

CHAPTER SIX

THE SENTIMENTS

The sages question.

1-3. After hearing about the rules regarding the Preliminaries, the great sages continued their inquiries and said to Bharata, "Answer five of our questions. Explain how the Sentiments enumerated by experts in dramatic art attain their special qualities. And why are the *bhāvas* (States) so called, and what do they *bhāvayanti* (make us feel)? Besides these, what are the real meanings of terms such as, Digest (*samgraha*)¹ Memorial Verse (*kārikā*) and Etymology (*nirukta*)?"

Bharata answers.

4. At these words of the sages, Bharata continued speaking and mentioned in reply to their question the distinction between the Sentiments and the States.

5-7. And then he said, "O sages, I shall tell you in detail and in due order about the Digest (*samgraha*), the Memorial Verse (*kārikā*) and the Etymology (*nirukta*). I am not able by any means to exhaust all the topics about drama (*nātya*); for science (*māna*),¹ and arts and crafts (*śilpa*)² connected with it are respectively manifold and endless in number. And as it is not possible to treat exhaustively (lit. to go to the end of) even one of these subjects which are [vast] like an ocean, there cannot be any question of mastering them all.

8. [Hence] I shall tell you about the Digest on Sentiments, States and such other matters, which has its contents embodied¹

1-3 (B.G. same). ¹ For a possible chronological implication of *samgraha*, *kārikā*, *nirukta*, *sūtra* and *bhāṣya* mentioned in this chapter see Skt. Poetics, Vol. I. pp. 28 ff. 4 (B.G. same).

5-7 (B.G. same). ¹ *jīvānāni-vyākaranādini sāstrāṇi* (Ag).

² *śilpāni—citrapustādi-karmāṇi* (Ag).

8 (B.G. same). ¹ Read *sūtrāgñihartha*.

in a small number of Sūtras (short rules) but which promotes inference [about the understanding of the subject].

Digest, Memorial Verse and Etymology defined

9. When subjects taught in detail have been compressed and brought together in [a number of] Sūtras and their Bhāṣyas (commentary), these latter constitute according to the learned a Digest (*samgraha*).

10. The Digest [of the Nātyaveda treats] the Sentiments, the States, the Histrionic Representation (*abhinaya*), the Practice (*dharma*), the Styles (*vṛtti*), the Success (*siddhi*), the notes (*svara*), the instrumental music (*ātodya*), songs and the stage.¹

11. When a rule (lit. meaning) is explained (lit. uttered) briefly in the manner of a Sūtra by means of a minimum (lit. small) number of words it is called the Memorial Verse (*kārikā*) which shows the meaning [of the rule clearly].¹

12. The Etymology (*nirukta*) is that which arises in connexion with various nouns, is helped by dictionaries and rules of grammatical interpretation, includes the meaning of the root involved as well as the reasons modifying it, and is helped by various findings [of Śāstras].

13. When the meaning [of a noun] is established from a consideration of its root [and *pratyaya* or affix], words expressing [such] meaning in brief are called the Etymology.

14. O the best of the Brahmins, [the subjects included into] the Digest (*samgraha*), which I mentioned earlier, will now be discussed in detail with the necessary Memorial Verses (*kārikā*) and Etymologies connected with them.

9 (B.G. same).

10 (B.G. same). ¹ B. adds one more couplet after 10.

11 (B.12, G. same). ¹ One additional characteristic of the *kārikā* is that it should be generally composed in metres like *āryā* or *śloka*, e.g. the *Sūmkhyakārikā*.

12 (B.18, G.12).

13 (B.14, G.13).

14 (B.15, G.14).

The eight Sentiments

15. The eight Sentiments (*rasa*)¹ recognised in drama are as follows : Erotic (*śringāra*), Comic (*hāsyā*), Pathetic (*karuṇā*) Furious (*raudra*), Heroic (*vīra*), Terrible (*bhayānaka*) Odious (*bibhatsa*) and Marvellous (*adbhuta*).²

16. These eight are the Sentiments named by Brahman ; I shall now speak of the Dominant, the Transitory and the Temperamental States.¹

The Dominant States

17. The Dominant States (*sthāyibhāva*)¹ are known to be the following : love, mirth, sorrow, anger, energy, terror, disgust and astonishment.

18-21. The thirtythree Transitory States (*vijahirābhāva*)¹ are known to be the following : discouragement, weakness, apprehension, envy, intoxication, weariness, indolence, depression, anxiety, distraction, recollection, contentment, shame, inconstancy, joy, agitation, stupor, arrogance, despair, impatience, sleep, epilepsy, dreaming, awakening, indignation, dissimulation, cruelty, assurance, sickness, insanity, death, fright and deliberation. These are defined by their names.

The eight Temperamental States

22. Paralysis, Perspiration, Horripilation, Change of Voice,

15 (B.16, G.15). ¹ *rasa*—A. K. Coomaraswamy is for translating the word as 'flavour' (MG. p. 17).

² The later writers on Skt. poetics add one more *rasa* (*sānta*) to this number.

16 (B.17, G.16). ¹ *bhāva*—A. B. Keith translates this word as 'feeling' or 'emotion'. See Skt. Drama, p. 319. A. K. Coomaraswamy and others translate it as 'mood' (*loc. cit.*). We are with Haas who translates it as 'State.' See DR. p. 108.

17 (B.18, G.17). ¹ *sthāyibhāva*—Keith translates the term as 'dominant emotion' (Skt. Drama) and Haas as 'Permanent State' (DR.) and others as 'permanent mood' (e.g. S. K. De, Skt Poetics, Vol. II. p. 26).

18-21 (B.19-22, G.18-21). ¹ These are also known as *sāñcāri-bhāva*.

22 (B.23, G.22). ¹ *sāttvika bhāva*—The word *sāttvika* cannot be

Trembling, Change of Colour, Weeping and Fainting are the eight Temperamental States¹.

The four kinds of Histrionic Representation

23. The four kinds of Histrionic Representation are Gestures (*āngika*)¹, Words (*vācika*)², Dresses and Make-up (*āhārya*)³ and the Representation of the Temperament (*sattvika*).⁴

The Two Practices

24. The Practice of Representation (*dharma*)¹ in a dramatic performance is twofold : realistic (*lokadharmi*, lit. popular) and conventional (*nātyadhami*, lit. theatrical).

The four Styles

And the Verbal (*bhāratī*), the Grand (*sāttvati*), the Graceful (*kaiśiki*) and the Energetic (*ārabhatī*) are the four Styles (*vṛtti*)².

properly translated into English. Keith does not make any such attempt (see Skt. Drama) Haas translates the *sattvika-bhāva* as 'Involuntary States'. But this seems to be very misleading, for the NS. takes *sattva* to be connected with *manas*. (see VI. 94), and most of the later writers follow this work in this respect. So the author of the ND. (III. 153) writes अर्थः मन सत्त्वं तत्प्रयोजनं हेतुरस्येति सात्त्वकः मनोऽनवधाने हि न शक्यत एव सरमेदाद्यो नाम्येन दर्शयितुम्. The NS. has also a definition of *sattva* which is as follows : देहात्मकं भवेत् सत्त्वं (XXIV. 7). The author of the BhP. elaborately defines the term *sattva* and discusses the psychological process connected with its use ; see (pp. 13-14). Viśvanātha in his SD. (164) defines *sattva* as follows : सत्त्वं नाम साक्षात्कामा प्रकाशकरो कदाचारो धर्मः.

23 (B.24, G.23). ¹ *āngikā*—means Gestures of special kind defined in the *sūstra* ; see NS. VIII-XII.

² *vācika*—means Words suitable for representation of the different States (*bhāva*) composed by the playwright. See NS. XV-XXII.

³ See NS. XXIII. ⁴ See NS. XXIV.

24 (B.25-26a, G.24-25a). ¹ *dharma*—This word has not been very correctly used. But the meaning is clear ; for details about *dharma* see NS. XIII 69-81.

² Haas translates *vṛttis* as Styles of Procedure (DR. p. 67). The four Styles are translated by him as Eloquent (*bhāratī*), Grandiose (*sāttvati*) Gay (*kaiśiki*) and Horrific (*ārabhatī*). We follow Keith's translation (Skt. Drama, p. 326). For details about *vṛttis* see NS. XXII. lff.

The four Local Usages

25-26. Āvanti, Dākṣinātyā, Odramāgadhi and Pañcālā-madhyamā are the four Local Usages (*pravṛtti*)¹ in a dramatic performance.

The Success

The Success² in the dramatic performance is of two kinds : divine (*divikī*) and human (*mānusī*).

The Notes

27-29. And [musical] notes such as, Śadja, Rśabha etc. are seven¹ in number, and they fall into two groups : human (*śārīrā* lit. from body) and instrumental (*vainyara* lit. from the Viṇā).¹

The four kinds of musical instruments

The musical instruments are of four kinds² : stringed (*tata*) covered (*aranaddha*), solid (*ghana*), and hollow (*susīra*). Among these, the stringed (*tata*) means an instrument with strings, the covered (*aranaddha*) means a drum, the solid (*ghana*) a cymbal and the hollow (*susīra*) a flute.

The five kinds of Dhruvās

29-30. Songs which relate to Dhruvās are of five kinds¹ :

25-26 (B.26b-27a, G.25b-26a). ¹ *pravṛtti*—Haas translates this word as 'Local Characteristics', (See DR, p 74). The five geographical names (Avanti, Dikṣinātya, Odra, Magadha and Pañcāla) probably show that these were the parts of India where dramatic show was current at the time when tradition recorded in this NS, arose. Omission of the north-eastern part of India, including Bengal and Assam, probably shows that at that time these places were still in many respects outside the pale of Aryanized India. And the omission of the north-western India from this list may be explained on the assumption that it being on the way of the new immigrants who frequently poured into this country the formation of a well established usage was difficult. For details about *pravṛttis* see NS. XIV. 36-56.

² *siddhi* (success)—For details about the Success see NS. XXVII. 1 ff.

27-29 (B.28a-30, G.27b 29). ¹ See NS. (C.) XXVIII. 19, 11.

² See NS. (C.) XXVIII. 1-2.

29-30 (B.31-33a, G.30-31a). ¹ See NS. (C.) XXXII. 334-352.

entering (*praveśa*), casual (*ākṣepa*), going out (*nishrama*), pleasing (*prāśadika*) and intermediate (*āntara*). And the playhouse is of the three types : oblong (*vikṛṣṭa*), square (*caturasra*) and triangular (*tryasra*)².

31. So much about the Digest on drama giving its contents (lit. meaning by a small number of Sūtras (concise rules). I shall now speak about the contents of the Sūtra-work¹.

The Sentiments explained

In that connexion I shall first of all explain the Sentiments (*rasa*). No meaning proceeds [from speech] without [any kind of] Sentiment. The Sentiment is produced (*rasa-nispattiḥ*) from a combination (*samyoga*)² of Determinants (*vibhāva*), Consequents (*anubhāva*) and Transitory States (*vyabhicāri-bhāva*). Is there any instance (*dṛṣṭanta*) [parallel to it]. [Yes], it is said that, as taste (*rasa*) results from a combination of various spices, vegetables and other articles³, and as six tastes (*rasa*) are produced by articles such as, raw sugar or spices or vegetables, so the Dominant States (*sthāyibhāva*), when they come together with various other States (*bhāva*) attain the quality of the Sentiment (i.e. become Sentiment)⁴. Now one enquires, ‘What is the meaning of the word *rasa*’? It is said in reply to this [that *rasa* is so called] because it is capable of being tasted (*āsvādayate*). How is *rasa* tasted? [In reply] it is said that just as well-disposed persons while eating food cooked with many kinds of spices enjoy (*āsvādayanti*) its tastes (*rasa*) and attain pleasure and satisfaction,

² B. adds one couplet after 30.

31 (B.33b-34a, G.31b, c). ¹ The original of the next passage till the beginning of 33 is in prose.

² The NS. nowhere explains the terms *nispatti* and *samyoga* of this definition and does not include the *sthāyibhāva* in it (the def.). Hence the theory of *rasa* has come to be interpreted differently in later times by Lollāta, Śāṅkuka, (Bhaṭṭa) Nāyaka and Abhinavagupta. For a brief exposition of their views see Viṣṇupada Bhaṭṭācārya—Sāhityamīmāṃsa (Bengali), Calcutta, 1948. pp. 33 ff.

³ G. adds here one sentence more (*tathā..... nispattiḥ*).

⁴ *tatrāha* (G. *rsaya uciḥ*).

so the cultured people taste the Dominant States (*sthāyi-bhāva*) while they see them represented by an expression of the various States with Words, Gestures and the Temperament and derive pleasure and satisfaction. Thus is explained [the Memorial Verse ending with] *tasmān nālyarasa iti*⁵. For in this connexion there are two traditional couplets :

32-33. Just as connoisseur of cooked food (*bhakta*) while eating food which has been prepared from various spices and other articles, taste it, so the learned people taste in their mind the Dominant States (such as love, sorrow etc.) when they are represented by an expression of the States with Gestures. Hence these Dominant States in a drama are called the Sentiments.¹

The relation between the Sentiments and the States.

² Now one enquires, "Do the States (*bhāva*) come out of the Sentiments (*rasa*) or the Sentiments come out of the States?" On this point, some are of opinion that they arise from their mutual contact. But this is not so. Why ?

"It is apparent that the Sentiments arise from the States and not the States from the Sentiments. For [on this point] there are [traditional] couplets such as :

34-35. The States are so called by experts in drama, for they cause to originate (*bhāvayanti*) the Sentiments in connexion with various modes of dramatic representation. Just as by many articles of various kinds auxiliary cooked food (*nyāñjana*) is

⁵ See below 33-34.

32-33 (B.35-36, G.32-33). ¹ For a discussion on Bharata's theory of *rasa* see Skt. Poetics, Vol. II. pp. 25 ff.

² The original of this passage till the beginning of 34 is in prose, but its reading seems to be confused. In the light of the five *kārikās* that follow one may be justified in changing the order of some sentences and in emending it partially as follows : अदाह कैषाचिन्द्रतं भावेषी रसागामभिनिहतिरिति, न तु रसेष्यो भावगामभिनिहतिरिति । तत्र कथात् । हम्मते हि परच्चरसंयोगादेवामभिनिहतिरिति.

But if it is really an instance of textual corruption it may be said to have been sanctified by time, for Bhoja who refuted Bharata's view on *bhāvas* giving rise to *rasas* relied on this text. Cf. V. Raghavan, Sr. Pr. p. 26.

34-35 (B.38-39, G.34-35).

brought forth, so the States along with different kinds of Histrionic Representation will cause the Sentiments to originate.

36. There can be no Sentiment prior to (lit. without) the States and no States without the Sentiments [following it], and during the Histrionic Representation they are produced from their mutual relation.

37. Just as a combination of spices and vegetables imparts good taste to the food cooked, so the States and the Sentiments cause one another to originate (*bhāvayanti*).

38. Just as a tree grows from a seed, and flowers and fruits [including the seed] from a tree, so the Sentiments are the source (lit. root) of all the States, and likewise the States exist [as the source of all the Sentiments]¹.

The eight Sentiments from the four original ones

Now we shall describe the origins, the colours, the [presiding] deities, and examples of these Sentiments. Sources of these [eight] Sentiments are the four [original] Sentiments *e.g.* Erotic, Furious, Heroic and Odious.²

39. The Comic [Sentiment] arises from the Erotic, the Pathetic from the Furious, the Marvellous from the Heroic, and the Terrible from the Odious.

40-41. A mimicry of the Erotic [Sentiment] is called the Comic, and the result of the Furious Sentiment is the Pathetic, and the result of the Heroic Sentiment is called the Marvellous, and that which is Odious to see results in the Terrible.

42-43. The Erotic Sentiment is light green (*śyāma*), the Comic Sentiment white, the Pathetic (Sentiment) ash-coloured

36 (B.40, G.36).

37 (B.41, G.37).

38 (B.42, G.38). ¹ B adds one prose sentence more after this passage.

² The original of this passage till the beginning of 39 is in prose.

³ Bhoja criticises this view of the author of the NS. in his Sr. Pr. See Ramaswamy Sastrī Bh. P. Introduction p. 28; V. Raghavan, Sr. Pr. 27.

39 (B.44, G.39).

40-41 (B.45-46, G.40-41).

42-43 (B.47-48, G.42-43).

(*kapota*), the Furious Sentiment red, the Heroic (Sentiment) light orange (*gaura*), the Terrible (Sentiment) black, the Odious (Sentiment) blue and the Marvellous (Sentiment) yellow.

The presiding deities of the Sentiments

44-45, Viṣṇu is the god of the Erotic, Pramathas of the Comic, Rudra of the Furious, Yama of the Pathetic, Śiva (Mahākāla), of the Odious, Yama (Kāla) of the Terrible, Indra of the Heroic, and Brahman of the Marvellous Sentiments.

¹Thus have been described the origins, the colours and the deities of these (Sentiments). Now we shall explain the Determinants (*vibhāva*), the Consequents (*anubhāva*), the Transitory States (*vyabhicārin*), their combination, and their definitions and examples.

We shall now enumerate the Dominant States in different Sentiments.

The Erotic Sentiment

Of these, the Erotic (*śringāra*)¹ Sentiment proceeds from the Dominant State of love (*rati*) and it has as its basis (lit. soul) a bright attire; for whatever in this world is white, pure, bright and beautiful is appreciated in terms of the Dominant State of love (*śringāra*). For example, one who is elegantly dressed is called a lovely person (*śringārin*). Just as persons are named, after the custom of their father or mother or family in accordance with the traditional authority, so the Sentiments, the States and other objects connected with drama are given names in pursuance of the custom and the traditional authority. Hence the Erotic Sentiment has been so named on account of its usually being associated with a bright and elegant attire. It owes its origin to men and women and relates to the fullness of youth. It has two bases: union (*sambhoga*) and separation (*vipralambha*). Of these two, the Erotic Sentiment in union arises from Determinants like the pleasures of the season, the enjoyment of garlands, unguents, ornaments [the

* 44-45 (B.49-50, G.44-45). ¹ The original of this passage till the beginning of 46, is in prose.

company of) beloved persons, objects [of senses], splendid mansions, going to a garden, and enjoying [oneself] there, seeing the [beloved one], hearing [his or her words], playing and dallying [with him or her]. It should be representated on the stage by Consequents such as clever movement of eyes, eyebrows, glances, soft and delicate movement of limbs, and sweet words and similar other things. Transitory States in it do not include fear, indolence, cruelty and disgust. [The Erotic Sentiment] in separation should be represented on the stage by Consequents such as indifference, langour, fear, jealousy, fatigue, anxiety, yearning, drowsiness, sleep, dreaming awakening, illness, insanity, epilepsy, inactivity, [fainting], death and other conditions.

