unnatural sleep and at night is awakened by the Maker of Night’s rays. She, like the Slayer of Mura, ruminates, breathing slowly with her eyes closed [lolls on his watery bed as he rests and gently breathes].

“““She, like the torrents of the Malaya Mountain, falls upon stones marked with sprouts of juicy *haricandana* sandal. She, like a *kunda* bud hanging from a dew-wet shoot in the forest, pines away when she rests on shoots made frigid with dew and is tormented by the forest wind. She, like a snake, embraces sandal trees to assuage her heat and is distressed by the *kolāhala* screams of peacocks. She, like a female deer, shuns the forest full of *kesari* plants [lions]. She shies away from the women’s gardens where bees cling to flowers, as if from the Maddener’s bow which is so very charming with its arrows of blossoms. As Jānakī fled the blood-drinking Rovers of the Night, so she

flies from the yellow and red *campaka* and *aśoka* blossoms. Like Uṣā she achieves sexual union in her dreams. Every day she becomes darker and thinner like the hot season's Goddess of Fortune. In short, there is a complete wasting away of her limbs by the torments of the Inflamer, of the supports of her life by the days, of the lotus fibers in the palace lotus pools by preparations of wristlets, of conversations with friends by advice, of blossoms in the palace gardens by the fashioning of couches, and of the weapons of the Maddener by their ceaseless fall.

“““What more can I say? Now, her only companions are your name; all her secrets are about you; all her meetings search for ways to bring you back; and all her questions have tidings of you as their chief pre-occupation. Her attendants speak only of your exploits; all pastimes are made up of talk of you; she practices the art of painting only on your likeness; the Magadha women's auspicious songs are full of censure of you; her dreams repeat the sight of you over and over again; and her garbled discourse caused by the Maddener's burning fever is full of jestings about you. Only the sound of your name makes it possible to revive her from a fainting spell.”

““To Keyūraḥ, who was reporting this, Candrāpīḍa cried, “Enough of this! I can listen no further!” A swoon, as if out of sympathy at hearing Kādambarī's plight, overcame him and, as if a signal was given by Candrāpīḍa's closing eyes, hindered Keyūraḥ's telling of his tale though he was not yet at the end of describing her condition. Finally, after being rendered unconscious by the swoon, as if in order to contemplate her better, with his body supported by Keyūraḥ and with Patralekhā fanning him with a palm leaf she had taken up, Candrāpīḍa came to, as if decreed by Destiny, to ready himself for whatever was to be. He spoke haltingly to Keyūraḥ, who, as if frightened that he might be guilty of causing Candrāpīḍa's agony, or as if ashamed or bewildered, stood immobilized. With his throat choked by the tears welling up inside and his words indistinct, Candrāpīḍa said, “Oh Keyūraḥ! How is it that princess Kādambarī thinks me so very cold of heart and not in love with her. How is it she dismissed the thought of my return and did not order you to come to me? And how is it that Mahāśvetā has forgone her affection for me and has not given you a message for me? Or how is it that Madalekhā has not taken me to task through your mouth? It must be the case—as was told by Patralekhā—that because of her magnanimity, her nobility, her disposition to see

everyone as her equal, her sincerity, and her charm, Kādambarī does not take herself into account.

“““The nature moonstone is such that it will turn to liquid under the rays of the moon, but it cannot pull the beams toward it. So I, too, falling in love with her by gazing on one whose body is like the moon, cannot catch hold of her hand. I am like a bee that furiously beats his wings in order to approach—it lies in her power alone to grant my suit. In the making of honey, the blossoming is dependent on the flower buds. The moon-lotus bed, exhausted by the day’s heat, expectantly raises its head, but it is only the night, with its pleasant moonlight that will revive it. Even if sap surges in abundance through it, what can a tree do to put forth red shoots without the advent of the month of Madhu? So too, even if his love be strong, what can one do to show love’s passion without the embrace of her who is like the splendor of Madhu? It is princess Kādambarī’s own command that is to blame here. Merciless as it was, it did not address itself to me, her slave, who stood in front of her and waited for but the slightest movement of her lips. Her ability to command has paid no attention to her perilous condition but only to embarrassment, which hampers happiness, which is only skillful in providing the gift of sorrow, and which pays scant attention to the affliction of another’s heart. Furthermore, what sort of befuddlement is this in her followers, as well as in the princess herself, that even against her will she has not been forced to attend to her daily duties?

““““Was it merely shame before a servant solely in her power or before an elder; was it respect for someone; or was it a special kind of distrust that she who is delicate as an acacia blossom thus subjected herself to these painful torments and thwarted her desires? Perhaps it is because the need to conceal one’s feelings is natural to a woman, especially to maidens who have not yet shaken off childhood and in whom slumbering passion is yet unawakened. Admittedly, the princess could not free herself from her shyness with regard to me; but Madalekhā is like a second heart to her. How is it that she too has meekly watched while the body of the princess is consumed by that scoundrel Desire? For it is he who steals away the unguarded heart even of the ascetic, whose wealth of self-restraint is unassailable; who is a thief who cannot be caught; whose touch cannot be avoided even by holy men; who is a Caṇḍāla with whom touch cannot be avoided;

who has ruined thousands of lives and reduced them to ashes without the fire of the cremation ground; who is no refuge from all sins; who is a plague without form; who attracts his prey by beauty; who is a hunter shooting without warning; whose wounds are mortal; who is a false archer; whose pastime is the quick theft of vigor; who causes untimely death; who pays no attention to propriety or impropriety; who considers success to be the injury of another; who dwells in the heart; who relies on his enemy; and who arises out of himself.

““Why was all this not communicated to me when I dwelt there? Having heard it now, how do I make the journey, which takes so very many days? The princess cannot endure even the fall of a creeper blossom shaken down by the the Malaya Mountain’s breeze. The arrows of Love’s Recaller are intolerable even to those whose hearts, like ours, are hard as adamant. No one knows what can happen in the mere blink of an eye, and, worst of all, it is the princess who must suffer. When I see the perverse enterprise of cursed Fate, so fond of inflicting sorrow, skillful in effecting the most dastardly deeds, acting at random, and offended without cause—then I know not if the princess will live until I get to her. What came of my trip to the land of the immortals on the heels of the horseheaded men? Of my thirsty view of the Acchoda Lake? Of my hearing, while resting there on the shore, the sound of supernatural music? What has resulted from my seeing Mahāśvetā when I went to investigate? Of the occasion of my coming by following you with Taralikā? Of my traveling to Mount Hemakūta with Mahāśvetā? Of my first sight of the princess’ face there? Of the passion for the princess born in this creature? What has become of my father’s command to return, a command I did not transgress although my desires had not been satisfied? That damnable Creator, who is prompt in executing his tasks commensurate with our deeds and misdeeds, has raised me up high only to dash me down. Even so, I must try to help the princess.”

““While Candrāpīḍa was saying these things, as if out of pity the divine Hot-rayed One withheld his thousand rays. He looked like the bushy tuft of the Bearer of the Matted Locks, flared out in all directions with the flowing, shining splendor of sparkling molten gold. He seemed to be saying, “Since he has been scorched so by the news of Kādambarī’s condition, why should I add my own blaze to that pain?” Then the day, dragging along a swatch of the red sunshine, slipped

away and followed to the Setting Mountain the sun, which was tangled in the treetops. In due course, when a cover of crimson was stretched across the sky like a damp cloth by the twilight, as if it too felt compassion for Candrāpiḍa; when darkness, which hovered everywhere like a mass of indigo plants, was buffeted about by the approaching night, as if it thought: “One so overpowered by absentmindedness should not be seen”; when the sun-lotuses closed as if they feared desiccation from being used to fashion a couch for one consumed by fire; when the fresh and pure moon-lotuses were juicily bursting in hopes of being used for his couch; when the *cakravākas* shrilly and loudly complained again and again, their mourning melodies seeming both to grieve for their impending separation and to advise Candrāpiḍa to go to Kādambari; it was then the blessed full moon—the royal umbrella of all the world, the silver pitcher of nectar, the sandal paste *tilaka* on the face of the east’s Virgin of the Quarter, the beauty reservoir of the sky’s Goddess of Fortune, the creator of joy in all worlds—mounted the peak of the Rising Mountain, as if to touch Candrāpiḍa with its rays to anoint him with Elixir, and to sprinkle him with its liquid moonlight to revivify him.

“When the first part of evening had completely fallen, Candrāpiḍa, in his beloved garden, stretched out his limbs on a moonstone slab that oozed a liquid of glistening drops as it was stroked by the moonlight. He spoke to Keyūra, who had come near and was rubbing his feet, “Keyūra, what do you think? Will princess Kādambari live until we arrive? Will Madalekhā be able to distract her? Will Mahāśvetā return to cheer her up? Will she, who for love of me has fallen into such depression, both request and accept support of her life? Shall I again see her face with its eyes fearfully dilated like those of a fawn, their pupils trembling, and with a gentle smile at the corners of her mouth?”

“Keyūra responded, “Oh sir, be steadfast. Make the effort for the journey. Meanwhile a friend or attendant will stay with her, for her desire to see you does not let her fall asleep on her own. Her heart is kept afloat only by the hope of meeting with you; her breath gets caught in her throat; a tingling sensation does not leave her body even for an instant; tears flood her sight day and night; sleeplessness alone keeps watch over her at night; anxiety will not leave her be; and her life does not retreat from its home in her mouth.” Such was Keyūra’s speech

that Candrāpiḍa ordered him to stop, then sank deep in thought about his departure.

“““How would it be if I should leave without saying goodbye, without kissing the feet of my parents, without receiving their blessings—so suddenly, without permission, without so much as a word, from my father and mother? If I thus depart how should I then know joy? How should I be happy? What would be my great reward? What peace would my heart enjoy? Could I just ignore the distress that threatens me in the future? Even then, how could I leave? My father has taken the weight of the empire from his own arm and placed it on me. His arm is a great bridge built for crossing the ocean of threatening challenges of war; it is a Wishing Tree for the fulfillment of all desires and their rewards; it is a bar on the door to check exit of the glory he won in courageous action against the enemy; and it is a pillar supporting the edifice of all worlds. Should I move but one step outside without advance notice, I would be followed by kings from the eight directions up to the very seas, and they would not tarry, however exhausted or hungry they might be. They would thunder over the earth with the marching of their countless elephants, horses, and chariots; they would splinter the Luminous One’s rays with their forest of fluttering banners; they would shield the day’s touch by the shade of their erect, white umbrellas; they would fill the hollows of the earth with constant production of thick dust; they would have a vanguard of swift horses and would be followed by elephants stretched out in unbroken columns. Not to mention those princes who pay homage to me, who, after they have eaten and taken their ease, will—out of love for my father—abandon their subjects as well as their wives and children and join up with me. Such are my thoughts.

“““What is more, after my departure who else is there on whom my father can lavish his affection, for he will have become furious at my misbehavior? He will keep himself firm by thinking, ‘So he leaves! What does it matter whether he goes?’ And looking at what other face will so please my mother that she will not harry my father to bring back her son? Then, should my father follow me, the earth itself, ringed by its eighteen continents, will pursue me. So where shall I go? Where is there rest? Where is there repose? Where is there refuge? Where is there sustenance? Where is there retreat? Where can I protect myself?

And when they catch up with me, how will I then show my face? When I am questioned, what answer do I give? Even if I should manage to escape, one way or the other by the favor of Fate, what then will I, unhappy man that I am, have accomplished? I, who cannot bring pain to my father, will thus have brought him the greatest of sorrows, and will have plunged my mother, who has, by my father's favor, never known grief, into an ocean of mourning over my departure.

““Moreover, my army, which is wearied at being abroad many days, even now has not arrived, and it could be sent by my father on yet another mission on its way home. Suppose I inform my parents and ask permission to leave and request that everything be arranged for my going. What then do I say? That, ‘Kādambarī, the Gandharva king's daughter, pained by her affection for me, is tormented by the *Makara*-bannered God for my sake and is in anguish’? Or do I speak of *my* intense passion for *her*, saying, ‘I cannot support my life without her’? Or shall I say, ‘Mahāśvetā, who is the cause of our both hanging onto life, has sent a message that I should marry Kādambarī’? Or shall I say, ‘Keyūra here, who could not stand her suffering, has come here, out of his deep devotion to me, to take me back to her’? In fact, no pretext whatsoever really can be used by me for another departure, for I have just now returned after spending more than three years conquering the earth. Even my army has not returned. And yet how do I free myself without giving good reason for my going? How would my father and mother let me go?

““What I, unhappy one, cannot do alone in this case could be accomplished by a friend; but Vaiśampāyana is not here by my side. So whom do I ask? With whom do I deliberate about what measures to take? Who can give me advice? What other person can help me make a decision? Who else can give me prudent counsel? What other person with befitting knowledge should listen to me? Who else knows how to carry on such a conversation? Who else possesses a special affection for me? With what other am I one in sorrow? Who else is happy when I am happy and unhappy when I am unhappy? With whom else do I share secrets? On whom else do I place the burdens I must carry, so I can be peaceful at heart? Who else worries over my concerns? Who else would be able, after scolding me, to reconcile me and my parents, once I have angered them?” However long the night was



because of Candrāpīḍa's broodings, still, as he mused, it passed. At dawn he learned that the army had arrived at last at the city of Daśapura. Upon hearing that, he thought, "Aho! I am fortunate! Aho! I am favored by blessed Fate, for Vaiśampāyana, my second heart of perfect counsel and love, arrived just after I had thought of him." Transported with joy, he saw Keyūraḥ come in, bowing at a respectful distance, and said to him, "Keyūraḥ, now you will know sure and certain success. Vaiśampāyana is here."

"Hearing that, Keyūraḥ, though despondent thinking about the delay in departure, inquired, "What good fortune has come about with the return of your second heart?" So saying, he drew near, sat down at his side, and talked a while with Candrāpīḍa about Vaiśampāyana's reported arrival. After the prince had signalled all his other attendants to leave them, Keyūraḥ said, "Oh Majesty, like clouds streaked with lightning, like the coming of the rains preceded by a line of clouds or by a towering darkness, like moonrise when the east becomes creamy, like the appearance of a spring month when the Malaya Mountain wind returns heady with fragrance, like the sprouting of shoots with the splendor of the month of Madhu reviving the *Makara*-bannered God, like the blooming of flowers with shining crimson shoots, like the birth of autumn with budded *kāśa* flowers—this situation undoubtedly announces your departure. Inevitably, you will unite with the princess. Is there a time when the moon is seen stripped of its rays? Or when the lotus pool is without lotus fibers? Or when the garden is empty of its creepers? Moreover, the month of blossoms, dear to everyone, does not shine without its myriad *sahakāra* blossoms. Nor is the face of the bull among the elephant herd made handsome without its line of ichor.

"“But it will take some time for Vaiśampāyana to arrive and for you and him to arrange for your departure. Considering her condition, the princess cannot brook delay. So I have come to this conclusion, ‘It is hope that strengthens everyone; but on what consolation leans that heart which until now has been robbed of any hope of seeing you return again? By receiving tidings from me she will think, “It is important for me to stay alive, and although I must endure the pain, still I *will* stay alive.”’ Therefore I pray that you, sir, who have departed already with your spirit, will soon leave with your body as well. But

what is to be accomplished by *my* remaining here? My heart presumes upon the favor of your friendship and asks leave to go to tell her the joyful news of your return."

"Thus requested by Keyūra, Candrāpiḍa, whose favor shone in his eyes that expanded with his inner joy like a garland of bloomed blue lotuses, replied, "Who else is so fit? Who else, to bear my sorrow, pays scant attention to the endurance of his own body? Who else is so knowledgeable of proper times and places? Who else is so sincerely devoted to me? Your loyalty is noted. Depart, and go to the aid of princess Kādambarī by giving her assurances of my return. Take Patralekhā. She will precede you to the feet of the princess, for she too is most favored by her. I have considered the great satisfaction it will give her just to see that one again. And she herself feels love and devotion for the princess."

"Thus spoke Candrāpiḍa and asked Patralekhā, who was seated nearby, if it was not so. She bowed her head and said, "It will be as you, the lord, commands." When she had made the resolve to depart, Candrāpiḍa directed the portress to summon Meghanāda, who came on the instant, bowed, and waited in anticipation of his orders.

"Candrāpiḍa himself called him forward and in courteous terms directed: "Meghanāda, I am sending you to conduct Patralekhā to Mount Hemakūṭa. You are to accompany her and Keyūra. After seeing Vaiśampāyana, I too will follow close behind on horseback."

"Being thus commanded, Meghanāda replied, "As you, lord, order," and bowing, departed to make arrangements for a speedy journey with the comment, "Oh Majesty, why delay any longer?"

"Candrāpiḍa affectionately called Keyūra, who rose, bowed, and approached. Candrāpiḍa's eyes filled with tears as he looked him over and embraced him with his tingling arms. Removing his ear ornament, he placed it on Keyūra's ear like a command [gift] that was charmingly of many words [colors], and with speech seized by tearful stammerings, he said, "Oh Keyūra, you brought no message from the princess, therefore what message worthy of her shall I send through you? What will you say to her? But why should I torment you by asking you to carry the burden of false shame upon your forehead? Patralekhā will go to the princess' feet, carrying my words to her."

"So saying, he folded his hands and amiably turned to Patralekhā, who suddenly was extremely anguished at being soon parted from him

and was not able to keep her tears from welling, no matter how much she made the effort, fearing that her weeping would be a bad omen. Her wandering eyes were filled with tears and were vacantly unfocused. She was on the verge of falling at Candrāpiḍa's feet, when he said, "Patralekhā, bow to Kādambarī. Place your folded hands upon your head and deliver this my entreaty: 'This person, who should top a list of knaves, has gone away without even having bowed to you who, out of your loving nature, showed me excessive favor at first sight. Now I have exchanged all virtues for vices thus: intellect for dulness, knowledge for stupidity, steadfastness for irresolution, love for coarseness, respect for meanness, friendliness for reproach, tenderness for cruelty, consistency for fickleness, compassion for callousness, honesty for duplicity, truthful speech for affectation, faithfulness for contempt, sweetness for cunning, modesty for audacity, generosity for selfishness, gallantry for ignobility, humbleness for self-conceit, gratitude for ingratitude, and morality for corruption.

““““How can I, possessing such qualities, request you to receive me again? On the basis of what merits should you accept me? Perhaps because I did not betray you by displaying a feigned devotion? Perhaps because I did not steal your innately gentle heart and then depart? Perhaps because, cruel as I am, I have not ignored your body's perilous state? Perhaps because I am not the reason for your current situation? Or perhaps because though I am the abode of all these misdeeds, my dutiful conduct may have put you in a merciful mood? Only by clinging to your virtues have I—devoid of virtue—been able to gain support. Innocent and tender as you are, you protect me inflamed by the Maddener's fire, however far I may be from you. Again and again, your love calls me; your firmness of purpose leads me; your sincerity urges me on; your affection welcomes me; your tenderheartedness addresses without reproach me, who falls at your feet; your nobility rises up and receives me; your friendliness speaks to me; and your generosity makes room for me in your heart. All this explains why, although I shamelessly left you, I audaciously promised you the gift of my return.

““““Moreover, the reason this has happened is because your favors are so fair-natured. Those favors, on account of their purity, generosity, and suitability, produced in me instant familiarity, and now stir hopes that you will indeed cling to life. They remind me you are to be

revered, encourage me to pay homage at your feet, teach me skill in devotion, instruct me like a pupil in adoration. They repeatedly command me to speak agreeably. They themselves are a model for proper behavior. They calm anger at impolite intrusions. They create immediate delight by enumerating your virtues. They forcibly make approach this person who has retreated in shame, not allowing me to spend even a moment elsewhere. Moreover, they retain a firm hold on me: because of their gravity, one stands firm; because of their vastness, one does not transgress them; because of their numerousness, one cannot avoid them. Your favors are such that even without the command of a journey, I, though very far away, am being summoned to your feet. All this I declare, even though I am that same one who willfully left you, without permission. If my return is not to become fruitless and the world made desolate, you must make every effort to stay alive.”

“Then he said, “Oh Patralekhā, for your part do not let the journey sadden you at being separated from me. Do not neglect yourself, or miss meals. Be careful of the roads by which you travel, and of the places at which you stay. Be cautious of strangers, and keep alert at all times. What can I do? You and the princess are equally dear to me, and yet you must be sent, alone, to comfort her. My life too rests in your hands; so be careful, by all means.” After he had said this, and affectionately embraced Keyūra again, “You are to take care of Patralekhā and later to escort her back to Mahāśvetā’s hermitage,” thus directing, he dismissed them. When Patralekhā and Keyūra had gone, Candrāpiḍa mused, “Will they make quick progress? Will they have to stop along the way? How many days will it take them?” Then he sent out a messenger to get news of the army, and went to his father for permission to meet up with Vaiśampāyana, who had been hidden from his sight for these many days. There, having his approach to his father ceded by contingents of doorkeepers who hastily retreated as he bowed to his father, his long curls were doubled by his image reflected in the bright begemmed mosaic pavement where he rested his palm and right knee.

“Now Tārāpiḍa, even from a distance, seeing him bowing, with a voice steady yet thick with excessive emotion—resembling the rumble of a rain cloud slowed with the weight of its water—called, “Come! Come!” to Candrāpiḍa, who quickly moved to his side where he bowed respectfully to Śukanāsa. He sat on the floor, but Tārāpiḍa drew him

up and seated him upon a stool while he fed his eyes, although their desire to look at Candrāpīḍa could not be sated, and while he caressed those limbs grown more lovely with the advent of youth. Then he said to Śukanāsa, “Śukanāsa, look here. This beard on Candrāpīḍa, the long-lived one, has the glow of sapphires like the Golden-crested Mountain, puts radiance on his cheek like an elephant’s line of ichor, is an excellent beauty mark like the moon’s lustrous stain, anticipates the brilliance of budding like a swarm of bees in a lotus pool, and is a paintbrush filled with collyrium for delineating his physical beauty. His beard is the deep-blue ocean of youth, the flickering flame of the Inflamer’s lamp, the glittering column of smoke of his splendid exploits, the *tamāla* tree in the *Makara*-bannered God’s forest, the appearance of early darkness at the beginning of a night filled with the Mind-born God, the auspicious adornment of a wedding ceremony. It indicates that he is of marriageable age. So have some royal maiden searched throughout the world, one who is possessed of superior beauty and who meets with Vilāsavati’s approval. For we see here the hard-won sight of my son’s face, and now we must gladden ourselves with the sight of the lotus-face of his bride.”

“When Tārāpīḍa had said this, Śukanāsa replied, “You have thought well. For with this one’s critical faculties, he has already attained all knowledge, mastered all arts, and secured the devotion of all his subjects. He has already taken the hands [tributes, taxes], of all the Virgins of the Quarters. He has already made the Goddess of Royal Glory a chaste housewife. And he has already taken to wife Earth, who is adorned with the girdle of the four oceans. What else could prevent him from taking a wife?”

“While Śukanāsa was saying these things, Candrāpīḍa, with his head bowed in embarrassment, was thinking: “Aho! Such talk! But out of it there suddenly comes an idea: there is a way for reunion with Kādambarī. This is perfect. It is light to one entered into darkness; the sight of a guide to one come into the thick of a forest; the arrival of a ship to one fallen into the sea; a rain of nectar upon a dying man—such has fallen upon me. Therefore, going to see Vaiśampāyana is the only thing that keeps me from immediately winning Kādambarī.” While he was thinking thus, Tārāpīḍa, the lord of the earth, rose and embraced Candrāpīḍa, who stood and bowed respectfully. Tārāpīḍa placed his stout hand—which was heavy for bearing the weight of the world—

on Candrāpiḍa's shoulder and then, moving slowly and followed by Śukanāsa, they went to Vilāsavati's dwelling.

“To Vilāsavati—who rose hastily on seeing him, like an ocean wave swelling at the sight of the rising moon—he said, “Oh Queen, look here! You seem strangely unperturbed at not having the joy of viewing the face of a bride”—this said as if in reproach. “This beard is a measuring thread of the advent of a son's youth, a command calling a halt to all the ill-mannered acts of adolescence, and it points to the time for a marriage rite. But when you are asked for your command, for your directive, how strange it is that even now when questioned, you turn your face aside with shyness. When pressed about what is to be done, you do not order. It *has* happened—you *have* become the mother of a bridegroom! I think perhaps you must lack some affection for Candrāpiḍa that you show such contempt for and indifference to his affairs.” Thus with his mind made happy with such jests, he stayed a while, then left to tend to his daily duties. For his part, Candrāpiḍa, having obtained permission from Śukanāsa to go to meet Vaiśampāyana, passed that day in his mother's palace in the pleasurable business of making arrangements for the march and in tending to his meals and toilette. He spent a sleepless night that seemed to last two nights, as he yearned for the sight of his friend.

“The agitation of his passion was doubled by moonbeams that with their splendor seemed to erase the sky's blackness; that seemed to bleach the greenness of trees and thickets; that seemed to dissolve away shadows at the foot of trees; that seemed to shred the darkness, to rout it as if jealous that it could hide in the hollows of caves, cavities, and creeper bowers; and that seemed to enter the very Nether Region, as it slithered into all interstices. Those beams seemed to be once again whitewashing the palace; powdering with camphor dust the faces of the quarters; anointing night with thick sandal paste; lifting up the earth; ushering in the day; concentrating the stars, planets, and constellations; extending the islands of all rivers; possessing the sun-lotuses by squeezing them one by one; and inducing budding of myriad moon-lotuses. Moreover, they seemed to fall upon the mountain peaks; flow down terraces; float on waves; clump into a mass on the highways; diffuse on sandbanks; meld with the flocks of geese; share the beauty of the cheeks of women sleeping in the moonlight; and wash space with the thousands of streams oozing from the moon-

stones. They invaded even the inner apartments, mastered the beauty of even the ivory turrets, had their whiteness unbroken on even the petals scattered about on the lotus ponds, and produced an illusion of day in even the groves. They seemed to tumble down in succession one on top of the other, to pour out, to scatter, to diffuse, to rain everywhere a stream of moonlight. They seemed to be spending all the weapons of Love's Recaller in order to hasten Candrāpīḍa's reunion with Kādambārī.

“As the moonbeams had thus doubled the Agitator's power over him, Candrāpīḍa ordered the sounding of the conch signalling the start of the march. The sound rose. Its extent was met by the expanse of the sky. It seemed to spread out onto the elephants of the quarters. It seemed to advance on the lofty ramparts that pierced the clouds. It seemed to mount the tops of the watchtowers of the tall city gates. It seemed to move into the middle of the palaces. It seemed to expand in the courtyards. It seemed to proceed along the royal roads. It seemed to wander about in the crowded palaces. It seemed to enter into the bowers and woods of the Pleasure Hill. It seemed to be strengthened in the vaults of the palaces. It seemed to be followed by the long, loud *raṇ-raṇ* of the palace lotus ponds' cranes, which awakened that instant. It seemed to be interrupted again and again by the sweet sound of the tame geese making their own *gad-gad* stammer. It seemed to be defined by the *kalakala* sounds of trembling bracelets, anklets, and girdles of courtesans who were agitatedly bowing on the occasion of his departure. It was deep and prolonged.

“Immediately, because of the thousands of horses—being roused, taken out, pulled along, mounted, saddled, led out and in, handed over, accepted, coming, going, decked with ornaments, honored, standing in rows, ridden, reined in, waiting—for which the court of the royal gate was too small and the quadrangles insufficient, and because of which all the streets were filled, it seemed that the extent of the densely crowded city had expanded inside and outside. Because of that cavalry, all space at that moment seemed to be made of the thunder of horse hooves; the hollows of ears seemed to be made of neighings; the courtyard in front of the palace seemed to be made of flakes of foam; the ten directions seemed to be made of the clang of bridle bits; and the beams of the Hare-marked Moon seemed to be made of the light of gems in the horses' ornaments. After he was fully equipped and

mounted on Indrāyudha, who had been taken from the courtyard, Candrāpiḍa emerged, announced by a parasol that was white as a goose and that looked like the disk of the moon illuminating the way. He was being bowed to by horses here and there, one by one. He and the thousands of princes left the city with great difficulty, their forward motion impeded by the huge cavalry, and traveled along the king's highway, which was not crowded since its numerous attendants were asleep.

“After going quite a way toward water, which was difficult to perceive in the thick flood of moonlight, he crossed the Sīprā—its nearness being inferred by the touch of the wind from the cold waves that seemed to be scooped up by the crooked finger of a wanton wife shooing away flocks of startled geese. He then took the road to Daśapura. It seemed to be spread in front of him by moonbeams, and though very long it eased the effort of journeying on it by being very smooth and wide. He passed over a triad of *yojanas* in the latter half of the night because the horses seemed to be carried along by the current of moonlight that streamed over the faces of the quarters. Those horses also seemed to be swept along by the wind rushing past the shanks of Indrāyudha, who galloped forward every bit as fast as Candrāpiḍa's mind, which sped along to see Vaiśampāyana.

“The wind, betraying the end of night, began to blow as if to carry away the fatigue of the journey. It was refreshing, had an exceedingly cool touch from dipping into the heavy sea of moonlight, was removing the dew, was moistened by breezes from various wild shoots that were powdered with pollen, had fragrance clinging to it from contact with blown moon-lotuses, and was languid with perfume. When in due course at dawn the moon's disk was kissing the face of the west's Virgin of the Quarter; when, because of the waning of its light, the moon was seemingly being drunk by the multitude of moon-lotuses whose mouths gaped as if they were depressed at the Maker of Day's imminent rise and were thinking of the intolerable separation awaiting them at dawn; when the moon was turning pale as if violated by the dense dust the horses raised, which had the appearance of clouds consuming all the water of the sky's lake; when the moonlight was flowing over the Hare-marked Moon like a white silk upper garment abandoned in the heat of recent separation by the sky's Goddess of Fortune; when the star clusters were suddenly, like bubbles of foam,



being destroyed by the strong current of liquid moonlight falling into the Western Ocean; when the quarters were giving up their authority over the white moonlight, which was sent out exceedingly slow and very powdery like crushed pearls being washed down with the trickling dew; when the trees, creepers, and shoots seemed to be emerging from water as their naturally dark beauty became visible again; when the blush of dawn—the red *aśoka*-shoot ear ornament of the east's Virgin of the Quarter, the sun-lotus in the lake of the sky, the vermilion powder on the temple of the elephant of dawn, the red pennon of the sun's chariot—appeared; when the trees, the edges of which were steeped in the morning glow as if they had the fire of a conflagration clinging to them, were broadcasting the noise produced by their families of birds; when the salt beds were being abandoned by herds of deer who were tired from their intermittent sleep and who moved stiffly on their long legs, which they forcibly dragged along because their feet and shanks were benumbed from not having been stretched out completely; when the herds of boars were going into the thickets of the wilderness where they tore up and munched at will clumps and tips of *musta* grass growing near the edges of pools; when patches of wilderness at the outskirts of villages were being whitened here and there by cattle put out to pasture at the end of night; when the villages seemed to be called into existence anew as people were seen going in and out again; when the eastern quarter seemed to expand as the sun's rays rose into view; when the quarters seemed to be driven back; when the village fields seemed to be spreading out; when the ponds seemed to be expanding; when the mountains seemed to be cut off; when the earth seemed to be raised up; when the moon-lotuses seemed to be invisible; when the divine Seven-steeded God—the single eye of the seven regions of space—had ascended to the top of the Rising Mountain as if to see the sun-lotuses yet bereft at their desertion, and was pushing aside with his rays the garland of darkness as if it were a blue veil of concealment; when the Maker of Day's rays, which shine on the surface of the sky and which are lamps to all the world, were illuminating the quarters; then suddenly, in front, at the very limit of sight at a distance of about two *yojanas*, Candrāpīḍa saw the army, which was at the end of its night march.

“It seemed to have been disgorged by the Nether Region made frightened by the agitation inside it. It seemed to be scattered by the

earth who could not endure its massive weight. It seemed to be gathered together by the quarters, which could not contain its expanse. It seemed to be dispersed along the sky-path by the gods, who feared being covered by the immeasurable dust. It seemed to be spread out along with the sight of the sun. Its limits could not be seen even by eyes straining greatly with the effort. It was like a second creation of the world, wandering about and supported by a hundred thousand kings [mountains]. It was like an eighth great ocean with an immense shore made of living beings and deep with armies instead of water. It was filled with many thousands of troops of elephants ornamented with white flags moving here and there, all the actions of which could not be distinctly seen because of the roiling and thick clouds of dust. It was like the beginning of the rainy season personified, with its heap of shining clouds made lovely by a thick line of cranes. And it was encamping in the manner of the great ocean crowded with billows agitated by the slow stirrings of the Mandara Mountain, for it was crowded with wave upon wave of innumerable elephants, horses, and men who were storming about, preparing the campground.

“Seeing this, Candrāpiḍa thought, “Aho! This is fortunate, my coming is not expected. I shall see Vaiśampāyana before anyone notices my arrival.” Having thought this, with the rest of the princes kept back along with such things as his insignia, umbrella, and fly whisks, he approached the army, which was busy with people performing their various tasks. He covered his head with his upper garment, and, followed by three or four horses that were able to gallop rapidly, he rode into the camp on Indrāyudha, whose pace was most swift. Entering, he asked at every tent, even while riding, “Where is Vaiśampāyana’s dwelling?”

“Then, from some women nearby, to whom he was a stranger, whose faces were vacant and tear-stained and who were obviously upset by some recent news, “My good sir, why do you ask? How can Vaiśampāyana be here?”

“At this, “Ah! Evil ones! How do you thus speak so absurdly?” and disregarding them, his mind became empty as he felt his heart sinking. Asking others—like a frightened fawn, like a young elephant confused at escaping from a tying-post, like a calf with its ears erect in its fear at being separated from its mother—not saying anything, not noticing anything, not remaining anywhere, talking to himself—“Where

am I? Why am I here? Where do I go? Whom do I ask? What have I started? What do I do?"—thus not comprehending at all, as if blind, deaf, dumb, stupid, possessed, he quickly rode into the middle of the camp.

"Then he saw the faces of thousands of princes, all lowered in the habit of bowing modestly even from afar, their vacant eyes flowing with tears, their displaced upper garments not heeded. They had set out hastily on all sides as they recognized Indrāyudha and the other princes hurrying along at the news, and shouted, "It is lord Candrāpiḍa!"

"He asked them, "Where is Vaiśampāyana?"

"After conferring, they said, "When you, sir, dismount under this tree and get settled, we shall report all."

"Candrāpiḍa's heart felt as though it were stabbed by a spear at those painful words that to him carried an all-too-clear message, and at that moment a sweet swoon took mercy on him. He did not notice that he was lifted off his horse by the anointed kings, who were as old as his father and not to be transgressed, nor that he was tenderly laid down on a multicolored carpet.

"When he regained consciousness, he still did not see Vaiśampāyana. "What is this? Where am I? What have I done?"—thus he was not able to understand anything, as if his senses were whirling in confusion and perplexity. For, because of the army's return without that one, he could not think otherwise than that Vaiśampāyana was dead. His mind was dazed from the intolerable pain. "Do I cry? Do I stay silent, leaning on my heart? Do I kill myself and separate my life from my heart? Do I wander alone as an ascetic, going in one direction or another?" He did not know what to do. He felt as if he turned to water inside, as if he were being burned, as if he were bursting, and with a thousandfold sorrow he thought, "Aho! Though the mortal world is delightful, it has become ugly. Though the earth teems with life, it has become desolate. To whom should I look? To whom shall I speak? To whom shall I tell my secrets? With whom shall I be happy? What do I care for my life now, or even for Kādambari's? Where shall I go for information about Vaiśampāyana? Whom shall I question? To whom shall I direct a request? Who should give me back my jewel of a friend? How can I show myself to my father or to Śukanāsa without Vaiśampāyana? With what words can I console Manoramā, a mother

who will be beside herself with grief for her son? Is there some unconquered region he stayed behind to subdue? Or perhaps there is some king with whom no alliance had been made and to whom he has gone to fashion a pact. Aho! Perhaps he stayed away in pursuit of some needed knowledge.” He bowed his head and for a long time considered these and other thoughts. He was ashamed because his heart was not broken, as if he were not solicitous of others or were guilty of a great crime. Still hiding his face, very slowly he asked, as if pained, “Since I left you, has a major battle taken place, or has a fast-working, incurable plague struck such that I am of a sudden shattered by this tremendous thunderbolt?”

“Upon being asked, they, having folded their hands, answered all at once, “Oh sir, the evil is not so great. May Vaiśampāyana live a hundred years or more, just as may you!”

“Hearing this, Candrāpīḍa seemed to be revived by the flow of his joyful tears, and, honoring them all by embraces of the neck, he said, “When I questioned you, you did not lead me to believe, even for an instant, that Vaiśampāyana was still alive. Now these words fall on my ear: ‘He lives!’ So, what news of him? Why has he not come? Where does he stay? For what reason? Why have you come, leaving him all alone? Or how is it he has not been brought along by you, even by force? This my heart faints to know.”

“Being thus asked, they replied, “Oh sir, listen to what happened. On the day you departed after ordering that we were to take the army under our guidance and very slowly follow along behind you with Vaiśampāyana, the army delayed start of its march because it needed fresh provisions such as food and fuel. At dawn the next day when the supplies had been readied, the *bherī* drum was beaten, and Vaiśampāyana spoke to us: ‘It is heard of old there is a very holy body of water near here called the Acchoda Lake. After bathing in it, we will honor, in his sacred temple, the Great Lord—Lord of Bhavānī—whose head bears the crescent Hare-marked Moon, and only then will we begin our journey. Who will ever see again, even in a dream, that place which is inhabited by celestials?’ And so we went to the shore of the Acchoda Lake where Vaiśampāyana looked around, as if he was enchanted by the place.

“““On the far shore he saw a creeper bower that seemed to call to him with the tinkling sound its lotus fibers made when tickled by

breezes skipping off the waves—the sound charmed the maddened bees, which swarmed in their desire for the honey of the multitude of blossoms; those lotus fibers were fit for the honor of being worn on the ears of goddesses. That bower seemed to anoint the ten quarters with an emerald glow. Though it was day, it seemed to close night within itself as it forbade entrance to the Maker of Day's rays. It, like the rainy season, was gazed at by wild peacocks with necks uplifted; their sweet 'kekā!' was sounded time and again, as if they feared the coming of storm clouds even though they knew the region well. It was like a residence of rain, a foe of heat, the home of cold, the retreat for spring, the hermitage of the *Makara*-bannered God, or a place to assuage Rati's longing. It seemed to be quintessential beauty. In its midst a rock slab was fanned by cooling breezes from the Acchoda Lake, charming breezes that ceaselessly rose and fell. Vaiśampāyana stared at it with unblinking eyes as if it were a brother long kept from him, a son, a friend. He had eyes for nothing else. He seemed paralyzed, painted, carved, or written in a book. He was like one whose senses have been ravished by a swoon. At once his limbs went slack, and he slumped to the ground as if remembering still more with his heart, as if musing upon something else. His face remained unchanged, and a flow of tears seeped from his eyes. He stayed silent, head bent.

““““Seeing him in this condition, we thought, ‘Sensitive people are brought to ecstasy by the smallest thing, even if their spirit is steadied by age; how much more so when they are young and teeming with curiosity? This is surely why such a great turbulence seized him when he fell to ruminating on this incredibly lovely place.’ After a while we said to him, ‘This neighborhood is indeed a worthy place to see. Stay here, while we return to the bathing area. Much time has passed. The preparations have been made, and the army, ready for the march home, awaits your pleasure. Will you still linger?’ But he did not give the least little answer to anything we said to him.

““““It seemed as if he had not heard us, as if he were dazed, dumb, or stupefied. He stared at that bower with an eye that seemed to be artificial with its lashes that did not flutter and a pupil that did not move, but that streamed tears. Repeatedly urged by us to go, he gazed at that bower and finally told us his hard decision, ‘I can not leave this place. Take the army and go. You who are protected by Candrāpiḍa's

powerful arm must not stay here even one moment after his departure.'

""We spoke harshly to him who had said this, as we were hurt by this performance unbefitting such a man. Again and again we politely remonstrated, urging him to go, fearful that his misbehavior might be Fate's decree. 'Indeed, it is not right for us to stay, and how is it proper for you—born of Śukanāsa, who is no different from Tārāpīḍa, fondled in the lap of Vilāsavatī, reared in the same palace with lord Candrāpīḍa, educated with great pains in the college—to remain here, forsaking all that with which an older brother, friend, dear one, lord of the earth, and virtuous man has entrusted you before his own departure? Who else knows better not to do this than you? Demonstrate affection for Candrāpīḍa as he displays devotion for you. If we leave you alone in this desolate forest and go home to lord Candrāpīḍa, what will we tell him? Is there anyone like prince Candrāpīḍa? Or like you? Enough of this nonsense. It is time to depart.'

""When he was spoken to in this way by us, he gave an embarrassed smile and said, 'I do not know why I am like this in spite of your exhortations to go. Usually I am unable to stay anywhere for even a moment without Candrāpīḍa. And you do rebuke me quite severely. Nevertheless, what can I do? My self-control has suddenly and completely disappeared. As if remembering something, my mind does not go elsewhere; as if seeing something, my eyes do not look at anything else; as if fastened somewhere, my heart does not stray anywhere else; as if chained, my feet are unable to take a single step—my whole being seems fettered to this place. I cannot leave on my own. You may decide to carry me away by force, but if you do I shall surely die once I have been taken from this spot. If I stay here perhaps whatever indefinable something spinning around in my heart, which now alone keeps me alive, will preserve my life. Therefore, do not insist any longer. Go away. As long as you live may you enjoy the happiness of seeing Candrāpīḍa—a happiness that I, of small merit, had once received but that Fate has now snatched from me.'

""After he had said this, we were curious and pressed him, 'What is this you say? You refuse to return to Candrāpīḍa?'

""He replied, 'I am ashamed to say this, but I swear by the life of my friend, Candrāpīḍa himself, I do not know in the least why I cannot leave here. You yourselves have been witnesses to this. So, go.'

Then he fell silent. After a moment he rose and wandered about as if searching for something lost somewhere in the shining trees and creepers, on the shores of the lake, or in the temple. He roamed for what seemed to be a long time, looking sad at heart, sighing, indifferent to himself, and then he entered the creeper bower again and remained there. All the while we waited nearby with the hope of bringing him to his senses. After two nights had passed, we asked him what we could do for him. He said, 'Truly, Candrāpīḍa's life is more beloved than my own; but I must make an effort to stay alive, even if my life willfully abandons me, and especially so if it does not. I long for the sight of Candrāpīḍa, not death; but that desire seems useless right now.' Then he rose and after bathing took from the forest sustenance of bulbs, roots, and fruit. When he had tended to himself in this way we did the same for ourselves. And so we stayed there three days. Our hearts were stunned as we pondered what this could be. Despondent, we neared the time for leaving, and, bidding his retinue—who were properly provided for—to stay there, we left. We did not send a messenger before us with the news of what had happened; he could not have overtaken you on the way, and we wanted to spare you the effort of returning when you had just arrived home after such a long absence."

"Now Candrāpīḍa, who was simultaneously struck by wonder and astonishment as he listened to this incredible news about Vaiśampāyana, thought, "What may be the cause of such weariness with life that he leaves everything behind and finds dwelling in the woods to be his only refuge? I do not see the least offense on my part. And by my father's favor, kings whose crest-jewels are touched by the soles of Tārāpīḍa's feet worship Vaiśampāyana as they do me. He lacks nothing of the most desired pleasures, the same as I. Knowledge was not withheld from him any more than from me. He grants favor, as do I. Malefactors tremble before him, as they do before me. He enjoys as much success as I. And when the people see him they feel envy, just as when they see me. Has not he been honored with the love of my father and mother, just as much as with that of the noble Śukanāsa and Manoramā—a love every bit as worthy as that for a son?

""Has something disagreeable been said to him by his father Śukanāsa, who perhaps desires more humility? Was he chastised? Or has his nature become treacherous under the allurements of that place? Has he lost his devotion to his elders? Has he given up the acquisition

of virtues? Has he a fickle mind? Is he willful? Still, he is not mean, not conceited because he is a rich man's son, not so badly educated, so poorly raised, or so spoiled because he is an only son, that he will hurt his parents, who have showered him with many wonderful benefits ever since his birth. This is simply not the time for such lethargy of spirit. He, as is proper to a mature man, has not yet turned to the state of being a householder. He has not erased his obligations to the gods, sages, and ancestors, and until then he is bound by the Three Debts wherever he goes. The continuity of his lineage is not yet guaranteed with the births of a son and a grandson. He has not made boundless gifts and offered great sacrifices. He has not adorned the earth with monuments, hospitals, wells, watering sheds, palaces, pools, gardens and the like. He has spread to the heavens no glory that will last an Age. He has not made his parents happy with dutiful conduct, nor favored his elders or loving kinsmen. He has not brought his friends to equal fortune. He has not honored the good. He has not satisfied his subjects with largess. He has not noticed or attended to women. In his life up until now he has not tasted the joys of the mortal world. Because of this act, he will not pursue the ends of life—including duty, wealth, and pleasure. What is this that he has done?"

"Candrāpīḍa was overwhelmed and pondered these things for a long time, remaining under that tree after he had absentmindedly dismissed all the kings, who were honored with the respect he showed them and the favors he conferred upon them in a fit manner. Then he rose and entered an enormous tent. Its high doorway was buttressed and had a garland of sandal tied to it. Golden pitchers, over the mouths of which had been placed little twigs, stood at either side. The ground in and around it had been swept and sprinkled. Fragrant flowers had been scattered inside and out. Several gold jars were being carried by a group of servants bustling here and there. It was thronged with courtesans who possessed various items such as jewels, fly whisks, palm-leaf fans, and gemmed slippers. One side of it was occupied by Gandhamādana, the royal elephant, who stood under a canopy and perfumed the quarters with the fragrance of his ichor. A place for Indrāyudha had been prepared on the opposite side. The outside area was overrun by cow elephants. Many porters filled the entranceway. With its size, depth, and sheltering of myriad creatures, it was like the great ocean, and its herds of elephants standing for night watch ap-



peared to be a forest on that ocean's shore. The tent seemed to embrace an entire mountain, because of Gandhamādana's presence. It seemed to billow with successive waves, because of its servants scurrying to and fro. It seemed to be a whirlpool, because of its circles of guards. It seemed to contain the Goddess of Fortune, because of its courtesans. It seemed to possess a treasure, because of its great men. It seemed to have trapped a number of geese, because of its white banners. It seemed to be filled with foam, because of its piles of blossoms. Snaked around it was a boundless military array, just like Hari is surrounded by Ananta.

“Candrāpiḍa entered and was bowed to by the watchmen, courtesans, porters, and artisans, whose faces were wretched with sorrow and whose apparel was dirty from neglect. After he had glanced briefly at Gandhamādana, whose presence was silently communicated—as if by a messenger—by the smell of his ichor, he very slowly went to his bedchamber. There he disrobed and, as he relaxed on the couch and was fanned by the breezes of palm-leaf fans, a massage gradually removed the fatigue of his journey. Though wearied by insomnia and pained because he could not seize the joy of sleep, Candrāpiḍa again brooded, “How would it be if I, not bid farewell by father or mother, were to leave, plunging them into sorrow's ocean? If I depart without having first consoled father Śukanāsa or Manoramā, especially Śukanāsa, who is beside himself with grief at being separated from his son, then I shall be no different than Vaiśampāyana. Once I have returned home, what if I cannot leave? Then what do I do? This fear of not being given leave to go is quite out of place; despite the fact that he has abandoned me, his best friend, Vaiśampāyana is now aiding me whose mind is troubled by plans of how to return to Kādambarī: he has brought about my departure for certain. Now, neither father, mother, nor the noble Śukanāsa can keep me from going with the purpose of retrieving Vaiśampāyana. Once I get there I shall proceed with him along that same road I took before.” So he decided, and for a time tried to regard the sorrow of his separation from Vaiśampāyana as if it were a healing medicinal herb. He rested for a while with his limbs at ease and satisfied. When the conch sounded the call of the third watch, he rose to groom his body, taking solace from the thought, “Where Vaiśampāyana is, there is Kādambarī.” Relying on his innate fortitude, he absentmindedly called the princes together and took his meal with them.

“After he had eaten and the Vivifier had climbed to the middle of the sky, Candrāpiḍa went to the Rain House. The sun seemed to have ascended to singe one outside whom the Maddener’s fire burned inside, as if he thought, “If I sit in the zenith and fiercely send out all my rays to the eight directions, then I shall bring about heat without much effort.” The surging beams seemed to spew molten silver under the guise of sunshine. Little drops of sunlight seemed to pierce the body. Trees’ shadows, in which living creatures huddled together, became narrower as the sun’s rays reached for them. Eyes were not able to open in the glare. The very faces of the quarters seemed to be on fire. The ground was hot to the touch, so pathways were not walked. Travelers jostled one another inside huts and small watering sheds to get at drinking water. Birds resting in their nests panted until their veins swelled. Buffalo herds entered pools. Elephant troops wallowed in the mud of lakes and ponds, roughening it with bits and pieces of lotus stalks broken by them at their pleasure and mingled with filaments and shredded lotus petals. The cheeks of flirtatious women had the beauty of red sun-lotuses, and droplets of perspiration sparkled on them in imitation of powdery crushed pearls. Moonlight was fondly remembered; the cooling properties of snow were extolled; the appearance of the rainy season was longed for, and the fading of day was requested. All hearts yearned for the coming night.

“The Rain House, erected on a lakeshore, had the Hot-rayed One’s heat warded off by the constant pouring down of hard sprays of water. It was surrounded by a canal as if by a rushing torrent that moved with the speed of showers cascading in an unbroken flow. It was darkened by tender bamboo leaves hanging over it. Its many pillars were completely hidden under creepers that had put forth foliage and flowers. The floor was strewn with juicy lotus blossoms, and pieces of lotus stalks were also scattered everywhere. A rainy season was unexpectedly produced in it by sproutings of dripping duckweed. It was thronged with courtesans who looked like water goddesses: their heavy tresses were wet from recent bathing; they were splashed by the fragrant lotuses they had plucked; they were made tawny by damp sandal paste; their only ornaments were pearl necklaces; they had chaplets made of young duckweed sprouts; and they held lotus fibers, palm-leaf fans, camphor, woven silk, *haricandana* sandal, moonstones, jewelled mirrors, and the like. It was like a place of contempt for the hot season,

like the cause of the cold season, like the abode of rain clouds, like censorship of the sun's rays, like the heart of a lake, like a companion of the Snow Mountain, like the twin brother of cool temperatures, or like a dwelling of starry nights. It was like a blow against the day. And there, Candrāpiḍa, alone and with great difficulty, in the boat of his own fortitude, crossed the day which was deep as a great ocean. Because of the enchantment of the place, the day was filled with a thousand longings instigated by the *Makara*-bannered God, just as the ocean waves are roiled up by thousands of agitated *makaras*. The day, along with the cold showers of water, stirred up the fire of his misery at being separated from his friend, and, like the ocean, it was endless [deep].

“At twilight when the sunshine was turning red, he went out to the courtyard in front of his dwelling—the courtyard was yellowed by a thick coating of cow dung and made shining by vast amounts of white blossoms quivering in the soft breeze—and remained there for a moment, speaking only of Vaiśampāyana while conversing with the princes who ranged around him. Then he ordered the army commander, “The second watch has passed. Prepare for travel.” At star rise he dismissed all the princes and withdrew to his bed chamber. All preparations made, the troops, eager for the sight of Ujjayinī from which they had been so long separated, set off on the march. As he had not been able to sleep, Candrāpiḍa started out when the third watch began, with a few princes whose transportation consisted mainly of horses and elephants, and traveled along a road where there was little crowding by the army.

““Together with the distance, the night seemed to shrink. All things seemed to be emerging from the Nether Region. It was as if eyes were opening or as if the mortal world were being created again in a novel way. Depths and heights were becoming clearly defined. Thickets seemed to thin. Trees, vines, and bushes seemed to be whittled down. The Maker of Day, who reddens the lotuses, became visible, resembling the footprints of the day's Goddess of Beauty as she climbed to the sky with her footprints reddened from thick lac juice, or a fresh shoot blossoming in the eastern quarter under sprinklings of dew. At sunrise he reached Ujjayinī at the same time as did the army. While at a distance, Candrāpiḍa could hear how even the ascetics, even those who strove for deliverance, even those who had subdued their pas-

sions, even those who were indifferent, even the mendicants, even scoundrels—how all those moved by affection, as if they were fathers, friends, or beloved relatives, had come to the city and were being asked sorrowfully about, were being told about, and were listening to news about Vaiśampāyana. They stood in groups, and as they milled around they formed into other groups and sat down and huddled together. They took purposeless steps, returned, and walked away again. They raised their faces, their eyes filled with tears; and their faces paled and became miserable. They uttered words like, “Oh, great evil!” and then were silent, overwhelmed by their grief.

“When Candrāpīḍa heard this he thought, “Even for strangers the situation is like this; how much more for someone who fondled Vaiśampāyana on his lap, who reared him, or who was the object of his childhood caresses? It is going to be most painful for me to face father Śukanāsa and mother Manoramā without Vaiśampāyana.” And so, absorbed in thought about the matter, his eyes welling with tears, and his head bent, he entered Ujjayini.

“He dismounted and proceeded into the royal palace where he learned that, “Tārāpīḍa and queen Vilāsavati have gone to the noble Śukanāsa’s palace,” upon which Candrāpīḍa withdrew and went there. As he neared the vicinity he heard: “Ha! Oh my dear Vaiśampāyana! You are still a child fond of being cuddled on my lap! How could you stay in that desolate forest that is made horrible by hundreds of thousands of serpents? Who is there to act as your bodyguard against all the beasts of prey? Who will give you sustenance to fend off hunger? Who will prepare a couch for you to give you the joy of sleep? Now that you have abandoned my lap, who will be hungry when you are hungry, thirsty when you are thirsty, tired when you are tired, or distressed when you are distressed? You have not even taken a wife to share your joy and sorrow. I persuaded your father to give you leave again so soon after your return, thinking I would someday see the face of your bride. Not only has this not come to pass for ill-fated me, but even the sight of your own face is withheld from me. Oh child, wherever you may be pleased to stay, request your father to let me go there too. I cannot live without seeing you!

““Dear son, even in childhood you did not neglect me. From where does such sudden cruelty come? Where do you, whose face since birth no one has seen angry, find unexpectedly such wrath that you abandon

me and stay away? Although you have gone, return! With my head bowed I ask for your favor. Whom do I have besides you? Perhaps your love for us is lost in your love for another land? How could you be so indifferent to Candrāpiḍa, who has not kept his sight from you even for an instant? Oh dear son! Fortune has not come to you! You have brought sorrow to your elders, who should be made happy. I cannot imagine what will become of you now that you have behaved in this way!" This and more he heard in the wailings of Manoramā from inside the palace where, beside herself with grief at the recent separation from her son, she was being consoled by queen Vilāsavati herself. Candrāpiḍa staggered, as if overcome by sleep, and then fainted like one struck down by the potent poison of those lamentations. With great effort and relying on the support of his own fortitude, he regained consciousness and entered. Ashamed to show his face to his father, he kept his head down and bowed from afar to Śukanāsa as well as to his father.

"Śukanāsa and Tārāpiḍa both sat motionless like the Mandara Mountain and the ocean come to rest at the end of the Churning. Candrāpiḍa sat down and was stared at for a time by the king, who finally spoke, stuttering under the weight of his suppressed tears, like a cloud about to rain, "My dear son Candrāpiḍa, I know of your love for your brother, a love that is greater than that for your own life. And I know of the grief brought on by this beloved person who was your only cause of happiness, a grief that surpasses all understanding. It seems now anything is possible. Hearing the news about your brother and friend—news that is at conflict with his birth, his love, his age, his character, his education, the instructions of his elders, and his natural humility—my heart now fears *you* may have committed some offense."

"While the king was speaking, Śukanāsa's face darkened with grief and indignation, like the beginning of the rainy season, which is terrible to see with its forked lightning. His lower lip trembled, and he spoke with a sound like thunder, "Oh sir, if there be heat in the moon, ice in fire, darkness in the Ray-wreathed God, daylight in night, desert in the ocean; if Śeṣa does not carry the earth; if good men cease to strive for others; if harsh words issue from the mouths of kings; then there is guilt within this prince. How can you greet him this way without further inquiry? Candrāpiḍa is worthy of being born in the Golden Age, has more virtues than you yourself, and possesses infinite nobil-

ity. You do so because of a young man bereft of self-knowledge, who is by nature foolish, who is a born thief, who deceives you and slays his father and mother, whose deeds are those of a Caṇḍāla, who is hostile to his friend, who is an ingrate, and who is guilty of great evils. Nothing is more agonizing than when someone who lives virtuously and is greatly respected by subordinates and even more so by his elders, is found really to live as a sinner. Whoever is virtuous should be honored for his virtues, and who other than Candrāpīḍa is truly virtuous? And yet, with all those virtues, what can even Candrāpīḍa do for that man who—like the wind, which is not affected by nature—has remained unaffected by the cuddlings he received on the laps of you and queen Vilāsavati, from the time of his birth?

“““People of his ilk are created of themselves. They, like big worms, hatch in the body. They, like great plagues, carry within them all vices [thrive on the juices of corruption]. They, like huge serpents, are gorged with poison. They, like great omens, bring on destruction. They, like monstrous winds, behave like dissolutes [twist like snakes]. They, like planets, are extremely stubborn [move backwards]. They, like night, are full of ignorance [are full of darkness]. They are the dirt of evil intent on the family. They are loveless villains. They are shameless parasites. They are mindless brutes. They are fires without fuel [they know no boundaries]. They are people who have nets without strings [they are without virtues]. They are ponds without a holy bathing spot [they are dull-witted and lack knowledge of the Śāstras]. They are scrawny donkeys [they are hardhearted and without dignity]. They are people who do not have Śiva’s appearance and yet are inhabited by the Remover of Obstacles [by goblins].

“““Unlike swords which when rusty can be sharpened with oil, they when stained of character remain cruel though treated with affection. Unlike an elephant’s cheek which becomes darker from ichor, they when given to become dirtier of deed. They, like jewel lamps, overstep their bounds and flare up at any sign of favor [are without wicks and have only a spreading luster]. They, like snakes [arms], attach themselves to the body and become rebellious though being received with courtesy. They, like arrows, are discharged of virtues and, having being partisan, go to any length for a reward [fly with the aid of feathers and are discharged from a bowstring]. They, like shoots, are full of passion and only the passing of time makes them indifferent

[are red and fade only as day passes]. They, like mirrors, are favored with wealth and misunderstand everything [are polished with ashes and reflect everything backwards]. They, like ponds, are inwardly foul and others become impure in dealings with them [are pure on the inside and only become muddy when plunged into].

“““Such people are cruel even to the friendly, false even to the sincere, evil to the good, and malicious to the virtuous. Even to their master they are not humble. They are angry with those who love them. They wish to plunder those who are devoid of desire. They are perfidious even to their friends. They are murderers even of those who confide in them. They smite the fearful. They dislike those who are favorably disposed towards them. They are haughty to the humble, pitiless toward the compassionate, cruel to their wives, callous toward servants, and mean to the timid. With these perverse ones, elders are counted lightly, inferior people are highly esteemed, women with whom intercourse is forbidden are approached, heresy is accepted as good instruction. To them improper is proper, impropriety is propriety, immorality is moral, misconduct is good conduct, and inappropriate is appropriate. Ignorance they take as wisdom, immodesty for modesty, malice for good nature, injustice for justice, and falsehood for truth. Of those wicked ones, wisdom is employed to deceive others, not for knowledge; learning serves for trickery, not for satisfaction; power is used for doing injury to life, not for benefits; strength is engaged to acquire wealth, not honor; fortitude leads to attachment to evil passions, not to lasting friendships; and wealth is spent in the service of lust, not of duty. What more is there to say? Everything they do they do for sin, not for virtue.

“““Well now, this Vaiśampāyana has become just such a rogue. When he acted in this way, he did not stop to think, ‘I am Candrāpīḍa’s friend. How can I betray him?’ Nor did, ‘If I act in this way, king Tārāpīḍa, who punishes those who stray from proper behavior, will be angry and will direct that anger at me,’ such spring to his mind. Nor did, ‘I alone am the sole support of my mother’s life. How will she live without me,’ come into that mischievous one’s head. Nor did, ‘My father gave me life as the one to offer oblations to our ancestors and for the sake of continuity of our family. How can I abandon everything without his permission,’ such a thought occur to that dunce. So now his mind is void of sense; he is bent upon a wrong course; he

is agitated to a high degree; and he lacks foresight. What is to be done with someone who does not see the consequences of his actions, blinded as he is by the eye disease of ignorance? This one—this animal—was just like a parrot, taught with great effort and cherished by you. But even animals reward the exertion of training by providing pleasure. Cherished, they give their affection to the one who cherished them. They perform. They strive for intimacy. They show their natural love for their parents. This is not so in the case of this man, for whom both worlds are lost, who is an evil-doer, a miserable wretch; he has lost everything. No matter—from such behavior he will inevitably be re-born from the womb of an animal. By being born in the first place, this rotten creature has made not one of us happy. What is worse, he is drowning us in sorrow's ocean. Does not a man who is in control of himself strive for the well-being of himself and others? Why he has acted as his own enemy is something I simply cannot fathom. In every way, the birth of this criminal, of this man in the wicked clutches of the Seizer, has given us only grief!"

"After Śukanāsa said this, his eyes welled with tears, looking like the cold season's dew-filled lotuses. Although he seemed to be bursting with rage, he could not release that which was inside of him. All he could do was sigh. To Śukanāsa, who was in such a state, Tārāpīḍa said: "Surely it would be illuminating Agni with a lamp, lighting up the Luminous One with the light of dawn, refreshing the Nectar-rayed God with dew, filling the ocean with raindrops, increasing the winds with the breezes from fans, for one like me to offer advice to an Āryan. Nevertheless, as the season of rains muddies Mānasa Lake, so too can a great and sorrowful transgression trouble the mind, no matter how clear it may be, of anyone—even if he is intelligent, has studied the Vedas, is discriminating, wise, and gifted with fortitude. And when one's mind is troubled, all insight disappears into incomprehension; the intellect is not awakened; and even a discriminating mind does not discriminate. In other matters, even a muddled Āryan knows the ways of the world better than I. But is there anyone in this world or in heaven whose adolescence passed without changes? When youth appears, love for one's elders flies away, along with childhood; new love grows, along with puberty; desire expands, along with the chest; passion increases along with strength; the mind becomes stout [dull], along with the arms; knowledge becomes thin, along with the waist; rudeness



increases, along with the thighs; and the bedazzlement of moral contamination appears, along with the beard.

“““Along with the changes in appearance come transformations of the heart, thus: the eye, though white, is red, and though it becomes lengthened it does not see far. Though the ear remains unimpaired, admonitions of elders cannot enter it. Though the heart lets in interest for women, knowledge finds no access there. Steadfastness, which is by its nature fickle, is not firm. There is attachment to passions, which should be abandoned, and it is usually passion that is the cause of these changes. It is this that makes everyone insensible and that comes about with the increase of years, just as everything floods during the heavy rains. Thereby daylight leads to the coming of night [sin], the coming of night to darkness [blindness], darkness to the obscuring of sight [lack of discrimination], and the obscuring of sight to immoral conduct. And the mind, blinded by bewilderment, wanders onto the wrong path and invariably stumbles, so that it falls into shame.

“““When the heart is without the shelter of shame, who will be able to prevent the Blossom-bowed God, who is opposed only with difficulty and is the cause of all rude behavior, from entering it and taking possession? And once the Blossom-arrowed God appears, who can forestall the thousands of openings [blemishes] through which escape one's strength of character? And when strength of character is gone, what is left to contain moral conduct, so that it does not trickle away? What support is there for modesty? What basis is there for fortitude? Where must firmness stand? What will support strength of character? How will the mind forcibly be made immovable? How will the senses, which rebel against all reason, be restrained? What will prevent wickedness, which is censured by all men? What will drive away with light [enlightenment] contact with night [inclination to sin], which is the reason for thick darkness [rashness] and which afflicts the sight [obstructs insight]? What can be seen when prudence has gone? And how can one be prudent in youth, since there is so little time? It is prudence that, having ascertained cause and effect, shuns impurity.

“““Furthermore, few indeed are the good men who, as they age, have deeds that whiten together with their hair. At the beginning of youth—which is the great snake of bewilderment and sensuality, the

rut elephant of lust and perturbation, the kingdom of bad conduct, the abode of lust and stupefaction, the origin of the new shoots of fresh passion—it happens that everyone who comes upon the vexatious path of sensuality stumbles. How is it that you, oh Āryan, are so angry with a child, who should be fondled and protected, that you uttered such words of abuse which are unworthy of one who loves his son? Beneficial and detrimental words that slip from the lips of parents, even in their sleep, inevitably influence their children—for parents are deities to their children. As the prayers uttered by parents become blessings, so too do rebukes become curses. My mind was seized with great pain when you, an Āryan, under the influence of anger against Vaiśampāyana, spoke in such harsh terms. As there is affection for trees planted we plant, how much more should there be for children born from our own bodies? So give up this great rage towards Vaiśampāyana! His conduct has not been so condemnable. How is it we consider his forsaking all and staying away as sinful when we are ignorant as to his reason? Sometimes a sin that arises from rude behavior becomes a virtue. First let him be brought back; then we may come to understand how such a strange perturbation came to be, even though it may well be unusual for his age. After that we can take appropriate measures.”

“Once Tārāpīḍa had said these things, Śukanāsa responded, “It is out of your extreme nobility and love for children that you order this. What more scandalous a deed could he perform than abandoning the prince in order to enjoy himself where and when he pleases?”

“As Śukanāsa was speaking, Candrāpīḍa, who at his father’s suspicion of his guilt felt as if he had been struck by a whip, approached and with his eyes lowered and shedding tears spoke very softly to Śukanāsa, “Oh Āryan, even though I know from what has been said that it is not my fault that Vaiśampāyana did not return, nevertheless, as even my father has suspected this to be the case, will not others entertain the same suspicion? Though it may be untrue, it will be as the people, and especially as my elders, perceive it. In this world it is reputation that leads to shame or fame, whether it be supported by merits or not. Truth bears fruit only in the hereafter, so how is it of any use now? Therefore, allow me, oh Āryan, to be given permission by my father to leave, as compensation for his suspicion of my guilt,

to go to bring back Vaiśampāyana. In no other way can I erase my offense. Why? As long as Vaiśampāyana does not return, my father's suspicion will not leave him, and as long as I have not gone, Vaiśampāyana will not return. Could anyone else bring him back, then those thousands of my father's princes, whose words are not to be transgressed, would have done so. I am familiar with that region, so the journey on horseback will not result in the least bit of travel fatigue. You may be certain of it: I will return with Vaiśampāyana. The inner torment, born from my being separated from him, is more unbearable than the outer. I returned without him, for I thought he would travel with the army close behind me. When, from the time of my birth, have I gone off without him? When did I play, laugh, drink, eat, sleep, wake, or breathe without Vaiśampāyana? And I, after learning that he said he could not leave that place, feared to become similar to him. You must protect me from the offense of not going to him." So spoke Candrāpiḍa.

"Śukanāsa's face, which was livid with the grief he felt, such that he resembled a red sun-lotus, showed his inclination for approval [for flying] so that a garland of bees seemed to dance in his eyes, and very softly he asked the king, "The prince makes a request to depart. What is your command?"

"Asked by Śukanāsa in this way, Tārāpiḍa thought for a moment and then replied, "Āryan, I had thought, 'One of these days I will see my son's bride, who, like the light of the full moon [which depends on its rays], will lean on his hands.' In the meantime, the Creator, whose nature is perverse, has thrown at us Vaiśampāyana's adventure that, like the approach of the rains, has closed off the path of our hopes [of the directions] and created an obstacle. It is as this long-lived one has said: No other is able to bring him back. And without him Candrāpiḍa is not able to remain here. Inevitably, then, this young man must cross the flood of adversity. I am sure queen Vilāsavati will also grant him permission to leave to recover Vaiśampāyana. So he must go. But as it is very far that my child must travel, you, Āryan, and the astrologers should ascertain the auspicious day and time for his departure and make the arrangements." After he had said this to Śukanāsa, Tārāpiḍa looked at Candrāpiḍa for a long time with teary eyes, then called him over and said, while he caressed him,

who was bowed with modesty, on his shoulders, head, and arms, "My dear son, go inside and tell your mother, who is with Manoramā." Upon saying this, he took Śukanāsa with him and went to his own palace.

"Candrāpīḍa, though inwardly pleased that he carried the approval for his departure in his heart like a garland for Kādambarī's espousal, had a joyless expression when he entered. Bowing, he sat down near his mother and consoled Manoramā, who was beside herself with grief at being separated from Vaiśampāyana and whose grief was doubled at the sight of Candrāpīḍa. "Oh mother Manoramā, take courage. Father has directed me to leave in order to bring back Vaiśampāyana. Without hesitation dismiss me, who will be gone from your sight for some days, for I so long to see Vaiśampāyana's face."

"Having been spoken to in this way, she replied, "Oh dear child, how can you comfort me with words of your own leaving? Indeed, what difference is there to me between you and him? It is he alone who is the cruel-hearted one, the one I do not see. If you leave, then the sight of you is also withdrawn, the sight which, now that I no longer enjoy his company, is the reason I continue to live. So do not leave. Oh dear son, at least of you two we possess a son, even if the other ruthless one has not returned."

"When Manoramā had said these things, Vilāsavati spoke firmly, "Dear friend, it is for you and me as you have said. But how can Candrāpīḍa even see, without Vaiśampāyana? But let that be! Why do you forbid this? Even though he is forbidden to go, he will not stay. And I think that with that in mind his father gave him leave to go. So he must depart. It is better that we endure the distress of losing him for a few days, than to see his face day in, day out made disconsolate with sorrow at not being with Vaiśampāyana. Let us go prepare for the departure of dear Candrāpīḍa." And as she said this, Vilāsavati rose, caught Manoramā by the hand, and, with Candrāpīḍa, went to her own residence. Candrāpīḍa stayed by his mother for a while engaged in conversations about his journey. Then he went home.

"There he removed his outer garb and, with a heart impatient to leave, called in the astrologers and secretly ordered, "Give the date to the noble Śukanāsa, if he asks for it, or to my father, such that my departure can take place immediately."

“Thus directed, they declared, “Oh sir, the position of the planets is such that in our opinion your departure is not advisable at the present time. However, you are the prince and if it is your wish that the time be in accordance with the importance of the deed, it is not necessary to determine the day in such a case. You decide which moment is best. The time at which you are inclined to leave, that is, as far as your affairs are concerned, the proper time.”

“When the astrologers told him this, he explained, “I say this because my father orders it. Even were it otherwise, how could people burdened with work establish dates for taking care of important business that may be urgent or may need attention at any time? Therefore, see that my departure may be quickly effected.”

““You are the judge,” so saying, they left, and he got up to take his meal. After Candrāpiḍa had dined, the astrologers came to him again and reported softly, “We have done what you instructed, and it has succeeded since the noble Śukanāsa is so distressed at being separated from his son. Tomorrow night you leave.” He praised them for having done well and having made him joyful. He impatiently passed that day and night, wholly occupied with choosing horses and princes—horses that had the best marks within the four oceans and which equalled Indrāyudha’s speed, and countless princess who were full of stamina and who discounted the exhaustion of a journey by horseback. While he did this he imagined Kādambarī and Vaiśampāyana to be already within his sight; and his mind rushed ahead and would have arrived even before Patralekhā.

“When the Lord of Light took the day to the Setting Mountain, as if out of grief that they had not attained union with the beloved sunlotuses; when the western part of the heavens and the western rim settled together into the redness of twilight, as if they threw themselves into the heart of a fire because of the Lord of Light’s fall; when the multitudinous stars glittered like sparks from the sacrificial fires of twilight; when the faces of the quarters were being darkened as if swooning away at the cessation of day; when the flocks of birds noisily approached their nests, as if they sorrowed over their parting from the sky and were lamenting that separation; when the mortal world watched the approach of night wherein twilight was engendered like a birth, and then sank back again into a womb-like blackness; then the

Star Lord brightened the face of the east's Virgin of the Quarter with his shining as if he had returned from another existence, stood on the Rising Mountain where he experienced the joy of being reunited with the stars, and blazed immaculate with his flood of light.

“At midnight Candrāpīḍa approached Vilāsavatī for the Ceremony of Departure and bowed. As if melting inside with the pain, she could not hold back her gushing tears but, fearing they might be a bad omen, tried to keep her eyes wide open. With her words troubled by stammering brought on by the agitations of grief and love, she said, “Dear child, when a baby, which one has fondled on one's lap, leaves the lap for the first time, a feeling of intense heartache is not so unusual. For me, however, such sorrow did not arise so much with your first leaving as it does now with this departure. My heart seems to burst, my vitals to be ripped apart, and my body to boil. My head swims. My muscles seem to be rent. My life seems to fail me. I cannot concentrate on anything. All I see around me is desolation. I cannot control my heart or myself. However much I restrain my tears, they repeatedly spurt out. Although I have been reassured, I hesitate to perform the special ceremony for your leaving. I do not know what I foresee or why I am seized by such heartache. Is it because my son, who just returned after much travail and many days, suddenly leaves me again? Is it because I fear that you are so distressed at being separated from Vaiśampāyana that you would undertake the journey alone? It is not that I feel such sorrow at hearing of Vaiśampāyana's adventure. Although I have this nagging fear, I cannot prevent you from going to fetch him, but still I do not desire your departure. That is why, now that you know of my anxiety, you must not make some attachment somewhere and stay away a long while as you did the last time. I place my hands, palms together, upon my head and beg this of you, my child.”

“To his mother, who had spoken thus, Candrāpīḍa made a deep bow and replied, “Oh mother, last time I stayed away on my conquest of the quarters, but now there will be no delay in reaching that region again, so do not worry your heart that I will be gone for a long time.” As Candrāpīḍa said this to her, Vilāsavatī held back her brimming tears and with great difficulty controlled herself. After the Ceremony of Departure had been completed, she kissed him on the head while sprin-

kling him with the oozing flow of her milk. Then she held him close a long time and, as her life seemed to leave her, she, though wretched, dismissed him.

“Released by his mother, he went to the bedchamber to salute his father. There the doorkeeper introduced him, “Oh sir, the prince makes obeisance for his departure,” as Candrāpīḍa entered and at a distance bowed, with his head placed on the floor, at the feet of his father, who was lying on a couch. When Tārāpīḍa saw him like that, he slightly raised the upper part of his body from the bed and, having called him, closely and lovingly hugged him while he seemed to drink him up with his tear-filled eyes.

“Then he spoke, with his sight blurred by streaming tears and his syllables scattered from his powerful inner distress, “Oh son, do not feel uneasy in the least that I suspected you of being guilty. I have observed you closely from the moment you finished your education, and because of that examination, and not because of a father’s love for his son, I placed the burden of empire on you—a burden that can only be borne by one who has infinite virtues. For kingship, especially because of the responsibility of governing the entire world, is very difficult to bear; because it is thronged with kings [mountains], it is very dangerous [narrow]; because of the conduct of a cunning policy, it is very difficult to administer; because it is surrounded by the four oceans, it is very important; because it has to have great armies, it is very difficult to manage; because of a network of endless obligations, it is very impenetrable; because it is established in an elevated lineage [on tall bamboo], it is very difficult to obtain [to climb]; because of the annihilation of thousands of enemies, it is very hard to bear. Moreover—because of fairness in trading [because it is even], it is very troublesome [uneven]; because of performing different means [stairs], it is difficult to apply [be reached by descending]; because of the removal of warmongers [thorns], it is difficult to seize; because of the task of protecting all subjects, it is difficult to guard.

““It does not rest on him who is not unsurpassed, who is not a great festival, who does not speak kindly, who does not keep his promises, who is not wise, who is not judicious, who is not grateful, who is not generous, who is not fair in business transactions, who does not act justly, who has a zest for wickedness, who does not behave according to the Śāstras, who does not offer refuge, who is not compas-

sionate to Brahmins, who is not loving toward his enemies, who is not self-controlled, who has not subdued his senses, or who does not worship the gods. It rests, rather, on him who, drawing to himself all virtues, is able to hold onto it with force, however inconstant its nature. And it is to him that the elders, who are free of the fear that he might stumble and who have considered all the possibilities, transfer kingship. So by this understand that I attach no blame to you. Moreover, who is there now to whom you could transfer this burden so that you may make the smallest mistake? You alone must endeavor to gain the favor of all the people. For, truly, my time has expired.

“““For a long time I have carried on without stumbling. I have not distressed my subjects with greed. I have not grieved my elders with pride. I have not turned away decent people with loss of temper. I have not alarmed anyone with anger. I have not made myself a laughing-stock with jokes. I have not wounded the other world by giving in to Desire. I have served the mendicants, not my passions. I have followed the conduct of good men, not my senses. I have bent the bow, not my spirit. I have guarded my good conduct, not my body. I have feared disapproval, not death. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of sensuality—pleasures that are rare even in the Celestial World. The desires of my youth were satisfied even while I avoided that which is forbidden. With the performance of my duties I have, I think, gained the other world, and with your birth all my goals have been reached.