Now it has beeen asked, "If the Erotic Sentiment has its origin in love, why does it [sometimes] manifest itself through pathetic conditions ?" [In reply to this] it is said, "It has been mentioned before that the Erotic Sentiment has its basis in union as well as in separation. Authorities on *ars amatoria* (*vaiśikāśāstra*) have mentioned ten conditions [of the persons separated from their beloved ones, which are pathetic]. We shall discuss them in the chapter on the Common Histrionic Representation.² The Pathetic Sentiment relates to a condition of despair owing to the affliction under a curse, separation from dear ones, loss of wealth, death or captivity, while the Erotic Sentiment based on separation relates to a condition of retaining optimism arising out of yearning and anxiety. Hence the Pathetic Sentiment, and the Erotic Sentiment in separation differ from each other. And this is the reason why the Erotic Sentiment includes conditions available in all other Sentiments.

46. And the Sentiment called Erotic is rich in pleasure, connected with desired objects, enjoyment of seasons, garlands and similar other things, and it relates to [the union of] man and woman.

There are besides two Āryās related to the preceding Sūtra :

47-48. The Erotic Sentiment arises in connexion with

² See NS. (C.) XXIV.

46 (B.52, G.46).

47-48 (B.54-55, G.47-48).

favourable seasons, garlands, ornaments, enjoyment of the company of beloved ones, music and poetry, and going to the garden and roaming there. It should be represented on the stage by means of serenity of the eyes and the face, sweet and smiling words, satisfaction and delight, and graceful movements of the limbs.

The Comic Sentiment

¹Now the Comic (*hāsyā*) Sentiment has as its basis the Dominant emotion of laughter. This is created by Determinants such as showing unseemly dress or ornament, impudence, greediness, quarrel, defective limb, use of irrelevant words, mentioning of different faults, and similar other things. This (the Comic Sentiment) is to be represented on the stage by Consequents like the throbbing of the lips, the nose and the cheek, opening the eyes wide or contracting them, perspiration, colour of the face, and taking hold of the sides. Transitory States in it are indolence, dissimulation, drowsiness, sleep, dreaming, insomnia, envy and the like. This (Sentiment), is of two kinds : self-centered and centered in others. When a person himself laughs it relates to the self-centred (Comic Sentiment), but when he makes others laugh it (the Comic Sentiment therein) is centred in others.

There are two traditional Āryās here :

49. As this makes one laugh by an exhibition of oddly placed ornaments, uncouth behaviour, words and dress and strange movement of limbs, it is called the Comic Sentiment.

50. As this makes persons laugh by means of uncouth behaviour, words, movement of the limbs and strange dress, it is known as the Comic Sentiment.

51. This Sentiment is mostly to be seen in women and persons of the inferior type, and it has six varieties of which I shall speak presently.

52. They are: Slight Smile (*smita*), Smile (*hasita*), Gentle Laughter (*vihasita*), Laughter of Redicule (*upahasita*), Vulgar

¹ The original of thts passage till the beginnning of 49 is in prose.

49 (B.58, G.49).

50 (B.59, G.50).

51 (B.60, G.51).

52 (B.61, G.52).

Laughter (*apahasita*) and Excessive Laughter (*atihasita*). Two by two they belong respectively to the superior, the middling and the inferior types [of persons].

53. To persons of the superior type belong the Slight Smile (*smita*) and the Smile (*hasita*), to those of the middling type the Gentle Laughter (*vihasita*) and the Laughter of Ridicule (*upahasita*) to those of the inferior type the Vulgar Laughter (*apahasita*) and the Violent Laughter (*atihasita*).

There are Ślokas on this subjects :

54. The Slight Smile (*smita*) of the people of the superior type should be characterised by slightly blown cheeks and elegant glances, and in it the teeth should not be visible.

55. Their Smile (*hasita*) should be distinguished by blooming eyes, face and cheeks, and in it the teeth should be slightly visible.

Of persons of the middle type

56. The Gentle Laughter (*vihasita*) should have slight sound, and sweetness, and should be suitable to the occasion and in it the eyes and the cheeks should be contracted and the face joyful.

57. During the Laughter of Ridicule (*upahasita*) the nose should be expanded, the eyes should be squinting, and the shoulder and the head should be bent.

Of persons of the inferior type

58. The laughter on occasions not suitable to it, the laughter with tears in one's eyes, or with the shoulder and the head violently shaking, is called the Vulgar Laughter (*apahasita*).

59. The Excessive Laughter (*atihasita*) is that in which the eyes are expanded and tearful sound is loud and excessive, and the sides are covered by hands.

60. Comic situations which may arise in the course of a

53 (B.62, G.53).

54 (B.65, G.54).

55 (B.66, G.55).

56 (B.68, G.56).

57 (B.69, G.57).

58 (B.71, G.58).

59 (B.72, G.59).

60 (B.73, G.60).

play, for persons of the superior, middling or inferior type are thus to be given expression to.

61. This Comic Sentiment is of two kinds : self-centred and centred in others; and it relates to the three types of persons : superior, middling and inferior, and has thus [on the whole] six varieties.

The Pathetic Sentiment

¹Now the Pathetic (*karuṇa*) Sentiment arises from the Dominant State of sorrow. It grows from Determinants such as affliction under a curse, separation from dear ones, loss of wealth, death, captivity, flight [from one's own place], [dangerous] accidents or any other misfortune. This is to be represented on the stage by means of Consequents such as, shedding tears, lamentation, dryness of the mouth, change of colour, drooping limbs, being out of breath, loss of memory and the like. Transitory States connected with it are indifference, langour, anxiety, yearning, excitement, delusion, fainting, sadness, dejection, illness, inactivity, insanity, epilepsy, fear, indolence, death, paralysis, tremor, change of colour, weeping, loss of voice and the like.

On this point there are two Āryās :

62. The Pathetic Sentiment arises from seeing the death of a beloved person, or from hearing something very unpleasant and these are its Determinants.

63. This is to be represented on the stage by Consequents like weeping loudly, fainting, lamenting and bewailing, exerting the body or striking it.

The Furious Sentiment.

¹Now the Furious (*raudra*) Sentiment has as its basis the Dominant State of anger. It owes its origin to Rākṣasas, Dānavas and haughty men, and is caused by fights. This is created by

61 (B.74, G.61). ¹ The original of this passage till the beginning of 62 is in pros.
62 (B.76, G.62).

63 (B.77, G.63). ¹ The original of this passage till the beginning of 64 is in prose.

Determinants such as anger, rape, abuse, insult, untrue allegation, exorcizing, threatening, revengefulness, jealousy and the like. Its actions are beating, breaking, crushing, cutting, piercing, taking up arms, hurling of missiles, fighting, drawing of blood, and similar other deeds. This is to be represented on the stage by means of Consequents such as red eyes, knitting of eyebrows, defiance, biting of the lips, movement of the cheeks, pressing one hand with the other, and the like. Transitory States in it are presence of mind, determination, energy, indignation, restlessness, fury, perspiration, trembling, horripilation, choking voice and the like.

Now one enquires, "Is it to be assumed from the [above] statement about Rākṣasas that they only give rise to the Furious Sentiment, and that this Sentiment does not relate to others?" [Reply]. "No, in case of others too this Sentiment may arise. [But in case of Rākṣasas] it is to be understood as their special function. They are naturally furious,² for they have many arms, many mouths, standing and unkempt hairs of brown colour, and prodigious physical frame of black complexion. Whatever they attempt, be it their speech, movement of limbs or any other effort, is by nature furious. Even in their love-making they are violent³. It is to be easily inferred that persons who imitate them give rise to the Furious Sentiment from their fights and battles.

On these points there are two Āryās :

64. The Furious Sentiment is created by striking, cutting, mutilation and piercing in fights, and tumult of the battle and the like.

65. It should be represented on the stage by special acts such as the release of many missiles, cutting off the head, the trunk and the arms.

66. Such is the Furious Sentiment viewed [by experts]; it is full of conflict of arms, and in its words, movements and deeds are terrible and fearful.

² G. considers this passage till the end of this sentence as an āryā (G.64). ³ Cf. Bhāṭṭikāvya, VIII. 98.

The Heroic Sentiment

¹Now the Heroic (*vīra*) Sentiment, relates to the superior type of persons and has energy as its basis. This is created by Determinants such as presence of mind, perseverance, diplomacy, discipline, military strength, aggressiveness, reputation of might, influence and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as firmness, patience, heroism, charity, diplomacy and the like. Transitory States in it are contentment, judgement, pride, agitation, energy (*vega*), ferocity, indignation, remembrance, horripilation and the like.

There are two Āryās [on these points] :

67. The Heroic Sentiment arises from energy, perseverance, optimism, absence of surprise, and presence of mind and [such other] special conditions [of the spirit].

68. This Heroic Sentiment is to be properly represented on the stage by firmness, patience, heroism, pride, energy, aggressiveness, influence and censuring words.

The Terrible Sentiment

¹Now the Terrible (*bhayānaka*) Sentiment has as its basis the Dominant State of fear. This is created by Determinants like hideous noise, sight of ghosts, panic and anxiety due to [untimely cry of] jackals and owls, staying in an empty house or forest, sight of death or captivity of dear ones, or news of it, or discussion about it. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as trembling of the hands and the feet, horripilation, change of colour and loss of voice. Its Transitory States are paralysis, perspiration, choking voice, horripilation, trembling, loss of voice, change of colour, fear, stupefaction, dejection, agitation, restlessness, inactivity, fear, epilepsy and death and the like.

On these points there are two traditional Āryās :

69. The Terrible Sentiment is created by hideous noise,

¹ The original of this passage till the beginning of 67 is in prose.
67 (B.83, G.68).

• 68 (B.84, G.69). ¹ The original of this passage till the beginning of 69 is in prose. 69 (R.86, G.70).

sight of ghosts, battle, entering an empty house or forest, offending one's superiors or the king.

70. Terror is characterised by looseness of the limbs, the mouth and the eyes, paralysis of the thighs, looking around with uneasiness, dryness of the drooping mouth, palpitation of the heart and horripilation.

71. This is [the character of] natural fear; the artificially shown fear also should be represented by these conditions. But in case of the feigned fear all efforts for its representation should be milder.

72. This Terrible Sentiment should be always represented by tremor of the hands and the feet, paralysis, shaking of the body, palpitation of the heart, dryness of the lips, the mouth, the palate and the throat.

The Odious Sentiment

¹Now the Odious (*bibhatsa*) Sentiment has as its basis the Dominant State of disgust. It is created by Determinants like hearing of unpleasant, offensive, impure and harmful things or seeing them or discussing them. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as stopping the movement of all the limbs, narrowing down of the mouth, vomiting, spitting, shaking the limbs [in disgust] and the like. Transitory States in it are epilepsy, delusion, agitation, fainting, sickness, death and the like.

On these points there are two traditional Aryās :

73. The Odious Sentiment arises in many ways from disgusting sight, tastes, smell, touch and sound which cause uneasiness.

74. This is to be represented on the stage by narrowing down the mouth and the eyes, covering the nose, bending down the head and walking imperceptibly.

70 (B.87, G.71).

71 (B.88, G.72).

72 (B.89, G.73). ¹ The original of this passage till the beginning of 73, is in prose.

73 (B.92, G.74).

74 (B.93, G.75).

The Marvellous Sentiment

¹*The Marvellous (adbhuta) Sentiment has as its basis the Dominant State of astonishment. It is created by Determinants such as sight of heavenly beings or events, attainment of desired objects, entrance into a superior mansion, temple, audience hall (*sabhā*), a seven-storied palace and [seeing] illusory and magical acts. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as wide opening of eyes, looking with fixed gaze, horripilation, tears [of joy] perspiration, joy, uttering words of approbation, making gifts, crying incessantly hā, hā, hā, waving the end of *dhoti* or *sāri*, and movement of fingers and the like Transitory States in it are weeping, paralysis, perspiration, choking voice, horripilation, agitation, hurry, inactivity, death and the like.*

On this point there are two traditional Āryās :

75. The Marvellous Sentiment is that which arises from words, character, deed and personal beauty.

76. This is to be represented on the stage by a gesture of feeling [sweet] smell, joyful shaking of limbs, and uttering of hā, hā, hā, sounds, speaking words of approbation, tremor, choking voice, perspiration and the like.

The three kinds of the Erotic, the Comic and the Terrible Sentiments

77. The Erotic Sentiment is of three kinds, viz., of words, dress, and action. And the Comic and the Terrible Sentiments are likewise of three kinds, viz., of limbs, dress and words.

The three kinds of the Pathetic Sentiment

78. The Pathetic Sentiment is of three kinds, viz. that rising from obstruction to lawful deeds, from loss of wealth and from bereavement.

The three kinds of the Heroic Sentiment

79. The Heroic Sentiment is likewise of three kinds, viz.

¹ The original of this passage till the beginning of 75, is in prose.

•75 (B.95, G.76).

76 (B.96, G.77).

77 (B.97, G.78).

78 (B.98, G.79).

79 (B.99, G.80).

*that arising from making gifts, from doing one's duty (*dharma*) and from fighting [one's enemy].*

The three kinds of the Terrible Sentiment

80. The Terrible Sentiment is also of three kinds, viz., feigned fear, fear from a wrong action, and fear from an apprehension of danger.

The three kinds of the Odious Sentiment

81. The Odious Sentiment is of three kinds, viz. nauseating, simple, and exciting. Of these the Sentiment from a sight of stool and worms is nauseating, and the sight of blood and similar objects is exciting.

The three kinds of the Marvellous Sentiment

82. The Marvellous Sentiment is of two kinds, viz. celestial and joyous. Or these the celestial is due to seeing heavenly sights, and the joyous due to joyful happenings¹.

83. These are the eight Sentiments and their definitions, I shall hereafter speak of the characteristics of the States.

Here ends Chapter VI of Bharata's *Nātyaśāstra*
which treats of the Sentiments.

80 (B.I00, G.81).

81 (B.101, G.82).

82 (B.102, G.83). ¹ B. adds here a spurious passage on *sānta rasa*.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE EMOTIONAL AND OTHER STATES

Bhāvas (States) explained

0. Now I shall speak of the *bhāras* (States). An enquiry in this connexion is, "Why are the *bhāras* (States) so called ? Is it because they *bhārayanti* (pervade) and are hence called *bhāvas* (States)?" It is said in reply that *bhāvas* (States) are so called because through Words, Gestures and the Representation of the Temperament, they *bhārayanti* (infuse) the meaning of the play [into the spectators]. ¹ *Bhāva* is 'cause' or 'instrument', for words such as, *bbāvita*, *cāsita* and *kṛtu* are synonymous. An expression like, 'O, all these things are *bhārīta* (pervaded) by one another's smell or moistened by one another's juice,' is established even amongst the common people. Hence the root *bhāraya* means 'to pervade'. On this point there are the following Šlokas :

1. When the meanings presented by Determinants and Consequents are made to pervade (*gamayte*) [the heart of the spectators] they are called *bhāvas* (States).
2. As in these the inner idea of the playwright (*kāri*) is made to pervade [the mind of the spectators] by means of Words, Gestures, colour of the face and the Representation of the Temperament they are called *bhāvas* (States).
3. As they cause the Sentiments relating to various kinds of Histrionic Representation to pervade [the mind of the spectators], they are called *bhāvas* (States) by those who produce a drama.

Vibhāvas (Determinants) explained

"Now, why is the word *vibhāva* used ?" [Answer] : "The word *vibhāva* is used for the sake of clear knowledge. It is

0 (B.G. same).

1 (B.1-2, G.1). ¹ We read *bhāva iti kārana(m)* *sādhanam* *yāthā* etc.

2 (B.3, G.2). 3 (B.4-5, G.3).

synonymous with *kāraṇa*, *nimitta* and *hetu*. As Words, Gestures and the Representation of the Temperament are *vibhāvayte* (determined) by this, it is called *vibhāva* (Determinant). *Vibhāvita* (also) means the same thing as *vijñāta* (clearly known).

On this point there is a Śloka :

4. As many things are *vibhāvayate* (determined) by this through Words, Gestures and the Representation of the Temperament it is named *vibhāva* (Determinant).

Anubhāvas (Consequents) explained

"Now, why is the word *anubhāva* used ?" (Answer) "Because the Histrionic Representation by means of Words, Gestures and the Temperament are *anubhāvate* (made to be felt) by this, it is called *anubhāva* (Consequent).

On this point there is a Śloka :

5. As in it the spectators are *anubhāvayate* [made to feel] things by means of Words and Gestures it is called *anubhāva* and it relates to words as well as to [gestures and movements of] major and minor limbs.

Now we have explained that the States (*bhāva*) are related to Determinants (*vibhāva*) and Consequents (*anubhāva*). Thus are the States (*bhāva*) created. Hence we shall discuss the definitions and examples of the States together with their Determinants and Consequents. Of these, the Determinants and the Consequents are well-known among people. They being connected with the human nature, their definitions are not discussed. This is for avoiding prolixity.

On this point there is the Śloka :

6. Determinants and Consequents are known by the wise to be things which are created by human nature and are in accordance with the ways of the world.

The three kinds of States : Dominant, Transitory and Temperamental

Now the Dominant States (*sthāyi-bhāva*) are eight in number. The Transitory States (*ryābhicārinah*) are thirtythree and

4 (B.6, G.4).

5 (B.7-8, G.5). ¹ We read with B.

6 (B.9, G.6).

the Temperamental States are eight in number. These are the three varieties of the States. Hence we are to understand that there are forty-nine States capable of drawing out the Sentiment from the play. The Sentiments arise from them when they are imbued with the quality of universality (*sāmānya*, lit. commonness).

On this point there is a Śloka :

7. The State proceeding from the thing which is congenial to the heart is the source of the Sentiment and it pervades the body just as fire spreads over the dry wood.

Difference between the Dominant and the other States

It is said in this connexion : "If the forty-nine States being represented by Determinants (*vibhāva*) and Consequents (*anubhāva*) coming into contact with one another become Sentiments when they are imbued with the quality of universality, how is it that Dominant States only are changed into Sentiments (and not Determinants and Consequents) ?" [In reply to this] it is said : "Just as among persons having same characteristics and similar hands, feet and belly, some, due to their birth, [superior] manners, learning and skill in arts and crafts, attain kingship, while others endowed with an inferior intellect become their attendants, in an identical manner, the ¹Dominant States become masters because on them Determinants (*vibhāva*), and Consequents (*anubhāva*) and Transitory States (*vyabhicārin*) depend. Similarly some of the other States (e.g. Determinants and Consequents) have the qualities of [king's] local officers, and [hence] Transitory States (*vyabhicārin*) become attendants to these (Determinants and Consequents) because of their [superior] quality. Now it may be asked, "Is there any parallel instance ?" [Answer.] "Just as only a king surrounded by numerous attendants receives this epithet [of king] and not any other man, be he ever so great, so the Dominant States (*sthāyi-bhāva*) only followed by Determinants, Consequents and Transitory States receive the name of Sentiment. [On this point] there is a traditional Śloka :

7 (B.10-11, G.7). ¹ विभावानुभाव-व्यभिचारिणः स्थायिभावानुपाशिता भवत्तराशयत्वात् स्थानीयूताः स्थायिनी भावाः, तदेव स्थानीयप्रकृष्ट्युतीभूता अन्ये भावासान् गुणवत्त्वाशयत्वे परिज्ञनभूता व्यभिचारिणो भावाः.

8. Just as a king is superior to other men, and the preceptor (*guru*) is superior to his disciples, so the Dominant States (*sthāyi-bhāva*) are superior to the other States (Determinants, Consequents and Transitory States).

The Dominant States

Characteristics of these which are known as the Sentiments have been mentioned before. Now we shall discuss the marks of the States common to them. First of all we shall take up [the case of] the Dominant States (*sthāyi-bhāva*).

Love

Love (*rati*) which has pleasure as its basis is caused by Determinants like seasons, garlands, unguent, ornaments, dear ones, enjoyment of a superior residential house and absence of opposition [from any one]. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as a smiling face, sweet words, motion of eyebrows, and glances and the like.

There is a Sloka [on this point]

9. Love arises from the attainment of desired objects, because of its agreeableness. It is to be represented on the stage by sweet words accompanied by [suitable] gestures and movements of limbs.

Laughter

Now Laughter (*hāsyā*) is caused by Determinants such as mimicry of others' actions⁸, incoherent talk, obtrusiveness, foolishness and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by means of Smile and the like.

On this point there is a traditional Sloka :

10. Laughter arises from a mimicry of other people's actions. It is to be represented on the stage by the learned with Smile, Laughter and Excessive Laughter.

8 (B.12-14, G.8).

9 (B.14-15, G.9). ¹ B. adds *kuhaka* after *paraceṣṭā*.

10 (B.16-17, G.10).

Sorrow

Sorrow (*soka*) is caused by Determinants such as death of the beloved one, loss of wealth, experience of sorrow due to any one's murder or captivity, and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as shedding tears, lamentation, bewailing, change of colour, loss of voice, looseness of limbs, falling on the ground, crying, deep breathing, paralysis, insanity, death and the like. Weeping in this case is of three kinds : [weeping of joy, [weeping] of affliction and [weeping] due to jealousy. On these points there are traditional *Aryās* :

11. ¹Weeping in which the cheeks are blooming in joy, the body is horripilating, there are words² of remembrance and tears are not concealed is called weeping of joy.

12. Weeping in which there is a loud sound, copious shedding of tears, uneasiness of the body, want of steady movements and efforts, lamentation after falling on the ground and rolling on the earth is called weeping due to affliction.

13. Loud weeping of women in which the lips and the cheeks are throbbing and the head is shaking, the eyebrows and the glances are moving in anger, is called weeping due to jealousy.

14. Sorrow relates to women, persons of the inferior type, and it has its origin in affliction [of any kind]. With relation to it, persons of the superior and the middling types are distinguished by their patience and those of the inferior type by their weeping.

Anger

Anger (*krodha*) is caused by Determinants such as insolence, abusive language, quarrel, altercation, opposing [persons or objects] and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as swollen nose, upturned eyes, bitten lips, throbbing cheeks and the like.

11 (B.19, G.11). ¹ B. reads one additional couplet (B.18, before this,
² Read *sānusmaranām vāganibhṛtāśram*.

12 (B.20, G.12). 13 (B.21, G.13). 14 (B.22-23, G.14).

15. Anger is of five kinds, viz., anger caused by enemies, superior persons, lovers, servants, and feigned anger.

On this point there are traditional Āryās :

16. One should show anger against resistance by the enemy with knitting of eyebrows, fierce look, bitten lips, hands clasping each other, and touching one's own head and breast.

17. One should show anger against control by superiors with slightly downcast eyes, wiping off slight perspiration and not expressing any violent movement.

18. One should show one's anger to the beloved woman by a very slight movement [of the body], by shedding tears, and knitting eyebrows and with sidelong glances, and throbbing lips.

19. Anger to one's servants should be represented on the stage by means of threat, rebuke, dilating the eyes and casting contemptuous looks of various kinds.

20. Anger which is artificially shown with a view to the realisation of an ulterior motive and which mostly betrays marks of effort is called feigned anger, and it relates to two¹ Sentiments.

Energy

Energy (*utsāha*) relates to persons of the superior type. It is caused by Determinants such as absence of sadness, power, patience, heroism and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as steadiness², munificence, boldness of an undertaking, and the like.

On this point there is a Sloka :

15 (B.24, G. omits).

16 (B.26, G.15).

17 (B.27, G.16).

18 (B.28, G.17).

19 (B.29, G.18).

20 (B.30-31, G.19). ¹ *ubhayarasa* (*dvirasa*, G.).

² Omit *dhairyā* after *sthairyā*.

21 (B.32-33, G.20). ¹ Omit *śvāpada* before *śūnya*.

² Omit *kāntāra* before *durdina*.

21. Energy which has effort as its basis and which grows out of alertness and such other qualities, should be represented on the stage by acts of vigilance and the like

Fear

Fear (*bhaya*) relates to women and persons of the inferior type. It is caused by Determinants such as acts offending one's superiors and the king¹, roaming in a forest, seeing an elephant and a snake, staying in an empty house, rebuke [from one's superiors], ²a dark rainy night, hearing the hooting of owls and the cry of animals that go out at night, and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as, trembling hands and feet, palpitation of the heart, paralysis, dryness of the mouth, licking the lips, perspiration, tremor, apprehension [of danger], seeking for safety, running away, loud crying and the like.

On this point there are Ślokas :

22. Fear arises from an embarrassment due to offending one's superiors and the king, seeing terrible objects and hearing awful things.

23. This is to be represented with tremor of the limbs, panic, drying up of the mouth, hurried movement, widely opened eyes and such other gestures and actions.

24. Fear in men arising from terrifying objects should be represented on the stage by actors (lit. dancers) with slackened limbs and suspended movement of the eyes.

There is also an Āryā on this point :

25. This (fear) should be represented on the stage with tremor of hands and feet, and palpitation of the heart, paralysis, licking the lips, drying up of the mouth, loosened limbs and sinking (*visanṇa*) body.

22 (B.34, G.21).

23 (B.35, G.22),

24 (B.36, G.23).

25 (B.37-38, G.24).

Disgust

Disgust (jugupsā) relates to women and persons of the inferior type. It is caused by Determinants such as hearing and seeing²⁶ unpleasant things, and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as, contracting all the limbs, spitting, narrowing down of the mouth, heartache and the like.

On this point there is a Śloka.

26. Disgust is to be represented on the stage by covering the nose, contracting all the limbs, [general] uneasiness and heartache.

• *Astonishment*

Astonishment (rismaya) is created by Determinants such as illusion, magic, extraordinary feats of men, great excellence in painting, art-works in parchment²⁷ and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as wide opening of the eyes, looking without winking of the eyes, [much] movement of the eyebrows, horripilation, moving the head to and fro, the cry of "well, done," "well done," and the like.

On this point there is a Śloka :

27. Astonishment arising from joy due to extraordinary acts should be represented by means such as joy tears, fainting and the like.

The Transitory States

The Dominant States¹ are to be known as described here. We shall now explain the Transitory States (*vyabhicāri-bhāva*). It is questioned, "Why are these called *vyabhicārinah*?" [In answer] it is said that *vi* and *abhi* are prefixes, and the root is *cara* meaning 'to go', 'to move'. Hence the word *vyabhicārinah* means 'those that move in relation to the Sentiments towards different kinds of objects. That is, they carry the Sentiments which are connected with Words, Gestures and the Temperament. It is questioned, "How do they carry [the Sentiments]?" In answer it is said, "It is a popular

¹ Omit *parikirtana* after *śravana*.

26 (B.40-41, G.25). ¹ Omit *vidyā* after *śilpa*.

27 (B.42-43, G.26). ¹ Omit *rasasamjñah* (B) after *sthāyino bhāvāḥ*.

convention to say like this, just as people say, The sun carries this *naksatra* (star) or that day. It does not however mean that these are carried on arms or shoulders. The Transitory States should be considered like this. These Transitory States (*vyabhicāribhāva*) as mentioned in the Digest (*samgraha*) are thirtythree in number. We shall describe them now.

Discouragement

Discouragement (*nirveda*) is caused by Determinants such as, being reduced to poverty², getting insulted, abusive language, wrathful beating, loss of beloved persons and the knowledge of the ultimate (lit. essential) truth and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Determinants such as weeping, sighing, deep breathing, deliberation and the like, on the part of women and persons of the inferior type.

On this point there is a Śloka:

28. Discouragement grows out of being reduced to poverty, and loss of dear ones, and it is to be represented on the stage by deliberation and deep breathing.

On this point there two traditional Āryās :

29. Discouragement arises from loss of dear ones, poverty, disease, envy from seeing the prosperity of others.

30. A discouraged man has the eyes bathed in tears, face and eyes miserable due to heavy breathing and he is like a yogi absorbed in meditation.

Weakness

Weakness (*glāni*) proceeds from Determinants such as vomiting, purgation, sickness, penance, austerities, fasting, mental worry, too much drinking, sexual indulgence, too much exercise, travelling a long way, hunger, thirst, sleeplessness and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as weak voice, lustreless eyes, pale face, slow gait, want of energy, thinness of the body, change of colour and the like.

² Omit *vyādhyavamāna* after *dānidra*.

28 (B.44, G.27). 29 (B.45, G.28). 80 (B.47-48, G.29).

On this point there are two Āryās :

31. Weakness grows out of vomiting, purgation and sickness, penance, and old age. It is to be represented on the stage by thinness of the body, slow gait and tremor [of the limbs].

32. Weakness is to be represented on the stage by a very weak voice, weakness of the eyesight, poor gait, constant slackness of the limbs.

Apprehension

Apprehension (*sāṅkā*) has doubt as its basis and it relates to women and persons of the inferior type. It is caused by Determinants such as theft, giving offence to the king and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as constantly looking on, hesitating movement (*arakūṇthana*), dryness of the mouth, licking the lips, change of facial colour, tremor, dry lips, loss of voice and the like.

There is a Sloka on these points :

33. Apprehension in the Terrible Sentiment is due to robbery, and the like, and in case of the Erotic Sentiment it is due to [a possible] deception on the part of the lover.

Some authorities prescribe (lit. desire) in this case a concealment of appearance which is to be characterised by [adoption of] clever tricks and gestures.

There are two Āryās in this connexion :

34. Apprehension is of two kinds : viz. that arising from one's ownself and that arising from another person. That arising from one's own self is to be known from one's eyes and efforts.

35. A man with Apprehension has a dark face, a thick and protruding tongue, slightly trembling limbs, and he constantly looks sideways.

Envy

Envy (*asūyā*) is caused by Determinants such as various offences, hatred, other people's wealth, good luck, intelligence,

31 (B.49, G.30).

32 (B.50-51, G.31).

33 (B.52-53, G.32).

34 (B.54, G.33).

35 (B.55-56, G.34).

sports, learning and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as finding fault with others, decrying their virtues, not paying any heed to these, remaining with downcast face, knitting eyebrows in disparagement and abusing others in the assembly [of men].

On these points there are two Āryās :

36. Envy arises in a person who is displeased to see other people's good fortune, wealth, intelligence, and exuberence of sportiveness.

37. It is to be represented by a distorted face, knitting eyebrows, face turned away in jealous anger, decrying other people's virtues and showing hatred towards them.

Intoxication

Intoxication (*mada*) is caused by drinking of liquor and similar other things. It is of three kinds and has five Determinants. There are the following Āryās on this point :

38. Intoxication is of three kinds, viz. light, medium and excessive. It has five causes which should be represented on the stage.

39. While intoxicated some sing, some laugh and some use hot words while other sleep.

40. Among these, persons of the superior type sleep, those of the middling type laugh and sing, and those of the inferior type cry or use hot words.

41. Light intoxication is characterised by smiling face, pleasant feeling, joyful body, slightly faltering words, delicately unsteady gait and relates to persons of the superior type.

42. Medium intoxication is characterised by drunken and rolling eyes, drooping arms or arms restlessly thrown about and irregularly unsteady gait, and relates to persons of the middling type.

36 (B.57, G.35).

39 (B.61, G.38).

42 (B.64, G.41).

37 (B.58-59, G.36).

40 (B.62, G.39).

38 (B.60, G.37).

41 (B.63, G.40).

43. Excessive intoxication is characterised by loss of memory, and incapacity to walk due to vomiting, hiccough and cough, and a thick protruding tongue and spitting, and relates to persons of the inferior type.

44. A character who [acts] drinking on entering the stage is to show that his intoxication is increasing, but the character who enters the stage as drunk should show that his intoxication is decreasing.

45. But the intoxication should be stopped by effort when there is panic, grief and increase of terror due to some cause.

46. On account of these special conditions, intoxication disappears quickly just as grief passes away on hearing the happy news of [sudden] prosperity.

Weariness

Weariness (*śrama*) is caused by Determinants such as travelling a long way, exercising of the limbs and the like.¹ It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as gentle rubbing of the body, [deep] breathing, contraction of the mouth, belching, massaging of the limbs, very slow gait, contraction of the eyes, making Śitkāra and the like.

There is an Āryā on this point :

47. Weariness in man is caused by travelling [a long way] and exercising [the limbs], and it is to be represented on the stage by [deep] breathing, tired gait and the like.

Indolence

Indolence (*ālasya*) is caused by Determinants such as nature, lassitude, sickness satiety, pregnancy and the like. And it relates to women, and men of the inferior type. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as aversion to any kind of work, lying down, sitting, drowsiness, sleep and the like. On this point there is an Āryā :

43 (B.65, G.42). 44 (B.66, G.43). 45 (B.61, G.44).

46 (B.68-69, G.45).¹ We follow the reading of the ms *da* in B.

47 (B.70-71, G.46).¹ *adhvagati* for *nittadva* (B).

48. Indolence arising from lassitude as well as nature should be represented on the stage by discontinuance of all activity except taking food.

Dipression

Dipression (*dainya*) is caused by Determinants such as poverty, mental agony and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as want of self-command, dullness of the body, absent-mindedness, giving up of cleansing [the body] and the like.

There is an *Āryā* on this point :

49. Dipression of men proceeds from anxiety, eager expectation and misery. Different modes of representing it on the stage includes giving up of cleansing [the body] in any way.

Anxiety

Anxiety (*cintā*) is caused by Determinants such as loss of wealth, theft of a favourite object, poverty and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by [deep] breathing, sighing, agony, meditation, thinking with a downcast face, thinness of the body and the like.

There are two *Āryās* on this point :

50. Anxiety of men arises in various ways : from the loss of wealth, theft of a favourite object, and a heart full of expectation.

51. It is to be represented on the stage by sighing, deep breathing, agony, and absent-mindedness, giving up of cleansing [the body] and want of self-command.

Distraction

Distraction (*mohā*) is caused by Determinants such as accidental injury, adversity, sickness, fear, agitation, remembering past enmity and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as want of movement, [excessive]

48 (B.92-73, G.47).

49 (B.74-75, G.48).

50 (B.76, G.42).

51 (B.77-78, G.50).

movement of [a particular] limb, falling down, reeling, not seeing properly and the like.

There is a Śloka on this point :

52. Due to seeing a robber in an unexpected place or from panic of different kinds distraction occurs to a man when he finds no help [near by].

There is also an Āryā on this point :

53. Distraction occurs due to adversity, accidental injury, memory of past enmity. It is to be represented on the stage by suspension of the activity of all senses.

Recollection

Recollection (*smṛti*) is remembering every condition of happiness and misery. It is caused by Determinants such as impairment of health, disturbed nightly sleep, seeing and speaking with a level head, thinking, constant practice and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as nodding of the head, looking down, raising up the eyebrows and the like.

On this point there is a Śloka and an Āryā :

54. One is said to be recollecting something when one remembers past happiness and misery which were either conceived in mind or did actually occur and was forgotten.

55. Recollection arising from impaired health, or relating to the Vedas and Darśanas is to be represented on the stage by raising or nodding of the head and raising the eyebrows.

Contentment

Contentment (*dhṛti*) is caused by [Determinants such as] heroism, spiritual knowledge, learning, wealth, purity, good conduct, devotion to one's superiors,¹ getting excessive amount of money, enjoying sports, and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as enjoyment of objects gained, and not

52 (B.79, G.51).

53 (B.80-81, G.52).

54 (B.82, G.53).

55 (B.83-84, G.54). ¹ Omit *manoratha* (B.G.) after *adhika*.

grumbling over objects unattained, past, partially enjoyed, lost and the like.

On this point there are two Āryās :

56. Contentment arising from spiritual knowledge, purity, wealth and power, is always to be represented on the stage by an absence of fear, sorrow and sadness.

57. When one enjoys attained objects such as [sweet] sound, touch, taste, form and smell, and is not sorry over their non-attainment one is said to have Contentment.

Shame

Shame (*vridā*) has improper action as its basis. It is caused by Determinants such as humiliation and repentance on account of transgressing words of superiors or disregarding them, nonfulfilment of vows and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as covered face, thinking with downcast face, drawing lines on the ground, touching clothes and rings, and biting, the nails, and the like.

There are two Āryās on this point :

58. When a man, after he has done anything improper, is seen by those who are pure, he becomes repentant and is ashamed.

59. The ashamed man will cover his face, draw lines on the ground, bite the nails and touch clothes and rings.

Inconstancy

Inconstancy (*capalatā*) is caused by Determinants such as love, hatred, malice, impatience, jealousy, opposition and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as harsh words, rebuke, beating, killing, taking prisoner, goading and the like.

There are two Āryās on this point.

56 (B.85, G.55).

57 (B.86-87, G.56).

58 (B.88, G.57).

59 (B.89-90, G.58).

60. When a man does anything like killing or imprisoning any one without any forethought he is said to be inconstant because of his not being definite in his action.