““““So this is my heart’s desire: that, having placed the weight of empire entirely on you once you are settled down and married, I might, with a light heart, follow the path taken by previous royal sages. This adventure of Vaiśampāyana has, from the very beginning, been an unexpected impediment to my desire, and, I fear, will prevent its attainment. Otherwise, how has it come to pass that Vaiśampāyana’s behavior is such that would not be thought of even in a dream? Therefore, go, my child, and act in such a way that my wish does not afflict me for long.” Thus spoke Tārāpīḍa, and, with his face raised, he presented Candrāpīḍa with a betel roll that was compressed like his heart and then dismissed him. As for Candrāpīḍa, his spirits were greatly elevated by that meeting with his father, and after making an even deeper bow in obeisance to him he left for Śukanāsa’s palace. There he bowed down to Śukanāsa and Manoramā. Śukanāsa was seized



with anxiety for his son, and his body was numb as if deprived of its senses. Manoramā's face was woeful with the unchecked fall of her tears. Though they were in such a condition, they both honored him with their blessings while at the same time it seemed that they transferred to him the burden of their grief. Then, followed by them, Candrāpiḍa exited, all the while, up to the moment he went out the door, repeatedly turning his face toward them to make them turn back.

“He saw that Indrāyudha, who had been brought to him, retreated, did not make his joyful whinnying sound, did not raise his ears, snorted



in an unfriendly way, did not show an urge to go, and was dispirited. Nevertheless, out of his fear that he might be hindered again, out of his haste to see Vaiśampāyana, and out of his desire to be reunited with Kādambarī, Candrāpiḍa mounted without the slightest delay and quickly left the city. He did not enter the hut that had been erected on the bank of the Siprā for him to stay in during the Ceremony of Departure, but—followed a way by servants who made a *kalakala* sound signalling that he was already out of the city and who were agitated at his unexpected departure, and by princes who ran here and there—he covered the measure of three *gavyūtis* before he bedded down where there was grass and water nearby.

“Faintly disturbed, he rose even before night had turned into dawn, and again pushed on. Oblivious to the torments of hunger, thirst, heat, or fatigue, he rode day and night, while mentally rehearsing the future: “I shall reach Vaiśampāyana without his noticing me. If he is ashamed and flees, I shall follow him, and, after forcefully embracing his neck, I shall dispel his embarrassment by saying, ‘Where else will you run?’ After tasting the joy of that reunion, I shall again seek out Mahāśvetā, my equanimous friend who is pure and faultless and who will be filled with delight upon seeing me so unexpectedly. Once again I shall biv-

ouac the horses and army in the vicinity of her hermitage and then travel with her to Mount Hemakūṭa.

“““There I shall go to Kādambārī’s residence and upon entering shall be bowed to by her servants who will recognize me and run hither and yon in their happy befuddlement. I shall look at Kādambārī and satisfy my eyes with the fulfillment of their goal—the beholding of that one worthy of beholding: Kādambārī, from whom her girlfriends with eyes wide open at the announcement of my arrival will snatch away the *pūrṇapātra* basket of gifts; Kādambārī, who will raise her face and ask about me, ‘Where is he? Who says so? How far away is he?’ Her fever will be cooled that instant, and so, immediately and shyly, she will remove the lotus leaf that was placed on her bosom and will use the hem of her silk upper garment to cover her breasts. She will shake off lotus fibers that serve her as ornaments, and in the place of all adornments she will retain only her own body’s luster—a splendor that surpasses all ornamentation. For jewelry she will wear but a string of pearls that she had taken up to cool her fever. The luminous beauty of her enchanting limbs will be heightened when she rubs away their thick covering of *haricandana* paste. Her shuddering will cast away the fragments of moon-, sun-, and other lotus filaments clinging to her from her couch. After she has looked into a jewelled mirror, she will replace on her shoulder the braid that rests against her cheek and that is disarranged.

““““She will seem to make an offering with hollowed hands to the *Makara*-bannered God’s fire with the water of her tears, which, born of joy, will stream from her eyes. Sloughing off of the damp sandal paste that clings to her and that looks like ash, she wordlessly will speak of the extinguishing of the Maddener’s fire. On getting up to greet me, she will eagerly push aside the flower couch. After I have bowed with folded hands paying homage to Madalekhā and have hugged her; after I have raised up Patralexhā, who will have fallen at my feet; after I have again and again embraced Keyūraka very tightly—then I shall marry the princess. Mahāśvetā will conduct the ceremony, and once the crowd of girlfriends has quickly performed our wedding’s auspicious bathing ritual, I shall take the princess’ hand, which will be consecrated with water and which thus will resemble the earth moistened with rains.

““““Madalekhā will leave us alone, after a few minutes of jesting,

in the bedchamber where my heart will be inflamed by the heady fragrance of saffron, flowers, perfume, and incense. From the bed where she will be sitting next to me, I shall sweep into my arms princess Kādambarī, who will bow her head in shyness and seeming unwillingness, and shall lift her onto the bed, from the bed onto my lap, and from my lap onto my heart. At last I shall know the satisfaction of kissing her eyes, which will be closed in bashfulness, while she will tightly grip the knot of her silk lower garment. I shall drink my fill of the Elixir of her lips—a nectar even the gods find hard to obtain—and take possession of happiness. I shall quench my body, which has not yet been fully consumed by the *Makara*-bannered God's roaring flames, with the ecstasy [water] of her close embrace while she, who will have seemingly melted inwardly with extreme tenderness, will seem to merge into me.

“““Then she and I shall enjoy that essence of delight called coition, which is an extinction [*nirvāṇa*] of another nature. Princess Kādambarī, although she will be subservient to me, will seem to act according to her own will; although she will be passive, will seem to be active; although she will make sexual overtures, will seem to be retreating; and although she will try to cover herself up, will seem to be wanton in her sporting. That extinction is such that although it can be attained easily by any one person, it can only be approached in unison [through yoga]; although it involves the sense of touch, it touches [captivates] the heart; although it bedazzles the senses, it calms [destroys] them; although it fans the Maddener's fire, it extinguishes it; although it causes fatigue of the limbs, it refreshes them; although it brings about exhausting, heaving panting, it causes shuddering that comes with the *śīt-śīt* of inhalation; although it is enjoyed, it brings with it the desire to enjoy even more; although it has been tasted a thousand times, it is always new; and although it is very clear, its form is impossible to define. It is inconceivable. It demands an unequalled surrender. It possesses a touch that has no equal. Its taste is matchless. It causes an inexpressible pleasure. And it is obtained by thousands of the wildest imaginings [most elevated thoughts]. After I have enjoyed this delight, I shall multiply the pleasures of my naturally pleasurable youth by staying with her in several lovely places, and I shall not leave her for a moment, even when asleep. Then, after I have won her con-

fidence, I shall see if the princess will agree to bringing about the union of Vaiśampāyana and Madalekhā.”

“Although he hurried along, he was only halfway through his long journey when the rains overtook him. The rains were a black cobra to the road, mire to the summer heat, nightfall to the Brilliant One, the Master of Heaven to the Nectar-rayed God, ascending smoke to the throbbing fire of lightning, ichor to the *Makara*-bannered God’s elephant, entrance into the gloom of death to those suffering the woes of separation, the unfailing snare of the God of Death’s noose to the deer in the form of longing lovers. They were the indestructible iron bolt of restraint to the elephants of the quarters, the unbreakable hobble-chain to horses, the shatterproof tether to mules, the impassable forest to travelers, and an iron cage to the mortal world. Their roaring was formidable and resembled a number of forest buffalo or a murky bee swarm the sound of which is a grating rumble. The rains made taut the bowstring of the even more terrifying lightning, and bent the huge rainbow. They struck with a downpour of arrows in the form of incessant streams of water. They obstructed the road ahead. Their dark face was terrible to see, like the clashings of thousands of swords. They seemed to impede sight. They slowed his journey.

“Then there came: first, the robbing of Candrāpiḍa’s consciousness with swoons that transported the ten directions into the blindness of night, after that the clouds; first, his startled spirit left him, after that the geese; first, it was the fragrant gusts of his sighs that issued out, after that it was the winds from the *kadamba* trees; first, it was his eyes that assumed the beauty of a forest of lotuses and that streamed water, after that it was the towering clouds; first, his mind was filled with the distress of a thousand longings [with fast-running water], after that it was the river beds. Together with the swollen streams that were difficult to cross, the snares of the Agitator increased. Together with the lotus beds that were sloshed about by the rains, his hope for union with Kādambarī sank. Together with the *kandala* plants, which could not stand the torrents, his heart was broken. Together with the *kadamba* buds, which were struck by the wind, his slender body trembled with bristling. Together with the banana trees, the leaves of which were torn by the constantly falling water, his eyes became a coppery-red color. Together with the river banks, which were under-

cut by the water, his spirits crumbled. Together with the jasmine buds, which were made of perfume, his desires blossomed. His hopes were smashed by the strong winds. His limbs were torn by the needles of the *ketakī* flowers. His body was burned by the peacocks [fires] with erect crests [flames]. The darkness of his bewilderment was increased by the gloom of the clouds that darkened the directions. His anguish was protracted by the fire of the lightning that drove away the darkness.

“The thunderclouds in the sky, that seemed to shake the bindings of the earth’s pillars with their weight and their successive deep rumblings; the *cātakas* in the air, that because of the streaming rain began to sing; the frogs at the bottom of rivers, that croaked with a loud, rough sound; the wind from the clouds in the void, that with incessant howling whipped away the streaming water; the exuberant peacocks in the woods, that gave out with their warbling *kolāhala* and “*kekā!*” screams; the cataracts on the mountains, that murmured with a *kalakala* as they tumbled over stones on the jagged peaks; the floods in the streams, that made a dangerous din as they were ripped asunder by the clashing waves; the sound of running water on all sides—a sound that spread over the ground, poured into the valleys, thundered through the mountains, gurgled amidst the waters, crackled over mountain slopes, whistled in the meadows, sang in the pools, roared in the trees, whispered in the grass and bushes, and was buffeted about in the palm groves; that touched the ear, as it fell onto rocks; that in all ways was charming, and that entered the heart—all this filled Candrāpīḍa with joy.

“Candrāpīḍa could not find rest—neither at night nor in the day, neither in villages nor in woods, neither inside nor outside, neither in forests nor in groves, neither on the road nor in his dwellings, neither by going nor by staying, neither by remembering Vaiśampāyana nor by contemplating union with Kādambarī. As he could not find rest, though he was firm of nature, he gave over his usual stability to the injurious blaze of the Maddener, who, just as the fire of the thunderbolt searched out fuel during the rains, tried to reduce him to ash. He was dehydrated even by the water of the downpour, which flooded the whole earth. He was thrown into the darkness of a swoon even by the flashing lightning, which brightened the ten directions. He was burned even by the stormy gusts of wind, which refreshed the mortal world.

He was made thin even by the raindrops, swollen with their burden of water. He was made pale even by the lac-bugs, which reddened the meadows. He was made subject to passion even by the *kuṭaja* plants, which were whitened by their blossoms.

““Nevertheless, the rains did not keep Candrāpīḍa from his hope of union with Kādambarī, even though they blocked the skies and created an obstacle to a swift journey—the rains being such that, although they are the cause of life of the whole world, they confine all creatures to the place where they live. He was uncertain whether he would survive. He was swimming on the whim of Fate and on the flooding rivers. He sank into attacks of fainting and into the mud made by the downpour. He stumbled [wavered] over the road which was covered by water, and his eyes, wavering, filled with tears. He shut those eyes in his anxiety to reach Kādambarī, and against the rain of pollen streaming from the *kadamba* flowers. He swooned from the various hindrances of the journey, and with the thunderbolts from the clouds. He passed over [suppressed] a thousand longings, and over streams whose floodwaters were difficult to cross.

““He was carried along by the streams of water and by his desire to unite with Kādambarī—his happiness and the flood both nourished by the clouds. He left behind the horses that were not expected to make it. He seemed to be threatened by lightning, seized by clouds, rebuked by thunder, and hewn into a hundred pieces by the downpour whose nature was so cruel [was like that of a sword]. Even so, he did not tarry a moment, as his hope led him on in his journey. He traveled only by day. He was followed by an army of horses. Their eyes were closed tight against the pounding rain. Repeatedly, they bowed their heads and twisted their necks round. The ends of their manes were matted from the trickling sweat. Their hooves sank into the ubiquitous mud. Because the uneven ground was hidden, their gait was clumsy. Their saddles and harnesses were torn. Their backs were soaked from the constant fording of rivers. Their strength, speed, and will were being drained. Candrāpīḍa took food to keep himself alive, but in spite of the orders of his honored princes, he neglected his appearance.

““When he had covered two-thirds of the distance, Candrāpīḍa saw Meghanāda coming back and asked him, as that one bowed from afar, “First of all, I am not interested in the details of Patralekhā’s journey;

just give me tidings of Vaiśampāyana. Ayi! Did you see him at the Acchoda Lake? Did you ask him the reason for his delay? Did he offer any kind of explanation—yes or no? Does he regret having abandoned me? Does he think of me? Has he asked you anything concerning me? Did you figure out his intentions? Did the two of you have any kind of conversation? Has he sent along a message for his parents? Did you order him to return? Have you made my trip known to him? Will he leave that place or not? Will he grant me an audience? Will he accept my greeting? Will he return with me? What does he do during the day? What diversions are at his disposal?”

“After he was questioned in this manner, Meghanāda answered, “Majesty, you sent me with the understanding you would follow close upon our heels, after you had seen Vaiśampāyana. The news that Vaiśampāyana had drifted to the far shore of Acchoda Lake did not reach us on our way. When you were slow in arriving, Patralekhā and Keyūraka said to me, ‘Perhaps seeing the onset of the rainy season, king Tārāpīḍa, queen Vilāsavati, and the noble Śukanāsa tried to hold back Candrāpīḍa, despite his wish to come. You cannot stay here alone, and since we are almost there you should return.’ They forced me to turn back, even though Acchoda Lake was three or four days’ journey.”

“When Meghanāda had finished speaking, Candrāpīḍa asked him, “Do you think that Patralekhā reached Acchoda Lake today?”

“That one replied, “Oh sir, I am quite sure that she is there now, unless some obstruction on the way delayed her.”

“Then Candrāpīḍa reflected on his own situation, imagined Kādambarī sunk into the *Makara*-bannered God’s rain-swollen flood, and turned despondent. The clouds seemed to change into the God of Death’s servants, lightning into the flames of the Maddener’s fire, thunderclaps into the God of Death’s rumbling *paṭaha* drum, the hard downpour into the arrows of Love’s Recaller, the low muttering thunder into the whirrings of the *Makara*-bannered God’s bow, the “*kekā!*” scream of peacocks into the conversations of the God of Death’s servants, the perfume of the *ketakī* trees into the stench of poison, the fireflies into the sparks of fire at the Final Dissolution, the swarms of bees into the God of Death’s snares, the flocks of cranes into the God of Death’s banners, the rivers into the deluge of the Final Dissolution,

the thunderstorms into the night of the Final Dissolution, and the *kuṭaja* blossoms into the God of Death's white laughter.

“Candrāpiḍa felt his courage change to cowardice, his strength to submissiveness, his splendor to pallor, his intellect to bewilderment, his firmness to flaccidity, his laughter to sadness, his eyes to tears, his locquacity to silence, his limbs to helplessness, his actions to awkwardness, and everything to anxiety. He held on to his life with difficulty, as it seemed as if it were being chiselled out by the days, being eroded by his incessantly streaming tears, being torn by the constant gusts of his sighs, being scattered into all directions by the myriad waves of his inner torments as they constantly piled one atop the other. It seemed as if his body was being destroyed by the shower of arrows of the *Makara*-bannered God. His life seemed to have risen into his throat together with Kādambarī's body, which he had shaped in his imagination in a condition similar to his. As he approached Acchoda Lake his grief intensified.

“The ground under the trees on its shore was sodden from the downpour. The green meadows around it were inundated. Its vines had become an impenetrable forest, and its slopes were muddied by a steady flow of water from its shore. It was covered with torn leaves of moon-lotuses, the stalks of which were standing erect. Its beds of sun-lotuses were wholly submerged. Dead lotus leaves and filaments floated to the top of its waves. Its sun- and other lotuses were scattered everywhere. Swarms of bees buzzed around in confusion. It had been deserted by the flocks of geese. It was mournful with the resounding laments of swans, which were without refuge. The frightened pairs of *cakravākas* hid on the ground under the remaining leaves. The reeds near the shore sheltered numerous trembling *kadamba* geese. The trees near its edges were inhabited by numbers of noisily screeching peacocks, herons, and cranes. Now that the rains had ravaged it, it seemed as if it were a different lake, or as if he had never seen it before. It did not please his eye, give delight to his heart, nor bring joy to his mind.

“While he was yet approaching the lake, Candrāpiḍa gave his directive to the other horsemen: “Perhaps Vaiśampāyana will flee in chagrin when he sees us. Therefore, watch carefully for him.” Then he himself searched the environs on horseback. Although he was exhausted, he seemed not to be so as he looked in the thickets of vines,



at the base of trees, on the surfaces of rocks, and in the shining bowers. In his wanderings, he nowhere saw the smallest trace of a dwelling and thought, "It must be that upon learning from Patralekhā of my return, he has gone away; that is why no sight of any habitation is to be seen. And it is because he has withdrawn to some hiding place that I do not find him anywhere in my searches. So a worse evil has befallen me. I cannot take a single step from this place until I have seen Vaiśampāyana. But my life-breaths may leave me—life-breaths which were wasted by the Agitator's arrows, which only have the sight of Kādambarī as their sustenance, and which cannot bear another moment's delay. I am utterly lost, for I have seen neither princess Kādambarī nor Vaiśampāyana." Although he concluded thus, hope lives on and so, "Perhaps Mahāśvetā knows something about this. I shall go see her first, then act accordingly." With that determination made, he encamped the cavalry not far from the hermitage, put aside his military gear, and donned a pair of garments that were light as a snake's slough and lovely as moonlight without clouds. Then he mounted Indrāyudha, who was still saddled, and went to Mahāśvetā's hermitage where he dismounted and entered, followed by Indrāyudha's grooms drawn along by their curiosity to see the maiden. There he saw Mahāśvetā.

"She was sitting on a white rock at the entrance of the cave. Her head was bowed. All her limbs were trembling from the intensity of some unbearable grief. She constantly burst into tears, so that she resembled a liana shaken by a mighty wind. Taralikā, who was miserably sobbing, supported her with great difficulty. When he saw her like this, the thought came to him, "May it not be because something has happened to princess Kādambarī that Mahāśvetā greets my arrival, which should be an occasion for joy, in such a way!" With his heart torn with fear, as if by the leaving of his life-breaths, he seemed to stumble, fall, faint at every step, as he moved nearer. After he sat down on one corner of that same rock, he asked Taralikā, whose face was tearful and downcast, what had happened. But she merely stared at Mahāśvetā's pitiful face.

"Then, without suppressing her intense grief, with a throat blocked by stammering, Mahāśvetā herself replied, "Oh illustrious one, what can an unfortunate wretch as I am tell you? My heart has been made cruel by successive shocks of sorrow. Although you did not deserve to be burdened by another's misfortune, I earlier told you of mine. Since

I—the ill-fated one—am shamelessly devoted to life, oh illustrious one, I am cruel enough to tell you also of *this* most unpleasant disaster. Please listen. When Keyūraka told me of your departure, my mind was torn apart, and I again felt an aversion for worldly concerns. Citraratha's heart's desire had not been fulfilled; Madirā's prayers had not been answered; that which Candrāpīḍa—who had come to my dwelling as a guest—had desired had not been accomplished; nor had the union of my dear friend Kādambarī with the beloved of her heart been effected. I even cut the close bonds of my affection for Kādambarī and returned here to assume an even stricter penance.

“““One day I noticed a Brahmin youth. His appearance was like yours, oh noble lord, but his body was lifeless as if his spirit had fled. His face trembled and his tear-filled eyes were vacant as they found no object on which to focus. He seemed to be searching for something that had disappeared. He approached me and, though I had not seen him before, seemed to recognize me. Although he was unknown to me, he acted as though we were intimates; although it was inconceivable to me, he seemed to have a burning affection for me; although he was unwanted, he seemed to be beside himself with love; although he was absentminded, he seemed to be making plans; although his mien was wretched, he seemed to be happy; although he remained silent, he seemed to be uttering a request; although he was not asked, he seemed to wish to make his condition known. It was as if he was sorrowful, rejoicing, drawn to me, despairing, fearful, overpowered, seized—as if he remembered something he had forgotten. He stared at me for a long time with eyes that did not blink, the lashes of which were motionless and fixed, that welled with tears, that kissed his ear lobes, and that were dilated. He stared at me for a long time as if he were drunk, possessed, or destitute. He stared at me as if he were drinking me up, sketching me, or penetrating me.

“““Then he said, ‘Oh beautiful-bodied one, no one on earth who behaves in accordance with his birth, age, or appearance is to be reproached. Why is it that you, who are exceptionally lovely, devote yourself to religious austerities, which are similar to the workings of Fate? How is it you use strange tortures of asceticism to bring hardship to this veritable garland of a body, delicate as perfect jasmine flowers and worthy to be embraced? Why are not you, beautiful woman, like a liana with its tasty fruit, united with the fruit that is in harmony

with your beauty and age and that is based on love? Any living creature—even when deprived of beauty or virtue—shines, who, after experiencing the joys of the mortal world that come with birth, subjects himself to the pain of asceticism, which is concerned with the hereafter. How much more so a creature of your beautiful appearance? Therefore, it grieves me that this painful penance torments a body, which is passionate by nature, just as snowfall torments a lotus, which is juicy by nature. If one such as you turns her face from the joys of the mortal world and tortures herself with penances, then it is in vain that the Blossom-bowed God strings his bow; useless is moonrise; for naught is the arrival of spring; fruitless are the gleaming moon-, sun-, and other lotuses; purposeless is the great thundering that heralds the rainy season; pointless are the groves. Why is there moonlight? What use are the sandbanks in the sporting rivers, or the Malaya Mountain wind?’

“““But because of my feelings for Puṇḍarika I was not at all interested, and without questioning him who was chattering so—‘Who are you? Where have you come from? Why have you approached me? Why have you spoken to me?’—I went elsewhere. After I had left him and went to gather flowers for my worship of the gods, I called Taralikā to me and said, ‘Taralikā, whoever that young man who has the appearance of a Brahmin may be, I noticed that while he was speaking to me he looked at me with a certain intention. Send him away, and see that he does not come here again. If he returns after being ordered off, surely some mischief will befall him.’ But whether because of the cursed Maddener, whose conduct is not to be restrained, or whether the disaster was ordained by Destiny, he—though dismissed—did not abandon his purpose.

““““Some time passed. Once, late at night when the moonbeams poured forth a flood of light that from its abundance seemed to fan the blaze of Love’s Recaller, and when Taralikā was fast asleep, I went outside, as I could find no ease of my sorrow. I lay down on this same rock and, while fanned by the gentle lotus-perfumed breeze from Acchoda Lake, I fixed my gaze on the moon, which whitened the ten directions with its rays as if they were paintbrushes dripping with nectar. I thought about the blessed Puṇḍarika, whose name alone is beneficial, and ardently wished, ‘May this moon, whose beams rain Elixir and who refreshes the entire world, also revive the beloved of my heart.’

In the throes of misery, I thought, 'How can it be that I am so very ill-fated that the words of that great personage of divine form who came down from the sky, have not come true? Was it out of pity or just to keep me alive by any means that he consoled me who, whatever state I may be in, find life so dear? And is it thus that he does not show himself to me again? How must the blessed Puṇḍarika fare—he whose name is itself auspicious—who, as soon as he had died, was picked up and taken away? And Kapīñjala, who must yet live, how is it he—that callous cad—has not sent me a message in all this time?' Absorbed in these and other deceptively simple questions that were so very difficult to solve, I stayed awake.

“““Then I saw that same youth approaching as if he were possessed, drunk, or insane. The moonlight, which was bright as daylight, allowed him to be recognized from afar. He moved stealthily. His body bristled as if it were ceaselessly being struck by the Maddener's arrows. He was so whitened by the pollen from blown *ketakī* blossoms that he seemed to have been reduced to ash by the Maddener's fire. On his arm he wore a lotus fiber bracelet that was like a surety marking an order to kill, an order that did not tolerate delay and that was sent him by the Blossom-bowed God whose commands are obeyed by the whole world. He was being threatened by a needle-like *ketakī* bloom that clung to his ear, that quivered from his restless trembling, and that seemed to be the Agitator's chief ally—the moon—who said, 'Where can you go, you who have been wounded by me?' He seemed to be making a libation to himself with the stream of his tears that flowed as a result of his distress. It was as if, with the water of his own perspiration, and with the desire just to seize my hand, that he had bathed. It was as if he were being restrained at every step by the stiffness of his firm thighs with, 'It is not proper for you to approach, ignorant as you are of the other person's heart.' Even from afar he had stretched out his arms with the false hope of embracing me. He seemed to be crossing the ocean of passion, which is rough with a thousand waves [longings]. He seemed to be pulled forward by the winds of his deep sighs. He seemed to float on the flood of moonlight that poured over the faces of the quarters. He was absentminded with lust. His face was drawn, and his self-control gone. He was overpowered by wretchedness. He had thrown over his gravity and was governed by instability. He was exposed by shame and mastered by boldness. He had given up

his fear of the other world and could no longer distinguish right from wrong. Only his will, born from his carnal desire, remained.

““““Having seen him in such a condition, I—who was without desire—was seized with terror and thought to myself, ‘Aho! A disaster has befallen me! If this one who approaches out of insanity even touches me, I shall abandon this wicked and cursed body of mine; then the question of preserving my life, to which I became devoted with the hope of seeing the blessed Puṇḍarika again after all this time, will have become moot!’

““““While I was thinking this, he came close to me and said, ‘Oh moon-faced woman, this moon, which is the Blossom-arrowed God’s ally, is trying to kill me; I have come to you for refuge. Protect me, a defenseless, poor man, struck by calamity and unable to bear this which does not admit of relief! My life depends on you! It is the duty of ascetics to shelter those who come for protection. If you do not honor me by giving yourself to me, I am slain by these two: the Blossom-arrowed God and the Cold-rayed One!’

““““Upon hearing that, I cried, ‘Fie!’ as if a flame shot from my head, as if I burned him with the fire of my rage. Then, I threatened him with a look that seemed to sparkle with fire through my flowing tears. My slender body trembled from head to toe. I seemed to be possessed, completely unaware of myself, and with a voice made harsh by my intense rage, I said, ‘Aah! Oh sinful one, as you speak to me in this way, how is it a thunderbolt does not cleave your head? How is it your tongue is not torn into a thousand pieces? How is it your voice does not quaver, or your words not become garbled? I think that the five Great Elements, which are witnesses of good and evil in all creation, must not be present in your body; that must be why you, while speaking in this way, on the instant, are not reduced to ashes by fire, snatched away by wind, drowned by water, made to sink into the Nether Region by the earth, or dissolved into the sky.

““““How is it that such a one as you, who do not conform to the proper order, was born into this world, which is subject to the proper order of things—you, who, like an animal, act willfully and know nothing? Indeed, it must be that the cursed Creator has, for some reason or other, taught you to speak in this way: passion shows in your face; your conduct is only according to your own inclination; you speak without paying attention to whether the subject is appropriate—just

like a parrot, whose beak is red, who moves by flapping his wings, and who speaks without paying attention to whether the subject is appropriate. How is it the Creator did not cast you into *that* birth? Actually, you arouse my ridicule by speaking to me in this way, not my wrath. Since I am saddened by your words, I shall do this for you: you will fall into the birth that is suitable to your words and in which you will not desire women like me!’ Having said this, I turned towards the moon, folded my hands, and said, ‘Oh Lord, First God, Crest-jewel of Creation, Guardian of the World, if I have not, from the moment I saw the blessed Puṇḍarīka, thought about another man, even in my heart, then by this truthful speech of mine, let this false lover fall into the birth I described.’ Immediately, he crumpled to earth, lifeless as an uprooted tree. I do not know why: whether it was because of the perturbation of the Maddener’s unbearable fever; or because of the gravity of his evil deed upon which immediate revenge had been taken; perhaps it was due to the power of my words. It was only when life had left him that I learned from the lamentations of his followers that he was your friend, oh highly illustrious one.” Having said this, she bowed her head in shame and silently flooded the earth with the mighty torrent of her tears.

“Hearing that, Candrāpīḍa, whose sight was blinded, as his eyes, which stretched to his ears, closed, and the clarity of whose voice was lost, said, “Oh noble lady, whatever attempts you may have made, I, who am poor of merit, have not in this birth gained the joy of worshipping at the feet of princess Kādambarī; therefore, may you become my accomplice in another birth.” He was still stammering out these words when his tender heart, which was breaking in his sorrow at not winning Kādambarī, burst as if struck by a blow from a sword, just as a bud that is juicily ready to blossom bursts when pierced by a bee sting.

“Taralikā quickly let go of Mahāśvetā’s body and caught that of Candrāpīḍa. “Oh princess, what is this shameful deed? See how strangely the blessed Candrāpīḍa lies here. His neck appears to be broken and no longer supports his head. Though I shake him, he is not aware of anything. His eyes are turned upward and do not open. He does not cover his limbs, which have fallen as they will. He does not breathe. Ha! Lord Candrāpīḍa, you who have the form of the moon and who are the beloved of Kādambarī, where will she go now with-

out you?" While Taralikā lamented piteously, Mahāśvetā stood motionless, her staring, steady eye was fastened on Candrāpiḍa's face, which lay twisted aside.

"Then from his attendants, "Aah! Wicked woman! False ascetic! What have you done? You have ended the line of Tārāpiḍa, who bears the sorrow of the whole world! You have robbed his subjects and us as well of our master! You have destroyed the paths of virtue! You have barred heaven to suppliants! Upon whose face will the Goddess of Fortune gaze? Who will support the earth? Whom will the servants serve? Without him service immediately becomes a sin! Impartiality is over! Praise of attendants is at an end! Consideration of servants is lessened! Friendly speeches have been withdrawn! Candid talks are over! Now he only lives in stories! Whom will his former subjects approach now? Where will good men find rest now? Who will take on the burden that was carried by king Tārāpiḍa, now that he who took it up has died? How can it be that, although you, oh Majesty, are firm, your heart —just like that of a cowardly man—broke from sorrow? Although you are compassionate, from where comes this callousness with which you now treat us? Oh lord, be so gracious! Command us, at once! Accept the request of your devoted servants! Without you, king Tārāpiḍa, who is full of love for his son, will not live for a moment! Nor will queen Vilāsavatī, the noble Śukanāsa, Manoramā, the princes, nor the subjects! Having abandoned us, where have you gone all alone? What is the source of this sudden cruelty? Where is your devotion toward your elders that you disregard them and leave?" While the attendants were saying these things, they hurled themselves onto the ground and wailed.

"Hearing that, "Ha! Ha! What is this?"—thus the princes, with agitated minds, came rushing forward. Indrāyudha looked on with eyes that overflowed with tears and the lashes of which were upturned. His gaze was fixed on Candrāpiḍa's face. He whinnied most piteously and struck the ground again and again with his hooves, which he raised in succession. He yanked at his harsh bit and golden bridle chains as if to free himself. He seemed to want to liberate himself from being a horse.

"Now, Patralekhā had told Kādambarī about Candrāpiḍa's return. So, just like a great ocean rising on the shore at moonrise and teeming with *makaras*, she was shining because of the moonrise and was inhabited by the *Makara*-bannered God. She had given her parents

the excuse that she was paying a visit to Mahāśvetā; then she had dressed and ornamented herself for an amorous adventure. She was accompanied by a small number of attendants who, with the *raṇ-ṇa* of anklets, the clinking of girdles, and the delightful luminosity of ornaments, gave the impression they were the Bodiless God's well-equipped army, and who carried fragrant garlands, unguents, perfumed powders, and other necessities. The way there was being shown her by Keyūra.

“Kādambarī leaned on Patralekḥā's arm and engaged in small talk with Madalekhā. “Madalekhā, every day Patralekḥā tells me that he will return with but one desire—that man who is extremely cruel of heart, malicious of spirit, and callous of mind. I do not believe it. Do you now remember his dissembling speech in the Snow House, which had the purpose of testing me as he, slow to understand, did not believe my condition? After I had smilingly looked at you, you yourself answered him such that you removed all doubts. On the other hand, if I had died for love of him, even that might not have given credence to my state, for if he had really understood me to be grievously sorrowing, he would not have left me that way. So even if he *has* returned, you still have to explain everything to him. For even if I see him again, I shall not speak even to reproach him. Even if he falls at my feet, I shall not be appeased. You my dear friend will not be able to humor me,”—thus she was speaking, with no thought given to the effort of the journey.

“She came there fainting for the sight of Candrāpīḍa, and when she arrived she saw him. He looked like the ocean from which the Elixir had been drawn. He resembled an endless night deserted by the moon. He was like the sky from which the stars had vanished. He was like a grove from which the luster of blossoms had faded. He was like a lotus out of which the pericarp had been torn. He resembled a lotus fiber from which the sprouts had been ripped. He was like a pearl necklace of which the central jewel had been crushed. So she saw Candrāpīḍa, robbed of his life. Having seen him, suddenly with, “Ha! What is this!” she pitched forward, and it was only with a great effort that Madalekhā, uttering a cry of woe, somehow caught her. Patralekḥā let go of Kādambarī's hand and fell unconscious to the ground. After a long time, Kādambarī regained consciousness. As if she were stupefied, her eyes were rigidly motionless. She seemed to be possessed, or



paralyzed, as if she could not exert herself. She forgot to breathe. She seemed to be made immobile by the burden of grief inside her. Her eyes were fixed on Candrāpiḍa's face. Her face was dark-red like a full-moon night during which the moon is eclipsed by the Seizer. She looked like a creeper shuddering from the stroke of a sharp axe. Her tender lower lip quivered. She stayed there frozen, as if she were painted, restraining her mind—acting in ways that were foreign to her woman's nature.

“Then Madalekhā said, as she uttered a cry of pain and fell at the feet of her who was in that condition, “Oh dear friend, be merciful. Shake off this excessive grief, and release your tears. If you keep back this heavy burden that torments your heart that is so tender with desire, like a pond gently rippling, it will shatter into a thousand pieces. Consider queen Madirā and king Citraratha. Without you the two families are lost,”—thus spoke Madalekhā.

“Kādambarī smiled and said, “Ayi! Oh foolish girl, how could this cursed heart, which is hard as adamant, burst, since it did not shatter into a thousand pieces after what I saw? Moreover, mother, father, kindred, friends, attendants—all those are for one who lives. But if I die, then somehow I shall meet again with this body of my dearest whose spirit is alive. Whether it be alive or dead, his body will bring the end of all my sorrows, for I shall be united with it or shall follow it into death. After the prince had come to me, had exalted me, and had given me dignity, how could I degrade myself by collapsing and shedding tears just because he lost his life?

““How could I engender a bad omen by weeping for the prince who is about to go to heaven? How could I cry when I tingle as I prepare to approach the dust of his feet? Has such misfortune really befallen me? On the contrary, my sorrows are now far removed. Why should I weep now? Why do you speak so to me who continues to live while the lord of my life has died, and has done so for me? For him, I did not take into account my lineage, did not consider my parents, did not do my duty, and did not fear rumors. For him, I gave up all shame and troubled my friends with the ceremonies of the Maddener. For him, I distressed my dear companion Mahāśvetā and did not even consider that I was violating the promise I made her. Now, dying is life to me and to live would be death for me. If you love me, show your sweet affection by seeing that neither father

nor mother gives up his or her life in sorrow for me, and fulfill the wish they had for me: even though I will have gone to the other world, there must be a son born to you, who will make offerings to the ancestors.

“““You must see that my friends and attendants do not remember me, or scatter to the directions when they see my empty house. All the while thinking of me, you yourself must perform the wedding ceremony for my small son, the young *sahakāra* tree in the palace courtyard, and the *mādhavī* bush. Not one twig of the *aśoka* tree that I nourished with kicks of my foot is to be snapped off, not even to serve as an ear ornament. The blossoms of the jasmine tree that I raised may be picked only for worship of the gods. The painting of Desire, which is placed in front of my bed chamber, must be ripped to pieces. The mango trees that I planted must be cultivated and tended so that they will bear fruit. Kālindī, the wretched mynah, and Parihāsa, the parrot, must both be set free from their unhappy caged existence. The female mongoose that used to sleep on my lap may rest only upon your lap. My son, the fawn Taralaka, must be entrusted to some other hermitage. You must see to it that the pair of *jīvañjīvakas* who live on the Pleasure Hill and whom I cherished with my own hands are not killed, and see to it that no one slays the little goose that trails along at my feet. The Vanamānuṣa who was captured and is kept in the dwelling outside is to be set free in the forest. The Pleasure Hill must be given to some sage who has achieved a tranquil state. The things I used in ministering to my body are to be given to Brahmins. My *vīṇā* may only be kept in *your* lap. Anything else that pleases you, that too take for yourself.

“““As far as I am concerned, I shall extinguish this body while I cling to the neck of the prince, on a funeral pyre fashioned of a garland of flames. This body, as much of it as is left, is burned by the beams of the Nectar-rayed God, by the application of wet sandal, by the strong showers in the Rain House, by the wearing of strings of shining pearls that are star-spangled by the continuous flowing streams of rays from the Cold-rayed One, by the use of jewelled mirrors, by beds of lotuses wetted by sprinklings of sandal juice, by couches of juicy lotus fibers and shoots, by the preparation of beds of tender lotus fibers and of blown moon-, sun-, and other lotuses.” While she was saying this, Kādambarī pushed away Madalekhā, who was trying to

dissuade her, approached Mahāśvetā and embraced her, and then, without altering her expression, spoke again, "Oh dear friend, you still have hope, and so it is that you who are ruled by passion, who expect a reunion, who each moment suffer agonies that surpass death, maintain a life that is not disgraceful, not to be regretted, ridiculed, or condemned. For me, for whom all hope is destroyed, that possibility does not exist at all. So I take my leave of you, dear friend, and look for a reunion in another birth."