Joy

Joy (*harsa*) is caused by Determinants such as attainment of the desired object, union with a desired, trusted and beloved person, mental satisfaction, favour of gods, preceptor, king, and husband (or master), receiving [good] food, clothing and money and enjoying them, and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by means of Consequents such as brightness of the face and the eyes, using sweet words, embracing, ¹horripilation, tears, perspiration and the like.

There are two Āryās on this point :

61. Joy is caused to a man when he has attained any object or obtained anything which was unobtainable or has met his beloved one or has his heart's desire fulfilled.

62. It is to be represented on the stage by brightness of the eyes and the face, loving words, embrace, delicate movement of the limbs, and perspiration and the like.

Agitation

Agitation (*āvega*) is caused by Determinants such as portents, wind or rains, [outbreak] of fire, running about of elephants, hearing very good or very bad news, stroke of adversity and the like. In this connexion portents include [a stroke of] lightning and [falling] of meteors or shooting stars, eclipse of the sun and the moon, and appearance of comets. It is to be represented on the stage by looseness of all the limbs, sadness, distraction of the mind, loss of facial colour, surprise and the like. [Agitation] due to violent winds is to be represented by veiling [the face], rubbing the eyes, collecting [the ends] of clothes [worn], hurried going and the like. [Agitation] due to [heavy] rains is to be represented by lumping

60 (B.91-92, G.59). ¹ Omit *pulakita* after *kantakita* (B.G).

61 (B.93, G.60).

62 (B.94-94, G.61).

together of all the limbs, running, looking for some covered shelter, and the like. [That] due to [an outbreak of] fire is to be represented by eyes troubled with smoke, narrowing down all the limbs, or shaking them, running with wide steps, flight and the like. That due to running about of elephants is to be represented by hurried retreat, unsteady gait, fear, paralysis, tremor, looking back and the like. [That] from hearing something favourable is to be represented by getting up, embracing, giving away clothes and ornaments, weeping, horripilation and the like. That due to hearing anything unpleasant is to be represented by falling down on the ground, lamentation, rolling about [even] on a rough surface, running away, bewailing, weeping and the like. And that due to popular rising (*prakṛti-vgasana*) is to be represented by sudden retreat, taking up weapons and armour, mounting elephants and horses and chariots, striking¹ and the like.

63. Agitation of these eight kinds has hurry as its basis. This is characterised by patience on the part of persons of the superior and the middling types ; but agitation of persons of the inferior type is marked by flight.

On this point there are two Āryās :

64. Agitation occurs over an unpleasant report, disregard of instruction, throwing a missile and panic.

65. Agitation due to an unpleasant report has as its Consequents assuming a sad look, and that due to a sudden appearance of enemy is to be represented by clash of weapons.

Stupor

Stupor (*jadatā*) is caused by Determinants such as cessation of all activity, hearing of a much desired thing or a [very] harmful thing, sickness and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as not uttering any word, speaking indistinctly, remaining absolutely silent, looking with steadfast gaze, dependence on others and the like.

¹ *sampraharana* (*pradhārana* B. G.).

63 (B.96, G.62).

64 (B.98, G.63).

65 (B.99-100, G.64).

There is an *Āryā* on this point :

66. A man is called stupid when due to senselessness he cannot distinguish between good and bad as well as happiness and misery, and remains silent and dependent on others.

Arrogancee

Arrogance (*garva*) is caused by Determinants such as kingship, noble birth, personal beauty, youth, learning, power, attainment of wealth and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as contempt¹ [for others], harassing [people], not giving reply [to one's question], not greeting [others], looking to sh oulders, roaming [at large], contemptuous laughter, harsh words, transgressing [commands of] the superiors, insulting [others] and the like.

There is an *Āryā* on this point :

67. Arrogance of persons of the inferior type due to learning, youth, beauty, royalty and attainment of wealth is to be represented by movement of the eyes and the limbs.

Despair

Despair (*rīṣāḍa*) is caused by Determinants such as inability to finish the work undertaken, accidental calamity and the like. It is to be represented on the part of persons of the superior and the middling types by Consequents such as looking for allies, thinking about means, loss of energy, absent-mindedness, deep breathing and the like. And on the part of persons of the inferior type it is to be represented by running away, looking down, drying up of the mouth, licking the corner of the mouth, sleep, deep breathing, meditation and the like.

There are two *Āryās* on this point :

68. Despair arises from nonfulfilment the work begun, being taken at the time of committing theft, and giving offence to the king and the like.

66 (B.101-102, G.65). ¹ Omit *asūyā* before *avajñā*.

67 (B.103-104, G.66), 68 (B.105, G.67).

69. In case of persons of the superior and the middling types this is to be represented by thinking about various means, and in case of persons of the inferior type sleep, deep breathing, and meditation are to represent it.

Impatience

Impatience (*anutsukya*) is created by Determinants such as separation from beloved persons, remembering them, sight of a garden and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as sighs, thinking with downcast face, sleep, drowsiness, desire for lying down and the like.

There is an Āryā on this point :

70. Impatience arises from the loss of beloved persons or from remembering them. This is to be represented on the stage by thinking, want of sleep, drowsiness, dullness of the body and desire to lie down and the like.

Sleeping

Sleeping (*nirdrā*) is caused by Determinants such as weakness, fatigue, intoxication, indolence, [too much] thinking, too much eating, [soporific] nature and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as heaviness of the face,¹ rolling of the body, rolling of the eyes, yawning, massaging of the body, deep breathing, relaxed body, closing the eyes and the like.

There are two Aryās on this point :

71. Sleep comes to a man through weakness, fatigue, exertion, [too much] thinking, natural tendency [to sleep] and keeping awake throughout the night.

72. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as heaviness of the face, closing the eyes, or their rolling, stupor, yawning, massaging of the body and the like.

69 (B.106-107, G.68).

70 (B.108-109, G.69). ¹ *sarira-lolana (avalokana B.)*.

71 (B.110, G.70).

72 (B.111-112, G.71).

Epilepsy

Epilepsy (*apasmāra*) is caused by Determinants such as being possessed by a god, a Nāga, a Yakṣa, a Rākṣasa, a Piśāca and the like, and a memory of such beings, eating food left after somebody's partaking of it, staying in a deserted house, non-observation of proper time [in taking food, in sleeping etc.], derangement of humours (*dhātu*)¹ and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as throbbing, trembling, running, falling down, perspiration, foaming in the mouth, hiccough, licking [the lips] with the tongue, and the like.

On this point there are two Āryās :

73. Epilepsy occurs in a person when he is possessed by Bhūtas and Piśācas, when he remembers these beings, [eats] Uechiṣṭa¹, stays in a deserted house, disregards for proper time [for taking food etc.], and is impure [in body].

74. Falling down suddenly on the ground, trembling, foaming in the mouth, and rising up while senseless, are conditions during Epilepsy.

Dreaming

Dreaming (*supta*) is caused by Determinants such as interruption of sleep, enjoying objects of senses, infatuation [of any kind], spreading the bed on the ground, dragging the bed over the ground and the like. The dreaming which occurs in sleep is to be represented by Consequents such as deep breathing, dullness of the body, closing the eyes, stupefaction of all the senses, dreams and the like.

There are two Āryās on this point :

75. Dreaming occurs due to interruption of sleep, enjoying objects of senses and infatuation [of any kind]. It is to be

¹ They are three in number please viz. wind (*vāyu*), bile (*pitta*) and phlegm (*kapha*).

73 (B.113, G.72).¹ That which is left over in one's plate after he has finished his meal.

74 (B.114-115, G.73). . 75 (B.116, G.omit).

represented on the stage by closing the eyes, deep breathing, dreaming dreams and talking while asleep.

76. Dreaming is to be represented on the stage by deep breathing, imperfectly closing eyes, stupefaction of all senses and absence of all activity.

Awakening

Awakening (*vibodha*) is the break of sleep, and it is caused by Determinants such as digestion of food, bad dreams, loud sound, sensitive touch and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as yawning, rubbing the eyes leaving, the bed, and the like.

There is an Āryā on this point :

77. Awakening is caused by digestion of food, [loud] sound, [sense-sensitive] touch and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by yawning, rubbing the face and the eyes, and the like.

Indignation

Indignation (*amarṣa*) is caused to persons abused or insulted by those having superior learning, wealth or power. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as shaking the head, perspiration, thinking and reflecting with a downcast face, determination, looking for ways and means and allies, and the like.

There are two Ślokas on this point :

78. Indignation grows in energetic men who have been abused or insulted in an assembly by those having superior learning and wealth.

79. It is to be represented on the stage by energy, determination, reflection with a downcast face, shaking the head, perspiration and the like.

Dissimulation

Dissimulation (*avahitthā*) is the concealment of appearance. It is caused by Determinants such as shame, fear, defeat, respect,

76 (B.117-118, G.74).

77 B.119-120, G.75).

78 (B.121, G.76).

79 (B.122-123, G.77),

deceit and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as speaking like another person, looking downwards, break in the speech, feigned patience and the like.

There is a Śloka on this point :

80. Dissimulation is due to boldness, deceit, fear and the like. It is to be represented by carelessness about an action, and not speaking much in reply or in addressing [others].

Cruelty

Cruelty (*ugratā*) is caused by Determinants such as arrest of robbers, offence to kings, offending words and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents like killing, imprisoning, beating, rebuking and the like.

There is an Āryā on this point :

81. Cruelty occurs when a robber is arrested or the king is given affence. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as killing, imprisoning, beating, rebuking and the like.

Assurance

Assurance (*mati*) is caused by Determinants such as thinking about the meaning of many Śāstras and considering the pros and cons of things. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as instructing pupils, ascertainment of [any] meaning, removal of doubt and the like.

There is a Śloka on this point :

82. Assurance comes to men when they are well-versed in the meaning of many Śāstras. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as instructing pupils and explaining the meaning [of Śāstras].

Sickness

Sickness (*rūḍhi*) owes its origin to [an attack of three humours such as] wind (*vāta*), bile (*pitta*) and phlegm (*kapha*).

80 (B.124-125, G.78).

81 (B.126-127, G.79).

82 (B.128-129, G.80).

Fever and similar other illnesses are special varieties of it. Fever is of two kinds, viz. that with a feeling of cold (*sita*) and that with a feeling of heat (*lāha*). Fever with a feeling of cold should be represented by Consequents such as shivering, tremor of the entire body, bending [the body], shaking of the jaws, narrowing down the nasal passage, dryness of the mouth, horripilation, lamentation and the like. And that with a feeling of heat, is to be represented by throwing out clothes, the hands and the feet, desire [to roll on] the ground, [use of] unguent, desire for coolness, lamentation, crying and the like. The other types of sicknesses are to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as narrowing down the mouth dullness of the body, [deep] breathing, making [peculiar] sounds, crying, tremor and the like.

There is a Śloka on this point :

83. Sickness in general should be represented on the stage by looseness of the limbs, throwing out the limbs and narrowing down the mouth due to illness.

Insanity

Insanity (*unmāda*) is caused by Determinants such as death of beloved persons, loss of wealth, accidental hurt, derangement of [the three humours] : wind (*vāta*), bile (*pitta*), phlegm (*kapha*), and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by laughing, weeping, crying, talking, lying down, sitting, running, dancing, singing, and reciting [something] without any reason, smearing [the body] with ashes and dust, taking grass, Nirmālyā¹, soiled cloth, rags, potsherd, earthen tray as decoration [of the body], many other senseless acts, and imitation of others.

There are two Āryās on this point :

84. Insanity occurs owing to death of beloved persons, loss of wealth, accidental hurt, wind (*vāta*), bile (*pitta*), phlegm (*kapha*) derangement of the mind in various ways.

83 (B.130-131, G.81). ¹ Remains of a flower-offering to a deity, which is supposed to purify a person who takes it with reverence.

84 (B.132, G.82).

85. Insanity is to be represented by laughing, weeping, sitting, running and crying without any reason and [other] senseless acts.

Death

Death (*marana*) comes through sickness as well as accidental injury. Of these two kinds of death, that from sickness is caused by Determinants such as a malady of the intestine and the liver, colic pain, disturbance of humours, tumours, boils, fever, cholera, and the like. And that due to accidental injury is caused by weapons, snake-bite, taking poison, [attack of] ferocious animals, injury due to falling down from elephant, horse, chariot and other vehicles. I shall now speak of the different methods of their representation on the stage. Death from sickness is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as looseness of the body, motionlessness of the limbs, closed eyes, hiccup, deep breathing, looking for family members, speaking indistinct words and the like.

There is a Śloka on this point :

86. Death due to sickness is to be represented on the stage by one mark viz. loose body and inactive sense organs.

But death due to accidental injury is to be represented on the stage in different ways : e.g. [death due to] wound by weapons is to be represented by Consequents such as suddenly falling down on the ground and the like. In case of snake-bite or taking poison [there is gradual] development of its symptoms which are eight in number, viz. thinness (of the body), tremor, burning sensation, hiccup, foam from the mouth breaking of the neck, paralysis and death.

85 (B.133-134, G.83). ¹ Earlier writers on the Hindu drama wrongly believed that NS. excluded scenes of death from the stage. (See Keith, Skt. Drama, pp. 222 ; also M. Ghosh, "A so-called convention of the Hindu Drama", IHQ., IX, 1933, pp. 981 ff.). Windisch thought that Südraka in his (Act. VIII) violated a rule in showing the murder of Vasantasena by Sakāra (Der griechische Einfluss in indische Drama, Berlin, 1882, p. 43).

86 (B.135-136, G.84).

There are two traditional Šlokas on this point :

87-88. The first symptom of the development [of the effect of poison] is thinness of the body, the second tremor, the third a burning sensation, the fourth hiccough, the fifth foaming in the mouth, the sixth breaking of the neck, the seventh paralysis and the eighth death.

There are besides two Āryās on this point :

89. Death due to [an attack of] ferocious animals, elephant, horse, or falling from chariots and mounts, wound by weapons should be represented by absence of any further movement of the body.

90. Thus death occurs under various conditions. It should be represented by proper words and gestures.

Fright

Fright (*trāsa*) is caused by Determinants such as flash of lightning a meteor, thunder, earthquake, clouds, crying or howling of big animals and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as, shaking of narrow limbs, tremor [of the body], paralysis, horripilation, speaking with a choked voice, talking irrelevantly, and the like.

There is a Šloka on this point :

91. Fright is caused by a very terrible sound and the like. It should be represented on the stage by looseness of limbs and half-shut eyes.

Deliberation

Deliberation (*vitarka*) is caused by Determinants such as doubt, cogitation, perplexity and the like. It is to be represented on the stage by Consequents such as various discussions, settling the definition, concealment of the counsel and the like,

There is a Šloka on this point :

92. Deliberation which arises from discussions and which has doubt as its basis is to be represented on the stage by movement of the head, the eyebrows and the eyelashes.

87-88 (B.137-138, G.85-86). 89 (B.139, G.87).

90 (B.140-141, G.88). 91 (B.142-143, G.89). 92 (B.144-145, G.90).

These are the thirtythree Transitory States ; they are to be produced in a play by men and women of the superior, middling and the inferior types in conformity with [proper] place, time and occasion.

93. These thirtythree are known as the Transitory States, I shall now explain in detail the Temperamental States,

The Temperamental States

Now it may be questioned,

"Are these States (*bhāva*) called Temperamental because other States (Determinants, Consequents and Transitory States) are said to be without the Temperament ?" [In answer] it is said that the Temperament in this connexion is [something] originating in mind. It is caused by the concentrated mind. The Temperament is accomplished by concentration of the mind. Its nature [which includes] paralysis, perspiration, horripilation, tears, loss of colour and the like, cannot be mimicked by an absent-minded man. Hence the Temperament is desired in a play for the purpose of imitating human nature. If the question is, 'Is there any reason in support of this view ?' then it may be said that in theatrical practice, situations of happiness as well as misery should so purely accord with the Temperament behind them that they may appear to be realistic (*yathāsvarūpa*). How can sorrow which has weeping as its basis be represented on the stage by any one who is not sorry ? And how can happiness which has joy as its basis be represented on the stage by any one who is not happy ? Hence the Temperament (*sattva*) being desired (in acting) in connexion with certain States the latter are called Temperamental. The explanation of the Temperament is this, that tears and horripilation should respectively be shown by persons who are not [actually] sorry or happy.

94. The eight Temperamental States are as follows : Paralysis, Perspiration, Horripilation, Change of Voice, Trembling, Change of Colour, Weeping and Fainting.

93 (B.146-147, G.90).

94 (B.148, G.92). ¹ above VI 22 note 1,

Among these,

Perspiration

95. Perspiration (*sveda*) occurs as the result of anger, fear, joy, shame, sorrow, toil, sickness, heat, exercise, fatigue, summer and massage.

Paralysis and Trembling

96. Paralysis (*stambha*) occurs as being due to joy, fear, sickness, surprise, sadness, intoxication and anger, and Trembling (*kampa=repathu*) due to cold, fear, joy, anger, touch [of the beloved] and old age.

Weeping

97. Weeping (*asra*) occurs as being due to joy, indignation, smoke, collyrium, yawning, fear, sorrow, looking with a steadfast gaze, cold and sickness.

Change of Colour and Horripilation

98. Change of Colour (*raivarnya*) occurs as being due to cold, anger, fear, toil, sickness, fatigue and heat, and Horripilation (*romāñca*) due to touch, fear, cold joy, anger and sickness.

Change of Voice and Fainting

99. Change of Voice (*svara-sāda*) occurs as being due to fear, joy, anger, fever, sickness and intoxication, and Fainting (*pralaya*) due to too much toil, swoon, intoxication, sleep, injury, astonishment and the like.

Representation of the Temperamental States

100. These are to be known by the wise as the eight Temperamental States. I shall speak afterwards about actions which will represent these States.

95 (B.149, G.93).

96 (150, G.94).

97 (B.151, B.95).

98 (B.152, G.96).

99 (B.153, G.97).

100 (B.159, G.98).

101. Paralysis should be represented on the stage by being inactive, motionless, smileless, like an inert object, senseless, and stiff-bodied.

102. Perspiration should be represented on the stage by taking up a fan, wiping off sweat as well as looking for breeze.

103. Horripilation should be represented on the stage by repeated thrills, hairs standing on the end, and touching the body.

104. Change of Voice should be represented by broken and choking voice, and Trembling by quivering, throbbing and shivering.

105. Change of Colour should be represented by alteration of colour of the face by putting pressure on the artery, and this is dependant on the limbs.

106 Weeping should be represented on the stage by rubbing the eyes and shedding tears, and Loss of Consciousness by falling on the ground.

Application of the States to the different Sentiments

107. These are the fortynine States (*bhāva*) of the three kinds mentioned by me. Now you ought to hear of the different Sentiments to which they are applicable.

108. All the (fortynine) States except indolence, cruelty and disgust are applicable to the Erotic Sentiment (lit. raise the Erotic Sentiment by their own name).

109. Weakness, apprehension, envy, weariness, inconstancy, dreaming, sleeping dissimulation are the States applicable to the Comic Sentiment.

110. Discouragement, anxiety, depression, weakness, weeping, stupor and death are the States applicable to the Pathetic Sentiment.

101 (B.155, G.100).

102 (B.156, G.99).

103 (B.157, G.102).

104 (B.158, G.101).

105 (B.159, G.103-104a)

106 (cf. B.160-161, G.105).

107 (B.162, G.106).

108 (B.169, G.107).

109 (B.171, G.108).

110 (B.172, G.109).

111. Arrogance, envy, energy, agitation, intoxication, anger, inconstancy and cruelty are the States applicable to the Furious Sentiment.

112-113. Presence of mind, energy, agitation, joy, assurance, cruelty, indignation, intoxication, horripilation, change of voice, anger, envy, contentment, arrogance and deliberation are the States applicable to the Heroic Sentiment.

114. Perspiration, trembling, horripilation, choking voice, fear, death, change of colour are the States applicable to the Terrible Sentiment.

115. Epilepsy, insanity, despair, intoxication, death, sickness and fear are the States applicable to the Odoius Sentiment.

116. Paralysis, perspiration, loss of consciousness, horripilation, astonishment, agitation, stupor, joy and fainting are the States applicable to the Marvellous Sentiment.

117. These¹ Temperamental States which depends on the various kinds of Histrionic Representation are included into all the Sentiments by experts in the production of plays.

118-119. No play in its production can have one Sentiment only. If in an assemblage of the many¹ States, Sentiments, Styles (*rāttī*) and Local Usages (*prārāttī*) [in the production of a play], any one item has varied representation it should be considered the Dominant Sentiment and the rest the Transitory ones².

120. That which stands on the principal theme [of the play] and is combined with Determinants, Consequents and Transitory States is the Dominant Sentiment.

111 (B.173, G.113).

112-113 (B.174-175, G.110-111).

114 (B.176, G.114). 115 (B.177, G.115). 116 (B.178, G.115).

117 (B.179, G.116). ¹ *ye tvete (cānye. B.)*.

² *nānābhinayasaṁśritah* B.

118-119 (B.180-181, G.117-118). ¹ *bahūnām (sarvesūm G.). sama-vetānām.*

• ² After this B. reads one additional couplet,

120 (B.183, G.119).

121. ¹This Dominant Sentiment should be represented with an exuberence of the Temperament, but the Transitory States by mere gestures and postures (lit. form), for they are to support the Dominant Sentiment [and as such should not excel² it].

122. [An equally full representation of] a variety [of Sentiments] does not please [the spectators], and such a variety is rare in practical life (lit. amongst people). But a mixture of different Sentiments will however, bring pleasure [to the spectators] when such is carefully represented.

123. In [the production of] a play the Dominant, the Temperamental and the Transitory States which are supporters of the Sentiments and which are accomplished through many objects and ideas, should be assigned to male¹ characters².

124. The Sentiments and the States in plays are thus to be created. One who knows this well will attain the best Success [in the production of a play].

Here ends Chapter VII of Bharata's Nātyaśāstra
which treats of the Representation of the States.

121 (B.184, G.120). ¹ A disregard of this principle is liable to cause undue prominence to a minor character in a play and thereby to frustrate the principal object of the playwright.

² After this B. reads some additional couplets (B.185-189a) which include a variants of 122 a (B.189a) and 122b (B.186b) and a repetition of 118a (B.186a) and 1186 (B.187a).

122 (B.184 foot-note, 9, G.121).

123 (B.189b-190a, G.122). ¹ *pumsānukirṇāḥ* (*puspāvakirṇāḥ* B.G.).

² An analysis of the plays of the best kind, known to us seems to explain this rule. For in almost all of them superior roles are assigned to men who can better be made the vehicle of different and complex psychological states.

124 (B.190bc, G.123).

HARVARD ORIENTAL SERIES

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BY

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Volume Nine

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Published by Harvard University

1905

THE LITTLE CLAY CART

[MRCCHAKATIKA]

A Hindu Drama

ATTRIBUTED TO KING SHŪDRAKA
SUD RAKA

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SANSKRIT AND PRĀKRITS

INTO ENGLISH PROSE AND VERSE

BY

ARTHUR WILLIAM RYDER, Ph.D.

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CHĀRUDATTA, *a Brahman merchant*

ROHASENA, *his son*

MAITREYA, *his friend*

VARDHAMĀNAKA, *a servant in his house*

SANSTHĀNAKA, *brother-in-law of King PĀLAKA*

STHĀVARAKA, *his servant*

Another Servant of SANSTHĀNAKA

A Courtier

ARYAKA, *a herdsman who becomes king*

SHARVILAKA, *a Brahman, in love with MADANIKĀ*

A Shampooer, who becomes a Buddhist monk

MĀTHURA, *a gambling-master*

DARDURAKA, *a gambler*

Another Gambler

KARNAPŪRAKA }
KUMBHILAKA } *servants of VASANTASENĀ*

VĪRAKA }
CHANDANAKA } *policemen*

GOHA }
AHINTA } *headsmen*

Bastard pages, in VASANTASENĀ's house

A Judge, a Gild-warden, a Clerk, and a Beadle

VASANTASENĀ, *a courtezan*

Her Mother

MADANIKĀ, *maid to VASANTASENĀ*

Another Maid to VASANTASENĀ

The Wife of CHĀRUDATTA

RADANIKĀ, *a maid in CHĀRUDATTA's house*

SCENE

UJJAYINĪ (*called also Avanti*) and its Environs

THE LITTLE CLAY CART



PROLOGUE

Benediction upon the audience

HIS bended knees the knotted girdle holds,
Fashioned by doubling of a serpent's folds;
His sensitive organs, so he checks his breath,
Are numbed, till consciousness seems sunk in death;
Within himself, with eye of truth, he sees
The All-soul, free from all activities.
May His, may Shiva's meditation be
Your strong defense; on the Great Self thinks he,
Knowing full well the world's vacuity.

And again:

May Shiva's neck shield you from every harm,
That seems a threatening thunder-cloud, whereon,
Bright as the lightning-flash, lies Gauri's arm.

2

Stage-director. Enough of this tedious work, which fritters away the interest of the audience! Let me then most reverently salute the honorable gentlemen, and announce our intention to produce a drama called "The Little Clay Cart." Its author was a man

Who vied with elephants in lordly grace;
Whose eyes were those of the chakora bird
That feeds on moonbeams; glorious his face
As the full moon; his person, all have heard,
Was altogether lovely. First in worth
Among the twice-born was this poet, known
As Shudraka far over all the earth,—
His virtue's depth unfathomed and alone.

3

And again:

The Sāmaveda, the Rigveda too,
 The science mathematical, he knew;
 The arts wherein fair courtezans excel,
 And all the lore of elephants as well.
 Through Shiva's grace, his eye was never dim;
 He saw his son a king in place of him.
 The difficult horse-sacrifice he tried
 Successfully; entered the fiery tide,
 One hundred years and ten days old, and died.

4

And yet again:

Eager for battle; sloth's determined foe;
 Of scholars chief, who to the Veda cling;
 Rich in the riches that ascetics know;
 Glad, against the foeman's elephant to show
 His valor;—such was Shūdraka, the king.

5

And in this work of his,

Within the town, Avanti named,
 Dwells one called Chārudatta, famed
 No less for youth than poverty;
 A merchant's son and Brahman, he.

His virtues have the power to move
 Vasantasenā's inmost love;
 Fair as the springtime's radiancy,
 And yet a courtezan is she.

6

So here king Shūdraka the tale imparts
 Of love's pure festival in these two hearts,
 Of prudent acts, a lawsuit's wrong and hate,
 A rascal's nature, and the course of fate.

7

[*He walks about and looks around him.*] Why, this music-room of ours is empty. I wonder where the actors have gone. [Reflecting.] Ah, I understand.

Director. Mistress, I've been practising so long and I'm so hungry that my limbs are as weak as dried-up lotus-stalks. Is there anything to eat in the house or not?

Actress. There's everything, sir.

Director. Well, what?

Actress. For instance—there's rice with sugar, melted butter, curdled milk, rice; and, all together, it makes you a dish fit for heaven. May the gods always be thus gracious to you!

Director. All that in our house? or are you joking?

Actress. [Aside.] Yes, I will have my joke. [Aloud.] It's in the market-place, sir.

Director. [Angrily.] You wretched woman, thus shall your own hope be cut off! And death shall find you out! For my expectations, like a scaffolding, have been raised so high, only to fall again.

Actress. Forgive me, sir, forgive me! It was only a joke.

Director. But what do these unusual preparations mean? One girl is preparing cosmetics, another is weaving garlands, and the very ground is adorned with sacrificial flowers of five different colors.

Actress. This is a fast day, sir.

Director. What fast?

Actress. The fast for a handsome husband.

Director. In this world, mistress, or the next?

Actress. In the next world, sir.

Director. [Wrathfully.] Gentlemen! look at this. She is sacrificing my food to get herself a husband in the next world.

Actress. Don't be angry, sir. I am fasting in the hope that you may be my husband in my next birth, too.

Director. But who suggested this fast to you?

Actress. Your own dear friend Jūrnaviddha.

Director. [Angrily.] Ah, Jūrnaviddha, son of a slave-wench! When, oh, when shall I see King Pālaka angry with you? Then

you will be parted, as surely as the scented hair of some young bride.

Actress. Don't be angry, sir. It is only that I may have you in the next world that I celebrate this fast. [*She falls at his feet.*]

Director. Stand up, mistress, and tell me who is to officiate at this fast.

Actress. Some Brahman of our own sort whom we must invite.

Director. You may go then. And I will invite some Brahman of our own sort.

Actress. Very well, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Director. [*Walking about.*] Good heavens! In this rich city of Ujjayinī how am I to find a Brahman of our own sort? [*He looks about him.*] Ah, here comes Chārudatta's friend Maitreya. Good! I'll ask him. Maitreya, you must be the first to break bread in our house to-day.

A voice behind the scenes. You must invite some other Brahman. I am busy.

Director. But, man, the feast is set and you have it all to yourself. Besides, you shall have a present.

The voice. I said no once. Why should you keep on urging me?

Director. He says no. Well, I must invite some other Brahman.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE PROLOGUE

ACT THE FIRST
THE GEMS ARE LEFT BEHIND



[Enter, with a cloak in his hand, Maitreya]
Maitreya.

YOU must invite some other Brahman. I am busy." And yet I really ought to be seeking invitations from a stranger. Oh, what a wretched state of affairs! When good Chārudatta was still wealthy, I used to eat my fill of the most deliciously fragrant sweetmeats, prepared day and night with the greatest of care. I would sit at the door of the courtyard, where I was surrounded by hundreds of dishes, and there, like a painter with his paint-boxes, I would simply touch them with my fingers and thrust them aside. I would stand chewing my cud like a bull in the city market. And now he is so poor that I have to run here, there, and everywhere, and come home, like the pigeons, only to roost. Now here is this jasmine-scented cloak, which Chārudatta's good friend Jūrnaviddha has sent him. He bade me give it to Chārudatta, as soon as he had finished his devotions. So now I will look for Chārudatta. [He walks about and looks around him.] Chārudatta has finished his devotions, and here he comes with an offering for the divinities of the house.

[Enter Chārudatta as described, and Radanikā.]
Chārudatta. [Looking up and sighing wearily.]

Upon my threshold, where the offering
Was straightway seized by swans and flocking cranes,
The grass grows now, and these poor seeds I fling
Fall where the mouth of worms their sweetness stains. 9

[He walks about very slowly and seats himself.]

Maitreya. Chārudatta is here. I must go and speak to him. [Approaching.] My greetings to you. May happiness be yours.

Chārudatta. Ah, it is my constant friend Maitreya. You are very welcome, my friend. Pray be seated.

Maitreya. Thank you. [*He seats himself.*] Well, comrade, here is a jasmine-scented cloak which your good friend Jūrnavriddha has sent. He bade me give it you as soon as you had finished your devotions. [*He presents the cloak. Chārudatta takes it and remains sunk in thought.*] Well, what are you thinking about?

Chārudatta. My good friend,

A candle shining through the deepest dark
Is happiness that follows sorrow's strife;
But after bliss when man bears sorrow's mark,
His body lives a very death-in-life.

10

Maitreya. Well, which would you rather, be dead or be poor?

Chārudatta. Ah, my friend,

Far better death than sorrows sure and slow;
Some passing suffering from death may flow,
But poverty brings never-ending woe.

11

Maitreya. My dear friend, be not thus cast down. Your wealth has been conveyed to them you love, and like the moon, after she has yielded her nectar to the gods, your waning fortunes win an added charm.

Chārudatta. Comrade, I do not grieve for my ruined fortunes. But

This is my sorrow. They whom I
Would greet as guests, now pass me by.
“This is a poor man's house,” they cry.

As flitting bees, the season o'er,
Desert the elephant, whose store
Of ichor¹ spent, attracts no more.

12

Maitreya. Oh, confound the money! It is a trifle not worth thinking about. It is like a cattle-boy in the woods afraid of wasps; it does n't stay anywhere where it is used for food.

¹ During the mating season, a fragrant liquor exudes from the forehead of the elephant. Of this liquor bees are very fond.

Chārud. Believe me, friend. My sorrow does not spring
 From simple loss of gold;
 For fortune is a fickle, changing thing,
 Whose favors do not hold;
 But he whose sometime wealth has taken wing,
 Finds bosom-friends grow cold.

13

Then too:

A poor man is a man ashamed; from shame
 Springs want of dignity and worthy fame;
 Such want gives rise to insults hard to bear;
 Thence comes despondency; and thence, despair;
 Despair breeds folly; death is folly's fruit.—
 Ah! the lack of money is all evil's root!

14

Maitreya. But just remember what a trifle money is, after all, and
 be more cheerful.

Chārudatta. My friend, the poverty of a man is to him
 A home of cares, a shame that haunts the mind,
 Another form of warfare with mankind;
 The abhorrence of his friends, a source of hate
 From strangers, and from each once-loving mate;
 But if his wife despise him, then 't were meet
 In some lone wood to seek a safe retreat.
 The flame of sorrow, torturing his soul,
 Burns fiercely, yet contrives to leave him whole.

15

Comrade, I have made my offering to the divinities of the house.
 Do you too go and offer sacrifice to the Divine Mothers at a place
 where four roads meet.

Maitreya. No!

Chārudatta. Why not?

Maitreya. Because the gods are not gracious to you even when
 thus honored. So what is the use of worshiping?

Chārudatta. Not so, my friend, not so! This is the constant duty
 of a householder.

The gods feel ever glad content
 In the gifts, and the self-chastisement,
 · The meditations, and the prayers,
 Of those who banish worldly cares.

16

Why then do you hesitate? Go and offer sacrifice to the Mothers.
Maitreya. No, I'm not going. You must send somebody else. Any-way, everything seems to go wrong with me, poor Brahman that I am! It's like a reflection in a mirror; the right side becomes the left, and the left becomes the right. Besides, at this hour of the evening, people are abroad upon the king's highway—courtezans, courtiers, servants, and royal favorites. They will take me now for fair prey, just as the black-snake out frog-hunting snaps up the mouse in his path. But what will you do sitting here?

Chārudatta. Good then, remain; and I will finish my devotions.

Voices behind the scenes. Stop, Vasantasenā, stop!

[Enter *Vasantasenā*, pursued by the courtier, by *Sansthānaka*, and the servant.]

Courtier. Vasantasenā! Stop, stop!

Ah, why should fear transform your tenderness?
 Why should the dainty feet feel such distress,
 That twinkle in the dance so prettily?
 Why should your eyes, thus startled into fear,
 Dart sidelong looks? Why, like the timid deer
 Before pursuing hunters, should you flee?

17

Sansthānaka. Shtop,¹ Vasantasenā, shtop!

Why flee? and run? and shtumble in your turning?
 Be kind! You shall not die. Oh, shtop your feet!
 With love, shweet girl, my tortured heart is burning,
 As on a heap of coals a piece of meat.

18

¹ The most striking peculiarity of *Sansthānaka*'s dialect—his substitution of *sh* for *s*—I have tried to imitate in the translation.

Servant. Stop, courtezan, stop!

In fear you flee
Away from me,
As a summer peahen should;
But my lord and master
Struts fast and faster,
Like a woodcock in the wood.

19

Courtier. Vasantasenā! Stop, stop!

Why should you tremble, should you flee,
A-quiver like the plantain tree?
Your garment's border, red and fair,
Is all a-shiver in the air;
Now and again, a lotus-bud
Falls to the ground, as red as blood.
A red realgar¹ vein you seem,
Whence, smitten, drops of crimson stream.

20

Sansthānaka. Shtop, Vasantasenā, shtop!

You wake my passion, my desire, my love.
You drive away my shleep in bed at night;
Both fear and terror sheem your heart to move;
You trip and shtumble in your headlong flight.
But Rāvana forced Kuntī² to his will;
Jusht sho shall I enjoy you to the fill.

21

Courtier. Ah, Vasantasenā,

Why should your fleeter flight
Outstrip my flying feet?
Why, like a snake in fright
Before the bird-king's might,
Thus seek to flee, my sweet?

¹ Red arsenic, used as a cosmetic.

² Here, as elsewhere, Sansthānaka's mythology is wildly confused. To a Hindu the effect must be ludicrous enough; but the humor is necessarily lost in a translation. It therefore seems hardly worth while to explain his mythological vagaries in detail.

Vasantasenā. Pallavaka! Parabhrītikā!

Sansthānaka. Mashter! a man! a man!

Courtier. Don't be a coward.

Vasantasenā. Mādhavikā! Mādhavikā!

Courtier. [Laughing.] Fool! She is calling her servants.

Sansthānaka. Mashter! Is she calling a woman?

Courtier. Why, of course.

Sansthānaka. Women! I kill hundreds of 'em. I'm a brave man.

Vasantasenā. [Seeing that no one answers.] Alas, how comes it that my very servants have fallen away from me? I shall have to defend myself by mother-wit.

Courtier. Don't stop the search.