"After she had said this, Kādambarī honored Candrāpīḍa's feet with her head, which rained flowers from her hair as her hands were passionately thrown upon it. She resembled a moon-lotus saddened at the setting of the moon—Candrāpīḍa—for: she was adorned with stamens [bristling] because of her erect hair; she was struck by the wind of intense excitement; she was undulated by waves of trembling; she was shaken by violent tears of joy; she shed drops of honey in the form of glowing perspiration; and her moon-lotus eyes were closed like buds. It seemed that she knew the joy of union with the beloved of her heart even though he was in that condition. Then, with her hands, which were wet with the nectar of her streaming perspiration, she raised his feet and placed them on her lap. Suddenly, a light streamed from Candrāpīḍa's body as if it breathed again from the touch of her hand. The glow made everything seem to be of snow, had a misty aura, and was white as the moon. Immediately, from the sky a disembodied voice trickled down like Elixir: "My child Mahāśvetā, again you are to be comforted by me. The body of Puṇḍarīka is in my world. It is nourished by my light and remains imperishable until he may be reunited with you. This other, the body of Candrāpīḍa, is made of my light and is of itself imperishable. It will continue to exist by the mere touch of Kādambarī's hand. Although his soul has flown as the evil result of a curse, still his body will stay here and strengthen your hope; he is thus like a yogi who has transferred into another's body. It is not to be purified in fire. Do not throw it into water. Do not leave it. Guard it carefully until the reunion is accomplished."

"Having heard that voice, all the attendants' hearts were seized with wonder and amazement. Those attendants stood there as if painted, as their wide-open eyes searched the sky. All but Patralekhā. She, who was revived by the touch of that comforting light that was cold as snow, impetuously ran forward as if possessed and snatched Indrāyudha

away from his groom. “For such as me, this is as it must be according to Fate. And for you, it is not proper to stay here a moment longer when your master has gone away on a far journey, alone and without a mount”—so saying, she threw herself along with Indrāyudha into Acchoda Lake.

“Immediately after those two had plunged into the lake, there abruptly rose from its waters a young ascetic. His twisted hair resembled a tangle of duckweed clinging to his head, and droplets of water spilled from it. His long hair tuft hung down in a disorderly fashion; that it had been bound up for a long time could be surmised by the fact that the hairs stuck together around his face and that it was dirty from neglect. He wore a sacred thread plastered to his wet body, which seemed to be made of lotus fibers. His girdle came from the bark of an old *mandāra* tree and was white as the underside of an unwithered lotus leaf. He brushed away the hair that hung in his face. His eyes possessed a coppery-red color and, through a veil of tears, seemed to be filled with the water of Acchoda Lake. He had a haggard appearance. Coming up out of the lake, he approached Mahāśvetā, who gazed at him with a stare that did not turn from him even though he was obscured by the blinding water of her tears, and he spoke to her, stammering in his grief, “Oh Gandharva princess, do you not recognize me, though I may seem to have returned from another life?”

“Swinging between despair and joy, she quickly stood up and after honoring his feet said, “Lord Kapiñjala, am I so poor of merit that I would not recognize you? I suppose such a suspicion is warranted when considering someone who so poorly knows herself and who is so bewildered that she lives when the blessed Puṇḍarika has gone to heaven. Now tell me, who was that being who carried him away? Why was he taken? What has happened to him? Where is he? What happened to you that you did not send word all this time? How is it that you have returned without him?”

“Upon being questioned this way, Kapiñjala answered, while Kādambarī’s attendants and the princes who had accompanied Candrāpiḍa looked on with amazement and jostled one another: “Oh Gandharva princess, please listen. At that time, though you lamented, I left you. Girding my loins out of love for my companion, ‘Where do you go carrying off my friend?’—thus saying, I ascended, following

that man. He did not make any reply to me but—while he was stared at by the celestials who rode their aerial cars and whose eyes were wide open with awe; while the Apsaras, setting out with veiled faces to meet their lovers, ceded him the path of the heavens; while the constellations with trembling stars bowed to him on all sides—crossed the moon-lotus bed in the form of the sky's lake and reached the moon world where everything is beautified by moonlight.

“““There he placed Puṇḍarika's body on a large moonstone in a hall called Moonrise and spoke to me, 'Kapiñjala, know me to be the moon god. I—who had gone to the Rising Mountain and who was performing my task of gladdening the world—was unfairly cursed by this one, your dear friend, when he surrendered his life because of an offense of Desire, "Villain! Cursed moon! Just as I, being scorched by your beams, am robbed of my life by you when my passion is aroused and when I have not obtained the joy of union with my beloved, so will you too from birth to birth in this Bhārata continent, this land of religious works, abandon your life after having experienced the most intense heartache, for you will be filled with passion and yet will not achieve the joy of union with a beloved!"

““““Now I, who was seared by the fire of his curse, immediately flared up. "How is it that I am cursed by that man who is the cause of his own anguish and who is so foolish?"—thus my anger was born. "You, too, in sorrow and joy will be equal to me"—so I cursed him in return. When my rage had left me, and I could think clearly, I thought of my relationship to Mahāśvetā. Now this one, my child Mahāśvetā, was born to Gaurī, who is descended from the family of an Apsaras produced by my rays. And she had chosen this one as her husband. It was sheer anguish, produced from his own actions, that prompted him to curse me to be born twice in the mortal world, the literal fulfilling of his words, "from birth to birth." Therefore, so there may be no decay of his soulless body while he is not free from the curse's evil result, I have taken it up and brought it here. And I have spoken words of consolation to Mahāśvetā. His body will stay here being fed by my light until the end of the curse. Go and take this news to Śvetaketu. He is exceedingly powerful. Maybe he can find some remedy for all this'—and with that, he dismissed me.

““““Now I—without my friend and blinded by intense grief—rushed along the path of the gods and collided with a certain short-tempered

celestial in his aerial car. Glaring at me with an eye that was awesome with its frown, and burning me with the fire of his anger, he said, 'Knave! You are unjustly proud of the power of your austerities! Since on this vast path of sky I was run into by you speeding along in this unrestrained way, like a horse, then become a horse and descend to the mortal world!'

““I, whose lashes were wet with tears, folded my hands and importuned, 'Oh sir, you have been transgressed not out of disrespect but because I was blinded by grief for a friend. Be merciful! Quickly withdraw this curse!'

““Again he spoke to me, 'That which I have said cannot be undone. But I will do this: when you have bathed at the death of him whom you will serve for some time as a mount, you will be freed of the curse.'

““Upon his pronouncement, I said, 'Oh sir, if it is to be as you say, then I make a request. From the evil result of a curse, my dear friend, Puṇḍarika, is to be born in the mortal world along with the moon god. Therefore, may you be so gracious as to watch me with your divine eye so that, even if I must be a horse, the time for me and for my friend will pass without our being separated.'

““He thought for a moment and then said, 'My heart is moved by your affection, so I have come to a decision. The moon god, accompanied by an omen, will become the son of a king in Ujjayinī—Tārāpīḍa, by name—who performs austerities to obtain a child. Your friend, Puṇḍarika, will become the son of that king's minister, one Śukanāsa. You will become the mount of that prince, who will be a great benefactor and who will be the moon god himself!'

““After his words, I fell into the ocean below, and when I rose out of it, I had become a horse. Even though I was a horse I did not lose my memory, and so it happened that I carried Candrāpīḍa, who is the incarnation of the blessed moon god, in pursuit of the Kinnara pair to this region. That man who desired you out of the delusion of a former passion, who was burned by your fiery curse without you knowing him, was the incarnation of my friend Puṇḍarika.”

““Having heard this, “Ha! Oh blessed Puṇḍarika! You who even in another birth did not forget the love you have for me! You whose life was bound to mine! You who found shelter in me! You whose gaze was fixed on my face! You for whom the entire mortal world

consisted only of me! When you went into another existence, it was I—a female Rākṣasa—who caused your downfall. It was the purpose of the cursed Lord of Creatures when he created me and gave me the gift of long life that I would repeatedly cause your death. Now that I have slain you myself, criminal that I am, whom do I reproach? What can I say? What lamentations can I utter? To whom can I go for protection? Who will take pity on me? I myself now beg you, ‘Oh sir, be merciful! Have pity! Give me an answer!’ I am ashamed even to utter those words. I think that since you make no reply, although I am waiting for one, you must be filled with indifference toward me who am poor of merit. Ha! It is my lack of indifference toward life; this alone has slain me!” Thus she uttered and with a cry of pain beat her breast and threw herself onto the ground.

“Then Kapiñjala spoke compassionately to her who was wailing so, “Oh Gandharva princess, what sin accrues to you in this matter so that you, who do not deserve reproach, blame yourself? Indeed, what occasion is there now for grief, and now that you will soon experience the fulfillment of your happiness, why should you destroy yourself with sorrow? That which was most unbearable, you endured, while your heart was strengthened by the hope of being reunited with him. I have already told you how this misfortune comes to you two women from a curse’s evil workings. And you both have heard the moon god’s words. Therefore, give up this constant sorrowing that brings disaster to you and your friend. Be true to your vow and finish the austerities for the salvation of Puṇḍarīka and Candrāpīḍa, for there is nothing that cannot be realized by a completed penance. It was through the power of her austerities that the blessed Gaurī was granted the great honor, which is so very difficult to achieve, of forming half of the body of the Enemy of Love’s Recaller. Likewise, by the power of your own asceticisms, you will soon find a place on the lap of my friend”—thus he instructed Mahāśvetā.

“When Mahāśvetā’s grief had been calmed, Kādambarī, with a dejected and woebegone face, asked Kapiñjala, “Oh blessed Kapiñjala, Patralekhā and you entered this lake together. Be so kind as to tell us what happened to her.”

“He replied, “Princess, I do not know what happened after we plunged into the water. I will now go to the feet of my father, Śvetaketu, who sees into all the three worlds, to learn these things: ‘Where

is Candrāpiḍa, the moon god? Where is Vaiśampāyana, who has the soul of Puṇḍarīka? What has happened to Patralekhā?” After he said this, he leapt into the sky.

“Once he had gone, Kādambarī, from whom the wonderful news had dispelled grief, spoke to Mahāśvetā, after the princes and their attendants, whose eyes at the sight of Candrāpiḍa were trickling tears, had withdrawn to a proper distance, “Dear friend, truly the divine Creator has made me happy in making our grief similar. Now my head is unveiled, and I am not ashamed to show my face and speak to you with the words, ‘dear friend,’ for I have once again become just that. Now neither life nor death grieves me. So whom else do I question? Who else can advise me? Instruct me in what I should do under these circumstances, for I myself do not know at all what is best!”

“To Kādambarī, who had said this, Mahāśvetā replied, “Dear friend, what does it serve us to question or advise? Do whatever is to be done with the hope of reunion with your beloved—a hope that is not to be violated. What happened to Puṇḍarīka has now become clear from Kapiñjala’s telling. Before, there were only words to console me, so that it was not possible to say anything else. What else can be done by you on whose lap this body of Candrāpiḍa rests and merits your trust? Should this body change, then worry about what to do. As long as it does not decay, what need you do but attend it? In order to obtain salvation, one pays homage to clay, stone, and wooden images of the invisible gods; how much more then should be paid to this body of the moon god, who is visible, who was incarnated with the name of Candrāpiḍa, and who was favorable to you, though you had not propitiated him?”

“Upon Mahāśvetā’s saying these things, Kādambarī quietly arose. She bade Taralikā and Madalekhā lift Candrāpiḍa’s slender body and gently place it on a rock slab that was sheltered from cold, wind, heat, and rain. Then she took off her ornaments, which were proper for an amorous adventure, keeping on one arm a jewel bracelet for luck. She purified herself by bathing and put on a pair of gleaming white silk garments. She vigorously scrubbed off the color of betel juice that clung to her tender lower lip. With those fragrant flowers, powder, and unguents brought for the enjoyment of sexual pleasures, she paid tribute to him worthy of a god, all the while closing her trembling eyes against the force of her tears. All this—which she had never



thought of, had not imagined, had not learned, did not wish to do, had not studied, did not befit her, and was completely new to her—was done by her, a young girl, under the influence of the cursed Creator, who is perversely skilled in evil deeds. Afterwards, she passed the day near Candrāpīḍa's body and fasted; she was accompanied by the princes and their attendants, notwithstanding the fact that they were exhausted by the long journey, were hungry, had not obtained the pleasures of bathing and drinking water, and were physically spent. She looked like the incarnation of sorrow, as if her pain had assumed shape. Her expression was vacant, as if her life had fled. She kept her eyes fastened on Candrāpīḍa's face, and, although her heart was squeezed by anguish, she suppressed the flow of her tears. Her sorrow subjected her to a most wretched condition and, as before, Candrāpīḍa's feet rested in her lap.

“As Kādambārī spent the rest of that day, so she passed the night, as if it were but a moment. No matter how dark the night became, she fended off the fear that is natural to women and remained seated and awake, never abandoning Candrāpīḍa's lotus-feet and never giving in to her own exhaustion. The night was horrible. Deep clouds enveloped it. The sound of the ceaseless *kalakala* rumble of thunder made her heart tremble. The *kolāhala* of the peacocks' “*kekā!*” filled her mind with unrest. The terrible crack of thunderclaps deafened her. Blinding lightning flashes afflicted the quarters. A booming thunder sent a fever through the three worlds. Crowds of blazing fireflies tore to shreds the gloom that piled up at the foot of thickets. At dawn she looked upon Candrāpīḍa's body, which was like a miracle made visible, and while she stroked it gently she spoke to Madalekhā, who had stayed at her side. “Dear friend Madalekhā, I do not know whether it is because of the glowing light or because the body has actually remained unchanged, but I do not see any transformation. I want you to examine it carefully.”

“Madalekhā answered, “Dear friend, what is there to examine? Only his actions have ceased while his soul is elsewhere; everything else has remained the same. This face, which has the form of a hundred-petalled lotus, has lost none of its beauty. The thick sleek hair, which is curled at the ends, has remained the same. His brow is still like a digit of the moon. His eyes still have the splendor of a half-blown blue lotus and still extend to his earlobes. Although the prince does not

now laugh, the corners of his mouth yet seem to turn up in a smile and to brighten his face. His lower lip is still a fresh lotus fiber. The nails, fingers, and palms of his hands and feet are still as red as coral. His limbs are still beautiful and have not lost their inexhaustible charm and tenderness. Therefore, I believe that what Kapiñjala described to be the workings of the curse are true." When Madalekhā had said this, Kādambarī became overwhelmed with joy and showed that happiness to Mahāśvetā and to the princes, whose lives rested at the feet of Candrāpiḍa.

"The princes bowed with their heads placed on the ground while their eyes were wide open with wonder and then, still kneeling, with hands folded spoke to Kādambarī, "Noble lady, it is through your power that we see the face of our master, such as he is, surpassing the glow of the bright moon, in spite of the fact that he has left us, who are poor of merit, and has gone far away. That his feet, which have the hue of fully blown sun-lotuses, shine as before, that too is due to you. And so it is with his heart, which harbors the ardent desire of experiencing your favor again. Who in the mortal world has seen, heard, or experienced what we, who are in this way rich in merit, have seen, heard, and experienced?" After the princes had said this to her, Kādambarī rose with her friends and attendants and herself gathered blossoms for revering the gods. Then she bathed and, after tending to the worship and the care of Candrāpiḍa's body, commanded the whole group of princes to take care of their own needs. After they had bathed and eaten, then she, together with Mahāśvetā and her attendants, took the fruit that had been brought by Mahāśvetā. After the meal she spent that day in the same way as the previous one, holding Candrāpiḍa's feet in her lap.

"On the following day when her faith in the imperishability of Candrāpiḍa's body was even firmer, she said to Madalekhā, "Dear friend, as this hopeful attendance upon the body of the prince will certainly last until the end of the curse, you must go and tell this wondrous news to my father and mother, so they might not think ill of me or be unhappy because of me. Take care that they do not come here and see me in such a wretched condition, for upon seeing them I would not be able to suppress my outburst of grief. Even when I saw the prince dead I did not weep, so why should I do so now when there is no doubt that he lives, and when I have taken a vow?"

“So saying, she sent Madalekhā away. When that one had gone and returned, “Dear friend, your wish is fulfilled. A message has been sent by your father Citraratha and your mother Madirā; after I have embraced you tightly several times and have kissed you on the head, this is to be said: ‘Child, until now we had not thought, “Our child will be united with a husband.” So this then brings us supreme joy that you yourself have chosen a husband and that he is an incarnation of the Guardian of the World—the moon god. Therefore, when the curse has been ended by virtuous deeds we shall, with tears of joy, look upon your lotus-face and that of your husband”’—thus she reported. And so, at peace in her heart, Kādambarī continued to wait upon the body of Candrāpīḍa as she would that of a god.

“Then the rains were over, and the mortal world was freed of the strangling clouds as the quarters seemed to be streaming away. Villages were tawny with fields of rice that bowed under the weight of their grown kernels. Patches of forest were whitened with *kāśa* flowers. Terraces of palaces were again accessible. Ponds were full of lotuses. Night breezes, cooled by the fragrant moon-lotuses, bore the perfume of the *śephālikā* trees. Early evening was refreshed by moonlight. Mornings were perfumed by the pollen of blooming lotuses. Ripples in the rivers retreated line after line along with the water. River banks became delicately sandy. Streams could be easily crossed. The king’s men repaired the roads, which were dry now that the mud had been removed; which were covered with tender, newly sprouted grass and shrubs; and on which fresh tracks showed in the slowly drying clay. As the mud was gone, the earth could once again support the hooves of horses.

“One day Meghanāda approached Kādambarī seated at Candrāpīḍa’s feet and said, “King Tārāpīḍa and queen Vilāsavatī, losing heart because the prince has stayed away, have sent messengers. Without making you the arrow of grief, we told more or less everything that has happened and said to them, ‘There is no word from Candrāpīḍa in reply. Nor is there any from princess Kādambarī. So do not delay. Take this message to the one who frees the earth of pain, the lord of the earth, the king of kings—Tārāpīḍa.’ But when we told them this, they became indignant and replied, ‘It may be as you have said. But our inherited disposition, our devotion, our respect, the curiosity aroused in us by the importance of our mission—all this makes it

imperative that we see the prince. If this matter were being made known to *you* only by message, then it would behoove us to leave after having heard about him from you; but since the matter has come within the reach of *your* eyes, surely we are not of such poor merit that we too cannot see the prince. We have become purified by serving at his feet. Also, he has always done us the favor of staying within the range of our sight. What has come to pass that we are dismissed without sharing the favor of worshiping his lotus-feet—we who are the dust that clings to those feet? Therefore, communicate this to the princess, and make our fatiguing journey successful that we might bow at the feet of the blessed prince. Otherwise, what will king Tārāpīḍa say to us after we have traveled to a place as remote as this and returned without having viewed the prince's body with our own eyes when we had the opportunity? What could we tell the king?' Thus they spoke. You must judge." Having said this, Meghanāda fell silent again.

"Then Kādambarī, drinking with her trembling and confused eyes the tears that had gathered inside her as a result of her sorrow, felt as if she were dissolving as she suddenly imagined the fear her in-laws would feel at being without consolation, and said with difficulty as sobs caught in her throat, "It is right that they decided not to depart. How would it be proper of them to go without having seen the prince? Anyway, what has happened is so unusual that it can hardly be believed even when seen, how much the less when one has *not* seen it? It is incongruous that we who demonstrate only fraudulent love and who, above all, treasure life should see him, and they who by the quality of their love have paid no attention to their lives should not. Let them come here without further delay. They must see him. After they have satisfied their eyes with that which makes successful their exhausting journey they may leave."

"Immediately upon this command, Meghanāda admitted the messengers. Kādambarī looked at them a long time. They had, even from a distance, embraced the ground with their five limbs, and tears suffused their eyes, which had upturned lashes, which were motionless, and which were reverently and faithfully fixed on Candrāpīḍa's feet. Then she herself spoke to them, "Good people, abandon this outburst of grief, which comes so easily from your inherited affection and faith. Certainly, the suggestion of disaster gives one pause; however, expectation is not the same as experience. And in this case, sorrow is out of

place! On the contrary, this is an occasion for uncommon amazement. What need is there for more exhortation? You have seen with your very eyes an event never before witnessed. And you have looked upon the prince with his body as unchanged as ever. Even conversation with him might be possible. So go now to the foot of the king who is anxious for news. But though you have seen it with your own eyes, do not make it known that the body is thus and does not decay. Report only, 'We have seen him, and he remains at Acchoda Lake.' There is no reason to create the suspicion of his death in those who are far away. Death is believed in, no matter what, since it is a part of life; but the absence of decay in a body robbed of life is absolutely unbelievable. When the lord of my life has revived, then this wonderful news will be made known to his parents."

"When they were thus ordered, the messengers declared, "Noble lady, what can we say? There are only two ways this matter can be hidden—either we do not return or we return and remain silent about it. We can do neither. To not return when we were honored with this mission by king Tārāpiḍa, queen Vilāsavatī, and the noble Śukanāsa—who are all grieving over not having news of the prince and of Vaiśampāyana—is quite out of the question as long as we remain alive. Yet, if we return, we shall not be able to keep our faces unchanged when we see the eyes flooded by sorrow of the king who is pining for news of his most beloved son, and of the queen and the noble Śukanāsa"—thus spoke the messengers.

"“So be it,” said Kādambarī and then to Meghanāda, “Meghanāda, I know this was not a proper suggestion to make to such loyal people, but I spoke this way because I was considering the mental anguish of the parents. If a thunderbolt falls, is it not terrible? How much more so is this disaster that resembles lightning? Therefore, to inspire confidence, have some men go along with the messengers, some whose words are credible and who have witnessed the events with their own eyes.”

"When he was thus commanded, Meghanāda answered, "Noble lady, how can one talk of sending any of the princes? Even this crowd of servants, which feeds on radishes, bulbs, and fruit, has decided with great resolution, 'Who among us will return without our master? It is wrong to do so.' And these princes who serve him are especially devoted in adversity, even more so than in prosperity. When they are

honored, they become even more humble; when they are addressed, they answer in a subdued voice; when they are praised, they do not become arrogant; when they are reviled, they do not bear enmity; when they are spoken to, they do not talk back; when questioned they say that which is friendly and pleasant. They act without being commanded, and when their task is finished, they do not talk about it. When they have been brave, they do not boast, and even when praised they are filled with embarrassment. In great battles one sees them in the van, as if they had become banners. On the occasion of gift-giving they flee and hide. They esteem affection more than wealth. In the absence of their master they desire death more than life. They are happier at the foot of their master than in their own house. And, the desire of those servants is to worship at their master's feet; their displeasure is not to pay homage to his heart; their passion is to see his face; their loquacity is for the enumeration of his virtues; and their selfishness is not to abandon their master. Though they possess an ego, none of their senses is subject to it. They seem to be blind, although they see; deaf, although they hear; mute, although they speak; stupid, although they possess knowledge; crippled, although their hands and feet are sound. Like eunuchs they do nothing for themselves. They behave like reflections in the mirrors of their master's thoughts. With these men it is completely like that. Now, for them, you assume the place of the prince, so rest assured, your command will be obeyed!" Having said this, Meghanāda called a young man, one Tvaritaka and sent him with them.

"After several days had gone by without news, Vilāsavati became anxious and went to the sanctuary of the Avanti Mothers—the goddesses of the city of Avanti—to perform an offering ritual for Candrāpiḍa's return. When she had come out, "Hail to you, oh queen! The Mothers are favorable towards you! News of the prince has arrived!"—this she suddenly heard from the servants who had hastily come running up to her.

"Hearing this, with eyes blurred with tears of joy and focussed on some far object that she seemed to be worshipping with a chaplet of dripping lotuses, she looked around her for a long time, like a doe whose fawn is lost. Then, like a grief-stricken commoner, she uttered a loud "*phūt* !" and cried, "Who is this who rains Elixir under the guise of words? Who is he who is moved with compassion for me?

Who has seen them? How far away are they? Have they said that my child is well?"

"As she was asking these things, she saw the messengers who were accompanied by Tvaritaka; and when all the inhabitants of Ujjayinī—both those who did and did not belong to the king's retinue—saw them, they began running toward them in hoards asking: "Has the prince returned?" "How far back did you leave him?" "Where is he staying these days?" "Where did you locate him in your journey?" "Where did he, whose army consisted only of horses, spend the very dangerous rainy season?" "I think the rains must have hit him while he was still on horseback!" "Tvaritaka must know this!" "For what reason does he say that?" "He must tell us whether the prince saw Vaiśampāyana, for whom he exhausted himself, and whether he brought him back!" "Has Meghanāda, accompanied by Patralekhā, joined up with him?" "Has Devavardhana sent some message or other? He is my friend from this day on!" "I am afraid, as it were, to ask for news about my son, Baladharman, who impetuously ran off to his own destruction. Is that horse still alive that the prince gave him as a gift?" "Be so gracious, give me word of my uncle Pṛthvarman, who is the chief of the cavalry!" "We can well imagine that the riders have become greatly fatigued!" "Is Aśvasena, the superintendent of the stables, in good health? He is our father-in-law. Also, father is amazed that he did not confide anything, however small, to you!" "Have you seen my brother, Bharatasena, whose job it is to care for the dwellings of the prince?" "The general, Bhadrasena, who is in service to the prince—does he stay behind?" "What news is there of that Avantisena, who annoyed the prince by marching at the front of the army?" "Who is it among the princes who prospers in high favor and esteem?" "Who is there, in these many days, who has obtained a gift, for the servants looking for a livelihood are many!" "Let all the other be! Whoever has seen him must tell of Sarvasena's son who, when his father died, went to war for the first time. As a result of her grief at the recent death of her husband, which was intensified by her grief at her son's action, his mother has stopped eating. I do not know how she can stay alive in this condition!" Thus these and other questions were being asked them at every step, but the messengers did not say a word in reply.

"Their passion-filled eyes were focussed in front of them, as if they were in a trance. Although their limbs were weak from their tir-

ing journey, still they pushed ahead with a tormented gait, walking with effort as they dragged their feet. They were wrapped in dirty rags. Their bodies had become filthy with neglect. Their hair was tied up in many different ways and was covered with dust. They were like banners of the distress of traveling, asylums of exhaustion, footprints of depression, abodes of the stay abroad, or collections of all wretchedness. When she had seen them, Vilāsavati had them summoned while she remained in the court of the sanctuary of the Mothers. The messengers came to her at once. The sight that had fallen upon them so unexpectedly doubled the intensity of their grief so that they seemed to be possessed, plundered of their senses, made of wood; it seemed that their bodies were benumbed or that they were lifeless. Vilāsavati took a few steps forward, her lotus-feet stumbling in her alarm, as if she fell from being blinded by her tears. Even before the messengers had bowed, she loudly and stammeringly said, "Good people, tell me quickly, what is the news of my child? My heart senses something! It has become suspicious! Have you or have you not seen my child?"

"At this question the messengers placed their heads on the ground and, under the pretext of the bow, gave vent to the tears that suddenly welled up in their eyes. With difficulty they raised their faces and spoke, "Oh queen, we have seen the prince on the shore of Acchoda Lake. Tvaritaka here will tell you the rest."

"While this was being said, Vilāsavati, her face tearful, replied, "What else can this poor man report? Even from afar you told what there was to be told by your joyless approach, your heads not adorned with chaplets, your faces wretchedly downcast, your eyes pained with the exertion of holding back tears, and by the fact that you did not raise your eyes to my face. Ha! My child! You are the world's only moon! Candrāpīḍa! You with your moon-face! You whose nature is tender as the moon! You whose qualities are delightful as those of the moon! You who are the joy of the eyes! What has happened to you that you have not returned? Dearest Candrāpīḍa, I speak out of distress. I do not reproach you out of anger. This does not befit you, that you have stayed somewhere else after promising, 'Mother, I will not tarry in the least!' My child, I knew when you left, just from the fear in my stricken heart, that it would be difficult to see the face of my child again. But you willfully went away, so what could I do? What



fault do you have in this matter? These are merely the manifestations of my poor merit—ill-fated that I am! Whatever woman there may be who is without merit in this world, there is none so wicked as I from whom you have suddenly been snatched away and carried off somewhere. The accursed Creator has betrayed me! My child, although you are far away, I fall at your feet! My heart longs to see your face while you address me with ‘Mother!’

““My son, you who are dear to me, I do not know whether I shall weep from reflecting on your childhood—from your birth on—or from remembering the splendor of your body in its full flush of youth. Aho! Or from seeing in my imagination your future reign, which would have been steady because of your resoluteness. Do not think, my son, when you who are in my heart see me lamenting like this, ‘Vilāsavati can live without me.’ Oh son, even if I stay alive without you, how can I show my face to your father? The fact that my heart does not break into a thousand pieces is because it even now does not believe in your misfortune. I do not know whether it is because you are so dear to me, because I have faith in you, or because I am afflicted with the folly common to all women—but fearful as I am, I do not desire the news that Tvaritaka has brought. It is better to die without having heard what I would rather not hear. Oh son, what do you say?—‘What is the source of this frailty which is improper to the love for a son and which arouses shame in the people?’ See, immediately at your admonition, my son, I become silent. I no longer weep!” While she was still saying these things, she swooned and was caught by her companions who stood nearby.

““When Vilāsavati’s attendants, who rushed up by the thousands, told this news to the king—who was like the great ocean overflowing at being stirred by the Mandara Mountain—he was shocked. He quickly rose and, with the noble Śukanāsa as companion, mounted a speedy cow elephant, which had been prepared for the night watch, and set out. He moved along so fast he seemed to be imbibing the king’s road in front of him; and he seemed to be pulling Ujjayinī along behind him—its gates, watchtowers, ramparts, and all—as it was depopulated by the multitudes of its citizens who with a babble of lamentations poured out and came running after him from all sides. When he had arrived at the sanctuary of the Mothers, he dismounted and saw Vilāsavati. Her attendants had brought her back to her senses with great

difficulty. With their faces averted and sorrowful with tears, they sprinkled her with sandal juice, fanned her with banana leaves, and rubbed her with their shoot-hands damp with water. Her eyes were half closed so that they looked like sun-lotuses in the hot season.

““Having seen her he moistened her with the tears that suddenly gushed forth as if to take away the rest of the swoon. Then he sat her down beside him and, while he stroked her with his hand—which rained Elixir in the form of his touch—on her forehead, eyes, cheeks, breasts, and arms, he said very softly, haltingly with his sobs, “My queen, if in truth something untoward has happened to our child Candrāpīḍa, then we cannot live any longer anyway. But why should we demean ourselves with this attack of frailty that is common to all people? So numerous are the good deeds that we have performed, what more can we do? We can be a vessel of no more joy. For even when one torments one’s heart, one does not always receive what one wants in this existence. As far as *that* is concerned, there is something else—namely, the Creator. He does as he pleases. He is submissive to no one, whoever he may be.

““““What is it we have not received, notwithstanding all people are dependent on someone else? We have enjoyed the very hard-to-obtain festivity of the birth of a child. We looked at his face as he lay on our laps. As he lay sleeping on his back we kissed his feet and placed them on our heads. We tasted the delight of the touch of his body, made gray by dust from his crawlings about, as it squirmed about in our laps. We heard his first lispings, which were indistinct and heart-stealing. We saw his childish play as he walked around. When he had been educated, he gladdened our hearts with his talents. When he reached puberty, we saw before our eyes the divine splendor of his form and majesty. We kissed his head when he was crowned heir apparent. We embraced him when he returned from his conquest of the quarters and bowed before us. Of all the things I desired with a hundred wishes only one has not been realized—I did not get to enter a hermitage after having seen him possessed of a bride and confirmed in my estate. But to obtain *all* of one’s desires is the fruit of a great store of merits. On the other hand, no one has so far said clearly what has happened to our child. Until now I learned very little from your attendants. But there is one who came along with the messengers who were sent by us: a servant of our son, one Tvaritaka. He knows all the

news, and he has not yet been questioned by you. So let us first question him, then we will decide one or the other—to die or to live.”

“While the king was saying this, a doorkeeper summoned Tvaritaka from among the attendants and introduced him, “Noble sir, this man who bows his head to the ground is Tvaritaka.”

“Tārāpiḍa looked at him and, out of love for Candrāpiḍa, called “Come! Come!” and after he had stroked him on the head directed, “My good man, tell us what has happened to our son such that despite his mother and I writing him to return he has not come back, nor has he sent some reason for not doing so.”

“When the king had thus instructed him, Tvaritaka began to tell everything as it happened, beginning with the departure. Up through the news that Candrāpiḍa’s heart had burst, the king listened. But then he became alarmed by the rising tide of grief that washed over him and, stretching out his hand, he beseeched Tvaritaka, “My good man, stop now! You have told all there is to tell! I have heard what there is to be heard! My intense desire to know is fulfilled. My eagerness to hear has departed. My ear is gratified. My heart is gladdened. I am satisfied. I am happy. Ha! My child, you have known the pain of a broken heart and have persevered in your love for Vaiśampāyana. We are the wretched ones, the callous Caṇḍālas, we who remain unmoved even when our hearts break!

“““Oh queen, our hearts are harder even than adamant, as they do not splinter into a thousand pieces. And so too our spirits, which so fear the pain of dying they do not follow our child. Therefore, rise. Let us catch up with our son lest he wander away too far. Oh Śukanāsa, why do you remain standing there in grief? This is the time for love! Command the servants to prepare at once a funeral pyre near the temple of Mahākāla. Bearers, quickly bring firewood! Chamberlains, why do you cower there? Go and get the paraphernalia that is to go into the fire! What is the use now for aimless weeping? Oh queen, without delay or hindrance bestow treasure on the Twice-born; for whom should we save it now? For me, whose merit is exhausted, my tasks, such as protection, are finished. The princes may go to their own countries—I set you free. You are to act in such a way that this misfortune does not become known to the people. My child is to live only in stories. What other arrangements can I make before I go?” Thus Tārāpiḍa lamented in his suffering while Vilāsavati herself gave him support

and paid scant attention to her own grief.

“Then Tvaritaka declared, “Noble sir, although his heart burst, the prince’s body is sustained. Hear it all now—beginning with how Vaiśampāyana’s birth came about as the evil result of a curse.” Now when Tārāpiḍa heard these strange words, his grief was pushed aside by curiosity. As if possessed and with unblinking eyes, he attentively listened to everything told him by Tvaritaka, for that one had seen, heard, and experienced it.

“Having heard about the adventures of the prince and Vaiśampāyana, which did not seem credible, which were a cause of unsurpassed grief, which were the abode of wonder, which were unpleasant to hear, and which excited curiosity, the king slightly turned his head and looked thoughtfully at Śukanāsa, who was in the same condition as he.

“Friends, even when they are themselves unhappy, hide their own grief and try to allay the other’s sorrows. Hence Śukanāsa, in spite of the state he was in, spoke to the king as if nothing pained him. “Oh noble one, by the will of the Supreme Lord—the cause of Creation, Preservation, and Final Dissolution, from the tiniest atom to the Primordial Egg—there is nothing not possible for the moving and un-moving creation, the very nature of which consists of the three virtues and out of which develop gods, demons, animals, and men who are subject to joy and grief while wandering through this cycle of existence. The workings of that creation are undetermined. It originates, maintains itself, and perishes naturally, by the ripening of good and evil, or by the maturation of deeds that create merits or demerits and that are the cause of desirable or undesirable fruit. So why do you have a problem with this? You hesitate because of the lack of a reasonable argument, yet how many things are there here on this earth that defy reason and that, on the authority of tradition, are nevertheless found to be in harmonious agreement? What logic is there in the awakening of a person who is comatose from poison, either by tying on an amulet or by a meditation? Or in the way a magnet attracts or simply moves iron? Or in the effectiveness of Vedic or non-Vedic spells for all manner of deeds? Or in the combining of various substances and their powers in order to cause death, a return from death, love, or hate? In many other such matters, it is tradition that is our guide.

“““Now in works such as the Purāṇas, the *Rāmāyaṇa*, and the *Mahābhārata* are found the actions of many kinds of curses. For example: Nahuṣa, when he took over the dignity of the great Indra, became a snake as the result of the royal sage Agastya’s curse. And Saudāsa, as a result of the curse of Vasiṣṭha, became a cannibal. Due to the curse of the Teacher of the Demons, Yayāti was defeated by old age even in his youth. Triśaṅku became a Caṇḍāla as the result of his father’s curse. And it is heard that a king named Mahābhiṣma, who resided in the celestial world, was born into the mortal world as one Śantanu, and it was from Gaṅgā—who became his wife—that, as the result of a curse, the eight Vasus were born among humans. But leave these aside. The divine First Lord—the Birthless One—himself became the son of Jamadagni; and it is said that he once divided his soul into four parts and became the son of the royal sage Daśaratha, and likewise the son of Vasudeva in Mathurā.

““““So it is not at all impossible that gods are born as humans. The moon-god is no more surpassed by the divine Lotus-navelled God than you are by those men of old. So what is impossible? Moreover, when the queen conceived, you yourself saw the moon enter her mouth. Likewise, in a dream I was given a portent of Puṇḍarika. So, as far as their births are concerned, there cannot be any doubt. As for how, after their deaths, both their bodies fail to decay: the Elixir of Immortality, the power of which is celebrated in all worlds, is the obvious means by which they can once again live. And it is said that the Elixir is present in the moon. So you must be assured that this is all so. Anyway, what other origin can there be of one whose beauty of form is such and of one who gives joy to all people? Soon, you who are of such good fortune will throw off the sorrow that was brought on by Candrāpiḍa’s birth, by seeing the moon god—who has hidden in the guise of Candrāpiḍa and has become your son—and by performing at the end of the curse the auspicious marriage ceremony of your son and the Gandharva princess. Then with tears trickling from his eyes, he and his bride will fall at your feet. In a way, this curse on both of them is a blessing. You and the queen need not suffer any grief as far as this matter is concerned. Bear auspicious objects on your person. Increase your merits by paying homage to your favorite deities and by giving away wealth. Destroy your faults by rigorous asceticisms such as severe and light fasting and difficult vows. Also, any other deeds that

are known to be conducive to good fortune should be performed starting today. For there is nothing that religious deeds—whether they are Vedic or not—cannot realize. It was in such a manner that our two children, so painfully obtained, were born.”

““When Śukanāsa had said this, the king, who was still grieved, replied, “Who else understands all this which you, Āryan, have said? By whom else am I instructed? The word of what other man is fulfilled by me? The image of the heart of my child bursting because of Vaiśampāyana clings to my sight and excludes everything else. Only this do I see; only this do I hear; only this do I think about. I am unable to control myself as long as the face of my child is hidden from me. And when my condition is like this, it is quite out of the question to instruct the queen. Oh Āryan, be assured, there is no way for me to stay alive other than to leave here and go to him.”