Sansthānaka. Shqueal, Vasantasenā, shqueal for your cuckoo Parabhrītikā, or for your blosshom Pallavaka or for all the month of May! Who's going to save you when I'm chasing you?

Why shpeak of Bhīmasena? Or the shon

Of Jamadagni, that thrice-mighty one?

The ten-necked ogre? Shon of Kuntī fair?

Jusht look at me! My fingers in your hair,

Jusht like Duhshāsana, I'll tear, and tear.

29

Look, look!

My shword is sharp; good-by, poor head!

Let's chop it off, or kill you dead.

Then do not try my wrath to shun;

When you musht die, your life is done.

30

Vasantasenā. Sir, I am a weak woman.

Courtier. That is why you are still alive.

Sansthānaka. That is why you're not murdered.

Vasantasenā. [Aside.] Oh! his very courtesy frightens me. Come, I will try this. [Aloud.] Sir, what do you expect from this pursuit? my jewels?

Courtier. Heaven forbid! A garden creeper, mistress Vasantasenā, should not be robbed of its blossoms. Say no more about the jewels. *Vasantasenā.* What is then your desire?

Sansthānaka. I'm a man, a big man, a regular Vāsudeva.¹ You musht love me.

Vasantasenā. [Indignantly.] Heavens! You weary me. Come, leave me! Your words are an insult.

Sansthānaka. [Laughing and clapping his hands.] Look, mashter, look! The courtezan's daughter is mighty affectionate with me, isn't she? Here she says "Come on! Heavens, you're weary. You're tired!" No, I have n't been walking to another village or another city. No, little mishtress, I shwear by the gentleman's head, I shwear by my own feet! It's only by chasing about at your heels that I've grown tired and weary.

Courtier. [Aside.] What! is it possible that the idiot does not understand when she says "You weary me"? [Aloud.] Vasantasenā, your words have no place in the dwelling of a courtezan,

Which, as you know, is friend to every youth;
Remember, you are common as the flower
That grows beside the road; in bitter truth,
Your body has its price; your beauty's dower
Is his, who pays the market's current rate:
Then serve the man you love, and him you hate.

31

And again:

The wisest Brahman and the meanest fool
Bathe in the selfsame pool;
Beneath the peacock, flowering plants bend low,
No less beneath the crow;
The Brahman, warrior, merchant, sail along
With all the vulgar throng.
You are the pool, the flowering plant, the boat;
And on your beauty every man may dote.

32

¹ A name of Krishna, who is perhaps the most amorous character in Indian story.

Vasantasenā. Yet true love would be won by virtue, not violence.
Sansthānaka. But, mashter, ever since the shlave-wench went into the park where Kāma's¹ temple shtands, she has been in love with a poor man, with Chārudatta, and she doesn't love me any more. His house is to the left. Look out and don't let her shlip out of our hands.

Courtier. [Aside.] Poor fool, he has said the very thing he should have concealed. So Vasantasenā is in love with Chārudatta? The proverb is right. Pearl suits with pearl. Well, I have had enough of this fool. [Aloud.] Did you say the good merchant's house was to the left, you jackass?

Sansthānaka. Yes. His house is to the left.

Vasantasenā. [Aside.] Oh, wonderful! If his house is really at my left hand, then the scoundrel has helped me in the very act of hurting me, for he has guided me to my love.

Sansthānaka. But mashter, it 's pitch dark and it 's like hunting for a grain of soot in a pile of shpotted beans. Now you shee Vasantasenā and now you don't.

Courtier. Pitch dark it is indeed.

The sudden darkness seems to steal
 The keenness of my sight;
 My open eyes, as with a seal,
 Are closed by blackest night.

33

And again:

Darkness anoints my body, and the sky
 Drops ointment of thick darkness, till mine eye
 Is all unprofitable grown to me,
 Like service done to them who cheat and lie.

34

Sansthānaka. Mashter, I 'm looking for Vasantasenā.

Courtier. Is there anything you can trace her by, jackass?

Sansthānaka. Like what, for inshtance?

¹ Cupid.

Courtier. Like the tinkling of her jewels, for instance, or the fragrance of her garlands.

Sansthānaka. I hear the smell of her garlands, but my nose is stufted so full of darkness that I don't shee the shound of her jewels very clearly.

Courtier. [To *Vasantasenā*. *Aside.*] *Vasantasenā*,

'T is true, the night is dark, O timid maid,
And like the lightning hidden in the cloud,
You are not seen; yet you will be betrayed
By fragrant garlands and by anklets loud.

35

Have you heard me, *Vasantasenā*?

Vasantasenā. [To herself.] Heard and understood. [She removes the ankle-rings, lays aside the garlands, and takes a few steps, feeling her way.] I can feel the wall of the house, and here is a side-entrance. But alas! my fingers tell me that the door is shut.

Chārudatta [*who is within the house*]. Comrade, my prayer is done.
Go now and offer sacrifice to the Mothers.

Maitreya. No, I'm not going.

Chārudatta. Alas!

The poor man's kinsmen do not heed his will;
The friends who loved him once, now stand afar;
His sorrows multiply; his strength is nil;
Behold! his character's bright-shining star
Fades like the waning moon; and deeds of ill
That others do, are counted to him still.

36

And again:

No man holds converse with him; none will greet
With due respect the poor man when they meet.
Where rich men hold a feast, if he draw near,
He meets with scornful looks for looks of cheer.

Where vulgar throngs are gathered, 't is the same;
 His scanty raiment wakes his heartfelt shame.
 Five are the deadly sins¹ we knew before;
 Alas! I find the sixth is—to be poor.

37

And yet again:

Ah, Poverty, I pity thee, that so
 To me thou clingest, as thy dearest friend;
 When my poor life has met its woeful end,
 I sadly wonder, whither thou wilt go.

38

Maitreya. [Betraying his embarrassment.] Well, comrade, if I must go, at least let Radanikā go with me, to keep me company.

Chārudatta. Radanikā, you are to accompany Maitreya.

Radanikā. Yes, sir.

Maitreya. Mistress Radanikā, do you take the offering and the candle while I open the side-door. [He does so.]

Vasantasenā. It seems as if the door took pity on me and opened of itself. I will lose no time, but enter. [She looks in.] What? a candle? Oh dear, oh dear! [She puts it out with her skirt and enters.]

Chārudatta. What was that, Maitreya?

Maitreya. I opened the side-door and the wind came through all in a lump and blew out the candle. Suppose you go out by the side-door, Radanikā, and I will follow as soon as I have gone into the courtyard and lighted the candle again. [Exit.]

Sansthānaka. Mashter! mashter! I'm looking for Vasantasenā.

Courtier. Keep on looking, keep on looking!

Sansthānaka. [Does so.] Mashter! mashter! I've caught her! I've caught her!

Courtier. Idiot, you've caught me.

Sansthānaka. You shtand right here, mashter, and shtay where you're put. [He renewes the search and seizes the servant.] Mashter!

¹ The five deadly sins are: the slaying of a Brahman, the drinking of wine, theft, adultery with the wife of one's teacher, and association with one guilty of these crimes.

mashter! I 've caught her! I 've caught her!

Servant. Master, you 've caught me, your servant.

Sansthānaka. Mashter here, shervant here! ·Mashter, shervant; shervant, mashter. Now shtay where you 're put, both of you. [He renews the search and seizes *Radanikā* by the hair.] Mashter! mashter! Thish time I 've caught her! I 've caught *Vasantasenā*!

Through the black night she fled, fled she;

Her garland's shmeil betrayed her;

Like Chānakya caught Draupadī,

I caught her hair and shtayed her.

39

Courtier. Ah, proud to be so young, so fair!

Too high thy love must not aspire;

For now thy blossom-fragrant hair,

That merits richest gems and rare,

Serves but to drag thee through the mire.

40

Sansth. I 've got your head, girl, got it tight,

By the hair, the locks, and the curls, too.

Now shcream, shqueak, shqueal with all your might

"Shiva! Ishvara! Shankara! Shambhu!"¹

41

Radanikā. [In terror.] Oh, sirs, what does this mean?

Courtier. You jackass! It 's another voice.

Sansthānaka. Mashter, the wench has changed her voice, the way a cat changes her voice, when she wants shome cream of curdled milk.

Courtier. Changed her voice? Strange! Yet why so strange?

She trod the stage; she learned the arts;

She studied to deceive our hearts;

And now she practises her parts.

42

[Enter *Maitreya*.]

Maitreya. Look! In the gentle evening breeze the flame of the candle is fluttering like the heart of a goat that goes to the altar. [He approaches and discovers *Radanikā*.] Mistress *Radanikā*!

¹ These are all epithets of the same god.

Sansthānaka. Mashter, mashter! A man! a man!

Maitreya. This is right, this is perfectly right, that strangers should force their way into the house, just because Chārudatta is poor.

Radanikā. Oh, Maitreya, see how they insult me.

Maitreya. What! insult you? No, they are insulting us.

Radanikā. Very well. They are insulting you, then.

Maitreya. But they are n't using violence?

Radanikā. Yes, yes!

Maitreya. Really?

Radanikā. Really.

Maitreya. [Raising his staff angrily.] No, sir! Man, a dog will show his teeth in his own kennel, and I am a Brahman! My staff is crooked as my fortunes, but it can still split a dry bamboo or a rascal's pate.

Courtier. Have mercy, O great Brahman, have mercy.

Maitreya. [Discovers the courtier.] He is not the sinner. [Discovers Sansthānaka.] Ah, here is the sinner. Well, you brother-in-law to the king, Sansthānaka, you scoundrel, you coward, this is perfectly proper, is n't it? Chārudatta the good is a poor man now—true, but are not his virtues an ornament to Ujjayinī? And so men break into his house and insult his servants!

Insult not him, laid low by poverty;

For none are counted poor by mighty fate:

Yet he who falls from virtue's high estate,

Though he be rich, no man is poor as he.

43

Courtier. [Betraying his embarrassment.] Have mercy, O great Brahman, have mercy. We intended no insolence; we merely mistook this lady for another. For

We sought an amorous maiden,

Maitreya. What! this one?

Courtier. Heaven forbid!

one whose youth

Is in the guidance of her own sweet will;

Or Indradatta? or again, is he
 Shon of brave Rāma and of fair Kuntī?
 Or Dharmaputra? Ashvatthāman bold?
 Perhaps Jatāyu's shelf, that vulture old?

47

Courtier. Fool! I will tell you who Chārudatta is.

A tree of life to them whose sorrows grow,
 Beneath its fruit of virtue bending low;
 Father to good men; virtue's touchstone he;
 The mirror of the learned; and the sea
 Where all the tides of character unite;
 A righteous man, whom pride could never blight;
 A treasure-house, with human virtues stored;
 Courtesy's essence, honor's precious hoard.
 He doth to life its fullest meaning give,
 So good is he; we others breathe, not live.

48

Let us be gone.

Sansthānaka. Without Vasantasenā?

Courtier. Vasantasenā has disappeared.

Sansthānaka. How?

Courtier. Like sick men's strength, or like the blind man's sight,
 Like the fool's judgment, like the sluggard's might,
 Like thoughtless scoundrels' store of wisdom's light,
 Like love, when foemen fan our slumbering wrath,
 So did she vanish, when you crossed her path.

49

Sansthānaka. I'm not going without Vasantasenā.

Courtier. And did you never hear this?

To hold a horse, you need a rein;
 To hold an elephant, a chain;
 To hold a woman, use a heart;
 And if you have n't one, depart.

50

Sansthānaka. If you're going, go along. I'm not going.

Courtier. Very well. I will go.

[Exit.]

Sansthānaka. Mashter's gone, sure enough. [To *Maitreya*.] Well, you man with the head that looks like a caret, you manikin, take a sheat, take a sheat.

Maitreya. We have already been invited to take a seat.

Sansthānaka. By whom?

Maitreya. By destiny.

Sansthānaka. Shtand up, then, shtand up!

Maitreya. We shall.

Sansthānaka. When?

Maitreya. When fate is kind again.

Sansthānaka. Weep, then, weep!

Maitreya. We have wept.

Sansthānaka. Who made you?

Maitreya. Poverty.

Sansthānaka. Laugh, then, laugh!

Maitreya. Laugh we shall.

Sansthānaka. When?

Maitreya. When Chārudatta is happy once more.

Sansthānaka. You manikin, give poor little Chārudatta thish mes-shage from me. “Thish wench with golden ornaments and golden jewels, thish female shtage-manager looking after the rehearsal of a new play, thish Vasantasenā—she has been in love with you ever shince she went into the park where Kāma’s temple shtands. And when we tried to conciliate her by force, she went into your houshe. Now if you shend her away yourshelf and hand her over to me, if you reshtore her at once, without any lawshuit in court, then I’ll be friends with you forever. But if you don’t reshtore her, there will be a fight to the death.” Remember:

Shmear a pumpkin-shtalk with cow-dung;
Keep your vegetables dried;
Cook your rice in winter evenings;

And be sure your meat is fried.
 Then let 'em shtand, and they will not
 Bothershomely shmell and rot.

51

Tell it to him prettily, tell it to him craftily. Tell it to him sho that I can hear it as I roosht in the dove-cote on the top of my own palace. If you shay it different, I 'll chew your head like an apple caught in the crack of a door.

Maitreya. Very well. I shall tell him.

Sansthānaka. [Aside.] Tell me, shervant. Is mashter really gone?

Servant. Yes, sir.

Sansthānaka. Then we will go as quickly as we can.

Servant. Then take your sword, master.

Sansthānaka. You can keep it.

Servant. Here it is, master. Take your sword, master.

Sansthānaka. [Taking it by the wrong end.]

My shword, red as a radish shkin,
 Ne'er finds the time to molder;
 Shee how it shleeps its sheath within!
 I put it on my shoulder.

While curs and bitches yelp at me, I roam,
 Like a hunted jackal, home.

52

[*Sansthānaka and the servant walk about, then exeunt.*

Maitreya. Mistress Radanikā, you must not tell good Chārudatta of this outrage. I am sure you would only add to the poor man's sorrows.

Radanikā. Good Maitreya, you know Radanikā. Her lips are sealed.

Maitreya. So be it.

Chārudatta. [To *Vasantasenā.*] Radanikā, Rohasena likes the fresh air, but he will be cold in the evening chill. Pray bring him into the house, and cover him with this mantle. [He gives her the mantle.]

Vasantasenā. [To herself.] See! He thinks I am his servant. [*She takes the mantle and perceives its perfume. Ardently to herself.*] Oh, beautiful! The mantle is fragrant with jasmine. His youthful days are not wholly indifferent to the pleasures of the world. [*She wraps it about her, without letting Chārudatta see.*]

Chārudatta. Come, Radanikā, take Rohasena and enter the heart of the house.

Vasantasenā. [To herself.] Ah me unhappy, that have little part or lot in your heart!

Chārudatta. Come, Radanikā, will you not even answer? Alas!

When man once sees that miserable day,
When fate almighty sweeps his wealth away,
Then ancient friendships will no longer hold,
Then all his former bosom-friends grow cold.

53

Maitreya. [Drawing near to Radanikā.] Sir, here is Radanikā.

Chārudatta. Here is Radanikā? Who then is this

This unknown lady, by my robe
Thus clinging, desecrated,

Vasantasenā. [To herself.] Say rather “consecrated.”

Chārudatta.

Until she seems the crescent moon,
With clouds of autumn¹ mated?

54

But no! I may not gaze upon another’s wife.

Maitreya. Oh, you need not fear that you are looking at another man’s wife. This is Vasantasenā, who has been in love with you ever since she saw you in the garden where Kāma’s temple stands.

Chārudatta. What! this is Vasantasenā? [Aside.]

My love for whom—my fortune spent—
My wretched self in twain has rent,
Like coward’s anger, inward bent.

55

¹ Which look pretty, but do not rain. He doubtless means to suggest that the cloak, belonging to a strange man, is as useless to Vasantasenā as the veil of autumn clouds to the earth.

Maitreya. My friend, that brother-in-law of the king says—

Chārudatta. Well?

Maitreya. “This wench with golden ornaments and golden jewels, this female stage-manager looking after the rehearsal of a new play, this Vasantasenā—she has been in love with you ever since she went into the park where Kāma’s temple stands. And when we tried to conciliate her by force, she went into your house.”

Vasantasenā. [To herself.] “Tried to conciliate me by force”—truly, I am honored by these words.

Maitreya. “Now if you send her away yourself and hand her over to me, if you restore her at once, without any lawsuit in court, then I’ll be friends with you forever. Otherwise, there will be a fight to the death.”

Chārudatta. [Contemptuously.] He is a fool. [To himself.] How is this maiden worthy of the worship that we pay a goddess! For now

Although I bade her enter, yet she seeks
To spare my poverty, nor enters here;
Though men are known to her, yet all she speaks
Contains no word to wound a modest ear.

56

[Aloud.] Mistress Vasantasenā, I have unwittingly made myself guilty of an offense; for I greeted as a servant one whom I did not recognize. I bend my neck to ask your pardon.

Vasantasenā. It is I who have offended by this unseemly intrusion. I bow my head to seek your forgiveness.

Maitreya. Yes, with your pretty bows you two have knocked your heads together, till they look like a couple of rice-fields. I also bow my head like a camel colt’s knee and beseech you both to stand up. [He does so, then rises.]

Chārudatta. Very well, let us no longer trouble ourselves with conventions.

Vasantasenā. [To herself.] What a delightfully clever hint! But it would hardly be proper to spend the night, considering how I

came hither. Well, I will at least say this much. [*Aloud.*] If I am to receive thus much of your favor, sir, I should be glad to leave these jewels in your house. It was for the sake of the jewels that those scoundrels pursued me.

Chārudatta. This house is not worthy of the trust.

Vasantasenā. You mistake, sir! It is to men that treasures are entrusted, not to houses.

Chārudatta. Maitreya, will you receive the jewels?

Vasantasenā. I am much indebted to you. [*She hands him the jewels.*]

Maitreya. [*Receiving them.*] Heaven bless you, madam.

Chārudatta. Fool! They are only entrusted to us.

Maitreya. [*Aside.*] Then the thieves may take them, for all I care.

Chārudatta. In a very short time—

Maitreya. What she has entrusted to us, belongs to us.

Chārudatta. I shall restore them.

Vasantasenā. I should be grateful, sir, if this gentleman would accompany me home.

Chārudatta. Maitreya, pray accompany our guest.

Maitreya. She walks as gracefully as a female swan, and you are the gay flamingo to accompany her. But I am only a poor Brahman, and wherever I go, the people will fall upon me just as dogs will snap at a victim dragged to the cross-roads.

Chārudatta. Very well. I will accompany her myself. Let the torches be lighted, to ensure our safety on the highway.

Maitreya. Vardhamānaka, light the torches.

Vardhamānaka. [*Aside to Maitreya.*] What! light torches without oil?

Maitreya. [*Aside to Chārudatta.*] These torches of ours are like courtesans who despise their poor lovers. They won't light up unless you feed them.

Chārudatta. Enough, Maitreya! We need no torches. See, we have a lamp upon the king's highway.

57

Attended by her starry servants all,
 And pale to see as a loving maiden's cheeks,
 Rises before our eyes the moon's bright ball,
 Whose pure beams on the high-piled darkness fall
 Like streaming milk that dried-up marshes seeks.

[*His voice betraying his passion.*] Mistress Vasantasenā, we have reached your home. Pray enter. [*Vasantasenā gazes ardently at him, then exit.*] Comrade, Vasantasenā is gone. Come, let us go home.

58

All creatures from the highway take their flight;
 The watchmen pace their rounds before our sight;
 To forestall treachery, is just and right,
 For many sins find shelter in the night.

[*He walks about.*] And you shall guard this golden casket by night, and Vardhamānaka by day.

Maitreya. Very well.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

his great festival is welcome when one is young. But tell me, mistress, is it a king, or a king's favorite, whom you worship?

Vasantasenā. Girl, I wish to love, not to worship.

Madanikā. Is it a Brahman that excites your passion, some youth distinguished for very particular learning?

Vasantasenā. A Brahman I should have to reverence.

Madanikā. Or is it some young merchant, grown enormously wealthy from visiting many cities?

Vasantasenā. A merchant, girl, must go to other countries and leave you behind, no matter how much you love him. And the separation makes you very sad.

Madanikā. It is n't a king, nor a favorite, nor a Brahman, nor a merchant. Who is it then that the princess loves?

Vasantasenā. Girl! Girl! You went with me to the park where Kāma's temple stands?

Madanikā. Yes, mistress.

Vasantasenā. And yet you ask, as if you were a perfect stranger.

Madanikā. Now I know. Is it the man who comforted you when you asked to be protected?

Vasantasenā. Well, what was his name?

Madanikā. Why, he lives in the merchants' quarter.

Vasantasenā. But I asked you for his name.

Madanikā. His name, mistress, is a good omen in itself. His name is Chārudatta.

Vasantasenā. [Joyfully.] Good, Madanikā, good. You have guessed it.

Madanikā. [Aside.] So much for that. [Aloud.] Mistress, they say he is poor.

Vasantasenā. That is the very reason why I love him. For a courtesan who sets her heart on a poor man is blameless in the eyes of the world.

Madanikā. But mistress, do the butterflies visit the mango-tree when its blossoms have fallen?

Vasantasenā. That is just why we call that sort of a girl a butterfly.

Madanikā. Well, mistress, if you love him, why don't you go and visit him at once?

Vasantasenā. Girl, if I should visit him at once, then, because he can't make any return—no, I don't mean that, but it would be hard to see him.

Madanikā. Is that the reason why you left your jewels with him?

Vasantasenā. You have guessed it.

A voice¹ behind the scenes. Oh, sir, a shampooer owes me ten gold-pieces, and he got away from us. Hold him, hold him! [To the fleeing shampooer.] Stop, stop! I see you from here. [Enter hurriedly a frightened shampooer.]

Shampooer. Oh, confound this gambling business!

Freed from its tether, the ace—

I might better say “ass”—how it kicks me!

And the cast of the dice called the “spear”

Proves true to its name; for it sticks me.

The keeper's whole attention

Was busy with the score;

So it took no great invention

To vanish through the door.

But I cannot stand forever

In the unprotected street.

Is there no one to deliver?

I would fall before his feet.

While the keeper and the gambler are looking somewhere else for me, I'll just walk backwards into this empty temple and turn goddess. [He makes all sorts of gestures, takes his place, and waits. Enter Māthura and the gambler.]

¹ That of Māthura, the keeper of the gambling-house.

Māthura. Oh, sir, a shampooer owes me ten gold-pieces, and he got away from us. Hold him, hold him! Stop, stop! I see you from here.

Gambler. You may run to hell, if they'll take you in;

With Indra, the god, you may stay:

For there's never a god can save your skin,

While Māthura wants his pay.

3

Māthura. Oh, whither flee you, nimble rambler,
You that cheat an honest gambler?
You that shake with fear and shiver,
All a-tremble, all a-quiver;
You that cannot trip enough,
On the level ground and rough;
You that stain your social station,
Family, and reputation!

4

Gambler. [Examining the footprints.] Here he goes. And here the tracks are lost.

Māthura. [Gazes at the footprints. Reflectively.] Look! The feet are turned around. And the temple has n't any image. [After a moment's thought.] That rogue of a shampooer has gone into the temple with his feet turned around.

Gambler. Let's follow him.

Māthura. All right. [They enter the temple and take a good look, then make signs to each other.]

Gambler. What! a wooden image?

Māthura. Of course not. It's stone. [He shakes it with all his might, then makes signs.] What do we care? Come, let's have a game. [He starts to gamble as hard as he can.]

Shampooer. [Trying with all his might to repress the gambling fever. Aside.] Oh, oh!

Oh, the rattle of dice is a charming thing,

When you have n't a copper left;

It works like a drum on the heart of a king,
Of all his realm bereft.

5

For gamblers leap down a mountain steep—
I know I shall not play.

Yet the rattle of dice is as sweet as the peep
Of nightingales in May.

6

Gambler. My turn, my turn!

Māthura. Not much! it's my turn.

Shampooer. [Coming up quickly from behind.] Is n't it *my* turn?

Gambler. We've got our man.

Māthura. [Seizing him.] You jail-bird, you're caught. Pay me my ten gold-pieces.

Shampooer. I'll pay you this very day.

Māthura. Pay me this very minute!

Shampooer. I'll pay you. Only have mercy!

Māthura. Come, will you pay me now?

Shampooer. My head is getting dizzy. [*He falls to the ground. The others beat him with all their might.*]

Māthura. There [drawing the gamblers' ring] you're bound by the gamblers' ring.

Shampooer. [Rises. Despairingly.] What! bound by the gamblers' ring? Confound it! That is a limit which we gamblers can't pass. Where can I get the money to pay him?

Māthura. Well then, you must give surety.

Shampooer. I have an idea. [*He nudges the gambler.*] I'll give you half, if you'll forgive me the other half.

Gambler. All right.

Shampooer. [To *Māthura.*] I'll give you surety for a half. You might forgive me the other half.

Māthura. All right. Where's the harm?

Shampooer. [Aloud.] You forgave me a half, sir?

Māthura. Yes.

Shampooer. [To the gambler.] And you forgave me a half?

Gambler. Yes.

Shampooer. Then I think I 'll be going.

Māthura. Pay me my ten gold-pieces! Where are you going?

Shampooer. Look at this, gentlemen, look at this! Here I just gave surety to one of them for a half, and the other forgave me a half. And even after that he is dunning me, poor helpless me!

Māthura. [Seizing him.] My name is Māthura, the clever swindler, and you 're not going to swindle me this time. Pay up, jail-bird, every bit of my money, and this minute, too.

Shampooer. How can I pay?

Māthura. Sell your father and pay.

Shampooer. Where can I get a father?

Māthura. Sell your mother and pay.

Shampooer. Where can I get a mother?

Māthura. Sell yourself and pay.

Shampooer. Have mercy! Lead me to the king's highway.

Māthura. Go ahead.

Shampooer. If it must be. [He walks about.] Gentlemen, will you buy me for ten gold-pieces from this gambling-master? [He sees a passer-by and calls out.] What is that? You wish to know what I can do? I will be your house-servant. What! he has gone without even answering. Well, here 's another. I 'll speak to him. [He repeats his offer.] What! this one too takes no notice of me. He is gone. Confound it! I 've had hard luck ever since Chārudatta lost his fortune.

Māthura. Will you pay?

Shampooer. How can I pay? [He falls down. Māthura drags him about.] Good gentlemen, save me, save me! [Enter Darduraka.]

Darduraka. Yes, gambling is a kingdom without a throne.

You do not mind defeat at all;
 Great are the sums you spend and win;
 While kingly revenues roll in,
 Rich men, like slaves, before you fall.

7

And again:

You earn your coin by gambling,
 Your friends and wife by gambling,
 Your gifts and food by gambling;
 Your last cent goes by gambling.

8

And again:

My cash was taken by the trey;
 The deuce then took my health away.
 The ace then set me on the street;
 The four completed my defeat.

9

[*He looks before him.*] Here comes Māthura, our sometime gambling-master. Well, as I can't escape, I think I'll put on my veil.

[*He makes any number of gestures with his cloak, then examines it.*]

This cloth is sadly indigent in thread;
 This lovely cloth lets in a lot of light;
 This cloth's protective power is nearly fled;
 This cloth is pretty when it's rolled up tight.

10

Yet after all, what more could a poor saint do? For you see,

One foot I've planted in the sky,
 The other on the ground must lie.¹
 The elevation's rather high,
 But the sun stands it. Why can't I?

11

Māthura. Pay, pay!

Shampooer. How can I pay? [*Māthura drags him about.*]

Darduraka. Well, well, what is this I see? [*He addresses a bystander.*] What did you say, sir? "This shampooer is being maltreated by the gambling-master, and no one will save him"? I'll save him myself. [*He presses forward.*] Stand back, stand back!

¹ A humorously exaggerated reference to Indian ascetic practices.

[*He takes a look.*] Well, if this is n't that swindler Māthura. And here is the poor saintly shampooer; a saint to be sure,

Who does not hang with bended head
Rigid till set of sun,
Who does not rub his back with sand
Till boils begin to run,
Whose shins dogs may not browse upon,
As they pass him in their rambling.¹
Why should this tall and dainty man
Be so in love with gambling?

12

Well, I must pacify Māthura. [*He approaches.*] How do you do, Māthura? [*Māthura returns the greeting.*]

Darduraka. What does this mean?

Māthura. He owes me ten gold-pieces.

Darduraka. A mere bagatelle!

Māthura. [*Pulling the rolled-up cloak from under Darduraka's arm.*] Look, gentlemen, look! The man in the ragged cloak calls ten gold-pieces a mere bagatelle.

Darduraka. My good fool, don't I risk ten gold-pieces on a cast of the dice? Suppose a man has money—is that any reason why he should put it in his bosom and show it? But you,

You'll lose your caste, you'll lose your soul,
For ten gold-pieces that he stole,
To kill a man that's sound and whole,
With five good senses in him.

13

Māthura. Ten gold-pieces may be a mere bagatelle to you, sir. To me they are a fortune.

Darduraka. Well then, listen to me. Just give him ten more, and let him go to gambling again.

Māthura. And what then?

Darduraka. If he wins, he will pay you.

¹ See note on page 33.

Darduraka. [Aside.] I have made an enemy of the influential gambling-master Māthura. I had better not stay here. Besides, my good friend Sharvilaka told me that a young herdsman named Aryaka has been designated by a soothsayer as our future king. Now everybody in my condition is running after him. I think I will join myself to him. [Exit.]

Shampooer. [Trembles as he walks away and looks about him.] Here is a house where somebody has left the side-door open. I will go in. [He enters and perceives Vasantasenā.] Madam, I throw myself upon your protection.

Vasantasenā. He who throws himself upon my protection shall be safe. Close the door, girl. [The maid does so.]

Vasantasenā. What do you fear?

Shampooer. A creditor, madam.

Vasantasenā. You may open the door now, girl.

Shampooer. [To himself.] Ah! Her reasons for not fearing a creditor are in proportion to her innocence. The proverb is right:

The man who knows his strength and bears a load
Proportioned to that strength, not more nor less,
Is safe from stumbling and from sore distress,
Although he wander on a dreary road.

14

That means me.

Māthura. [Wiping his eyes. To the gambler.] Pay, pay!

Gambler. While we were quarreling with Darduraka, sir, the man escaped.

Māthura. I broke that shampooer's nose for him with my fist. Come on! Let's trace him by the blood. [They do so.]

Gambler. He went into Vasantasenā's house, sir.

Māthura. Then that is the end of the gold-pieces.

Gambler. Let's go to court and lodge a complaint.

Māthura. The swindler would leave the house and escape. No, we must besiege him and so capture him.

[*Vasantasenā gives Madanikā a sign.*]

Madanikā. Whence are you, sir? or who are you, sir? or whose son are you, sir? or what is your business, sir? or what are you afraid of?

Shampooer. Listen, madam. My birthplace is Pātaliputra, madam. I am the son of a householder. I practise the trade of a shampooer.

Vasantasenā. It is a very dainty art, sir, which you have mastered.

Shampooer. Madam, as an art I mastered it. It has now become a mere trade.

Madanikā. Your answers are most disconsolate, sir. Pray continue.

Shampooer. Yes, madam. When I was at home, I used to hear travelers tell tales, and I wanted to see new countries, and so I came here. And when I had come here to Ujjayinī, I became the servant of a noble gentleman. Such a handsome, courteous gentleman! When he gave money away, he did not boast; when he was injured, he forgot it. To cut a long story short: he was so courteous that he regarded his own person as the possession of others, and had compassion on all who sought his protection.

Madanikā. Who may it be that adorns Ujjayinī with the virtues which he has stolen from the object of my mistress' desires?

Vasantasenā. Good, girl, good! I had the same thought in mind.

Madanikā. But to continue, sir

Shampooer. Madam, he was so compassionate and so generous that now—

Vasantasenā. His riches have vanished?

Shampooer. I did n't say it. How did you guess it, madam?

Vasantasenā. What was there to guess? Virtue and money seldom keep company. In the pools from which men cannot drink there is so much the more water.

Madanikā. But sir, what is his name?

Shampooer. Madam, who does not know the name of this moon of the whole world? He lives in the merchants' quarter. He whose name is worthy of all honor is named Chārudatta.

Vasantasenā. [Joyfully rising from her seat.] Sir, this house is your own. Give him a seat, girl, and take this fan. The gentleman is weary. [*Madanikā* does as she is bid.]

Shampooer. [Aside.] What! so much honor because I mentioned Chārudatta's name? Heaven bless you, Chārudatta! You are the only man in the world who really lives. All others merely breathe. [*He falls at Vasantasenā's feet.*] Enough, madam, enough. Pray be seated, madam.

Vasantasenā. [Seating herself.] Where is he who is so richly your creditor, sir?

Shamp. The good man's wealth consists in kindly deeds;

All other wealth is vain and quickly flies.

The man who honors not his neighbor's needs,

Does that man know what honor signifies?

15

Vasantasenā. But to continue

Shampooer. So I became a servant in his employ. And when his wealth was reduced to his virtue, I began to live by gambling. But fate was cruel, and I lost ten gold-pieces.

Māthura. I am ruined! I am robbed!

Shampooer. There are the gambling-master and the gambler, looking for me. You have heard my story, madam. The rest is your affair.

Vasantasenā. Madanikā, the birds fly everywhither when the tree is shaken in which they have their nests. Go, girl, and give the gambling-master and the gambler this bracelet. And tell them that this gentleman sends it. [*She removes a bracelet from her arm, and gives it to Madanikā.*]

Madanikā. [Receiving the bracelet.] Yes, mistress. [*She goes out.*]

Māthura. I am ruined! I am robbed!

Madanikā. Inasmuch as these two are looking up to heaven, and sighing, and chattering, and fastening their eyes on the door, I conclude that they must be the gambling-master and the gambler. [Approaching.] I salute you, sir.

Māthura. May happiness be yours.

Madanikā. Sir, which of you is the gambling-master?

Māth. O maiden, fair but something less than shy,
With red lip wounded in love's ardent play,
On whom is bent that sweet, coquettish eye?
For whom that lisp that steals the heart away? 16

I have n't got any money. You'll have to look somewhere else.

Madanikā. You are certainly no gambler, if you talk that way. Is there any one who *owes* you money?

Māthura. There is. He owes ten gold-pieces. What of him?

Madanikā. In his behalf my mistress sends you this bracelet. No, no! He sends it himself.

Māthura. [Seizing it joyfully.] Well, well, you may tell the noble youth that his account is squared. Let him come and seek delight again in gambling. [Exeunt *Māthura* and the gambler.]

Madanikā. [Returning to *Vasantasenā*.] Mistress, the gambling-master and the gambler have gone away well-pleased.

Vasantasenā. Go, sir, and comfort your kinsfolk.

Shampooer. Ah, madam, if it may be, these hands would gladly practise their art in your service.

Vasantasenā. But sir, he for whose sake you mastered the art, who first received your service, he should have your service still.

Shampooer. [Aside.] A very pretty way to decline my services. How shall I repay her kindness? [Aloud.] Madam, thus dishonored as a gambler, I shall become a Buddhist monk. And so,

madam, treasure these words in your memory: "He was a sham-pooer, a gambler, a Buddhist monk."

Vasantasenā. Sir, you must not act too precipitately.

Shampooer. Madam, my mind is made up. [*He walks about.*]

I gambled, and in gambling I did fall,
Till every one beheld me with dismay.
Now I shall show my honest face to all,
And walk abroad upon the king's highway.

17

[*Tumultuous cries behind the scenes.*]

Shampooer. [Listening.] What is this? What is this? [Addressing some one behind the scenes.] What did you say? "Post-breaker, Vasantasenā's rogue elephant, is at liberty!" Hurrah! I must go and see the lady's best elephant. No, no! What have I to do with these things? I must hold to my resolution.

[Exit.]

[Then enter hastily *Karnapūraka*, highly delighted, wearing a gorgeous mantle.]

Karnapūraka. Where is she? Where is my mistress?

Madanikā. Insolent! What can it be that so excites you? You do not see your mistress before your very eyes.

Karnapūraka. [Perceiving *Vasantasenā*.] Mistress, my service to you.

Vasantasenā. Karnapūraka, your face is beaming. What is it?

Karnapūraka. [Proudly.] Oh, mistress! You missed it! You didn't see Karnapūraka's heroism to-day!

Vasantasenā. What, Karnapūraka, what?

Karnapūraka. Listen. Post-breaker, my mistress' rogue elephant, broke the stake he was tied to, killed his keeper, and ran into the street, making a terrible commotion. You should have heard the people shriek,

Take care of the babies, as quick as you can,
And climb up a roof or a tree!

The elephant rogue wants the blood of a man.

Escape! Run away! Can't you see?

18

And:

How they lose their ankle-rings!
Girdles, set with gems and things,
Break away from fastenings!

As they stumble, trip, and blunder,
See the bracelets snap asunder,
Each a tangled, pearly wonder!