““When Tārāpīḍa had said that, Vilāsavati, because of her profound sorrow due to her son, abandoned her reserve, folded her hands, and called out loudly, “Oh son of an Āryan, if this is so, why do we delay? Why are we not already outside the city. Give the order for our departure! My heart faints for the sight of my child. I swore that it should break as a way of dispelling my grief, but now this is unacceptable because of my desire to see my son. I know it is preferable that I, who have experienced grief for such a long time, stay alive in order to see my child but once, rather than that I die now in order to end my unbearable suffering. So let our departure serve as a diversion for my heart, which again is supported by hope, which has a reason to fend off death, and which is uneasy at not seeing the face of my son.”

““While Vilāsavati was saying this, a certain man—who was in soul equal to Śukanāsa, who was bent with age, and who had completed his Six Duties—came near her and spoke: “Oh queen, Manoramā, whose heart was troubled by the vague rumors she heard all around her, has rushed over here herself. As she is embarrassed to appear in front of the king, she has not come in. Instead she stays at the back of the sanctuary of the Mothers. She asks you, ‘What have these people said? Is my son Vaiśampāyana alive? Is he sound of body? Has the prince brought him back? Where does he stay? Within how many days will he arrive?’”

““Now when the king heard this news, which was as painful to him as tidings of death, he seemed to be ripped apart by grief. He

spoke to Vilāsavati, who was flooded with hundredfold anguish. "Oh queen, your dear friend has not learned anything of the children, and if she hears it from someone else, there is a good chance she might surrender her life. So rise, be firm, and comfort your friend by telling her everything so that she comes along with us and Śukanāsa." With these words he roused her and her attendants and sent them on their way, while he and Śukanāsa made arrangements for the journey.

"When the king set out, all the people of Ujjayinī except those who guarded the houses made preparations to leave. They did so out of love for the king, out of affection for Candrāpiḍa, out of their curiosity to see the miracle, or out of a desire to see the father, son, brother, friend, or relative who had left earlier. But the king sent back all those who would be obstacles to a speedy journey, and with but a very small retinue he rode on uninterruptedly during the day. He seemed to be drinking in the road in his desire to arrive in a single day. Over and over, after but a short distance, with fainting heart he called to Tvaritaka, "How far have we come? How many days till we arrive?" Within a few days he reached Acchoda Lake. Having arrived there he first, from a distance, sent his most trusted riders together with Tvaritaka to ask for news, for his mind was unsteady as it had mounted the swing of a hundred doubts.

"Then he saw with a trembling eye all the princes whose lives depended on Candrāpiḍa's feet, preceded by Meghanāda, together with the riders as they returned to him. Their bodies were dirty and emaciated, as they had left off personal care. Their heads were bent; their eyes were filled with tears; and they were most wretched. They seemed to be desiring, out of shame that they lived, to enter the Nether Region. They looked away as if they were competing to hide behind one another. Though they were uninjured, they seemed to be stricken; though they were surrounded by their retinue, they seemed to have been robbed; though they were alive, they seemed to be dead; and though they came with hurried steps, they seemed to be pulled in the opposite direction. It was as if, along with their limbs, their strength had fallen away and, along with their bows, their souls had been discharged. They approached along with their despondency. Although Tārāpiḍa was overwhelmed by waves of grief, he also felt consoled. With his heart filled with trust, and strengthened by the fact that Candrāpiḍa's body had not decayed, he turned around and spoke to

Vilāsavatī, who was seated on a saddle under a canopy. "Queen, you are fortunate! Our child in truth exists in his body. Therefore, all of these princes, whose lives depend on his lotus-foot, have come here to the bottom of his feet!"

"Hearing this, Vilāsavatī pushed aside the edge of her veil and, after staring at the princes as if they were her own sons, she lost her self-control. Her tears streamed out and she loudly lamented, "Ha! Oh son, how is it that among all these princes with whom you sported in the dust, you alone are not seen!"

"The king, after consoling her who wailed so, beckoned to Meghanāda, who had pressed his head to the ground, along with all the other people. "Come here!" he ordered, "Oh Meghanāda, give me the news of my child."

"That one answered, "Majesty, it is true that only his motions are gone as a result of the absence of consciousness. And it is also true that his body glows even more brightly from day to day."

"Hearing that, the king became hopeful that his son would return to life. "You have heard Meghanāda, so come! At last we shall again satisfy ourselves with his sight; we shall see the face of our child!" After he said this, he went to Mahāśvetā's hermitage on a female elephant whose already excellent speed he increased.

"When she learned of the sudden arrival of Candrāpīḍa's parents, Mahāśvetā scattered pearl-like tears about her. "Ha! I am stricken—I who am poor of merit—and my only lot is sorrow! I who have repudiated dying do not know how much longer I am to be scorched by the damnable Creator, who is so very adept at giving torment." Ashamed, she ran away and hid inside her cave. For her part, Citraratha's daughter, with her body supported by the crowd of her friends who had hastily assembled, silently fled into the darkness of a swoon.

"While those two were in such a condition, the king, leaning on Śukanāsa, entered the hermitage. Vilāsavatī, supported by Manoramā, pushed forward. Her eyes were wide open and streaming as she asked, "Where is my child?" Drawing near, she was filled with love for her son and gazed at him who had not abandoned his splendor and all of whose activities had ceased as if he were asleep. Then, even before Tārāpīḍa arrived, she pushed away Manoramā, who was holding her up, and with both her liana-arms stretched far out as she watered the earth with the streams of her tears, which splashed as they were vehe-



mently released, and with the flow of of her milk: "Come! Come! Oh my son who was so hard to obtain, I see you after such a long time! Give me an answer! Look at me but once! Son, this condition is not proper to you! Rise up, show affection worthy of a son by coming to my lap. My word which you have never before not heeded even in childhood, how do you not hear it, even now that I am wailing? Oh son, why are you angry? My wish is satisfied as I fall at the feet of my child. Oh son Candrāpiḍa, come then and bow at the feet of your father, who out of love for you has come so very far. Where has your devotion to your parents gone? Where are your virtues—that love, that sense of duty, that love for your father, that affection for your relatives, that concern for your servants? How is it that in spite of my wretchedness you at once abandon everything and acquiesce to such indifference? Well, do as you wish. Our hearts are numbed by your behavior!" Having spoken thus in her anguish, she approached and tightly embraced Candrāpiḍa again and again, kissed his head and his cheeks, and then, putting his feet on her head, loudly sobbed.

"Then Tārāpiḍa, who had suppressed his own pain, before he embraced Candrāpiḍa bore up that weeping Vilāsavati with his arms, which were fit to ward off the suffering of all his subjects, and said, "Oh queen, if as a result of our meritorious deeds this dead one came to be our child, then this god's body is not to be wept over. Let go now of this news fit to be lamented only by the mortal world. This grief is pointless. It is only the throat that bursts with weeping, not the heart. It is only useless talk that escapes from our mouths, not life. It is only water from the eyes that falls unhindered, not our bodies. It was only not seeing our child that pained us. Now, as we gaze upon his face such pain is inappropriate. Although we find ourselves in this situation, we must now be resolute, for Manoramā and Śukanāsa need our support while Vaiśampāyana dwells in another world. We must tend to them. Also, the Gandharva king's daughter, your daughter-in-law, by whose power we shall experience the great festivity of seeing our son alive once again, swooned under the impact of the grief created by our arrival. Now she is held up by her dear friends who wail and call her name, but she has not regained consciousness. Take her onto your lap and revive her. After that you may weep as you wish."

"Addressed in this way by the king, Vilāsavati, "Where is she, my daughter-in-law, the support of my son's life?"—thus saying, hur-

riedly came forward and took onto her lap Kādambarī, who had not regained her senses. She held her by the hand and looked at her face, which had the beauty of its eyes doubled as they were closed from the faint. She pressed her cheek onto Kādambarī's—her own cheek that was wet from being ceaselessly bathed in tears and that was cool as a digit of the moon—and her forehead onto Kādambarī's forehead. She fixed her eyes on Kādambarī's eyes and stroked her breast with her hand, which was cold from touching Candrāpiḍa. "Be consoled, my daughter. Without you, by whom is the body of my child, Candrāpiḍa, to be given support from now on? Oh daughter, you seem to be made of the Elixir of Immortality, and it is by that that we shall see our son's face again."

"Now when Candrāpiḍa's name was mentioned, and when she was touched by Vilāsavati's body, which in nature was no different from that of Candrāpiḍa, Kādambarī came to. Bashful and confused, she kept her face lowered and, having become subservient to Madalekhā, was made by her to leave Vilāsavati's lap and to pay homage to the parents in proper order. Doing so, she was blessed thus, "Oh long-lived one, may you be free from widowhood a long time"; was made to slowly rise; and was supported as she sat down behind and very near Vilāsavati.

"After Citraratha's daughter had regained consciousness, it seemed to Tārāpiḍa that Candrāpiḍa too had returned to life; and after he had tightly embraced his body a long time, he remained there kissing it, gazing at it, and stroking it. Then he called Madalekhā to him and ordered, "It is only the joy of his sight that is being offered, and this joy we have experienced. Such great reverence paid the body of our child, whether it be out of respect for us or out of shame, however slight, will not cease. We are only needless spectators; what use is it whether we stay or go? Only she, our daughter-in-law, must stay near him. It is the mere touch of her hand that keeps his body from decaying." So directing, he went away.

"He did not go to the dwelling that had been prepared for him, but entered a bower of trees and vines that was suitable for the residence of an ascetic, that was near that hermitage, and that was furnished with gleaming rocks slabs. There he called to him the crowd of kings who all shared his grief and, showing his high regard for them, spoke, "You are not to understand that I do this because of my grief.

Earlier I decided that when I saw Candrāpīḍa accompanied by his bride I would transfer my own tasks to him and enter some hermitage where I would pass my twilight years. Now the divine God of Death, or the distorted deeds I earlier performed, has brought this to pass. What else can I do? It is not possible to transgress the fixed order of things. Enjoyment of my child, an enjoyment that his actions would have brought, is denied me. The fruit of the protection of our subjects is placed onto your arms now and is thus undamaged, for if my actions were otherwise everything would be placed on *them*. Now I want to fulfill a wish I have had for a long time. Fortunate are they whose bodily strength has been consumed by old age and who transfer their burden to their son while they, light of body, accomplish the journey to the other world. Better than to be taken violently against your will by the God of Death, who presses his foot upon your throat, is to be able to place your own foot somewhere on a capable person and enjoy the pleasures of the other world through a lump of flesh from which the remaining years are snatched away by old age, of which preservation is useless, and which is devoid of all joy. This is the path I wish to take. Everything else is to be seen to by you." So saying, foregoing all familiar enjoyments, though they were at his disposal, he devoted himself to that which belongs to the forest life with which he was not familiar.

"So it was that: his attachment to palaces he gave over to trees and roots; his love for the women of the inner apartments, to lianas; his affection for intimacies, to deer; his relish for clothing, to tatters and bark garments; his care in dressing his hair, to matted locks; his enjoyment of food, to radishes, roots, and fruit; his passion for wearing a sword, to a string of rosary beads; his power for guarding his subjects, to firewood, *kuśa* grass, and flowers; his jocular conversations, to speaking of moral duty; his fondness for war, to peace of mind; his wish for conquest, to the hereafter; his lust for wealth, to asceticism; his command, to silence; his love of all sensual enjoyments, to being free of passion; and the love for his son, to trees. And so he performed those actions suitable to ascetics and stayed there together with his attendants, the queen, and Śukanāsa, and gave up all desire for the reverences due a king of the Gandharvas, though they were being shown him daily by Kādambarī, and by Mahāśvetā who had barely driven away her shame. He counted for naught the deprivations

now that he could uninterruptedly enjoy the sight of Candrāpīḍa night and day.'

"After he related all this, the blessed Jābāli smiled—a faint smile, as it was overpowered by age—and spoke to all the listening ascetics who sat with Hārīta at their front, 'You see what power to transport, to carry away the heart, this charming story possesses. That which I planned to narrate I abandoned and, because of the enchantment of the tale, let the telling get out of hand. That one who fell from the celestial world to the world of mortals under the name of Vaiśampāyana became the son of Śukanāsa as a result of his wicked behavior that he, whose mind was afflicted by Desire, indulged in freely and willfully. He is this very one who fell into the birth of a parrot—the result of a curse delivered by his father enraged by some sin he had knowingly committed on another occasion, and the result of the truthful appeal made by Mahāśvetā.'

"Hardly had Jābāli spoken when it was as if I awoke from a dream. Young as I was, all the knowledge I had acquired in my other births came to the tip of my tongue; my skill in all the arts was reborn, and my speech, with its sounds and syllables clear as if taught me by men, came to be. Knowledge, concern with all objects, memory—everything returned. What more can I say? On the instant, everything other than the body of a man returned to me, Vaiśampāyana: that same affection for Candrāpīḍa, that same subservience to Desire, that same love for Mahāśvetā and that same eagerness to win her. As my wings were not yet grown, I lacked only the bodily movements I had in my other births. When all the events of my former lives had become clear, I became intensely eager to know how or by whom I came to remember everything. Was it because of my parents? Was it because of father Tārāpīḍa? Or mother Vilāsavati? Or my dear Candrāpīḍa? Or my first friend, Kapiñjala? Or Mahāśvetā?

"My heart filled by longing, I stayed for a long time with my head resting on the earth, for I felt as if I were dissolving with shame at the telling of my bad behavior. As I seemed to sink into the Abode of Serpents, I slowly and with difficulty spoke to the blessed Jābāli, 'Oh sir, by your favor I have been filled with knowledge. Indeed, I remember all my former relatives. Before, not having a memory of them, I was ignorant and was not pained by being separated from them. But now that I remember them, my heart seems to burst. I remember not

so much them as Candrāpiḍa whose heart broke when he heard of my death. May you favor me by telling me of his current birth. Then, by living with him in the same place I will not be tormented even though remaining in this bestial body.'

"Beseeched by me, the blessed Jābāli looked me over somewhat scornfully with mingled love and annoyance and replied, 'Oh villain, how is it you persist in that same unsteadiness of heart that led you to such a condition in the first place? Your wings are not yet grown. When you are able to move about, ask me.'

"After he had said this, Hārīta asked out of curiosity, 'Father, I am greatly amazed! Tell how he, an ascetic, became so subservient to Desire that he could not hold onto his life. How is it that he who was born in the celestial world was given such a brief life span?'

"Questioned by his son, the divine Jābāli, seemingly washing away the stain of my sin by streams of pure water in the form of rays flashing from his teeth, answered, 'Is not the cause clear, my child? After all, he was born from woman's seed only, which is made of sensuality, lust, and stupefaction, and which has little vitality. It is revealed in the Śrutis, "Truly, you are as the one of whom you are born." In other words, in this world a product shares in the characteristics of its cause. This is also said in the Āyurveda. So the person who is born from woman's seed only—which has little strength because of the absence of the male seed that carries vitality and firmness—in keeping with the quality of that seed dies in the womb or is born dead. Or, if born, he does not live a long time. This one was so born, and because of that he was brought under the sway of Desire. Thus, unable to endure the Maddener's terrible fever, he surrendered to death. Now too this life will be just as short, but he will be united with unending life after the end of the curse.'

"When I heard this, I bowed again and with my head touching the ground said, 'Oh sir, I of little merit abide in this animal form and am unable to do anything on my own. Now too has arisen my voice by your favor, and knowledge I formerly possessed in my heart. If by your grace I might be given a body in another birth suitable to do deeds for prolonging my life, then how will that life, which I have not acquired with great deeds, be undying? Oh sir, tell this.'

"Being requested, the blessed one let his eyes travel to the directions and answered, 'When this happens, then you will know. Let this

tale rest now. We have been carried away by its enchantment and have not noticed that night becomes dawn. The Maker of Night is robbed of his luster and becomes an unpolished mirror teetering on the western rim. The light of dawn's first rays is gradually widening as it comes into view; it is rosy as the petals of an old sun-lotus and, shining with a pale hue, seems to be parting the hair of darkness on the eastern rim. These stars have begun gradually, in order of magnitude, to enter the bright light of the Luminous One whose glow in one part of the sky is made murky by the lingering darkness. The ear-pleasing *kolāhala* of birds resting on Pampā Lake arises, announcing their awakening. The breezes betraying the coming of dawn have begun to blow, cool with the fragrance of night and bearing the frosty perfume of trembling wild flowers. The time for the starting of the fires is near at hand.' And while he was still speaking he ended the meeting and rose.

"When the blessed Jābāli stood up, that whole assembly of ascetics—because of the captivating nature of the story—forgot the homage due their teacher, though they were free from curiosity and were on the path of deliverance, and they stood there a long time as if paralyzed, as if still listening, while their bodies tingled. Their mouths gaped with amazement; tears of joy and grief welled in their eyes and oozed out. All this happened to them at once, and they kept murmuring, 'Ha! What a pity!' Then each went to his own dwelling. Hārīta himself picked me up, although other young ascetics stood nearby, and took me to his own leaf hut where he placed me on his bed. Then he went off to attend to his morning chores.

"After he had gone I fell to brooding. My heart was pained by this body, which had become that of an animal and which left me unable to do anything. 'First of all, there is the human form, difficult to obtain and only acquired by thousands of meritorious deeds in many existences. Next is the Brahmin state, which is the best of all castes. Above that is the status of an ascetic, even more select and one which touches the foot of immortality. Finally, comes residence in the Celestial World, an existence of the highest distinction. How is one to free himself from a condition such as this, one who was so elevated and who has become a beast and is thus deprived of the ability to perform deeds? How is he to experience the joy of union with those he loved in his former births? And, not tasting that joy, why should he now maintain such a useless life? Let everything, including my body, fall

where it may. Joy is not to be tasted by this receptacle for sorrow. So I give it up! Let the Creator's desire be fulfilled—he is only interested in ways to torment me with calamity.'

"Suddenly Hārīta, cheerful and laughing, entered and spoke, seeming to revive me, who had closed my eyes with anxious musings about dying. 'Brother Vaiśampāyana, you are fortunate! Seeking you, Kapiñjala has come from the feet of your father, the divine Śvetaketu.'

"When I heard that, I flew up as if my wings had sprouted that very moment, and stretched out my neck in my eagerness to go to him. Looking around, 'Where is he?' I asked.

"'He is at the feet of my father.'

"'If it is so, please take me there, for my heart faints to see him!'

As I was saying this, I saw Kapiñjala in front of me. His hair was dishevelled from his speeding through the sky. One hem of his upper garment still fluttered from his traveling on the wind. He had tightly bound his waist with tree bark. His emaciated chest was graced by a half-broken sacred thread. His body heaved from the exertion of descending the entire path of the gods. He simultaneously poured out perspiration from his face and tears from his eyes. The perspiration flowed, though stolen by the breeze, from his fall into water and his effort at skimming along the path of the gods. The tears gushed in great quantities, born of the sorrow he felt upon looking at me. Although he strove after emancipation, he was not free of his affection for me; although he was free of passion, he was attached to things both agreeable and salutary to me; although he was free from worldly attachments, he was anxiously desirous of union with me; although he was free from desire, he was eager to carry out my every need; although he was detached from everything, his love had increased; although he was free from egotism, he thought of me thus, 'This one is I'; although he had abandoned distress, he was distressed because of me; and although he placed equal value on a lump of clay and a brick of gold, he was worried by my misfortune.

"Him I saw—him who was grateful, I the ungrateful one; him who was by nature loving, I with a cruel mind; him who was meritorious, I who was meretricious; him who conformed, I who was perverse; him whose heart was tender, I who was merely callous; him who was a friend, I who was an enemy; him who was obedient, I who disobeyed; him who was noble of nature, I who was a villain. Having seen him I,

while tears streamed profusely from my eyes, made an effort to go to him. Making a *phūt!* sound I spoke to him, ‘Oh friend Kapiñjala, having seen you whose sight has been concealed from me for two births, shall I make you happy with my close embrace by quickly rising and stretching out my arms? Shall I support you with my hand and seat you? Shall I take away your exhaustion by massaging your limbs as you sit at your ease?’ As I lamented thus, Kapiñjala picked me up in his hand and clasped me to his breast, which was weak from his being separated from me, and for a long while he tasted the joy of my embrace as he seemed to press me into him. Then he placed my feet on his head and wept as anyone might.

“Then to him who was weeping I, who had only words as a remedy, said, ‘Oh friend Kapiñjala, you have assumed this undertaking for one who is subject to all torments and whose soul is sinful—you, who even as a child was not touched by these sins that are bound to the cycle of existence and that are the enemies of deliverance. Why follow the path trod by fools? Sit down and tell me, faithfully, the news of him. Is father well? Does he think of me? Does he grieve over my misfortune? What did he say when he heard of my experiences? Was he angry?’

“When I had said that to him, he sat down on a seat of leaves brought by one of Hārīta’s pupils, took me on his lap, and washed his face with water brought by Hārīta himself. Then he said, ‘Friend, father is well. With his divine eye he saw our experiences and immediately undertook a religious work as remedy. When that work had been started, I was freed from my existence as a horse and went to his feet. Even from afar, he saw me, whose eyes were filled with tears, whose face was despondent, and who out of fear did not approach him, and he called to me, “Let the doubt of your own guilt be. It is truly only with me, a malicious man, that all guilt completely lies. I knew better yet did not at the time of my child’s birth perform the deed that causes long life. Now that task is nearly completed. Do not worry. Now rest at my foot.”’

““When I was thus spoken to, my fear vanished and I replied, “Father, if you favor me, then send me to where my friend was born.”

““But when I requested this, he said, “Child, he has fallen into the life form of a parrot. If you went there you would not know him, any more than he would know you. Therefore, you should stay here.” Today



at dawn he called me and said, "Dear Kapiñjala, your friend has reached the hermitage of the great sage Jābāli and has regained the memory of his former existence. Go to see him now. Gladden him with my blessings and tell him, 'Dear child, until this deed is completed, stay there at the foot of Jābāli. Your mother, the Goddess of Beauty, is saddened by your misfortune and acts as my assistant in this work. She kisses you on the head and urgently sends the same message.'"" Upon saying this, Kapiñjala became inflamed and repeatedly stroked my wings—the fine down of which was tender as the tips of acacia blossoms.

"Then I said to him, whose heart was being tortured, 'Oh friend Kapiñjala, why are you tormented? You experienced sorrows even more numerous when out of your devoted nature you undertook the incarnation of a horse. How did this mouth, which is fit for drinking *soma*, bear the wounds of the harsh bit that caused streaming of blood and foam? How has this spine, which is very tender and used to lying on soft lotus fibers, not been crushed when constantly saddled? How upon these limbs, which are unable to endure even the touch of a young wild vine in the gatherings of flowers, could fall the strokes of the lash? How could this body, which wears a sacred thread, tolerate the pain produced by the pressings of the leather straps?' With these and other conversations about our former experiences I forgot for the moment my animal form and was happy.

"When the Vivifier had reached the middle of the sky Hārīta brought food suitable for me and Kapiñjala. After eating, Kapiñjala remained silent a moment and then said to me, 'I was sent by father to console you and to order you not to leave the foot of Jābāli until the deed is accomplished. I too am very busy there with the work and so must leave now.'

"Having heard that, I wretchedly answered him, 'Oh friend Kapiñjala, under such circumstances, what can I say? What message can I send to my parents? You yourself know everything.' He, when spoken to by me, repeatedly directed me and Hārīta to remain there. Then, after tasting the joy of my embrace and while stared at by the young ascetics, who watched with amazement, he leapt into the sky and vanished. When Kapiñjala was gone Hārīta comforted me, then got up to cater to the needs of his body. After appointing another ascetic lad to stay at my side, he went out. He attended to all his chores such as bathing, and in the afternoon he again took a meal with me.

“And so Hārīta raised me with a watchful spirit, and within so many days my wings were fully grown. When I had acquired the skill to fly, I thought to myself, ‘Now I am able to leave. It is true that I still have no knowledge of the birth of Candrāpiḍa, but Mahāśvetā is still the same. With my memory returned, why should I remain here even a moment and make myself unhappy without her sight? So be it! I will go to her and stay there.’ Having thus resolved, one day at dawn when I had gone out for a walk I chose the northern direction and winged off. As I had practiced flying but a few days, my limbs seemed to snap with fatigue. My beak became parched with thirst. My throat toiled with a breathing that made my veins swell. While I was in this condition my wings went slack and, helplessly thinking, ‘I am falling! I am falling!’ I let myself down into a small copse on the shore of a nearby lake—the copse, like the thick darkness of night, was a curtain against the sun’s rays and was bent under the weight of its dense, green foliage. After a time, when the exhaustion caused by the strain of the journey had left me, I descended and, standing in the cool shade at the foot of a tree, drank my fill. The water in the shade of the impenetrable leaves was cold, fragrant with the perfume of lotus pollen and filaments, and golden with the sap of lotus stalks. Even while drinking I had a desire to have even more of it. Then I stilled my hunger with seeds from the tender lotus pericarps, and with the leaves, sprouts, and fruit from various trees. Thinking, ‘I will go a little further in the afternoon,’ I decided to rest my limbs, which were weak from my tiring traveling, and climbed one of the thickly leafed branches and rested in a low part of the tree. There I fell asleep, easily overpowered by my first effort at travel.

“When I awoke I found that I was caught in a tightly strung snare. In front of me I saw a man. He was like a servant of the God of Death without a noose. Because of his extreme coarseness and blackness, he seemed to have been erected completely out of bits of iron. He was like another God of Death, like an opponent of a treasury of merits, like a vat of evil. With his face made fierce with a formidable frown not caused by anger, and with his red and squinty eyes, he seemed to cause fear even in the divine God of Death, who fills everyone with fear. He was harsh in disposition and in his hair. He was vacant in mien and in knowledge. He was rough of skin and of conduct. He was filthy in his clothing and in his deeds. He was crude in his word and in

his body. His cruelty and sinfulness could be inferred from his form, which corresponded to nothing I had ever seen or heard about before.

“Looking at him, even in my hopeless state I asked, ‘My good sir, who are you? Why have you bound me? If it was because of hunger for my flesh, then why was I not killed in my sleep? Why am I, who am innocent, made to undergo the grief of this imprisonment? Perhaps you did it out of curiosity. Well then, your curiosity has been satisfied. Free me now, my good man, for I am filled with longing for my loved ones and have a long way to go. My heart cannot abide any delay. You also are subject to the duties of life.’

“When he was thus addressed, he said to me, ‘Oh noble one, indeed I am a Caṇḍāla by birth and my deeds are pitiless. But I did not capture you because I was greedy for your flesh or because I was curious. My master is the chief of a village not very far from here which is located in a region dependent on Mātaṅgaka. His daughter is young and inquisitive. She was told by some mischievous one, “In the hermitage of Jābāli dwells a parrot whose excellent talents are such that he causes great wonder.” Having heard that, she became intrigued and gave the order for your capture. So now, by *my* talents, you have been seized. I will take you to her feet, and she will decide your imprisonment or liberation.’

“Hearing that, I felt as if I were struck by a thunderbolt, and with an agitated soul I thought, ‘Aho! Most dreadful are the results of the deeds of me, who am poor of merit! I—who was born of the Goddess of Beauty, whose lotus-foot is honored by the diadems on the heads of the gods and demons; who with my own hand cherished the great sage Śvetaketu, who is deserving of homage in the three worlds; and who dwelled in the hermitage of the celestials—am now to enter a Caṇḍāla village that even the Mlecchas shun. I shall have to stay in the same place as the Caṇḍālas. I will be nourished by morsels brought in the hands of old Mātaṅga women. I am to become a toy for the Caṇḍāla children! Villain: Damned Puṇḍarika! A curse upon your birth that you were such that this is the result of your deeds! Why were you not torn into a thousand pieces in your first womb? Mother, Goddess of Beauty, you whose lotus-foot is a refuge for people without refuge, protect me from my fall into the great, deep, horrible Hell of Torment! Father, you who are able to save the world, preserve the only means of continuity of your line! You fostered me! Kapiñjala, if, hastening on

your mission, you do not release me from this evil, then cherish no hope of union with me, even in another life!’

“After I had inwardly groaned with these and other thoughts, I again miserably pleaded with him, ‘Sir, I am in fact an ascetic who has memory of another birth. Therefore, if you deliver me from this great danger of sin, you will be credited with a good deed, which will be the cause of future joy to you. Moreover, oh bold one, in the present life there accrues no sin to you if you give me my freedom. Release me, my good man’—thus I begged him.

“He laughed and said, ‘Bah! Oh you blinded with delusion! I am one on whom the five Guardians of the World do not look, who witnesses deeds of good and evil, and who abides in this body—I have no fear of doing evil deeds! Therefore, I take you with me by the command of my master!’ And so he scooped me up and headed for the Caṇḍāla village. At his words I felt as if I were struck on the head, and fell silent. While I wondered which of my deeds had produced this fruit, I considering giving up my life, but as I was carried along I looked for ways of escaping. Then I saw in the distance the Caṇḍāla settlement. A number of Caṇḍāla boys swarmed over it and amused themselves with hunting. They seemed to be possessed, and their clothing was loathsome. Some returned from the hunt, some were intent on spinning fishing nets in whirlpools; some were busy with tattered snares torn by deer; some labored over nets and traps that were damaged; some carried bows and arrows; some held fierce javelins; some had taken up lances; some were cleverly teaching various kinds of captive birds to talk; and some were practicing the loosing and fetching back of dogs.

“Here and there the village was hidden in a thick forest of bamboo and could be inferred only by smoke, which had the stench of meat. Everywhere there were enclosures of fences made mostly of skulls, heaps of feces alongside roads that were made mostly of bones, and courtyards sloshing with the slop of chopped meat, fat, marrow, and blood. The people’s livelihood consisted mainly of the hunt; their food was mainly meat; their oil was mainly bone marrow; their clothes were mainly of raw silk; their beds were mainly of hides; their retinue consisted mainly of dogs; their mounts were mainly cows; their objects of human pursuit were mainly women and wine; their offerings to gods were mainly blood; and their deeds of duty were mainly sacrifices of

beasts. It was the shape of the Hell of Torment. It was like the cause of all evils. It was like the place of all burning grounds. It was like a city of all sins. It was like a temple of all hellish punishments. When merely thought of, it inspired fear. When merely heard of, it caused distress. When merely seen, it caused sin. The people were dirtier than their birth and deeds. The hearts of the people were more merciless than the world. The men were more shameless in all their business dealings than were the hearts of all men. The behavior was no different in children, young people, or the aged. Intercourse was had with one's own and others' women. It was a market for only foul deeds.

"When I had seen that place such as would horrify even an inhabitant of the Hell of Torment, I was filled with disgust. I thought, 'Perhaps the Caṇḍāla maiden, acting in a way not in accord with her birth, might, on seeing me from afar, set me free. It may be that my merits will be of such a nature! May it be for but the blink of an eye that I stay in this place!'

"While I was thus hopefully musing, the brute took me to her, bowed, and stood before that Caṇḍāla girl whose form and appearance were horrible. 'Here, I have him!'—and showed me to her.

"Now she looked exceedingly pleased, 'You have done well!'—so saying, she took me into her hands. 'Aah! Little son, now I have you! Where will you go now? I shall remove all your stubbornness,'—thus saying, she threw me—along with my hope of seeing Mahāśvetā—into a wooden cage. It had been brought by a Caṇḍāla boy who ran forward with it. It was bound by half-dried, shaggy, foul-smelling leather straps. It had dishes for food and water made of wood and tightly tied onto it. Its door stood slightly ajar. After she had flung me in, she bolted the door and said, 'Now stay put, and be quiet!' Then she was silent.

"Confined there, I thought, 'I have fallen into great danger. If I bow to the ground at her feet and, making my situation known, request liberation, then that same quality of mine that has become so evil and that led to my imprisonment becomes an even greater liability. She had me captured because I speak well. What does the pain I feel at being imprisoned mean to her? I am not her son, brother, nor relative. Of course, if I remain silent, then perhaps she will become enraged at my cunning and throw me into an even worse fix; for hers is a most vile birth. Is it not so that it is better for me to remain here in

this cage than that I should come into even more contact with the Caṇḍālas because of my voice? There is a chance that if I keep silent, she might become bored with me and give me my freedom. But if I speak, then surely I will not be freed by her. What is more, I was abandoned by the Celestial World, born into the mortal world, have fallen into an animal form, am placed in the hands of Caṇḍālas, and have come to know the agony of being imprisoned in a cage—all because I was sinful and did not control my senses. Therefore, along with my voice, I will control all my senses,’—thus I decided and held my tongue. Although I was spoken to, scolded, struck, violently yanked about, I spoke not a word but emitted only a loud *cīt-cīt* screech. Although food and drink were brought, I passed that day without eating.

“On the following day when the time for eating had come and gone, and my heart was consumed with grief, with her own hands the maiden brought me various kinds of ripe and unripe fruit and fragrant icy cold water. When I refused to eat, she looked at me and with a kind of affection said, ‘For beasts and birds to be tormented by hunger and thirst yet not take offered food is senseless, especially since they are not capable of reflection. Now, are you the type that makes a distinction between what is and what is not to be eaten, one who perhaps has memory of another birth and who thus keeps himself from my food? If not, how is it that you—who are robbed of the ability to distinguish between what is and what is not to be eaten, you who abide in an animal’s body—decide what is to be eaten and not to be eaten by you and consequently do not eat? What is it you ponder so hard? Are you someone who once had a most excellent birth and willfully did such a deed that you fell into the animal world? If so, it would seem that your *former* self did not make many distinctions. There is no sin here that will accrue to you if you behave yourself in conformity with the birth you acquired by your own deeds. Furthermore, for those who are restricted as to what they may or may not eat, it is prescribed that in times of distress they are first of all to sustain their life even by consuming forbidden food. How much more does this apply in the case of one like you? No food has been brought by me that can be called Caṇḍāla food. Fruit, after all, can be accepted from us. People say, “Even water fallen to earth from a Caṇḍāla’s pitcher is purified.” So why do you torture yourself with hunger and thirst by not eating this wild fruit fit for ascetics and by not drinking the water?’

“I was amazed by her power of reasoning that she displayed in a way not consonant with her Caṇḍāla birth. And since I was subject to the curse, I gave up my aversion and, wishing to live, decided to assuage my hunger and thirst. But still I did not surrender my silence. Thus the time passed and in due course I reached adulthood. Once, as night was mellowing into dawn, I opened my eyes and saw I was in this golden cage. The Caṇḍāla maid was as you have seen. Upon seeing that the whole settlement was like a celestial city, I felt my perturbation at sojourning among the Caṇḍālas vanish. Before I, whose heart was amazed, could satisfy my desire to know what had happened by abandoning my silence in order to ask, the maiden brought me to you. Who she is, why she assumed the form of a Caṇḍāla, why I was caught, and why, after being imprisoned, I was brought here—about all this I, too, like yourself, have not had my curiosity satisfied.”

Having heard that and being extremely inquisitive, Śūdraka ordered the female doorkeeper who stood in front of him to summon the Caṇḍāla maiden. Soon she entered, with the way being shown her, and stood erect in front of the king, dazzling him with her splendor, and boldly said, “Oh Ornament of the World, oh Husband of Rohiṇī, oh Beloved of the Stars, oh Moon, joy of the eye of Kādambarī! The experiences of the former births of you and of this blockhead—all has been heard by you. He himself related how even in this birth, while blinded by Desire and passion and while forbidden by his father, he transgressed his father’s command and set out for the vicinity of his bride. I am the Goddess of Beauty, the mother of this scoundrel. When he set out he was seen by his father’s divine eye, and I was told, ‘Those who leave, out of bad behavior, may not return without penalty! This son of yours might well fall into another animal form. As long as my religious task is not complete, imprison him in the mortal world and keep him there. Until he repents, treat him in such a manner.’ So, in obedience to him, I observed his instructions. All his religious acts have now been accomplished, and the time for ending the curse has arrived. Since, with the end of the curse—‘joy is to come to both of you’—this one has been brought to you by me. I took the appearance of a Caṇḍāla in order to avoid the touch of the people. Now you both may leave these bodies, which are full of such miseries as birth, old age, illness, and death, and experience the joy of reunion with your

beloveds." Upon saying that, she suddenly leapt up into the sky and deafened the world with the thundering *raṇ-raṇ* of her ringing ornaments as she was stared after by the people with wide-open eyes.

Hearing her words, the king remembered his former birth, "Oh friend Puṇḍarika, called Vaiśampāyana, what good fortune! The end of the curse has come for both of us at the same time!" Hardly had he spoken than the *Makara*-bannered God drew his bow to his ear, placed Kādambarī, his chief weapon, in front of the king—like a highway-man about to take his life and closing off all directions [hope]—and then entered him. Śūdraka's mind slipped into the refuge of Kādambarī as if it had been banished from its own place by that god. The breeze of his breaths fled his body as if in fear of Desire's arrows; his frame shuddered as if it trembled from being struck by the winds of those arrows; he became bristly and slowed with the weight of the arrowheads; and his eyes streamed tears as if from the powdery pollen from those same shafts. The glow of his face paled. His eyes contracted with the pain in his heart, as if alarmed at hearing the sound of the god's bowstring. His trembling shoot-lips were dry, as if seared by the smoke of the Maddener's fire blazing inside him. The betel, which was tasteless from the heat of that god, fell from his mouth, as if it were his impassioned heart. As the moisture of wood comes out when the wood is burned, so too perspiration appeared on his limbs. For a short while, he even lost control of his limbs, as if they were pinned by the Maddener's arrows.

Thereupon, cooling remedies had no effect on him, for they surrendered to the splendor of Kādambarī's beautiful limbs as Śūdraka was tormented by the Blossom-arrowed God, who had placed her in front of him: lotus shoots were overpowered by Kādambarī's hands and feet, wreaths of sun-lotuses by her glance, jewelled mirrors by her cheeks, lotus fibers by her creeper-arms, beams of the Hare-marked Moon by the rays of her nails, camphor dust by the glow of her smile, pearl necklaces by her flashing teeth, the orb of the Nectar-rayed God by her face, moonlight by the luster of her lovely skin, and the jewelled mosaic floors by her buttocks. He pushed away all business save official duties, and found no joy in diversions. Her only he meditated upon, her only he imagined, her only he longed for, her only he saw, her only he spoke to, her only he embraced, with her only he stayed,



her only he angered, her only he conciliated, at her feet only did he fling himself, with her only was he amorous, and with her only was he sexually united.

He rejected all other work. He did not close his eyes by day, nor did sleep come to him at night. He did not speak to his friends. He did not recognize those who came on business. He did not honor his elders. He did not perform his religious duties. He did not strive for happiness. He was not anxious about being sorrowed. He did not even fear death. His embarrassment in front of those senior to him left him. Even his love for himself abandoned him. But he did not attempt reunion with Kādambarī; he seemed only to be practicing dying under the guise of his repeated fainting attacks.

His body became wooden although attended to by trusted servants. Although they had no hands [were desperate], they undertook various services. Although their tears streamed down, their faces [mouths] were dry. Although the opportunity to speak [the reason for speaking] had been denied them, they freely reviled Vaiśampāyana. They covered Śūdraka from head to foot with sandal paste. They plastered his feet with moist lotus leaves. They put pieces of ice sticky with camphor powder in his hands. They placed strings of frosty wet pearls over his heart. They pressed crystal mirrors to his cheeks and moonstones to his forehead. They arranged lotus fibers and stalks on his shoulders. They gently waved fans of banana leaves and made a breeze with wet cloths. They busily fashioned beds made of blossoms. They exhausted themselves priming the rain machines in the Rain House. They scrubbed down the jewel mosaic pavements. They hurriedly collected juicy lotus filaments and lotuses to use medicinally. They industriously watched over the cool underground chambers. By spraying, they removed the heat in thick bowers of creepers on the slopes of the garden ponds. And they intently attended to sandal juice, wet camphor, canopies, and resting places. Suddenly, Desire's flame climaxed. And so it was also for Vaiśampāyana, who was really Puṇḍarika, as he, longing for Mahāśvetā, was in the same condition as Śūdraka.

Then the month of spring returned in full force. As if to stimulate the flame, it made blow the south wind, which is skilled in teaching dancing to creepers whose shoots are bursting with juice. It set atremble the *aśoka* branches, which had pearl garlands in the form of their swinging red shoots. It bent the young *sahakāra* trees under the weight of

their clusters of desirable buds. It budded over *bakula*, *tilaka*, *campaka*, *nipa*, *kuru*, and *baka* trees. It yellowed the sky with cuckoos. It spread the fragrance of *atimuktaka* shrubs and brought forth a forest of *kiṁśuka* blossoms. It freed the hearts of lovers, eradicated pride, purged embarrassment, removed anger, and stole away the customs of civil deportment, leaving in their place those of passionate kissing, embracing, and love-play. It opened the *kiṁśukas*, which are the red flags of the *Makara*-bannered God. It gave the whole mortal world the appearance of being fashioned of gold, of passion, of the Maddener, of insanity, of love, of a festival, and of longing. It furnished all the trees of the forests, groves, and gardens with young shoots. It perfumed the quarters with the scent of fully bloomed mango trees. It pained the ears of travelers with the sweet calls of honey-drunk cuckoos. It frenzied the hearts of all the mortal world with rainy days made by hard showers of honey. It worried the minds of those suffering from separation, agitating them with the *jhaṇ-jhaṇ* of bees roaming about confused with intoxication. It announced the appearance of nothing less than the Self-originated God.

At the advent of the month of Madhu—which is the Blossom-bowed God's chief weapon—Kādambarī became exceptionally befuddled. When the festival of the blessed god, Desire, arrived, she could barely get through the day. In the evening as the ten directions were becoming dark, she bathed and worshiped blessed Desire. Then, in the god's presence, she washed Candrāpīḍa with very fragrant, cool water and anointed him from his feet up with *haricandana* perfumed with musk. She bound up his hair with sweet blossom garlands and attached to one ear an ornament made of a cluster of fresh leaves and *aśoka* flowers. She adorned him in many special ways with camphor and blossoms. Then she gazed at him a long time, her eyes moist with love and their blinking forgotten as if she were drinking him. Filled with longing, she repeatedly sighed. After a long while she drew near him. She trembled. Her limbs flowed with perspiration from her terror. Her body bristled. Her lips and mouth dried up. She looked all around her, fearful that Mahāśvetā might see. She started and stopped in her approach to him. Then suddenly, as if possessed, she was overcome. Her fear, along with her womanly shame, was violently abandoned because of the divine Agitator, who brings madness to the three worlds. Helpless in every respect, she was unable to control herself. She came to

him and, with her lotus-eyes closed to buds, she passionately hugged him as if he were alive.

At the very moment that Kādambarī embraced Candrāpīḍa—an action that was refreshing as a sprinkling of the Elixir of Immortality—though it had gone far away, life returned to his throat. Just as a moon-lotus, closed against the exhausting sunlight, revives from the stem up when autumn moonlight falls on it, so his heart revived. Just as a sun-lotus bud opens when stroked by early morning sunshine, so, too, his eyes, which extended to his ears, opened. And with the beauty of a lotus, his mouth opened. When he had thus been awakened and the movement of his limbs had been restored, he passionately wrapped his arms, which were weak from the long separation, around Kādambarī, who clung to his neck. When he spoke to her, gladdening her with a sound so very alluring to her ears and heart and one that she had tasted before, her slender body trembled from fear, as if she were a young banana tree whipped about by the wind; and all the while she kept closed her eyes, which desired to enter his breast and which were not able on their own to release him or to hold him. “Oh fearful one, abandon your timidity. I have been revived by your embrace. In truth, you were born from a family of Apsaras that was produced from the Elixir. Do you not remember my words: ‘This body is made of my light and is itself imperishable. It will continue to exist by the mere touch of Kādambarī’s hand’? That I did not revive even when touched by your hand all these many days was due to the curse. Today, now that I have endured for the second time, the utmost grief of the pain caused by the burning, unbearable fire of the Maddener, the curse has ended. The human body, which was called Śūdraka, which grieved so at being away from you, has been abandoned by me. And this one has been taken on and preserved out of love for you because it gave you such pleasure. So this world and the moon world are both bound to your feet. What is more, the beloved of your dear friend, Mahāśvetā, has also come to the end of his curse.”

Scarcely had the moon god, whose body was concealed within Candrāpīḍa’s, said this, than Puṇḍarīka, leaning on the hand of Kapiñjala, was seen descending from the sky. He brought along with him the fragrance of the Elixir, which clung to him from his sojourn in the moon world. His body was completely transformed; but just as when he was dying from longing for Mahāśvetā, he wore the same

clothing and the same single string of pearls, his limbs were uncontrolled and weak, and his face and cheeks were pallid and emaciated. Having seen him from afar, Kādambarī left Candrāpiḍa's breast and ran to Mahāśvetā. But she had not yet given her an embrace after congratulating her on the occasion of Puṇḍarika's return, when Puṇḍarika finished his descent and approached his chief benefactor, the Hare-marked Moon inhabiting the body of Candrāpiḍa. Candrāpiḍa hugged him and said, "Oh friend Puṇḍarika, although you were my son-in-law in a former birth, you must preserve that friendship and faithfulness that you displayed in our last birth."

As Candrāpiḍa was saying this, Keyūra went to Mount Hemakūṭa to wish Citraratha and Haṁsa, "Good fortune!" Madalekhā too ran out and fell at the feet of Tārāpiḍa and Vilāsavatī, who were intent on saying prayers to the Vanquisher of Death. "Oh Majesty, you and the queen are fortunate! The prince has returned to life, as has Vaiśampāyana!"—thus she cried loudly, overcome with joy.

Hearing that, the king embraced her with his arms that were hairy with coarse gray long hair that had grown out as a result of his abandoning care of his body. Next, beside himself with joy, he clung to Vilāsavatī's neck. Then with his arm—the wrist of which was very weak and which showed the wrinkles and folds of old age—he lifted the edge of his silk upper garment and danced with unsure steps to some private music. He was surrounded by thousands of kings with radiant faces, and he looked like a lotus leaf rocking and spinning in the wind wafting from the Malaya Mountain. He repeatedly asked Madalekhā, "Where is he? Where is he?" and in such a condition he went to the place of the event as he again and again fell upon the neck of Śukanāsa, who was enjoying a similar state of bliss. Having seen Candrāpiḍa there clinging to Puṇḍarika's neck, Tārāpiḍa joyfully said to Śukanāsa, "How fortunate I am that I am not alone as I thrill to the joy of this celebration of my son's return to life!" Candrāpiḍa, seeing his father overpowered with ecstasy, quickly released Puṇḍarika and fell at the king's feet as before, with his head pressed to the ground. Tārāpiḍa quickly approached and raised him up, saying, "Oh son, though I became your father either through the evil machinations of a curse or by my own merits, even so you are the Guardian of the World and are to be honored by all the world. Moreover, that share of honor that would be mine, that, too, has been transferred to you by me. One

way or another, you alone are the one to be honored.” Having said this, he and the thousands of kings fell at Candrāpīḍa’s feet.

After his father had bowed to him, Vilāsavatī—whose limbs seemed to have no more room for elation—kissed him now on his brow, now on his cheeks. And then she long and passionately embraced him. When he was released by his mother, he approached Śukanāsa and, being paid homage over and over again, bowed to him. After a thousand blessings had been conferred on him, Candrāpīḍa himself, to Śukanāsa and Manoramā presented Puṇḍarīka, whose head was bent with embarrassment and humility, with the words, “This is your Vaiśampāyana.”

At that moment Kapiñjala approached and said to Śukanāsa, “This is the message sent to you, noble sir, by the blessed Śvetaketu: ‘Although this Puṇḍarīka was raised by me, he is now your son. His love is only for you. Know that he is Vaiśampāyana and guard him from misconduct. Do not neglect him by thinking he is someone else. Although he is free from the curse, I did not take him back because I felt he truly belongs to you. Anyway, having gained for myself a life that is as long as the time of the moon, I am content. Now my divine spirit, called Sattva, strives to rise above even this world of celestials.’”

Then Śukanāsa, leaning on the shoulder of Puṇḍarīka, whose head was bowed with modesty, replied to Kapiñjala, “Oh Kapiñjala, why has the venerable lord, who knows the minds of all men, so commanded? Surely this is but the discontent of his love.” And so with long conversations recollecting events of former births, they, whose eyes were wide open and gazing at one another, did not notice the advance of the Giver of Leisure.

With the arrival of dawn also came the Gandharva kings, Citraratha and Haṁsa, with Madirā and Gaurī and all the Gandharvas. When both of them—whose hearts were delighted at the approach of their bashful daughters, whose eyes were dilated at the sight of their sons-in-law, and who kept up conversations with Tārāpīḍa and Śukanāsa proper to the family relationship they had attained—had arrived, a festival made a thousand-fold began. When the celebration had just commenced Citraratha said to Tārāpīḍa, “Why is this festivity taking place in the forest when our own palaces are available? After all, even if among us marriage is effected by mutual agreement, still the customary rituals of the people should be observed. So let us go to my residence first, from there to your own country or to the moon world.”

Tārāpīḍa answered him, "Oh Gandharva king, when happiness due to prosperity is unsurpassed, a forest is a palace. At a time like this, at what other place is such joy obtained? Moreover, all my residences have been transferred by me to your son-in-law. So, my friend, take him and his bride and go to enjoy the pleasures of those palaces."

Citraratha replied, "Oh sage among kings, as it pleases you." Having said this, he took Candrāpīḍa to Mount Hemakūṭa, and there Citraratha gave him and Kādambarī his entire kingdom. Haṁsa, too, gave Puṇḍarika and Mahāśvetā his own domain. But as the two men, Candrāpīḍa and Puṇḍarika, had obtained the brides desired by their hearts, they accepted nothing beyond that.

One day in their bedchamber, Kādambarī, with eyes welling with tears and with a sad face—although she rejoiced at having obtained her heart's desire, which she had longed for from birth, and though she was content at returning to the midst of her relatives—said to the moon god, who had the body of Candrāpīḍa, "Oh noble husband, it seems that all who died are revived and reunited except for that poor Patralekhā, who has not been seen again among us. She is the only one of whom we do not know the whereabouts."

The body of Candrāpīḍa was inwardly pleased and answered her, "Oh dearest, how could she be here? She is Rohiṇī, who heard of my being cursed and became grieved at my misfortune. 'How can you experience alone the sorrow of a stay in the mortal world?'—so she said this and, though restrained by me, immediately became born into the mortal world to serve at my feet. At my assuming another existence after my body was abandoned at death, she again attempted to descend to a mortal state but was forcibly restrained by me and sent to my world. There you will see her again."

Upon hearing this, Kādambarī's heart was amazed at Rohiṇī's nobility, loving nature, generosity, loyalty, and tenderness, and ashamedly she was unable to say anything more. Meanwhile the day slipped away as if to offer the joy of union with Kādambarī to the moon god, the Lord of Time—a union that he had desired for two lifetimes. The night, like a flag of passion covering up the shame of the glorious woman of the western twilight, spread itself out, and the entire world was made enchanting by the rising of the moon. When night had fully ascended, Candrāpīḍa enjoyed the long desired delight of his first sexual union with Kādambarī. Her sun-lotus eyes were wide

open, and her hand, brushed gently aside by him, reached for her fallen girdle. He tasted the bliss of her returned embraces, and she enchanted him with the bashfulness she displayed at their lovemaking. He stayed there ten nights as if it were but a day. Afterwards, he visited his parents-in-law, whose hearts were completely satisfied with him, and then he went to the feet of his father. There he elevated the kings, who had endured his torments, to his own rank and placed the weight of his empire on Puṇḍarika. He honored the feet of his parents, all of whose own duties were abandoned.

He indulged himself with Kādambarī in all pleasures that, as they had been desired for two births, were never exhausted and never repeated: sometimes in Ujjayinī—out of love for the place of his birth—while stared at by the citizens whose eyes dilated at the great marvel; sometimes on Mount Hemakūṭa—out of esteem for the Gandharva king—where the vastness is incomparable and the charm wondrous; sometimes—out of respect for Rohiṇī—in the moon world, which is the most ravishing of all places, cool and fragrant with the perfume of the Elixir; sometimes—out of love for Puṇḍarika—in the lake that is the residence of the Goddess of Fortune, and the water of which is carpeted with lotus petals; and everywhere else pleasing to Kādambarī, other places here and there, more and more beautiful. And not only the moon god with Kādambarī, but Kādambarī with Mahāśvetā, Mahāśvetā with Puṇḍarika, Puṇḍarika with the moon god—all with mutual union, at all times, with all enjoyments, reached the climax of ecstasy.

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# Glossary

Abhimanyu, name of a son of Arjuna. He married Uttarā; they had a still-born child that was revived and called Parikṣit. Abhimanyu was slain in the Bhārata War.

Abode of Serpents, *pātāla*, one of the seven regions under the earth, this one being the abode of the Nāgas, creatures that are half-snake and half-man.

Acala, “not moving,” a mountain; a man’s name.

Acchoda Lake, “having clear water,” name of a lake in the Himalayas.

Aditi, name of an ancient goddess.

*agasti*, a flower.

Agastya, “mountain-thrower,” name of a sage said to have been born in a pitcher; to have been short of stature; to have swallowed the ocean; to have forced the Vindhya Mountains to prostrate themselves before him; to have digested the demon Vātāpi; to have conquered South India; and to have written on medicine. The star Canopus, at the rising of which muddy waters are said to clear. Also, Jar-born One.

Age, *yuga*, a period of time demarcating the earth’s years. Four ages, symbolized by the sides of a die, represent a continuing cycle that consists of the golden age or *kṛtayuga* (the side with four dots, the



winning die), the *tretāyuga* (the side with three dots), the *dvāparayuga* (the side with two dots), and the dark age or *kaliyuga*—the present age (the side with one dot, the losing die).

Agitator, *manmatha*, amorous passion or desire; an epithet of the God of Love.

Agni, the God of Fire. Also, God Who Abounds in Fire; Oblation-bearer; Oblation-eater; Purifier.

Airāvata, “produced from the ocean,” name of Indra’s elephant.

Ajātaśatru, “whose enemy has not been born,” a name of Yudhiṣṭhira, one of the Pāṇḍavas and a participant in the Bhārata War.

*akṣa*, a plant, producing a seed of which rosaries are made.

Akṣa, “eye,” name of a son of Rāvaṇa.

Alakā, “a curl,” name of the God of Prosperity’s residence.

Alarka, “furious,” name of a sage.

*āmalaka*, a fruit.

Ambā, “mother-goddess,” a name of Durgā.

Ambikā, “little mother,” a name of Pārvatī.

*ānaka*, a drum.

Ananta, “endless,” a name of Vāsuki, the snake used in the Churning.

Andhaka, “blind,” name of a demon slain by Śiva.

Andhra, a region in India just south of the Vindhya Mountains.

Aṅga, a kingdom in ancient India.

Aniruddha, “ungovernable,” name of the son of Pradyumna (a form of the God of Love) and husband of Uṣā.

*añjana*, collyrium; a kind of tree.

Añjanā, name of Hanūmat’s mother.

*aṅkola*, a flower.

Apsaras, “going between the clouds,” nymphs that inhabit the sky but often visit the earth; they are the wives of the Gandharvas and can change shape at will. Another word so translated: *divyāṅganā*.

Arhat, “deserving,” a Jain holy man.

*aṛiṣṭa*, a tree.

Aṛiṣṭā, name of one of the daughters of Dakṣa.

Arjuna, “white,” name of the third of the Pāṇḍava princes and father of Abhimanyu. Also, Nara; Pārtha.

*arka*, a plant.

Arthapati, “lord of wealth,” a man’s name; an epithet of the God of Prosperity.

Aruṇa’s Younger Brother, *aruṇānuja*, an epithet of Garuḍa.

*arundhatī*, a medicinal plant.

Arundhatī, the wife of Vasiṣṭha; a star belonging to the Great Bear—the so-called Seven Ṛṣis or Seven Sages—personified as the wife of one of its stars, Vasiṣṭha, or of all seven.

*āryā*, a metre consisting of two lines, the scansion of which depends on the number of morae or *mātrās* in each hemistich.

*Āryan*, a respectable or noble man; member of one of the twice-born classes; name of the people who immigrated from central Asia into northern and central India.

*āṣāḍha*, a staff of a particular wood carried by certain ascetics.

*Āṣāḍha*, name of a month, corresponding to part of June and July in which the full moon is near the constellation *Āṣāḍha*.

*āsana*, a plant; also, a small seat or stool; a sitting position.

*Aśleṣa*, “clinging,” name of a constellation.

*aśoka*, “not causing sorrow,” a tree, said to bloom only when kicked by a beautiful woman.

*Aśvahrdayā*, “she who has the heart of a horse,” a woman’s name.

*Aśvasena*, “having an army of horses,” a man’s name.

*aśvattha*, the holy fig tree, *Ficus religiosa*.

*Aśvatthāman*, “having the strength of a horse,” name of a son of Droṇa.

*atimuktaka*, “surpassing pearls in whiteness,” a plant.

*Atri*, name of a famous sage.

*Attacker*, *skanda*, an epithet of the God of War.

*Attentive One*, *pracetas*, an epithet of the God of the Sea.

*Avalokiteśvara*, name of a Bodhisattva.

Avanti, a kingdom in ancient India.

Avantisena, “army of Avanti,” a man’s name.

Axe-bearer, *paraśudhara*, an epithet of Paraśurāma.

Āyurveda, “life-science,” the science of health or medicine.

Babhruvāhana, name of a son of Arjuna, who fought with his father and cut off his head.

Badarikā, name of a hermitage.

*baka*, a flower.

Baka, “crane” or “rogue,” name of a demon who lived near the town Ekacakra and forced its king to send him for his daily meal a large quantity of food including two buffalos and a man. He was killed by Bhima.

*bakula*, a tree, said to put forth blossoms when sprinkled with liquid from the mouth of a beautiful woman.

Bala, “vigor,” a name of Balarāma, Kṛṣṇa’s elder brother.

Balabhadra, “powerful,” a name of Balarāma.

Baladharman, “mighty in duty,” a man’s name.

Balāhaka, “thundercloud,” a man’s name.

Balarāma, “the strong Rāma,” name of the elder brother of Kṛṣṇa and third of the Rāmas; regarded as the eighth incarnation of Viṣṇu. Also, Bala; Balabhadra; Club-armed One; Plowman; Plow-weaponed One; Saṁkarṣaṇa.

Bali, “tribute,” name of a demon. Proud of his rule over the three

worlds, he was humiliated by Viṣṇu who appeared before him in his Dwarf incarnation and, with three strides, laid claim to everything, save the Nether Region.

*bāṇa*, a plant; an arrow.

Bāṇa, name of a demon who had a thousand arms. His daughter, Uṣā, fell in love with Aniruddha, the grandson of Kṛṣṇa, whom she beheld in a dream and had Citralekhā convey to her apartment. This led to a fight between Bāṇa, assisted by Śiva and the God of War, and Kṛṣṇa, assisted by Balarāma, Pradyumna and others. In the battle Kṛṣṇa cut off Bāṇa's arms. Śiva interceded for Bāṇa's life, and Kṛṣṇa granted it.

Bearer of the Crown of a Thousand Rays, *sahasramaricimālin*, an epithet of the sun.

Bearer of the Matted Locks, *dhūrjati*, an epithet of Śiva.

Beautiful-winged One, *suparṇa*, an epithet of Garuḍa.

Beauty Spot, *śrīmaṇḍapa*, name of a pleasure-ground.

Beloved of the Stars, *tārāmaṇa*, an epithet of the moon.

Beneficent One, *śamkara*, an epithet of Śiva.

Best of Bulls, *varavṛṣabha*, an epithet of Śiva's bull.

Best of Men, *puruṣottama*, an epithet of Viṣṇu.

*bhadramustā*, a species of grass.

Bhadrāsena, "having an auspicious army," a man's name.

Bhagīratha, "having a glorious chariot," name of an ancient king and sage. His story is told in the *Rāmāyaṇa*. Indra once stole away king Sagara's sacrificial horse and took it down to the Nether Region, where

Sagara's sons found it grazing near a sage named Kapila. Taking the sage for the thief, they began to revile him, for which he cursed them and reduced them to ashes. Sagara discovered that his sons could obtain salvation only by being purified by the waters of Gaṅgā, who then flowed exclusively through the Celestial World. It was not easy to persuade her to take on the humble earthly course. Bhagīratha, the fifth descendant of the family, performed severe austerities, thus pleasing the gods, who allowed him to escort the sacred Gaṅgā to earth. He conducted her to the ocean and sanctified the ashes of his ancestors, who were then raised to heaven.

Bhāgīrathī, "relating to Bhagīratha," a name of Gaṅgā, brought down to earth by the sage Bhagīratha.

*bhalla*, "favorable," an arrow.

Bhāradvāja, "being swift of flight," a skylark; a name of Droṇa, who was said to have been generated in a bucket.

Bharāṇa, "bearing," name of a constellation.

Bharata, "to be or being maintained," name of a younger brother of Rāma; name of a celebrated hero and monarch of India; name of an ancient sage supposed to have authored a manual of the dramatic arts called *Nāṭyaśāstra*.

Bhārata, "descended from the Bharatas," the war or battle of the Bharatas; the history or narrative of their war; name of India.

Bharatasena, "having an army from Bharata," a man's name.

Bhārata War, *bhāratasamara*, the war between the Kauravas and Pāṇḍavas, as recounted in the *Mahābhārata*.

Bhatsu, a man's name.

Bhavānī, a name of Pārvatī.

*bherī*, a drum.

Bhīma, “terrifying,” name of the second son of Pāṇḍu, noted for his size, strength, and appetite.

Bhīṣma, “dreadful,” name of a son of Śantanu and Gaṅgā, renowned for his wisdom, bravery, and loyalty to his word.

*bhṛṅgarāja*, “bee-king,” a shrike.

Bhṛṅgi, “bee,” name of one of Śiva’s attendants.

*bilva*, a fruit.

Birthless One, *aja*, an epithet of Brahmā, among others.

Blessed Success Rites, *svastyayana*, a form of benediction.

Blossom-arrowed God, *kusumaśara*, an epithet of the God of Love. Other words so translated: *kusumabāṇa*; *kusumamārgaṇa*; *kusumeśu*.

Blossom-bowed God, *kusumacāpa*, an epithet of the God of Love. Others words so translated: *kusumadhanvan*; *kusumakārmuka*; *puṣpadhanvan*.

Blue-necked One, *nilakaṇṭha*, a peacock; an epithet of Śiva as having a black (dark-blue) throat from swallowing the poison produced at the Churning. Another word so translated: *śitikaṇṭha*.

Bodiless God, *anaṅga*, an epithet of the God of Love, made bodiless by a flame from Śiva’s third eye for having attempted to disturb his life of austerity by filling him with love for Pārvatī.

Boundless One, *ananta*, an epithet of Kṛṣṇa.

Brahmā, name of the creator. Other words so translated: *mahālaya*;

*sanat*. Also, Creator; Four-faced God; God of the Lotus-throne; Golden Fetus; Grandfather; Lord of Creatures; Lotus-born God; Self-existent; Supreme Soul; Viriñca.

Brahmā Pose, *brahmāsana*, a particular posture for meditation.

Brahmin, *brāhmaṇa*, a member of the first of the twice-born classes.

Breaker, *ākhaṇḍala*, an epithet of Indra.

Bṛhadratha, “great chariot,” name of a king.

Bṛhaspati, “great lord,” name of the God of Wisdom; the planet Jupiter. Also, Guru; Teacher of the Gods.

*Bṛhatkathā*, “great story,” name of a legendary collection of tales.

Bridge, *setubandha*, the ridge of rocks extending from India’s south-eastern coast to Sri Lanka, said to have been formed by Hanūmat as a bridge for the passage of Rāma’s army to conquer Rāvaṇa’s kingdom of Laṅkā.

Brilliant One, *vivasvat*, an epithet of the sun. Another word so translated: *gabhastimat*.

Bubble Verse, *bindumatī*, name of a word game.

Buddha, founder of Buddhism.

Buddhist, *bauddha*, follower of Buddha.

Budha, “wise,” a wise or learned man; name of a descendant of Soma, identified with the planet Mercury.

Caitraratha, “belonging to Citraratha,” name of a grove.

*cakora*, a bird, said to subsist on moonbeams, and whose eyes turn red



when it looks at poisoned food.

*cakra*, see *cakravāka*.

*cakrāhva*, see *cakravāka*.

*cakravāka*, a bird, cursed by Rāma to be separated from its mate every night. The story goes that while Rāma was lamenting the loss of his wife, the *cakravāka* birds laughed at him. Angry, he cursed them that they might suffer the grief of separation.

Cāmarikā, "little fly whisk," a woman's name.

*campaka*, a flower.

Caṇḍakauśika, name of a sage.

Caṇḍāla, an outcast; a person of the lowest class.

Caṇḍikā, "she who glows with passion," an epithet of Durgā.

Candrāpiḍa, "the moon-crested one," an epithet of Śiva.

*cātaka*, a bird, said to subsist on raindrops.

Celestial Ganges, *gaganasarit*, the Gaṅgā flowing down from the Celestial World; said to issue from the heavenly sphere and, after wandering a hundred thousand years in Śiva's hair, to fall like milk from Mount Meru into the lake of the moon; was induced by Bhagīratha to come to earth to anoint the ashes of Sagara's sons; is three-fold, as the river of the sky, the earth, and the Nether Region. Other words so translated: *gaganasindhu*; *mandākinī*. Also, River of the Gods; River of the Three Worlds; Sky River; Triple-streamed River.

Celestial World, *suraloka*. Other words so translated: *amānuṣaloka*; *amaraloka*; *divyaloka*; *vibudhasadman*.

Ceremony of Arrival, *āgamanamaṅgala*.

Ceremony of Departure, *gamanamaṅgala*. Another word so translated: *prasthānamaṅgala*.

Ceremony of Descent, *avataraṇakamaṅgala*, “ceremony of descending or alighting,” an auspicious act performed at the arrival of a guest.

Chastity, *brahmacarya*, chastity personified.

Churning, *manthana*. Once, the gods and demons were told by Viṣṇu to churn the ocean for the Elixir of Immortality. They uprooted the Mandara Mountain, marched to the sea, used the King of Tortoises as a foundation, and made the mountain their churning staff with the snake Vāsuki employed as the twirling rope. The ocean turned to milk from the juices of herbs and tree resins that flowed into it from the mountain. The milk was churned into butter, which rose to the surface with all the other treasures the ocean gave up to the churning: the sun, moon, Goddess of Beauty, Goddess of Liquor, Uccaiḥśravas, the Kaustubha jewel, and the Elixir. The gods appropriated the latter for themselves, but one demon, Rāhu, managed to get a mouthful before he was beheaded by Viṣṇu, who was alerted by the sun and moon. Rāhu’s immortal head periodically swallows (eclipses) the sun and the moon in revenge.

*cīt-cīt*, cries, as in the sound made by elephants and birds.

Citrā, “variegated,” name of a constellation.

Citrabhānu, “shining with light,” a man’s name.

Citrālekḥā, “portrait,” name of an Apsaras, skilful in painting. Uṣā, the daughter of the demon Bāṇa, once saw in a dream Aniruddha and fell in love with him, resolving to marry no one else. In order to find out who her chosen beloved was, her friend Citrālekḥā drew the pictures of all youths in the world. She showed them to Uṣā and asked her to pick out her lover, who happened to be Aniruddha. Citrālekḥā, by using her magical powers, brought Aniruddha to Uṣā’s bedchamber.

Citraratha, "having a bright chariot," a man's name.

Club-armed One, *musalāyudha*, an epithet of Balarāma.

Club-bearer, *gadādhara*, an epithet of Viṣṇu.

Cold-rayed One, *himakara*, an epithet of the moon. Other words so translated: *himakiraṇa*; *śīśirakara*; *śīśirāṁśu*; *śītāṁśu*; *tuhinakara*; *tuṣārakiraṇa*; *tuṣāraraśmi*.

Coquette of Night, *nīśāvilāsini*, night personified as a flirtatious woman. Other words so translated: *nīśā*; *vibhāvārī*; *yāmi*.

Creation, *utpatti*.

Creator, *vidhātṛ*, an epithet of Brahmā. Other words so translated: *dhātṛ*; *prakṛtin*; *vedhas*. Also, Brahmā; Lord of Creatures.

Creator of the Universe, *viśvasṛja*.

Crest-jewel of Creation, *sakalabhuvanacūḍāmaṇi*, an epithet of the moon.

Crest-pendant, *avacūla*, the pendant crest or streamer of a standard; an ornament of peacock feathers.

Cūlatatikā, "mango creeper," a woman's name.

Cyavana, "a mover," name of a sage.

Dakṣa, "adroit," a son of Brahmā, one of the Seven Sages, father of Rohiṇī and of twenty-six other daughters wed to the moon and forming the lunar constellations.

Damanaka, "tamer," name of a sage.

Dānava, a class of demons and foes of the gods.

Daṇḍaka Wood, *daṇḍakāraṇya*, a forest in central India.

*darbha*, a grass.

*dardura*, a flute.

Dark Age, *kalikāla*, name of the last and worst of the four Ages; the present age, the age of vice. Another word so translated: *kaliyuga*.

Daśapura, “ten cities,” name of an ancient city in central India.

Daśaratha, “having ten chariots,” name of Rāma’s father.

Daśaratha’s Son, *daśarathasuta*, an epithet of Rāma.

Dāśarathi, “a descendant of Daśaratha,” patronymic of Rāma.

Daughter of Janaka, *janakatanayā*, an epithet of Sītā.

Daughter of the Mountain, *giritanayā*, a name of the goddess Pārvatī as the daughter of the personified Himalayas. Another word so translated: *girisutā*.

Daughter of the Mountain King, *acalarājakanyakā*, an epithet of Pārvatī.

Dear-to-Brahmins Invocation, *subrahmaṇya*, a recitation of certain mantras.

Deer-marked One: *mṛgalāñchana*, an epithet of the moon, the dark spot of which is thought by some to be a deer that has taken refuge there and at which dogs often bark. Another word so translated: *hariṇalāñchana*.

“deer thirst,” *mṛgaṭṛṣṇikā*, mirage.

Demon, *yātudhāna*, a kind of evil spirit or demon.

Depression, *viṣāda*, depression or sorrow personified.

Desire, *kāma*, a name of the God of Love.

Destiny, *bhavitavyatā*. Another word so translated: *niyati*.

Destroyer, *hara*, a name of Śiva.

Devavardhana, "gladdener of the gods," a man's name.

Dhṛtarāṣṭra, "belonging to Dhṛtarāṣṭra," a son of Dhṛtarāṣṭra; especially, patronymic of Duryodhana, who was the eldest son and leader of the Kauravas in their war with the Pāṇḍavas.

Dhaumya, name of the family priest of the Pāṇḍavas.

Dhenuka, "full of cows," a cow; also, name of a demon who in the form of an ass lived in a grove of palm trees. One day as Balarāma and Kṛṣṇa entered the grove and picked some fruit, he attacked Balarāma, who retaliated by whirling him around and dashing him against a palm tree, thus killing him.

Dhṛtarāṣṭra, "whose empire is firm," name of the eldest son of Vyāsa; brother of Pāṇḍu; born blind; husband of Gāndhārī and father of one hundred sons of whom the eldest was Duryodhana, and of one daughter, Duḥśalā.

Dhruva, "immovable," the polar star personified.

Dhundhumāra, "slayer of Dhundhu," an epithet of Kuvalāśva. The demon Dhundhu harassed the sage Uttara in his devotions. Kuvalāśva attacked the demon, who lived in a sea of sand and killed him; thus he was given the name Dhundhumāra.

Dilīpa, name of certain kings, especially of an ancestor of Rāma, and father of Bhagīratha.

*diṇḍima*, “great clamor,” a drum.

Distiller of Cold, *himasrut*, an epithet of the moon.

Diversely Eyed God, *virūpākṣa*, an epithet of Śiva.

Door of Absolution, *mokṣadvāra*, an epithet of the sun.

Drauṇi, “relating to Droṇa,” patronymic of Aśvatthāman, a son of Droṇa.

Draviḍa, name of a people; a region on India’s south-east coast.

Dṛḍhadasyu, “resolute enemy of the gods,” a man’s name.

Druma, name of a prince of the Kinnaras; a tree in Indra’s paradise.

Duḥśalā, the only daughter of Dhṛtarāṣṭra and the wife of Jayadratha, who was slain by Arjuna in the Bhārata War.

Duḥśāsana, “difficult to be controlled,” name of a son of Dhṛtarāṣṭra; a scoundrel.

*duṇḍubhi*, a kettledrum.

Durgā, “difficult of access,” name of the daughter of the Himalayas and wife of Śiva; mother of Kārttikeya and Gaṇeśa. In this, her fierce aspect, she is represented as having from four to thirty-two arms, riding on a lion, and carrying a sword, shield, and a curved knife. Also, Ambādevī; Caṇḍikā; Kātyāyanī; Pārvatī.

*dūrvā*, a grass.

Duryodhana, “difficult to be conquered,” name of the eldest son of Dhṛtarāṣṭra.

Dūṣaṇa, “corrupting,” name of Rāvaṇa’s general, sent by Khara with an army of giants to fight Rāma, and slain in the attempt.

Dvīpa, a division of the terrestrial world; a continent.

*dvīpadi*, “two-footed, containing two words,” a metre.

Dwarf, *vāmana*, name of Viṣṇu in his fifth incarnation. A demon, Bali, gained control of the world and began a course of asceticism by which his supernatural power so increased that he threatened even the gods. Viṣṇu appeared before him in the form of a dwarf and begged the boon of as much land as he could cover in three strides. When the boon was granted, the god became a giant and in three strides covered the earth, heaven, and the middle air, leaving only the Nether Region to the demon.

Earth, *vasuṁdharā*, earth personified. Other words so translated: *bhū*; *mahī*.

Eastern Ocean, *pūrvajālanidhi*.

Ekacakra, “having one army,” name of a town of the Kīcakas, threatened by the demon Baka.

Ekalavya, a Śabara, the son of Hiraṇyadhanus and a king of the Niṣādas. He requested Droṇa to teach him the science of archery. Droṇa refused to do so because Ekalavya was a Śabara. Thereupon Ekalavya made an image of Droṇa, and, his love for his teacher being so strong, from that image learned the entire art.

Elephant of the Gods, *suragaja*, the gods’ or Indra’s elephant. Another word so translated: *surakuñjara*.

Elixir of Immortality, *amṛta*, the nectar conferring immortality, produced at the Churning.

Enemy of Kaiṭabha, *kaiṭabhāri*, an epithet of Viṣṇu. Kaiṭabha was a demon slain by Viṣṇu.

Enemy of Love's Recaller, *smarāri*, an epithet of Śiva.

Enemy of the Demons, *asurāri*, an epithet of Viṣṇu.

Enemy of the Sun, *arkaripu*, an epithet of Rāhu.

Enemy of Tripura, *tripurāri*, an epithet of Śiva.

Enigma Rhyme, *gūḍhacaturthapādapraheḷikā*, a type of word game.

Exciter of Men, *janārdana*, an epithet of Viṣṇu.

Faithfulness Rites, *śrāddha*, a ceremony in honor of ancestors.

Far-famed One, *viṣṭaraśravas*, an epithet of Viṣṇu.

Fasters, *kṣapaṇaka*, a religious mendicant.

Fate, *vidhi*. Another word so translated: *daiva*.

Final Dissolution, *pralaya*, comes at the end of a Kalpa—a fabulous period of time that marks off a day of Brahmā. At the end of a Kalpa the universe is annihilated. First comes a hundred-year drought. Seven rays destroy any living creatures left, and seven times seven rays rain down hot coals. The mare of the Submarine Fire is then transformed, and a poisonous fire shoots from her mouth. Fire arises from the third eye of Śiva and burns the three worlds; the sky is heated by steam; and the universe is destroyed. The seven clouds of Doomsday, born of the sweat of the God of Fire, flood the earth. The oceans are stirred and all come together. The three worlds become a single ocean. The earth is then “created” by Viṣṇu, who, in his Great Boar incarnation, rescues it from the deep, and creation is thus begun again. Other words so translated: *kalarātri*; *kalpa*; *kalpānta*; *kṣaya*; *mahāpralaya*; *pralayakāla*; *samhāra*.

First Age, *ādiyuga*, another term for the Golden Age.



First Boar, *ādivarāha*, an epithet of Viṣṇu in his Great Boar incarnation.

First-born, *agrajanman*, the first-born, an elder brother; a Brahmin; a member of one of the three highest classes.

First God, *parameśvara*, an epithet of Śiva, Viṣṇu, Indra, and any illustrious prince; in *Kādambarī*, the moon.

First Lord, *ādideva*, an epithet of Viṣṇu, among others.

First Mountain, *ādiparvata*, name of a mountain.

Five-arrowed God, *pañcabāṇa*, an epithet of the God of Love. The five arrows are, according to some sources, made of the mango, *aśoka*, jasmine, *mādhavī*, and *bakula* flowers. They cause rapture, stupefaction, desiccation, paralysis, and bewilderment. Other words so translated: *pañcaśara*; *pañceśu*.

Five-fire Ritual, *pañcatapas*, the five fires to which an ascetic exposes himself—one fire at each of the four quarters, and the sun overhead.

Flesh-eaters, *piśāca*, name of a class of demons; a fiend, ogre, demon, imp. Another word so translated: *piśitāśana*.

Flower-weaponed God, *kusumāyudha*, an epithet of the God of Love, whose arrows are tipped with flowers.

Four-faced God, *caturmukha*, an epithet of Brahmā.

Friend, *mitra*, an epithet of the sun.

Friend of Moon-lotuses, *kumudabandhu*, an epithet of the moon. The *kumuda* lotus is a white lotus said to expand its petals during the night and close them in daytime.

Friend of Sun-lotuses, *kamalabandhu*, an epithet of the sun. The *kamala*

lotus is a red lotus said to open its petals during daytime and to close them at night.

Fuel-bringer, *idhmavāha*, a second name Agastya gave his son, Ṛṣhadasyu.

*gad-gad*, a stammering or stuttering sound.

Gaṇas, “troop,” a class of inferior deities, especially troops of demi-gods serving as Śiva’s attendants under the supervision of the god Gaṇeśa.

Gandhamādana, “intoxicating with fragrance,” name of a mountain renowned for its fragrant forests.

Gandharva, a semidivine being; his habitation is the region of the air and the celestial waters; his special duty is to guard the celestial *soma*; the Gandharva is supposed to be a good physician because *soma* is considered to be the best of medicines; he also regulates the course of the Sun’s horses; he is said to have a peculiar power over women; he is the husband of the Apsaras; and in epic poetry he is the celestial musician or singer.

Gandharvadattā, “given by the Gandharvas,” name of a daughter of the Gandharva prince, Sāgaradatta; she is a character in the *Kathāsaritsāgara* who is wooed and won by Naravāhana.

Gandharva Science, *gandharvavidyā*, music.

Gaṅgā, “swift-goer,” the holy river; personified, she is the eldest daughter of the Himalayas and Menakā, and the wife of Śantanu and mother of Bhīṣma and of the Vasus. Also, Great River.

Garuḍa, “devourer,” name of a mythical bird who is chief of birds and enemy of serpents. He is the son of Kaśyapa and Vinatā and is the vehicle of Viṣṇu. Also, Beautiful-winged One; Vainateya; Winged One.

Gaurī, “the dazzling white one,” a name of Pārvatī.

*gavyūti*, a measure of length, around four miles.

Gem of Gems, *mahāratna*, a precious jewel; the Kaustubha gem.

*ghar-ghar*, “uttered with an indistinct gurgling or purring sound,” the sound of baying hounds, struck bells, and a horse’s snortings.

*ghargharikā*, a bell used as an ornament; a kind of musical instrument.

Ghaṭotkaca, “hairless of head,” name of a son of Bhīma by the demoness Hidimbā. He is described as having pointed ears, stiff hair, a sunken belly, red eyes, a thick nose, a copper-colored face, a long reddish tongue, four fangs, a mouth stretching from ear to ear, brass armor, a gold crown and earrings, and an eight-wheeled chariot drawn by elephant-like creatures.

Ghoul, *vetāla*, a kind of demon, ghost, goblin, vampire—especially one occupying a dead body.

*ghur-ghur*, a frightful cry, wheeze, or gurgling sound.

Giver of Leisure, *kṣaṇadā*, an epithet of night.

Godāvarī, “granting water or cattle,” name of a river.

Goddess of Beauty, *śrī*, name of Lakṣmī, the Goddess of Fortune. She is usually represented as standing on a lotus and holding a lotus in her right hand.

Goddess of Fortune, *lakṣmī*, name of the Goddess of Beauty; said to spring with other precious things from the foam of the ocean when it was churned by the gods and demons for the recovery of the Elixir of Immortality; also, the Good Fortune of a king, personified.

Goddess of Royal Glory, *rājalakṣmī*, the fortune or prosperity of a king, personified as a goddess. Another word so translated: *rājyalakṣmī*.

Goddess of Speech, *sarasvatī*, described as being four-armed, white, dressed in white garments and heavily ornamented.

God of Death, *yama*, presides over the spirits of the dead; he is depicted dressed in blood-red garments, wearing a crown, having glowing eyes, and holding a noose with which he binds the spirit after drawing it from the body; his vehicle is a buffalo. Other words so translated: *antaka*; *kāla*; *kṛtānta*; *mṛtyu*; *pretādhipa*; *pretapati*. Also, King of Final Justice.

God of Duty, *dharma*, that which is established or firm; customary or prescribed conduct; duty; justice; holding to the law; doing one's duty—here incarnate.

God of Love. He was sent by the gods to lure Śiva from his practice of asceticism so that he might unite with Pārvatī and father by her a son who would defeat the demon Tāraka. He approached Śiva and had just drawn his bow when Śiva discovered his presence and incinerated him with a flame from his third eye. At the pleadings of Rati, the God of Love's wife, he was restored, but in bodiless form. He is represented as having a bow made of sugar cane and strung with bees; as having five flower arrows, which cause rapture, stupefaction, desiccation, paralysis, and bewilderment. His vehicle is a parrot. His emblem is a *makara*. Also, Agitator; Blossom-arrowed God; Blossom-bowed God; Bodiless God; Desire; Five-arrowed God; Flower-weaponed God; Inflamer; Love's Recaller; Maddener; *Makara*-bannered God; Mind-born God; Self-originated God.

God of Prosperity, *dhanada*, name of Kubera, who is the god of riches and guardian of the northern quarter; usually represented as having two arms, holding a club or mace in one of his hands, as being pot-bellied and long-armed, and as having either a man-like creature or a lamb as his mount. Also, Kubera; Lord of the Guhyakas; Lord of the Yakṣas.

God of the Lotus-throne, *kamalāsana*, an epithet of Brahmā. Other words so translated: *nalināsana*; *padmāsana*.

God of the Plowshare, *śunāsāra*, an epithet of Indra, among others.

God of the Sea, *varuṇa*, regarded as hating falsehood; as seizing transgressors with his noose; as inflicting diseases, especially dropsy; as pardoning sin; and as the guardian of immortality. Also, Attentive One; Noose-wielding One.

God of the Winds, *vāyu*, wind; said to travel in a car pulled by a pair of red or purple horses or by several teams consisting of ninety-nine or a hundred or even a thousand horses.

God of War, *kārttikeya*, name of the son of Śiva's semen; popularly regarded as the God of War because he leads the hosts of Śiva against the demons. When born he was fostered by the six Kṛttikās, and since they offered him six breasts, he became six-headed. His name, Kārttikeya, may be derived from his foster mothers or from the month Kārttika as the best for warfare. Also, Attacker; Great General; Guha; Lord of Armies; Six-faced God; Youth.

God Who Abounds in Fire, *vibhāvasu*, an epithet of the God of Fire, among others.

God Whose Crown is the Moon, *uḍupatiśekhara*, an epithet of Śiva.

God Who Slays with an Axe, *khaṇḍaparaśu*, an epithet of Śiva and of Paraśurāma.

God Who Slays with Arrows, *śarva*, an epithet of Śiva, among others.

Golden Age, *kṛtayuga*, name of the side of a die marked with four dots—the lucky or winning die—and name of the first of the four Ages of the world.

Golden-crested Mountain, *kanakaśikharin*, an epithet of Mount Meru,

Golden Fetus, *hiranyagarbha*, an epithet of Brahmā, so called for being born from a golden egg.

Golden Mountain, *kanakagiri*, an epithet of Mount Meru. Another word so translated: *cāmikarācala*.

*gorocanā*, a bright yellow orpiment prepared from the bile of cattle and used in painting, dyeing, and making the *tilaka* mark on the forehead.

*gośīrṣa*, “cow-headed,” a kind of sandalwood.

Grace Note, *suṣumna*, name of one of the seven principal rays of the sun, supposed to supply heat to the moon.

Grandfather, *pitṛ*, an epithet of Brahmā. Another word so translated: *pitāmaha*.

*granthiparṇa*, “knotty-leafed,” a plant.

Great Boar, *mahāvarāha*, name of Viṣṇu in his third incarnation. A demon, Hiranyākṣa, casts the earth into the depths of the cosmic sea, and Viṣṇu takes the form of an enormous boar, kills the demon, and raises the earth on his tusks. Also, First Boar.

Great Elements, *mahābhūta*, gross elements: ether, air, fire, water, earth.

Great Fire, *mahāvira*, a term for sacrificial fire.

Great General, *mahāsena*, an epithet of the God of War.

Great Lord, *maheśvara*, an epithet of Śiva.

Great Planet, *mahāgraha*, an epithet of Rāhu.

Great River, *mahānadi*, an epithet of Gaṅgā.

Great Sages, *maharṣi*, the stars of the Great Bear, or the Seven Sages.

Guardians of the World, *lokapāla*, regents of the quarters or directions of the world.

*guggulu*, a flower.

Guha, “reared in a secret place,” an epithet of the God of War. In most representations he is shown holding a long spear—Śakti.

Guhyakas, “hidden ones,” a class of demigods who serve the God of Prosperity and guard his treasures.

*guñjā*, a plant that produces berries.

Gupta, “protected,” renowned north Indian dynasty of the fourth and fifth centuries A.D., in which the names of the sovereigns generally end in *gupta*.

Guru, “heavy,” an epithet of Bṛhaspati.

Haṁsa, “goose,” a man’s name.

Hanūmat, “having large jaws,” name of a monkey-chief who helped Rāma win back Sītā by leaping over the ocean and setting fire to Laṅkā; he could assume any form at will, wielded rocks, removed mountains, mounted the wind, seized the clouds, and rivalled Garuḍa in swiftness of flight; in some legends Hanūmat was a son of Śiva. His mother’s name is Añjanā.

Hare-marked Moon, *śaśin*, an epithet of the moon, said to be marked with the image of a hare. Other words so translated: *śaśadhara*; *śaśikara*; *śaśalāñchana*; *śaśāṅka*; *śaśāṅkala*.

Hari, a name of Kṛṣṇa.

*haricandana*, a kind of sandal tree; yellow sandal.

Hariṇikā, “little fawn,” a woman’s name.

*hārīta*, a kind of pigeon.

Hārīta, “green in color,” a man’s name.

*haritāla*, a yellow orpiment.

*Harivarṇśa*, “family of Hari,” name of a celebrated poem supplementary to the *Mahābhārata* on the history and adventures of Kṛṣṇa.

Hell, *niraya*, hell, place of torment.

Hell of Torment, *naraka*, hell, place of torment.

He Who Has Phases, *kalāvat*, an epithet of the moon.

Hiḍimbā, a demoness, the sister of Hiḍimbāsura; attracted by Bhīma’s exploits, she changed herself into a beautiful woman and became by him the mother of Ghaṭotkaca.

Hiranyākṣa, “golden-eyed,” name of a noted demon killed by Viṣṇu in his Great Boar incarnation.

Holder of the Bow, *śārṅgapāṇi*, an epithet of Viṣṇu.

Holder of the Discus, *rathāṅgapāṇi*, an epithet of Viṣṇu.

Hot-rayed One, *aśīśirakiraṇa*, an epithet of the sun. Other words so translated: *aśīśirakara*; *tigmadīdhiti*; *uṣṇakara*; *uṣṇakiraṇa*; *uṣṇaraśmi*.

*hum̐-hum̐*, a sound expressing either joy or disapproval.

Husband of Ambikā, *ambikāpati*, an epithet of Śiva.

Husband of Rohiṇī, *rohiṇipati*, an epithet of the moon.



Husband of Umā, *umāpati*, an epithet of Śiva.

Imperishable One, *acyuta*, an epithet of Viṣṇu.

Indra, "conqueror," the god of the atmosphere and sky. According to one story, supposed to have a thousand eyes all over his body, a reference to the tale of Indra's illicit love affair with Gauṭama's wife. Enchanted by her beauty, Indra in the disguise of her husband seduced her, while the husband was absent. Gauṭama, returning, saw the god fleeing in haste, understood what had happened, and cursed him to have a thousand vulvas all over his body, which he later changed to a thousand eyes, thus the epithet *netrayoni*, "he who has vulvas like eyes." Also, Breaker; God of a Hundred Sacrifices; God of the Plowshare; Lord of the Gods; Punisher of Pāka.

Indra's Bow, *indrāyudha*, the rainbow. Another word so translated: *indracāpa*.

Indra's Younger Brother, *upendra*, an epithet of Viṣṇu.

Indrāyudha, "Indra's weapon," the rainbow; name of a horse.

Indus, *sindhu*, a river.

Inflamer, *kandarpa*, an epithet of the God of Love.

*īṅgundī*, a tree that produces nuts.

Jābāli, name of an ancient sage.

Jahnu, name of an ancient king and sage. Gaṅgā, when brought down from heaven by Bhagīratha's austerities, was forced to flow over the earth and to follow him to the ocean and then into the lower regions in order to water the ashes of the ocean's sons. In its course it inundated the sacrificial ground of Jahnu, who drank up its waters but consented at Bhagīratha's pleadings to discharge them from his ears; thus the river is regarded as his daughter.

Jain, *jina*, an adherent of Jainism.

Jālapāda, “web-footed,” a man’s name.

Jamadagni, “consuming fire,” name of a sage, and father of Paraśurāma.

*jambū*, a fruit tree.

Jānakī, “pertaining to Janaka,” patronymic of Sītā.

Jarāsaṁdha, “united by Jarā,” Jarāsaṁdha was a king of Magadha. His father Bṛhadratha was long without a son. Desirous of obtaining a son, he propitiated the sage Caṇḍakauśika, who gave him a mango that he divided between his two queens, who conceived upon eating it and brought forth each a half of a boy. The strange creations were looked upon with horror and thrown away into a burning ground. A demoness, Jarā by name, who was wandering in the cemetery in quest of food, noticed the two halves and put them together to carry them away. As soon as the two halves came into contact, they united, giving rise to a living boy who began to cry. The demoness was moved by the sight and presented the infant to the king. From this the boy was called Jarāsaṁdha.

Jar-born One, *kalaśayoni*, an epithet of Agastya. Agastya and Vasiṣṭha are said to be the sons of Mitra and Varuṇa, whose seed fell at the sight of the lovely nymph Urvasī at a sacrificial session. Part of it fell into a pitcher and part dropped out; from the former rose Agastya, from the latter Vasiṣṭha.

*jāti*, in rhetoric, a particular figure of speech.

Jayadratha, “having victorious chariots,” name of a king of Sindhu, slain by Arjuna in the Bhārata War.

Jewel, *ratna*, the Kaustubha gem.

*jhallari*, a kind of drum or cymbal.

*jhaṇ-jhaṇ*, a low murmuring sound; the hum of bees or the jingle of anklets.

*jīvaṃjīvaka*, “life-generating,” a kind of bird, so called because it is supposed to save lives by detecting poison.

Jyeṣṭha, “the eldest,” the eldest brother; a lunar constellation said to be sacred to Indra.

Kabandha, “barrel, cask,” a name of Rāhu, who eclipses the sun and moon. Also, name of a demon punished by Indra for insolently challenging him to combat. His head and thighs were forced into his body by a blow from the god’s thunderbolt, leaving him with long arms and a huge mouth in his belly. It was predicted that he would not recover his original shape until his arms were cut off by Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa. When caught, Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa each cut off one of his arms. When his body was burnt, he assumed a celestial form and told Rāma to form an alliance with Sugriva, who would help him in recovering Sitā.

Kaca, “hair,” name of a son of Bṛhaspati; he was sent by the gods to learn from Śukra, the teacher of the demons, the magic for bringing the dead back to life. Discovering him, the demons killed him, cut him into pieces the size of sesame seeds, and fed him to jackals; he was summoned by Śukra and so revived. Again he was slain by the demons, who ground him into a paste and stirred him into the ocean, and again he was revived by Śukra. Then the demons killed him, burnt him into a powder and gave it to Śukra in wine. Kaca was summoned by Śukra, who died in the process but who was revived by Kaca. Sometime later Kaca returned to the gods and his father, bearing the magic of revival.

Kadalikā, “little *kadalī* plant,” a woman’s name.

*kadamba*, a flowering tree.

*kādamba*, a kind of goose; the plant *kadamba*.

Kādambārī, “spirituous liquor,” a woman’s name.

Kadrū, “tawny,” name of a daughter of Dakṣa, wife of Kaśyapa, and mother of the Nāgas.

*kāhala*, indistinct murmur; a large drum.

Kailāsa, a man’s name; also name of a mountain.

Kaiṭabha, one of two powerful demons slain by Viṣṇu.

*kakkola*, a species of plant bearing a berry.

*kalakala*, any confused noise or murmuring sound.

*kālakūṭa*, a deadly poison produced at the Churning.

*kalama*, a type of rice.

Kalāpin, “furnished with arrows,” name of an ancient teacher; a peacock.

*kāleyaka*, a plant.

Kalinda’s Daughter, *kalindakanyā*, an epithet of the Kālindī or Yamunā River.

Kālindī River, another name of the Yamunā River. The story is that once Balarāma, in a drunken state, called upon the river to sport with him. When the river seemed to refuse, he felt himself insulted and dragged her along with his plow until the river assumed human form and begged his pardon.

Kamalinikā, “little *kamala* lotus,” a woman’s name.

Kaṁsa, “metal goblet,” name of a king of Mathurā, and a cousin of Kṛṣṇa and his implacable enemy; as he was ultimately slain by Kṛṣṇa, the latter receives epithets like Kaṁsajit, “conqueror of Kaṁsa.”

*kandala*, name of a plant with white flowers that appear plentifully and all at once in the rainy season.

Kandalikā, “little *kandala* blossom,” a woman’s name.

Kapila, “monkey-colored,” name of an ancient sage considered to be the founder of the Sāṁkhya system of philosophy; a brown cow.

*kapiñjala*, a kind of partridge.

Kapiñjala, a man’s name.

*karāñja*, a tree.

*karkandhu*, a fruit bearing tree.

Kaṁsuta, “son of Kaṁi,” name of the purported founder of the science of thievery; said to be the hero of a story in the *Bṛhatkathā*.

Kārtikeya, “son of the Kṛtikās,” epithet of the God of War.

*kāśa*, a species of grass.

*kastūrikā*, a kind of musk deer.

Kātyāyanī, a name of Durgā.

Kaustubha, name of a celebrated jewel obtained with other precious objects at the Churning and suspended on the breast of Viṣṇu.

Kavi, “gifted with insight; a poet,” name of several gods, ancient sages, and patriarchs.

*kekā*, the sound of a peacock.

Kerala, name of a region along the southwest coast of India.

*kesari*, “having a mane,” a lion; a plant.

Kesarikā, “little lion,” a woman’s name.

*ketakī*, a flowering plant.

Keyūra, “little bracelet,” a man’s name.

Khāṇḍava Wood. It is narrated in the *Mahābhārata* that a sacrificial session was held lasting twelve years. During this period showers of clarified butter were constantly poured into the fire, which caused indigestion of the God of Fire, who was advised by Brahmā to devour the Khāṇḍava Wood as a remedy. But Indra would not allow him to do so and poured down rain to extinguish the fire. Agni, in the disguise of a Brahmin, asked the assistance of Kṛṣṇa and Arjuna, who raised a canopy of arrows over the forest, through which the rain could not penetrate, thus enabling Agni to consume the forest.

*khaṇ-khaṇ*, any unusual sound, such as a ticking or clinking.

Khara, “harsh,” name of a half brother of Rāvaṇa and brother of Śūrpaṇakhā. Urged by Śūrpaṇakhā, whose ears and nose were cut off by Lakṣmaṇa, he first sent fourteen demons to fight with Rāma; these being slain by Rāma, Khara sent an army of giants under his general Dūṣaṇa, which also met the same fate.

*kharjūra*, a tree.

*kholā*, a helmet or a kind of hat.

Kicaka, name of a chief of King Virāṭa’s army, which was conquered by Bhīma; a type of bamboo.

Kir̥mdama, “taming what?” name of a sage.

Kir̥mnara, “what sort of a man?” see Kir̥mpuruṣa.

Kir̥mpuruṣa, “what sort of a man?” a being in which the figure of a man and that of an animal are combined, especially a horse-headed man; these creatures are supposed to live on Mount Hemakūṭa and are regarded as the attendants of the God of Prosperity.

*kiṁṣuka*, a flowering tree.

King of Final Justice, *dharmarāja*, an epithet of the God of Death.

King of Mountains, *acalarāja*, the Himalayas. Other words so translated: *gīrirāja*; *śailarāja*.

King of the Stars, *tārakārāja*, an epithet of the moon.

Kinnara, see Kir̥mpuruṣa.

Kirāta, name of a mountain tribe; a name of Śiva when he dressed as a mountaineer to trick the demons into giving him the Elixir of Immortality.

*kolāhala*, a loud and confused sound, an uproar; a great and indistinct noise.

Krauñca, “curlew-like,” a kind of curlew; name of a mountain said to have been split by Kārttikeya. Another story is that Paraśurāma learned archery from Śiva on Mount Kailāsa. One day, being jealous of the power of Kārttikeya, who had once pierced the Krauñca with his spear, Paraśurāma shot an arrow right through the mountain and made a fissure through which geese are said to pass from the plains to Mānasa Lake and back again.

*kreṇ-kreṇ*, a scraping sound.

*krośa*, “the range of the voice in calling,” a measure of distance, about two miles.

*Kṛpa*, “compassion,” the maternal uncle of Aśvatthāman and counselor of the Kauravas and the Pāṇḍavas.

*Kṛṣṇa*, “dark colored,” name of a celebrated incarnation of the god Viṣṇu, often represented as an amorous cowherd with flute in hand. *Kṛṣṇa* had several wives and by one, Rukmiṇī, had a son Pradyumna, who is usually identified with the God of Love. Also, Boundless One; Hari; Lord of the Senses; Vāsudeva.

*Kṛtavarman*, “made of armor,” name of several princes.

*Kṛttikā*, “hide”; a garment made of skin; the hide or skin on which the religious student sits or sleeps, usually on the skin of an antelope; one of the lunar constellations; name of the six foster mothers of the God of War.

*kṣīra*, a plant.

*Kṣīroda*, “ocean of milk,” a man’s name.

*Kubera*, the God of Prosperity, guardian of the north, overlord of the *Yakṣas*.

*Kula Mountain*, *kulācala*, a mountain range. Other words so translated: *kulabhūbhṛt*; *kulaparvata*; *kulaśaila*.

*Kulavardhanā*, “increasing or advancing a family,” a woman’s name.

*Kulūta*, a kingdom in ancient India.

*Kumārapālita*, “protector of the prince,” a man’s name.

*Kumāravarman*, “the armor of a prince,” a man’s name.



Kumudikā, “little *kumuda* lotus,” a woman’s name.

*kunda*, a kind of jasmine or oleander.

*kuru*, a plant.

Kuru, name of a people of India and of their country.

*kuśa*, a species of grass.

Kuśa, name of a son of Rāma and Sitā.

*kuṭaja*, “born in a pitcher,” a plant.

Kuvalayāpida, “having a crown of *kuvalaya* lotuses,” name of a demon who changed into an elephant and became the vehicle of Kāṁsa.

Lakṣmaṇa, “endowed with lucky signs,” younger brother of Rāma.

*lakuca*, a tree.

*lalāṭika*, a mark made with sandal or ashes on the forehead.

Lava, “fragment,” name of a son of Rāma and Sitā.

*lavalī*, a plant.

Lavalikā, “little *lavalī* plant,” a woman’s name.

Lavaṅgikā, “little clove plant,” a woman’s name.

Light of Lights, *vibhāvasu*, an epithet of the sun, among others.

Lion-mane Garland, *kesaramāla*, a garland of flowers.

Lion Throne, *simhāsana*, a throne. Another word so translated: *mahāsimhāsana*.

*lodhra*, a plant.

Lopāmudrā, “broken seal,” name of Agastya’s wife. She is said to have been created by the sage himself and then secretly introduced into the palace of the king of Vidarbha where she grew up as his daughter. She asked Agastya to acquire immense wealth, so he went to the rich demon Ilvala, conquered him, and satisfied his wife with his wealth.

Lord of Animals, *paśupati*, an epithet of Śiva. According to one legend, every deity acknowledged himself to be a mere *paśu* (animal) when entreating Śiva to destroy Tripura.

Lord of Bhavāni, *bhavānipati*, an epithet of Śiva. Another word so translated: *bhavāniprabhu*.

Lord of Creatures, *prajāpati*, an epithet of Brahmā.

Lord of Gaurī, *gaurinātha*, an epithet of Śiva.

Lord of Herbs, *oṣadhipati*, an epithet of the moon, said to restore moisture taken from plants by the sun.

Lord of Light, *tejahpati*, an epithet of the sun.

Lord of Moon-lotuses, *kumudanātha*, an epithet of the moon. The *kumuda* is a white lotus that is said to open its petals at night and close them during the day.

Lord of Rivers, *sarīpati*, an epithet of the ocean.

Lord of Spirits, *bhutanātha*, an epithet of Śiva.

Lord of the Apes, *kapīśvara*, an epithet of Sugrīva.

Lord of the Gaṇas, *gaṇapati*, an epithet of Gaṇeśa, as well as of Śiva. Gaṇeśa is the son of Śiva and Pārvatī, and is believed to overcome all obstacles. He is represented as a short fat man with a protuberant belly,

as riding on a rat or attended by one, and as having the head of an elephant with one tusk. Also, Remover of Obstacles.

Lord of the Gods, *amarapati*, an epithet of Indra. Other words so translated: *amarādhīpa*; *surapati*.

Lord of the Guhyakas, *guhyakeśvara*, an epithet of Kubera.

Lord of the Lotuses' Lives, *rājīvajīviteśvara*, an epithet of the moon.

Lord of the Senses, *hṛṣikeśa*, an epithet of Kṛṣṇa.

Lord of the Tormentors, *pramathanātha*, an epithet of Śiva.

Lord of the Twice-born, *dvijapati*, the moon, produced first from Atri's eye and again from the Milky Ocean; a Brahmin.

Lord of the Yakṣas, *yakṣādhīpa*, an epithet of Kubera.

Lord of Time, *kālaprabhu*, an epithet of the moon.

Lord of Waters, *ambhaḥpati*, an epithet of the God of the Sea.

Lotus-born God, *kamalayoni*, an epithet of Brahmā, who, at the creation of the cosmos, springs from a lotus growing out of the navel of Viṣṇu. Another word so translated: *abjayoni*.

Lotus-navelled God, *nalīnābha*, an epithet of Viṣṇu. Another word so translated: *kamalanābha*.

Lotus Seat, *padmāsana*, a particular posture in meditation.

Love's Recaller, *smara*, an epithet of the God of Love.

Love-struck Peacock, *mattamayūra*, name of Kādambarī's Snow House.

Luminous One, *bhāsvat*, an epithet of the sun. Other words so translated:

*bhāskara; bhāsvara.*

Madalekhā, “having a streak of ichor,” a woman’s name.

*madana*, “passion,” a tree.

Maddener, *madana*, an epithet of the God of Love, who is said to madden men with passion.

*mādhavī*, “spring-flower,” a flowering vine.

Madhu, “honey,” the first month of the year, corresponding to March-April; the season of spring; also, name of one of two powerful demons who sprang from the ears of Viṣṇu while he was asleep. As they were about to devour Brahmā, they were slain by Viṣṇu.

Madhukarikā, “little bee,” a woman’s name.

Madirā, “wine,” a woman’s name.

Mādrī, “princess of the Madras,” sister of the king of the Madras and the second wife of Pāṇḍu to whom she bore two sons, the twins Nakula and Sahadeva.

Magadha, a kingdom in ancient India.

Māgha, a month that corresponds to January-February.

*Mahābhārata*, “great Bhārata,” name of the epic poem in some twenty thousand lines describing the acts, contests, and battles of the sons of the two brothers Dhṛtarāṣṭra and Pāṇḍu. The poem consists of eighteen books with a supplement called *Harivaṁśa*, authorship of the whole being attributed to the sage Vyāsa.

Mahābhārata War, *mahābhāratasamara*, the war recounted in the epic, *Mahābhārata*.

Mahābhiṣma, name of a sovereign who was born as Śantanu.

Mahākāla, “the great death,” or “the great time,” an epithet of Śiva.

Mahāśvetā, “great or dazzling whiteness,” a woman’s name.

Mahiṣa, “buffalo,” considered to be the vehicle of the God of Death. Also, the name of a demon slain by Durgā; he assumed the sovereignty of heaven and tormented the gods who sought the help of Viṣṇu. The energies of the gods were collected into a mass that assumed the form of a goddess. She was furnished with weapons, such as the trident, and killed the demon.

Mainaka Mountain, the only mountain that escaped when the others had their wings clipped by Indra.

Maithilī, “belonging to Mithilā,” a name for Sītā, who is the daughter of Janaka, king of Mithilā.

Majesty Tracings, *cakravarticihna*, lines in the palm of the hand that indicate royal birth. Another word so translated: *cakravartilakṣaṇa*.

*makara*, a kind of sea monster, variously translated as crocodile, shark, dolphin, seal, or fish; regarded as the emblem of the God of Love; represented as an ornament on jewelry, headdresses, and the like.

*Makara*-bannered God, *makaradhvaja*, an epithet of the God of Love. Other words so translated: *makaracihna*; *makaraketu*; *makaralāñchana*.

*makarikā*, “little *makara*,” a kind of hair ornament.

Makarikā, “little *makara*,” a woman’s name.

Maker of Dawn, *aruṇakara*, an epithet of the sun.

Maker of Day, *divasakara*, an epithet of the sun.

Maker of Night, *rajanikara*, an epithet of the moon. Another word so translated: *niśākara*.

*mālatī*, a flowering plant.

Mālatikā, “little *mālatī* blossom,” a woman’s name.

Mālava, name of a tribe or people of ancient India.

Malaya Mountain, name of a mountain range on the southwest coast of India.

*mālinī*, name of a plant.

Mānasa Lake, “spiritual,” a lake on Mount Kailāsa to which wild geese are thought to migrate every year at the breeding season; the mind or spirit.

*mandāra*, a tree.

Mandara Mountain, “sluggish,” name of a sacred mountain, the residence of various deities; it served the gods and demons as a churning stick at the churning of the ocean for the recovery of the Elixir of Immortality and other precious items lost during the Deluge.

Mandara Palace, *mandaraprāsāda*, name of Kādambari’s palace.

Māndhātṛ, “pious of mind,” name of a king.

Maṅgala, “felicity,” a man’s name.

Man-lion, *nṛsimha*, Viṣṇu in his fourth incarnation. A demon, Hiranyakaśipu, obtained a boon from Brahmā insuring that he could not be killed either by day or night by god, man, or beast. Thus safeguarded, he persecuted both gods and men, including his pious son, Prahlaḍa. When Prahlaḍa called Viṣṇu for help, the god burst from a

pillar of the demon's palace at sunset when it was neither night nor day, in a form half man and half lion, and killed Hiranyakaśipu.

Manoramā, "gratifying the mind," a woman's name.

*mardala*, a kind of drum.

Mārica, "belonging to Marīci," name of a Rākṣasa who, at Rāvaṇa's request, changed into a golden deer and lured away Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, leaving Sītā unprotected.

Master of Heaven, *svarbhānu*, an epithet of Rāhu.

Mātaṅga, a Caṇḍāla, a man of the lowest rank; an elephant.

Mātaṅgaka, "little Mātaṅga," a man's name.

Mathurā, a town in ancient India.

Maukharis, name of a particular family of the warrior class.

*mauñja*, a species of rush or sedge-like grass.

Mayūrikā, "little peacock," a woman's name.

Meghanāda, "cloud-noise," thunder; a man's name.

Menakā, name of an Apsaras.

Milky Ocean, *kṣīroda*, the name of the ocean when it was churned by the gods and demons. Other words so translated: *dugdhodadhi*; *kṣīramahāmava*; *kṣīrapaya*; *kṣīrasāgara*.

Mīmāṃsā, profound thought or reflection; name of one of the divisions of orthodox Hindu philosophy.

Mind-born God, *manasijana*, an epithet of the God of Love, as being

imaginary or existing only in the mind. Other words so translated: *mānasajanman*; *manasijanman*; *manobhū*; *manobhuva*.

Mleccha, "indistinct of speech," a foreigner.

Moon, *candra*, a god of little note, but as a personification of *soma*, the terrestrial plant and juice, his attributes are entangled with those of the beverage. In mythology he is pictured as the receptacle of *soma* or of *amṛta*, the immortality-giving nectar of the gods; as they drink or devour him, he wanes until refilled by the sun. His favorite wife is Rohiṇī, the red star Aldebaran. The moon is said to have sixteen digits or phases. As the lord of herbs or plants, the moon restores to them moisture taken from them by the sun. He is "twice-born": he is brought up from the Milky Ocean during the Churning and is also said to be a son of Atri, a famous and great sage. Other words so translated: *candraka*; *candramas*; *indu*. Also, Beloved of the Stars; Cold-rayed One; Crest-jewel of Creation; Deer-marked One; Distiller of Cold; First God; Friend of Moon-lotuses; Hare-marked Moon; He Who Has Phases; Husband of Rohiṇī; King of the Stars; Lord of Herbs; Lord of Moon-lotuses; Lord of the Lotuses' Lives; Lord of Time; Maker of Night; Nectar-rayed God; Ornament of the World; Producer of Nectar; Soma; Star Lord; White-rayed One.

Moon-bright, *candraprabhā*, name of a spur of Mount Kailāsa.

Moon Digit, *candralekhā*, an ornament.

Moonrise, *mahodaya*, name of a hall in the palace of the moon-god.

Morae Mongering, *mātrācyutaka*, name of a word game.

Mothers, *mātr*, the divine mothers or personified energies of the principal deities; generally eight in number, they are said to attend on Śiva or on Kārttikeya.

Motionless Yogi, *sthāṇu*, an epithet of Śiva, who is supposed to remain motionless as the trunk of a tree during his austerities.



Mountain Dweller, *giriśa*, an epithet of Śiva.

Mount Hemakūṭa, “golden-peaked,” name of a fabled mountain.

Mount Kailāsa, name of a mountain, residence of the God of Prosperity and paradise of Śiva.

Mount Meru, name of a fabulous mountain said to be in the center of India.

*mṛdaṅga*, a kind of drum.

Mṛga, “rover,” a deer; a forest animal of any kind; the constellation Mṛgaśiras.

Mṛṇālikā, “little lotus fiber,” a woman’s name.

Mṛttikāvatī, “made of clay,” name of a town.

Mūla, “firmly fixed,” a root; name of a constellation.

Munī, “impulsive,” name of one of Dakṣa’s daughters.

*muraja*, a kind of drum.

*musta*, a species of grass.

*nāḍika*, a kind of water-clock.

*nāga*, name of a plant; a snake.

Nāga, a snake; a serpent-demon that inhabits the waters or a city under the earth; supposed to have a human face with a snake-like lower extremity.

Nauṣa, “neighbor,” a king, father of Yayāti. Once Indra wished to purify himself by observing penance. Seeing that Indra’s celestial throne

was vacant, all the sages came to Nahuṣa and crowned him king of the gods. While he was trying to take possession of Indra's wife, Śacī, she said that she would not accept him as her husband unless he was borne in a palanquin by all the sages. Nahuṣa induced the sages to do so. While being thus carried, he quarrelled with the sages as he urged them to quicken their pace by saying "*sarpa! sarpa!*" ("move on! move on!") and kicked Agastya in the head. That sage, enraged at the insult, cursed him and at once hurled him down to the mortal world to wander there as a serpent (*sarpa*) for thousands of years.

Naked-goers, *nagna*, a naked mendicant.

Nakula, name of a son of the Aśvins and Mādri, twin brother of Sahadeva and fourth of the Pāṇḍava princes.

*nala*, a reed.

Nala, name of a king of the Niṣādas, son of Virasena and husband of Damayanti; name of a son of Yadu; name of a monkey-chief.

Nalakūbara, name of a son of Kubera, renowned for his beauty.

Nalinikā, "little *nalina* lotus," a woman's name.

*nameru*, a plant.

Nandana Wood, "gladdening," name of a divine garden, especially Indra's paradise; name of a forest.

Nara, "the man," the primeval man or eternal Spirit, in this sense always associated with Nārāyaṇa ("son of the primeval man"); also, a name of Arjuna.

*nārāca*, an iron arrow.

Nārada, name of a sage supposed to be a messenger between the gods and men; in later mythology he is a friend of Kṛṣṇa and is regarded as

inventor of the *vīṇā*; in epic poetry he is called a Gandharva.

Naraka, “hell,” name of a demon, son of Viṣṇu and the Earth.

Naravāhana, “borne or drawn by men,” name of a character in the *Kathāsaritsāgara* who is a Vidyādhara and whose adventures supposedly formed the core story of the *Bṛhatkathā*.

Nārāyaṇa, a god of obscure origin, he is especially identified with Viṣṇu.

Narmadā River, “pleasure-giving,” name of a river. The story is told that one Kārtavārya was given the boons of a thousand arms, the power to check unrighteousness in any part of his kingdom, invincibility in battles, and death only at the hands of a mighty hero. After ruling for three thousand years he was slain by Paraśurāma for carrying away his father’s Wishing Cow. Once while sporting with his women in the Narmadā River he tested the power of his thousand arms by stemming the current of the river with them, causing it to flood its banks.

Necklace of Stars, *nakṣatramālā*, a star group, the constellations through which the moon passes; a necklace of twenty-seven pearls; an ornament for an elephant’s head.

Nectar-rayed God, *amṛtadīdhiti*, an epithet of the moon. Other words so translated: *amṛtakara*; *amṛtakiraṇa*; *amṛtāṁśu*; *sudhāṁśu*.

Nether Region, “beneath the earth,” name of one of the seven regions under the earth.

*nicula*, a tree.

Night, *rajanī*, night personified.

Night-roaming Fiends, *niśācara*, a fiend or Rākṣasa; an owl.

*nilā*, a species of tree.

Nīla, “indigo blue,” name of one of the monkey-chiefs attending on Rāma, said to be a son of Agni.

*nīpa*, the *aśoka* tree.

Nipuṇikā, “clever lady,” a woman’s name.

*nirvāṇa*, “extinguished,” extinction of the flame of life; death or final emancipation from matter and reunion with the Supreme Spirit.

Niṣāda, name of a tribe in India, described as hunters and fishermen; in music, name of the seventh note of the scale.

Noose-wielding One, *pāśabhṛt*, an epithet of the God of the Sea who carries a noose with which to punish those who transgress his laws.

Nourisher, *pūṣan*, name of a Vedic deity, originally connected with the sun and therefore the surveyor of all things.

Oblation-bearer, *vahni*, fire, as the conveyor or bearer of oblations to the gods; especially said of Agni.

Oblation-eater, *hutaḥhuj*, an epithet of the God of Fire.

Odd-eyed God, *ayugmalocana*, an epithet of Śiva.

Ornament of the World, *bhuvanabhūṣaṇa*, an epithet of the moon.

Padma, “lotus,” a man’s name.

*palāśa*, a flowering tree.

Pallavikā, “little twig,” a woman’s name.

Pampā Lake, name of a lake.

*panasa*, a tree.

*pāṇavika*, a kind of drum.

Pāñcajanya, “relating to Pañcajanya,” name of Viṣṇu’s couch taken from the demon Pañcajanya when slain by Kṛṣṇa.

Pañcavaṭī, “having five trees,” name of a part of the southern forest.

Pāṇḍu, “yellowish white,” brother of Dhṛtarāṣṭra, and father of the five Pāṇḍavas.

Paradise Tree, *pārijāta*, a tree; name of one of the five trees of paradise, produced at the Churning.

Parāśara, “crusher,” name of the father of Vyāsa, who was a sage and the husband of Yojanagandhā.

Paraśurāma, “Rāma with the axe,” name of one of the three Rāmas, son of Jamadagni, and the sixth incarnation of Viṣṇu.

Parihāsa, “jesting,” a parrot’s name.

Parikṣit, name of a son of Abhimanyu and father of Janamejaya.

*parivādinī*, a lute with seven strings.

Pārtha, metronymic of Arjuna whose banner ensign is a monkey.

Pārvatī, “derived from a mountain,” name of Śiva’s wife, daughter of the Himalayas. Also, Ambikā; Bhavānī; Daughter of the Mountain; Daughter of the Mountain King; Durgā; Gaurī.

*pāṣāṇabhedaka*, “stone-breaking,” a plant.

*paṭaha*, a kettledrum.

*pāṭala*, “pink of hue,” a flowering tree.

Patralekhā, “leaf-and-line decoration,” a woman’s name.

Phantom Syllable, *akṣaracyutaka*, a word game.

*phūt*, a word sometimes expressive of contempt.

*piṇḍālaktaka*, a red dye.

*pippala*, another name for the *aśvattha* tree.

*pippalī*, a plant.

Pleasure Hill, *kriḍāparvata*, a pleasure-ground. Another word so translated: *udyānanaga*.

Pleasure Rivers, *kriḍānadika*, artificial rivers.

Plowman, *halin*, an epithet of Balarāma.

Plow-weaponed One, *sirāyudha*, an epithet of Balarāma.

*prācīnāmalaka*, a fruit.

Pramadvarā, “inattentive,” name of Ruru’s wife.

Pramati, “provider,” name of a son of Cyavana and father of Ruru.

Preservation, *sthiti*.

Primal Male, *purāṇapuruṣa*, an epithet of Viṣṇu.

Primordial Egg, *brahmāṇḍa*, the universe; the egg from which Brahmā was born as the Golden Fetus.

*priyaṅgu*, a particular creeper said to put forth blossoms at the touch of a woman.

Producer of Nectar, *sudhāsūti*, an epithet of the moon.

Prthā, name of a daughter of Śūrasena and adopted daughter of Kuntī and one of the wives of Pāṇḍu.

Prthu, “great, important,” name of a king supposed to have made the earth fertile by levelling the mountains that had taken it over.

Prthubarman, “having extensive armor,” a man’s name.

*pum̐nāga*, “elephant among men,” a plant.

*puṇḍarika*, the white lotus.

Puṇḍarika, “white lotus,” a man’s name.

*Puṇḍarika*-lotus-eyed One, *puṇḍarikālocana*, an epithet of Viṣṇu.

*puṇḍraka*, a sectarian mark made on the forehead with ash or coloring substances.

Punisher of Pāka, *pākaśāsana*, an epithet of Indra, who killed the demon Pāka.

Purāṇa, “of the ancient times,” name of a class of sacred works.

Purifier, *pāvaka*, an epithet of the God of Fire.

*pūṃapātra*, a vessel filled with valuable things to be distributed as presents, especially for anyone who brings good news.

Puṣkara, a blue lotus; name of a lake.

*put*, a particular hell to which the childless are condemned.

*putra* (*putra*), “preserving from the hell called *put*,” a son.

Rādheya, “born of Rādhā,” a name of Karna. He was the son of Kuntī and was fathered by the sun. As soon as he was born, Kuntī, through shame, set him adrift on a river. He was found by the charioteer Adhiratha and was raised by his wife Rādhā, hence the name. Duryodhana placed him on the throne of the Aṅgas, since Arjuna refused to fight anyone who was not a king.

Rāghava, a descendant of Raghu, patronymic of Rāma.

Raghu, “going swiftly,” name of an ancient king and ancestor of Rāma.

Rāhu, “the seizer,” name of a demon who is supposed to seize the sun and moon and thus cause eclipses. When the gods had churned the ocean for the Elixir of Immortality, he disguised himself as one of them and drank a portion; but the Sun and Moon revealed the fraud to Viṣṇu, who cut off Rāhu’s head, which thereupon became fixed in the heavens and, having become immortal through drinking the Elixir, has ever since taken his vengeance on the Sun and Moon by occasionally swallowing them. Since he himself has no body, the swallowed heavenly bodies pass through his mouth and out his neck. The tail of the demon became Ketu and gave birth to numerous progeny of comets and meteors. Also, Enemy of the Sun; Great Planet; Master of Heaven; Saimhikeya; Seizer.

Rain House, *dhārāgrha*, a bathing room with flowing water; shower house. Another word so translated: *jalamandapa*.

Rajanikā, “little night,” a woman’s name.

Rākṣasa, from *rakṣas*, “protecting,” an evil or malignant demon; according to some, they fall into three classes: of a semidivine benevolent nature; relentless enemies of the gods; and nocturnal demons, imps, fiends, goblins, going about at night, haunting cemeteries, disturbing sacrifices, and even devouring human beings—this last class being the one most commonly mentioned; their chief place of abode was Rāvaṇa’s Laṅkā.

*rallaka*, a species of deer.



Rāma, name of the hero of the *Rāmāyaṇa*. Daśaratha, king of Kośala, had four sons by his three wives; the sons' names were Rāma, Bharata, Lakṣmaṇa, and Śatrughna. The four visited the court of King Janaka of Videha where Rāma won the hand of Janaka's daughter, Sītā, at a great archery contest. Rāma and Sītā were married and for a time lived happily at the court of Daśaratha. When Daśaratha grew old he named Rāma as his heir, but a boon promised to his second wife caused Bharata to be installed heir apparent and Rāma to be exiled. Rāma, Sītā, and Lakṣmaṇa lived as hermits in the Daṇḍaka Forest where Rāma slew many demons who were harassing ascetics and villagers. Rāvaṇa, demon king of Laṅkā, decided to appease his sister, who had been maimed by Lakṣmaṇa, and while Rāma and his brother were lured away by an illusory golden deer, came to their hermitage in the guise of an ascetic, seized Sītā, and carried her off to Laṅkā in his aerial car. The brothers enlisted the help of Sugrīva, the king of the monkeys, and his general, Hanūmat, who went in search of Sītā, and, leaping over the straits, found her captive in Rāvaṇa's garden. With the aid of a great host of monkeys and bears, Rāma built a causeway of stones across the sea to Laṅkā and after a fierce battle slew Rāvaṇa and his armies, and rescued Sītā. He is said to be the seventh incarnation of Viṣṇu. Also, Daśaratha's Son; Dāśarathi; Rāghava.

*Rāmāyaṇa*, "goings of Rāma," name of Vālmiki's poem describing the "goings" of Rāma and Sītā.

Rambhā, name of an Apsaras carried off by Rāvaṇa; sometimes regarded as a form of the Goddess of Fortune and as the most beautiful woman in Indra's paradise.

*raṅku*, a species of deer or antelope.

*raṇ-ṇa*, a rattling sound.

*rathāṅga*, "chariot-part," the *cakravāka* bird.

Rati, "love-play," the pleasure of love, sexual passion or union, often personified as one of the two wives of the God of Love, together with Prīti (joy or gratification personified).

Rāvaṇa, “causing crying,” name of the famous Rākṣasa, ruler of Laṅkā, chief of the demons, whose defeat by Rāma forms the subject of the *Rāmāyaṇa*. He has ten heads and twenty arms, symbolizing strength; this power was acquired by a boon that made him invulnerable to gods and semidivine, though not to men or a god in human form. So Viṣṇu became incarnate in Rāma to destroy Rāvaṇa, and the other gods produced innumerable monkeys, bears, and various semidivine animals to do battle with Rāvaṇa’s legions of demons. Also, Ten-faced One.

Ray-wreathed God, *gabhastimālin*, an epithet of the sun. Other words so translated: *aṁśumālin*; *mayūkhamālin*.

Receptacle of Treasures, *ratnālaya*, an epithet of the ocean.

Red Planet, *lohitāṅga*, the planet Mars.

Regent of the Northeast Quarter, *īśāna*, an epithet of Śiva as guardian of the northeast quarter.

Regents of the Quarters, *dikpāla*, guardians of the directions of the sky.

Remover of Obstacles, *vināyaka*, an epithet of Gaṇeśa.

Reṇukā, name of the wife of Jamadagni and mother of Paraśurāma.

Rising Mountain, *udayaśaila*, the eastern mountain behind which the sun is supposed to rise. Other words so translated: *udaya*; *udayagiri*; *udayana*.

Rite of Wakening, *ṣaṣṭhijāgara*, a ceremony celebrating the waking of a child on the sixth day after its birth.

Riṭi, name of one of Śiva’s attendants.

Ritual of Tonsure, *cūḍākarāṇa*, a ceremony of purification, performed on a child in its first or third year.

River of the Gods, *amarāpaga*, an epithet of the Celestial Ganges. Other words so translated: *surasarit*; *surasindhu*.

River of the Three Worlds, *tripathagā*, an epithet of the Celestial Ganges.

Rohiṇī, “red,” a daughter of Dakṣa, the favorite wife of the moon, called “the Red One” from the color of the star Aldebaran.

Rover of the Night, *rajanicara*, a Rākṣasa.

Ṛṣyamūka, “silent as an antelope,” name of a mountain.

Ṛṣyaśṛṅga, “horn of antelope,” a sage, so named because he was born of a doe and had a small horn on his forehead.

*rucaka*, “agreeable,” a kind of golden ornament or necklace.

Ruddy One, *vradhna*, an epithet of the sun.

Rudra, “howler,” name of the god of storms; a name of Śiva.

Rudra-eyes, *rudrākṣa*, an epithet of Śiva.

*rudrākṣa*, “Rudra-eyed,” a plant.

Rudras, “howlers,” the sons of Rudra.

Ruru, name of a son of the sage Pramati by the Apsaras Ghṛtācī. A few days before his marriage to Pramadvarā, she was bitten by a snake and died. Ruru pleaded with the gods that she be returned to life. The God of Death allowed her to be revived upon the condition that Ruru endow her with half his life, and so it was that his life was shortened by half for the sake of his wife.

Śabara, “brindled,” name of a mountain tribe.

Sacred Chants, *sāman*, a particular kind of sacred text or verse intended to be chanted.

Sacred-to-the-Gods Rite, *vaiśvadeva*, a ceremony to be performed morning and evening and especially before the midday meal.

Sacrificial Prayers, *yajus*, a sacrificial prayer or formula, usually in prose.

Sādhya, “to be propitiated,” name of a class of celestial beings.

Sāgarikā, “little ocean,” a woman’s name.

*sahakāra*, a kind of fragrant mango tree.

Saimhikeya, “descended from Simhikā,” a metronymic of Rāhu.

Śaiva, “belonging to Śiva,” a worshipper of Śiva.

*śakragopka*, the cochineal insect.

Śakti, “power,” name of the God of War’s spear; a son of Vasiṣṭha; the supreme goddess.

Śakuni, “a bird,” name of the brother-in-law of Dhṛtarāṣṭra and maternal uncle of the Kauravas.

Śākyamuni, “Śākya sage,” a name of Buddha.

*śāla*, “being in a house,” an enclosure, hall, court; a tree.

*śallakī*, a tree.

*śāmali*, a tree.

Sāṃdipani, “inflaming,” the counselor of Balarāma and Kṛṣṇa. He asked

as his fee that his son, who was taken away and kept under water by a demon named Pañcajana, should be restored to him, whereupon Kṛṣṇa dived into the sea and killed the demon. However, not finding Sāṁdipani's son there, he went to the city of the God of Death and brought back the lost son and restored him to his father.

*śamī*, a tree.

Saṁkarṣaṇa, "he who draws or plows," an epithet of Balarāma.

Sāṁkhya, "enumerating," one who calculates or discriminates well, especially an adherent of the Sāṁkhya doctrine; name of one of the divisions of orthodox Hindu philosophy.

*saṁvartaka*, "dissolution," name of one of the seven doomsday clouds.

Śantanu, "wholesome for the body," name of an ancient king.

*śaphara*, a kind of fish.

*saptacchada*, "seven-leafed," a tree.

*saptapaṇa*, "seven-leafed," a tree.

*śara*, a kind of reed or grass.

*śarabha*, a kind of deer, or a fabulous animal supposed to have eight legs and to inhabit the snowy mountains; it is represented as stronger than the lion and the elephant; also said to be an incarnation of Śiva.

*sarala*, "sincere," a tree.

*sārikā*, a bird.

Sarvasena, "leader of all the host," a man's name.

Śaśa, "rabbit," a man's name.

Ṣaṣṭhī, “the sixth,” name of a divine mother or goddess often regarded as a form of Durgā, supposed to protect children and worshipped on the sixth day after delivery when the chief danger for mother and child is over.

Śāstra, “that which is read,” any instrument of teaching, any manual or compendium of rules, any book or treatise, especially any religious or scientific treatise.

Śāstra of Duty, *dharmaśāstra*, a law book or code of laws.

Śāstra of Kauṭilya, *kauṭilyaśāstra*, “crooked law,” the treatise on statecraft composed by Kauṭilya, who taught the principles of expediency.

Śāstra of Law, *smṛtiśāstra*, “that which is remembered,” a book of remembered truth.

Śāstra of Political Ethics, *nītiśāstra*, a work on political ethics or morals.

Śatadhanvan, “having a hundred bows,” name of various kings.

Śatapatra, “having a hundred petals,” a man’s name.

Śatrughna, “foe-killer,” son of Sumitrā and twin brother of Lakṣmaṇa.

Sattva, “true essence,” or “spirit,” first of the three *guṇas*—cosmological qualities governing light, wisdom, and serenity.

Satyavrata, “vow of truth,” a name of Bhīṣma, the son of Śantanu. Śantanu fell in love with Satyavatī, a fisherman’s daughter. Out of fear of Bhīṣma, who was heir to the throne, her father would not consent to her marriage with Śantanu. To gratify his father’s desire, Bhīṣma made a vow to the parents of the girl that he would not accept the throne nor marry, and thus enabled his father to marry Satyavatī. On account of his terrible vow, he came to be called Bhīṣma (“the terrible one”).

Saudāsa, “worshipping the gods well,” name of various kings, especially of Kalmāṣapāda. Once, as he was out hunting, he met on a narrow path Śakti, one of the hundred sons of the great sage Vasiṣṭha. The king refused to cede the way and out of anger struck Vasiṣṭha’s son with his whip, as a Rākṣasa might. The hermit cursed Saudāsa to become a man-eater, to roam the earth and feed on human flesh. He was possessed by a Rākṣasa, lost his mind, and devoured Śakti as well as the other hundred sons of Vasiṣṭha. Eventually Vasiṣṭha released him from the curse.

*saugandhika*, “sweet-scented,” a kind of white fragrant lotus or other flower.

Sāvitṛī, “descended from the sun,” name of a daughter of the sun, wife of Brahmā.

Scarlet Robes, *raktapaṭa*, a kind of mendicant.

Seizer, *graha*, an epithet of Rāhu.

Self-choice, *svayamvara*, the election of a husband by a princess or a daughter of the warrior class at a public assembly of suitors.

Self-existent, *brahman*, the impersonal Spirit.

Self-originated God, *ātmasambhava*, an epithet of the God of Love.

Sena, “army,” name of Citraratha’s brother.

*śephālikā*, a flower.

Śeṣa, “remainder,” name of a celebrated mythological thousand-headed serpent regarded as the emblem of eternity; in some places he is described as king of the Nāgas or snakes inhabiting the Abode of Serpents; he is sometimes represented as forming the couch and canopy for Viṣṇu while he sleeps during the intervals of creation, sometimes as supporting the seven Abodes of Serpents with the seven regions

above them and therefore the entire world. Also, Snake King.

Setting Mountain, *paścimācala*, the western mountain behind which the sun is supposed to set. Other words so translated: *asta*; *astagiri*.

Seven Sages, *saptarṣi*, “seven Ṛṣis,” mind-born sons of Brahmā, forming the seven stars of the Great Bear; they are married to the Kṛttikās or Pleiades. Another word so translated: *ṛṣijana*.

Seven-steeded God, *saptasapti*, an epithet of the sun that is said to have a chariot drawn by seven horses. Another word so translated: *saptāvaha*.

Seven Worlds, *saptaviṣṭapa*, the continents.

Siddha, “perfected,” a class of semidivine beings of great purity and perfection.

Śikhaṇḍin, “peacock,” name of a son of Drupada born as a female but changed into a male by a Yakṣa. In the great war between the Kauravas and Pāṇḍavas he became instrumental in the killing of Bhīṣma, who had declined to fight a woman; but he himself was afterwards killed by Aśvatthāman.

Simhala, “land of lions,” Sri Lanka.

Sin, *pāpa*, sin personified.

Sindhu, name of a country in ancient India.

*sinduvāra*, a tree.

Sin-effacing Spells, *aghamaṣaṇa*, name of a particular Vedic hymn.

Siprā, name of a river near Ujjayinī.

Sītā, “furrow,” in epic poetry the wife of Rāma and daughter of Janaka,



king of Mithilā. She was named Sitā because she was fabled to have sprung from a furrow made by Janaka while plowing the ground to prepare it for a sacrifice by which to obtain progeny. Also, Jānakī; Maithilī; Vaidehī.

*śīt-śīt*, a sound made by drawing in the breath, expressing any sudden thrill of pleasure or pain.

Śiva, “auspicious,” name of the deity who constitutes the third god of the Hindu triad, the other two being Brahmā “the creator” and Viṣṇu “the preserver.” He has three eyes that are thought to denote his view of the past, present, and future; a moon’s crescent, above the central eye, marks the measure of time by months, a serpent around his neck the measure by years, and a second necklace of skulls with other serpents around his body the extinction and generation of mankind. His hair is matted and bunched into a tuft; on the top of it he bears Gaṅgā, whose descent from heaven he intercepted by his head so that the earth might not be crushed by the weight of the falling stream. His throat is dark-blue from the stain of the poison that would have destroyed the world had it not been swallowed by him when it was produced at the Churning for the nectar. He holds a trident and an hourglass-shaped drum. His wife is Durgā. He is fond of dancing and drinking wine and yet is also considered to be a great ascetic, smearing himself with the ashes from his burning of the universe at Final Dissolution. His residence is Mount Kailāsa. Also, Bearer of the Matted Locks; Beneficent One; Blue-necked One; Destroyer; Diversely Eyed God; Enemy of Love’s Recaller; Enemy of Tripura; God Who Slays with an Axe; God Who Slays with Arrows; God Whose Crown is the Moon; Great Lord; Husband of Ambikā; Husband of Umā; Kirāta; Lord of Animals; Lord of Bhavānī; Lord of Gaurī; Lord of Spirits; Lord of the Stars; Lord of the Tormentors; Mahākāla; Master of Bhavānī; Motionless Yogi; Mountain Dweller; Odd-eyed God; Regent of the Northeast Quarter; Rudra; Three-eyed God; Trident-wielder; Uneven-eyed God; Vanquisher of Death.

Six Duties, *ṣaṭkarma*, the six duties of Brahmins.

Six-faced God, *ṣaṇmukha*, an epithet of the God of War.

Sky River, *ambarāpaga*, an epithet of the Celestial Ganges. Other words so translated: *abhragaṅgā*; *ākāśagaṅgā*; *ambarasindhu*; *gaganāpaga*; *gaganasindhu*.

Slayer of Madhu, *madhubhid*, an epithet of Viṣṇu. Another word so translated: *madhusūdana*.

Slayer of Mura, *muraripu*, an epithet of Viṣṇu.

Smṛti, “that which is remembered,” the whole body of sacred tradition or what is remembered by human teachers.

Snake King, *bhujagarāja*, an epithet of Śeṣa. Another word so translated: *phaṇipati*.

Snow House, *himagrha*, a room furnished with cooling remedies.

Snow Mountain, *tuhinagiri*, the Himalayas. Other words so translated: *himagiri*; *himavat*; *prāleyaśaila*; *tuṣāragiri*.

*soma*, the ambrosial offering to the gods by which they sustain their immortality.

Soma, an epithet of the moon.

Śoṇitapura, “city of blood,” name of a city.

Son of Aditi, *āditya*, name of a god in general, especially of Sūrya, the sun.

Son of Brahmā, *sanatkumāra*, name of one of the four or seven sons of Brahmā.

Spring, *vasanta*, spring personified.

Śravaṇa, “that which is heard,” name of a constellation.

śrī, “prosperity,” a tree.

Śrī Mountain, a mountain situated in the south; so called because the Goddess of Fortune (Śrī), desirous of securing greater good fortune than the Goddess of Speech, practiced penance there and cut off and offered one of her breasts to Śiva, who, being pleased with the act, conferred a boon upon her that she would be so passionately loved by Nārāyaṇa as to have an eternal place on his bosom.

śrīphala, a fruit tree.

Śṛṅgin, “possessing a horn,” name of a mythical mountain.

Śruti, ““that which is heard,” sacred knowledge orally revealed.

Star Lord, *tārāpati*, an epithet of the moon. Another word so translated: *nakṣatranātha*.

Sthūlakeśa, “having thick hair,” name of a sage.

Sthūlaśiras, “large-headed,” a man’s name.

Submarine Fire, *vaḍavānala*, a submarine fire or the fire of the lower regions, said to emerge from a cavity called the “mare’s mouth” under the sea at the south pole. Another word so translated: *vaḍānala*.

Sudarśana, “beautiful to see,” a name of Viṣṇu’s discus-like weapon.

Śūdraka, “little Śūdra,” name of various kings.

Sugrīva, “handsome-necked,” name of a monkey-chief who, with his army of monkeys headed by Hanūmat, assisted Rāma in conquering Rāvaṇa; he was believed to be the son of the sun. His brother Vālin, while engaged in a fight with a demon, was long absent from their country, Kiṣkindha, and Sugrīva, thinking him to be dead, ascended his throne. But Vālin returned after having slain the demon and, angry that his brother should have so hastily seized his throne, banished

Sugrīva, taking his wife Tārā. Sugrīva then went with four followers to live on Mount R̥ṣyamūka where he was safe from the attacks of Vālin. Also, Lord of the Apes.

Śukanāsa, “having a nose like a parrot’s beak,” a man’s name.

Sumati, “kindly of disposition,” name of a sage.

Sumitrā, “having good friends,” name of one of the wives of Daśaratha.

Sun, *ravi*, the sun or sun god; he moves through the sky in a chariot drawn by seven ruddy horses; in the later mythology his chariot is said to be driven by Aruṇa or the Dawn as its charioteer, who is represented without legs. Another word so translated: *arka*. Also, Bearer of the Crown of a Thousand Rays; Brilliant One; Door of Absolution; Friend; Friend of Day-lotuses; Hot-rayed One; Light of Lights; Lord of Light; Luminous One; Maker of Dawn; Maker of Day; Maker of Light; Nourisher; Ray-wreathed God; Ruddy One; Thousand-rayed God; Seven-steeded God; Vivifier.

Sun Spell, *gāyatrī*, a hymn.

Supreme Light, *jyotis*, light as the divine principle of life or source of intelligence.

Supreme Lord, *parameśvara*, the supreme lord; God; also, a name of Śiva, Viṣṇu, and Indra.

Supreme Soul, *mahālaya*, an epithet of Brahmā.

Śūra, “hero,” name of Yādava, the father of Vasudeva and grandfather of Kṛṣṇa.

Śūrasena, “having an army of heroes,” name of a king of Mathurā.

*sūt-sūt*, a sound like the swish of arrows.

Suvarṇapura, “city of gold,” name of a mythical city.

*svastika*, a kind of mystical cross made on persons and things to denote good luck.

Śvetaketu, “white comet,” a man’s name.

*tālapattra*, “a palm leaf,” a kind of ear ornament.

*tālī*, a tree.

*tālīpaṭṭa*, a kind of ear ornament.

*tamāla*, a tree.

*tamālapattra*, a sectarian mark on the forehead.

Tamālikā, “little *tamāla*,” a woman’s name.

*ṭam-ṭam*, a twanging sound.

*tantrī*, a kind of lute.

Tārā, “star,” name of Bṛhaspati’s wife; also, name of Sugrīva’s wife.

Tāraka, “saving,” name of a demon slain by Indra and the Attacker.

Taralaka, “little trembler,” name of Kādambarī’s fawn.

Taralikā, “tremulous,” a woman’s name.

Tārāpiḍa, “star-crowned,” an epithet of the moon; a man’s name.

*tāṭaṅkī*, a kind of ear ornament.

Teacher of the Demons, *asuraguru*, the planet Venus; also, Śukrācārya, regent of the planet Venus and counselor of the demons.

Teacher of the Gods, *amaraguru*, an epithet of Bṛhaspati. Another word so translated: *suraguru*.

Ten-faced One, *daśāśya*, an epithet of Rāvaṇa. Other words so translated: *daśamukha*; *daśānana*; *daśavadana*.

That Which Is Heard, see Śruti.

That Which Is Read, see Śāstra.

That Which Is Remembered, see Smṛti.

Thousand-rayed God, *sahasradidhiti*, an epithet of the sun. Another word so translated: *sahasraraśmi*.

Three-breath Exercises, *prāṇāyāma*, name of breathing exercises performed at dawn, noon, and twilight.

Three Debts, *ṛatraya*, a Brahmin owes three debts: to the sages, paid by study of the Vedas; to the gods, paid by sacrifice and worship ; and to the ancestors, paid by procreation of a son.

Three-eyed God, *tryambaka*, an epithet of Śiva. Other words so translated: *trilocana*; *trinayana*.

Three Royal Powers, *śaktitraya*, the three constituents of royal power: personal preeminence, good counsel, and energy.

Thumb-sized Sages, *vāḥkhiḥya*, a class of tiny sages said to surround the sun's chariot.

*tilaka*, a tree; also, a dot-like mark on the forehead, made with colored earths, sandalwood paste, or unguents, either as ornament or as a sectarian distinction.

Tormentor, *pramatha*, name of a class of demons who attend on Śiva, who wears the elephant skin; they are supposed either to wear ele-

phant skins in imitation of Śiva or to carry them for him.

Trident-wielder, *śūlapāṇi*, an epithet of Śiva.

Triple Sacred Sacrifice, *traya*, reciting hymns, performing sacrifices, and chanting.

Triple-streamed River, *trisrotas*, an epithet of the Celestial Ganges.

*tripuṇḍraka*, a triple sectarian mark consisting of three lines or marks on the forehead.

Tripura, “the three cities,” three cities of gold, silver, and iron built by the demon architect, Maya, in the sky, air, and on the earth, and burned down by Śiva.

Triśaṅku, name of a king of Ayodhyā. Aspiring to ascend to heaven in his mortal body, he first requested Vasiṣṭha to perform a great sacrifice for him. On Vasiṣṭha’s refusing, he applied to Vasiṣṭha’s hundred sons, who cursed and degraded him to the rank of a Caṇḍāla. Viśvāmitra, a rival of Vasiṣṭha, then undertook the sacrifice for him and invited all the gods, who declined to come and thereby so enraged the sage that by his own power he transported Triśaṅku to heaven. When Triśaṅku, expelled from on high, was being hurled down again head foremost by the gods, he was arrested in his course by Viśvāmitra and remained in the sky where he forms the constellation the Southern Cross.

Truth, *satya*, truth personified.

Tulā, “balance,” the balance as an ordeal; also, name of a constellation.

Tumburu, a man’s name.

Tvaritaka, “one who hastens,” a man’s name.

Twice-born, *dvijā*, having a double birth or birthplace or nature; a member of the first three classes; a tooth; any oviparous animal (as birds, snakes). Other words so translated: *dvija*; *dvijana*; *dvijanman*; *dvijāti*.

Uccaiḥśravas, "long-eared," name of the horse produced at the Churning; he is regarded as the prototype and king of horses and is the vehicle of Indra.

Udayana, "rising," a king of Kauśambi, who belonged to the Vatsa family; the country which he ruled was also called Vatsa.

Ujjayinī, an ancient Indian city.

Ulūpī, name of a daughter of the Nāga Kauravya. While once bathing in Gaṅgā, she happened to see Arjuna and, being enamored of him, managed to take him to the Abode of Serpents and there induced him to marry her. When she learned of Arjuna's death, she thought of the gem Saṁjivani ("the reviver"), which came to her as soon as she remembered it, and, placing it on his bosom, brought him back to life.

Uneven-eyed God, *viṣamavilocana*, an epithet of Śiva.

Universe, *bhuvana*, the universe personified.

Uragarāja, "king of breast-goers," a name of Vāsuki.

*ūṁā*, a curved line of downy hair between the eyebrows, generally regarded as a mark of good fortune and sovereignty.

Uṣā, "dawn," a woman's name.

Utpalikā, "little *utpala* lotus," a woman's name.

Uttarā, "most excellent," wife of Abhimanyu.

Vaidehī, "belonging to the country of the Videhas," an epithet of Sītā.



Vaikuṇṭha, a name of Viṣṇu; name of Viṣṇu's celestial world.

Vainateya, metronymic from Vinatā; a name of Garuḍa.

Vainya, a name of Pṛthu.

Vaiśampāyana, patronymic from Viśampa; a man's name; in epic poetry a pupil of Vyāsa and also the narrator of the *Mahābhārata*.

Vālin, "haired or tailed," name of a monkey, son of Indra and elder brother of the monkey-chief Sugrīva.

Vanamālā, "garland of wild flowers," the chaplet worn by Kṛṣṇa.

Vanamānuṣa, "forest man," some sort of uncivilized man or man-like ape.

Vanquisher of Death, *mṛtyuṁjaya*, an epithet of Śiva.

Varṣa, "a division of the earth," a continent.

Varṣa Mountains, mythical mountain ranges that separate the continents.

vaśaḥ, an exclamation uttered at the end of the sacrificial verse, when the oblation is cast into the fire.

Vasiṣṭha, "most excellent," or "richest," name of a celebrated sage.

Vasudeva, "god of wealth," or "beneficent lord," name of the father of Kṛṣṇa; he was the son of Śūra, and was also called Ānakadundubhi because at his birth the gods, foreseeing that Viṣṇu would take a human form in his family, sounded the Celestial World's *ānaka* and *dundubhi* drums.

Vāsudeva, patronymic of Kṛṣṇa.

Vāsuki, name of a serpent-king used by the gods and demons when they churned the ocean.

Vasus, “wealth,” name of a particular class of gods.

*vātamṛga*, “wind deer,” a kind of antelope.

Vātāpi, “having the wind as an ally,” name of a demon. Formerly there were two demons, Vātāpi and Ilvala. Of these, the latter would assume the form of a Brahmin and the former a sheep. Ilvala would kill and cook the sheep and feed hundreds of Brahmins with that flesh. Afterwards, as soon as he called out Vātāpi, the latter would come out, tearing the bellies of the Brahmins. Thus, thousands of Brahmins were killed by these two demons. Agastya ate and digested the demon, who had taken the form of sacrificial food.

Vatsa, “calf,” term of endearment; name of an ancient kingdom.

Vātsyāyana, patronymic of Vātsya; name of various authors, especially of the *Kāmasūtra* and of the *Nyāyabhāṣya*.

Veda, “knowledge,” name of the most ancient revered texts of Hinduism.

*veṇu*, a flute.

*vetra*, a kind of large reed, used for making sticks; a cane staff.

Vetravati River, name of a river.

Vibhāṇḍaka, name of a great sage, father of Ṛṣyaṣṛṅga.

Vidiśā, name of a city in ancient India.

Vidyādhara, “possessing spells,” supernatural beings who dwell in the Himalayas where they attend upon Śiva.

Vilāsavati, “coquettish or playful woman,” or “one of gleaming appearance,” a woman’s name.

*vinā*, a kind of lute.

Vinatā, “bandy-legged,” mother of Garuḍa.

Vindhya Forest, a forest in the Vindhya mountains. Another word so translated: *vindhyāṭavī*.

Vindhya Mountain, a mountain range in central India. According to a story in the *Mahābhārata*, the personified Vindhya mountain range became jealous of the Himalayas and demanded that the sun revolve around him in the same way it did around Mount Meru. The sun refused to do so and so the Vindhya began to raise himself up in order to block the progress of both sun and moon. Alarmed, the gods asked the aid of Agastya, who approached the Vindhya and requested he bend down and afford him an easy passage to the south, begging at the same time that the mountain retain a low position until he returned. This Vindhya consented to do, but Agastya never returned, and the Vindhya range consequently never attained the elevation of the Himalayas.

*vipañci*, a kind of lute.

Vipula, “large,” a man’s name.

Virāṭa, name of an ancient king; the *Mahābhārata* tells how the Pāṇḍavas, being obliged to live in concealment during the thirteenth year of their exile, journeyed to the court of this king and entered his service in various disguises; his daughter, Uttarā, became Arjuna’s daughter-in-law. Kīcaka was the chief of his army, which was conquered by Bhīma.

Virgins of the Quarters, *digdevatā*, the quarters, regions, or cardinal points deified as young virgins. Other words so translated: *digvadhū*; *dikkanyā*.

Virīṇca, a name of Brahmā; also, of Viṣṇu and of Śiva.

Viṣṇu, “all-pervader,” name of one of the principal Hindu deities. According to the most famous cosmic myth, he sleeps in the primeval ocean, on the thousand-headed snake Śeṣa. In his sleep a lotus grows from his navel, and in the lotus is born Brahmā who creates the world. Once the world is created Viṣṇu awakes to reign in the Celestial World. He is usually represented as a four-armed man of dark blue hue, crowned, and seated on this throne, bearing in his hands his emblems—the mace, wheel, lotus, and conch—and wearing the holy jewel Kaushtubha around his neck, and with a tuft of curly hair on his chest. His vehicle is Garuḍa, and his wife is the Goddess of Fortune. According to most classifications, there are ten incarnations of Viṣṇu: the Fish, the Tortoise, the Great Boar, the Man-lion, the Dwarf, Paraśurāma, Rāma, Kṛṣṇa, Buddha, and Kalkin—the last being the incarnation yet to come. Also, Axe-bearer; Best of Men; Club-bearer; Dwarf; Enemy of Kaiṭabha; Enemy of the Demons; Exciter of Men; Far-famed One; First Lord; Great Boar; Holder of the Bow; Holder of the Discus; Imperishable; Indra’s Younger Brother; Kṛṣṇa; Lotus-navelled God; Man-lion; Nārāyaṇa; Paraśurāma; Primal Male; *Puṇḍarīka*-lotus-eyed One; Slayer of Madhu; Slayer of Mura; Vaikuṇṭha; Wheel-bearer.

Viśravas, “great fame,” name of a sage and father of Kubera, Rāvaṇa, Kumbhakarna, and Vibhīṣaṇa.

Viśvāmitra, “friend of all,” name of a famous sage.

Viśvāvasu, “he who is beneficent to all,” name of a Gandharva king.

Vivifier, *savitṛ*, an epithet of the sun.

Vṛṣaparvan, “bull-jointed,” name of a royal sage.

Vṛṣṇi, “manly,” name of the tribe or family from which Kṛṣṇa is descended.

Vyādha, “one who wounds,” a hunter, a particular star.

Water, *jala*, water personified.

Western Ocean, *aparajalanidhi*. Other words so translated: *aparajaladhi*; *aparāṃnava*; *aparasāgara*.

Wheel-bearer, *cakradhara*, an epithet of Viṣṇu. In most representations he is four-armed, his back right and left hands hold a mace (*gadā*) and a wheel (*cakra*) and his front right and left hands hold a lotus (*padma*) and a conch (*śaṅkha*).

White Continent, *śvetadvīpa*, name of a mythical continent.

White Ganges, *śvetagaṅgā*, name of a river.

White-rayed One, *śvetāṁśu*, an epithet of the moon. Another word so translated: *śvetabhānu*.

White Robes, *śvetapaṭa*, name of a Jain sect.

Wind, *marut*, the wind personified. Another word so translated: *mātariśvan*.

Winged One, *garutmat*, an epithet of Garuḍa.

Wisdom, *prajñā*, wisdom personified.

Wishing Tree, *kalpavṛkṣa*, one of the five trees of Indra's paradise, believed to fulfill all desires. Other words so translated: *kalpadruma*; *kalpapādapa*; *kalpalātā*; *kalpataru*.

Wolf-belly, *vṛkodara*, a name of Bhima, so called from his enormous appetite.

World Egg, *bhuvanāṇḍaka*, a name for the world or Primordial Egg.

World of Brahmā, *brahmaloka*, the world or heaven of Brahmā.

Yadu, name of an ancient hero.

*yajñopavīta*, the sacred thread invested on the three twice-born classes; it is worn over the left shoulder and hangs down under the right.

Yakṣa, a class of semidivine beings attendant on Kubera.

Yayāti, the son of Nahuṣa; he was cursed by Śukrācārya to become prematurely old for transferring his love from Śukrācārya's daughter to the daughter of Vṛṣaparvan. After many entreaties he was allowed to transfer his decrepitude to any one of his sons. Puru having accepted it, Yayāti enjoyed youth for one thousand years, then retired to the forest after restoring Puru to his youth and making him his successor.

*yogapaṭṭaka*, the cloth thrown over the back and knees of a devotee during meditation.

*yojana*, "yoking," a distance traversed in one harnessing or without unyoking, about nine miles.

Yojanabāhu, "having arms a *yojana* in length," an epithet for Kabandha, whose arms extended as far as a *yojana*.

Yojanagandhā, "diffusing scent to the distance of a *yojana*," or "musk," epithet of Satyavatī, with whom the sage Parāśara fell in love. The smell of her body (originally stinking of fish) used to spread to a *yojana*, or some nine miles.

Youth, *kumāra*, an epithet of the God of War.

Yudhiṣṭhira, "firm in battle," name of the eldest of the five reputed sons of Pāṇḍu.