19

And that rogue of an elephant dives with his trunk and his feet and his tusks into the city of Ujjayinī, as if it were a lotus-pond in full flower. At last he comes upon a Buddhist monk.¹ And while the man's staff and his water-jar and his begging-bowl fly every which way, he drizzles water over him and gets him between his tusks. The people see him and begin to shriek again, crying "Oh, oh, the monk is killed!"

Vasantasenā. [Anxiously.] Oh, what carelessness, what carelessness!

Karnapūraka. Don't be frightened. Just listen, mistress. Then, with a big piece of the broken chain dangling about him, he picked him up, picked up the monk between his tusks, and just then Karnapūraka saw him, *I* saw him, no, no! the slave who grows fat on my mistress' rice-cakes saw him, stumbled with his left foot over a gambler's score, grabbed up an iron pole out of a shop, and challenged the mad elephant—

Vasantasenā. Go on! Go on!

Karnap. I hit him—in a fit of passion, too

He really looked like some great mountain peak.

And from between those tusks of his I drew

The sacred hermit meek.

20

Vasantasenā. Splendid, splendid! But go on!

Karnapūraka. Then, mistress, all Ujjayinī tipped over to one side,

¹ The shampooer, whose transformation is astonishingly sudden.

like a ship loaded unevenly, and you could hear nothing but “Hurrah, hurrah for Karnapūraka!” Then, mistress, a man touched the places where he ought to have ornaments, and, finding that he had n’t any, looked up, heaved a long sigh, and threw this mantle over me.

Vasantasenā. Find out, Karnapūraka, whether the mantle is perfumed with jasmine or not.

Karnapūraka. Mistress, the elephant perfume is so strong that I can’t tell for sure.

Vasantasenā. Then look at the name.

Karnapūraka. Here is the name. You may read it, mistress. [*He hands her the mantle.*]

Vasantasenā. [Reads.] Chārudatta. [*She seizes the mantle eagerly and wraps it about her.*]

Madanikā. The mantle is very becoming to her, Karnapūraka.

Karnapūraka. Oh, yes, the mantle is becoming enough.

Vasantasenā. Here is your reward, Karnapūraka. [*She gives him a gem.*]

Karnapūraka. [Taking it and bowing low.] Now the mantle is most wonderfully becoming.

Vasantasenā. Karnapūraka, where is Chārudatta now?

Karnapūraka. He started to go home along this very street.

Vasantasenā. Come, girl! Let us go to the upper balcony and see Chārudatta. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Maitreya. There are just two things that always make me laugh. One is a woman talking Sanskrit, and the other is a man who tries to sing soft and low. Now when a woman talks Sanskrit, she is like a heifer with a new rope through her nose; all you hear is “soo, soo, soo.” And when a man tries to sing soft and low, he reminds me of an old priest muttering texts, while the flowers in his chaplet dry up. No, I don’t like it!

Chārudatta. My friend, Master Rebhila sang most wonderfully this evening. And still you are not satisfied.

The notes of love, peace, sweetness, could I trace,

The note that thrills, the note of passion too,

The note of woman’s loveliness and grace—

Ah, my poor words add nothing, nothing new!

But as the notes in sweetest cadence rang,

I thought it was my hidden love who sang. 4

The melody of song, the stricken strings

In undertone that half-unconscious clings,

More clearly sounding when the passions rise,

But ever sweeter as the music dies.

Words that strong passion fain would say again,

Yet checks their second utterance—in vain;

For music sweet as this lives on, until

I walk as hearing sweetest music still. 5

Maitreya. But see, my friend! The very dogs are sound asleep in the shops that look out on the market. Let us go home. [*He looks before him.*] Look, look! The blessed moon seems to give place to darkness, as she descends from her palace in heaven.

Chārudatta. True.

The moon gives place to darkness as she dips

Behind the western mountain; and the tips

Of her uplifted horns alone appear,

Like two sharp-pointed tusks uplifted clear,

Where bathes an elephant in waters cool,
Who shows naught else above the jungle pool. 6

Maitreya. Well, here is our house. Vardhamānaka, Vardhamānaka, open the door!

Vardhamānaka. I hear Maitreya's voice. Chārudatta has returned. I must open the door for him. [*He does so.*] Master, I salute you. Maitreya, I salute you too. The couch is ready. Pray be seated. [*Chārudatta and Maitreya enter and seat themselves.*]

Maitreya. Vardhamānaka, call Radanikā to wash our feet.

Chārudatta. [Compassionately.] She sleeps. Do not wake her.

Vardhamānaka. I will bring the water, Maitreya, and you may wash Chārudatta's feet.

Maitreya. [Angrily.] Look, man. He acts like the son of a slave that he is, for he is bringing water. But he makes me wash your feet, and I am a Brahman.

Chārudatta. Good Maitreya, do you bring the water, and Vardhamānaka shall wash my feet.

Vardhamānaka. Yes, Maitreya. Do you bring the water. [*Maitreya does so. Vardhamānaka washes Chārudatta's feet, then moves away.*]

Chārudatta. Let water be brought for the Brahman's feet.

Maitreya. What good does water do my feet? I shall have to roll in the dirt again, like a beaten ass.

Vardhamānaka. Maitreya, you are a Brahman.

Maitreya. Yes, like a slow-worm among all the other snakes, so am I a Brahman among all the other Brahmans.

Vardhamānaka. Maitreya, I will wash your feet after all. [*He does so.*] Maitreya, this golden casket I was to keep by day, you by night. Take it. [*He gives it to Maitreya, then exit.*]

Maitreya. [Receiving the casket.] The thing is here still. Is n't there a single thief in Ujjayinī to steal the wretch that robs me of my sleep? Listen. I am going to take it into the inner court.

Chārud. Such lax attention we can ill afford.

If we are trusted by a courtezan,

Then, Brahman, prove yourself an honest man,

And guard it safely, till it be restored. 7

[*He nods, repeating the stanza “The melody of song, the stricken strings:” page 44.]*

Maitreya. Are you going to sleep?

Chārudatta. Yes, so it seems.

For conquering sleep, descending on mine eyes,

First smites the brow with unresisted blow;

Unseen, elusive, like old age, she tries

To gather strength by weakening her foe. 8

Maitreya. Then let's go to sleep. [*He does so.]*

[Enter Sharvilaka.¹]

Sharv. I made an entrance for my body's round

By force of art and arms, a path to deeds!

I skinned my sides by crawling on the ground,

Like a snake that sloughs the skin no longer sound;

And now I go where my profession leads. 9

[*He gazes at the sky. Joyfully.] See! The blessed moon is setting.*

For well I know,

My trade would fain from watchmen's eyes be shrouded;

Valiant, I force the dwelling of another.

But see, the stars in deepest dark are clouded,

And the night shields me like a careful mother. 10

I made a breach in the orchard wall and entered. And now I must force my way into the inner court as well.

Yes, let men call it vulgar, if they will,

The trade that thrives while sleeps the sleepyhead;

Yes, knavery, not bravery, call it still,

To overreach confiding folk a-bed.

¹ The following scene satirizes the Hindu love of system and classification.

Far better blame and hissing, fairly won,
 Than the pay of genuflecting underlings;
 This antique path was trod by Drona's son,
 Who slew the sleeping, unsuspecting kings.

11

But where shall I make the breach?

Where is the spot which falling drops decayed?
 For each betraying sound is deadened there.
 No yawning breach should in the walls be made,
 So treatises on robbery declare.
 Where does the palace crumble? Where the place
 That niter-eaten bricks false soundness wear?
 Where shall I 'scape the sight of woman's face?
 Fulfilment of my wishes waits me there.

12

[*He feels the wall.*] Here is a spot weakened by constant sun and sprinkling and eaten by saltpeter rot. And here is a pile of dirt thrown up by a mouse. Now heaven be praised! My venture prospers. This is the first sign of success for Skanda's¹ sons. Now first of all, how shall I make the breach? The blessed Bearer of the Golden Lance² has prescribed four varieties of breach, thus: if the bricks are baked, pull them out; if they are unbaked, cut them; if they are made of earth, wet them; if they are made of wood, split them. Here we have baked bricks; ergo, pull out the bricks.

Now what shall be the shape I give the breach?
 A "lotus," "cistern," "crescent moon," or "sun"?
 "Oblong," or "cross," or "bulging pot"? for each
 The treatises permit. Which one? which one?
 And where shall I display my sovereign skill,
 That in the morning men may wonder still?

13

In this wall of baked bricks, the "bulging pot" would be effective.
 I will make that.

¹ The patron saint of thieves.

² An epithet of Skanda.

At other walls that I have pierced by night,
 And at my less successful ventures too,
 The crowd of neighbors gazed by morning light,
 Assigning praise or blame, as was my due. 14

Praise to the boon-conferring god, to Skanda of immortal youth!
 Praise to him, the Bearer of the Golden Lance, the Brahman's
 god, the pious! Praise to him, the Child of the Sun! Praise to him,
 the teacher of magic, whose first pupil I am! For he found plea-
 sure in me and gave me magic ointment,

With which so I anointed be,
 No watchman's eye my form shall see;
 And edged sword that falls on me
 From cruel wounds shall leave me free. 15

[*He anoints himself.*] Alas, I have forgotten my measuring line.
 [Reflecting.] Aha! This sacred cord¹ shall be my measuring line.
 Yes, the sacred cord is a great blessing to a Brahman, especially to
 one like me. For, you see,

With this he measures, ere he pierce a wall,
 And picks the lock, when jewels are at stake.
 It serves as key to bolted door and hall,
 As tourniquet for bite of worm and snake. 16

The measuring is done. I begin my task. [*He does so, then takes a look.*] My breach lacks but a single brick. Alas, I am bitten by a snake. [*He binds his finger with the sacred cord, and manifests the workings of poison.*] I have applied the remedy, and now I am re-
 stored. [*He continues his work, then gazes.*] Ah, there burns a can-
 dle. See!

Though jealous darkness hems it round,
 The golden-yellow candle from its place
 Shines through the breach upon the ground,
 Like a streak of gold upon the touchstone's face. 17

¹ The sacrificial cord, which passes over the left shoulder and under the right arm, is worn con-
 stantly by members of the three upper castes.

[*He returns to his work.*] The breach is finished. Good! I enter. But no, I will not enter yet. I will shove a dummy in. [*He does so.*] Ah, no one is there. Praise be to Skanda! [*He enters and looks about.*] See! Two men asleep. Come, for my own protection I will open the door. But the house is old and the door squeaks. I must look for water. Now where might water be? [*He looks about, finds water, and sprinkles the door. Anxiously.*] I hope it will not fall upon the floor and make a noise. Come, this is the way. [*He puts his back against the door and opens it cautiously.*] Good! So much for that. Now I must discover whether these two are feigning sleep, or whether they are asleep in the fullest meaning of the term. [*He tries to terrify them, and notes the effect.*] Yes, they must be asleep in the fullest meaning of the term. For see!

Their breath first calmly rises, ere it sink;
 Its regularity all fear defies.
 Unmoving in their socket-holes, the eyes
 Are tightly closed, and never seem to wink.
 The limbs relaxed, at ease the bodies lie,
 I see their feet beyond the bedstead peep,
 The lighted candle vexes not the eye;
 It would, if they were only feigning sleep.

18

[*He looks about him.*] What! a drum? And here is a flute. And here, a snare-drum. And here, a lute. And reed-pipes. And yonder, manuscripts. Is this the house of a dancing-master? But no! When I entered, I was convinced that this was a palatial residence. Now then, is this man poor in the fullest meaning of the term, or, from fear of the king or of thieves, does he keep his property buried? Well, my own property is buried, too. But I will scatter the seeds that betray subterranean gold. [*He does so.*] The scattered seeds nowhere swell up. Ah, he is poor in the fullest meaning of the term. Good! I go.

Maitreya. [*Talking in his sleep.*] Look, man. I see something like

a hole in the wall. I see something like a thief. You had better take this golden casket.

Sharvilaka. I wonder if the man has discovered that I have entered, and is showing off his poverty in order to make fun of me. Shall I kill him, or is the poor devil talking in his sleep? [*He takes a look.*] But see! This thing wrapped in a ragged bath-clout, now that I inspect it by the light of my candle, is in truth a jewel-casket. Suppose I take it. But no! It is hardly proper to rob a man of good birth, who is as poor as I am. I go.

Maitreya. My friend, by the wishes of cows and Brahmans¹ I conjure you to take this golden casket.

Sharvilaka. One may not disregard the sacred wish of a cow and the wish of a Brahman. I will take it. But look! There burns the candle. I keep about me a moth for the express purpose of extinguishing candles. I will let him enter the flame. This is his place and hour. May this moth which I here release, depart to flutter above the flame in varying circles. The breeze from the insect's wings has translated the flame into accursed darkness. Or shall I not rather curse the darkness brought by me upon my Brahmanic family? For my father was a man who knew the four Vedas, who would not accept a gift; and I, Sharvilaka, his son, and a Brahman, I am committing a crime for the sake of that courtesan girl Madanikā. Now I will grant the Brahman's wish. [*He reaches out for the casket.*]

Maitreya. How cold your fingers are, man!

Sharvilaka. What carelessness! My fingers are cold from touching water. Well, I will put my hand in my armpit. [*He warms his left hand and takes the casket.*]

Maitreya. Have you got it?

Sharvilaka. I could not refuse a Brahman's request. I have it.

¹ Sacred creatures.

Sharvilaka. [Prepares to strike down Radanikā, but first takes a look.] What! a woman? Good! I go. [Exit.]

Radanikā. [Recoiling in terror.] Oh, oh, a thief has cut a hole in the wall of our house and is escaping. I must go and wake Maitreya. [She approaches Maitreya.] Oh, Maitreya, get up, get up! A thief has cut a hole in the wall of our house and has escaped.

Maitreya. [Rising.] What do you mean, wench? “A hole in the wall has cut a thief and has escaped”?

Radanikā. Poor fool! Stop your joking. Don’t you see it?

Maitreya. What do you mean, wench? “It looks as if a second door had been thrown open”? Get up, friend Chārudatta, get up! A thief has made a hole in the wall of our house and has escaped.

Chārudatta. Yes, yes! A truce to your jests!

Maitreya. But it is n’t a jest. Look!

Chārudatta. Where?

Maitreya. Why, here.

Chārudatta. [Gazing.] What a very remarkable hole!

The bricks are drawn away below, above;
The top is narrow, but the center wide;
As if the great house-heart had burst with pride,
Fearing lest the unworthy share its love.

22

To think that science should be expended on a task like this!

Maitreya. My friend, this hole must have been made by one of two men; either by a stranger, or else for practice by a student of the science of robbery. For what man here in Ujjayinī does not know how much wealth there is in our house?

Chārud. Stranger he must have been who made the breach,
His customed harvest in my house to reap;
He has not learned that vanished riches teach
A calm, untroubled sleep.

He saw the sometime greatness of my home
 And forced an entrance; for his heart did leap
 With short-lived hope; now he must elsewhere roam,
 And over broken hopes must sorely weep.

23

Just think of the poor fellow telling his friends: "I entered the house of a merchant's son, and found—nothing."

Maitreya. Do you mean to say that you pity the rascally robber? Thinks he—"Here's a great house. Here's the place to carry off a jewel-casket or a gold-casket." [*He remembers the casket. Despondently. Aside.*] Where is that golden casket? [*He remembers the events of the night. Aloud.*] Look, man! You are always saying "Maitreya is a fool, Maitreya is no scholar." But I certainly acted wisely in handing over that golden casket to you. If I had n't, the son of a slave would have carried it off.

Chārudatta. A truce to your jests!

Maitreya. Just because I'm a fool, do you suppose I don't even know the place and time for a jest?

Chārudatta. But when did this happen?

Maitreya. Why, when I told you that your fingers were cold.

Chārudatta. It might have been. [*He searches about. Joyfully.*] My friend, I have something pleasant to tell you.

Maitreya. What? Wasn't it stolen?

Chārudatta. Yes.

Maitreya. What is the pleasant news, then?

Chārudatta. The fact that he did not go away disappointed.

Maitreya. But it was only entrusted to our care.

Chārudatta. What! entrusted to our care? [*He swoons.*]

Maitreya. Come to yourself, man. Is the fact that a thief stole what was entrusted to you, any reason why you should swoon?

Chārudatta. [Coming to himself.] Ah, my friend,

Who will believe the truth?
 Suspicion now is sure.
 This world will show no ruth
 To the inglorious poor.

24

Alas! If envious fate before
 Has wooed my wealth alone,
 Why should she seek my store
 Of virtue as her own?

25

Maitreya. I intend to deny the whole thing. Who gave anybody anything? who received anything from anybody? who was a witness?

Chārudatta. And shall I tell a falsehood now?

No! I will beg until I earn
 The wherewithal my debt to pay.
 Ignoble falsehood I will spurn,
 That steals the character away.

26

Radanikā. I will go and tell his good wife. [*She goes out, returning with Chārudatta's wife.*]

Wife. [*Anxiously.*] Oh! Is it true that my lord is uninjured, and Maitreya too?

Radanikā. It is true, mistress. But the gems which belong to the courtesan have been stolen. [*Chārudatta's wife swoons.*] O my good mistress! Come to yourself!

Wife. [*Recovering.*] Girl, how can you say that my lord is uninjured? Better that he were injured in body than in character. For now the people of Ujjayinī will say that my lord committed this crime because of his poverty. [*She looks up and sighs.*] Ah, mighty Fate! The destinies of the poor, uncertain as the water-drops which fall upon a lotus-leaf, seem to thee but playthings. There remains to me this one necklace, which I brought with me from my mother's house. But my lord would be too proud to accept it. Girl, call Maitreya hither.

Radanikā. Yes, mistress. [She approaches Maitreya.] Maitreya, my lady summons you.

Maitreya. Where is she?

Radanikā. Here. Come!

Maitreya. [Approaching.] Heaven bless you!

Wife. I salute you, sir. Sir, will you look straight in front of you?

Maitreya. Madam, here stands a man who looks straight in front of him.

Wife. Sir, you must accept this.

Maitreya. Why?

Wife. I have observed the Ceremony of the Gems. And on this occasion one must make as great a present as one may to a Brahman. This I have not done, therefore pray accept this necklace.

Maitreya. [Receiving the necklace.] Heaven bless you! I will go and tell my friend.

Wife. You must not do it in such a way as to make me blush, Maitreya. [Exit.]

Maitreya. [In astonishment.] What generosity!

Chārudatta. How Maitreya lingers! I trust his grief is not leading him to do what he ought not. Maitreya, Maitreya!

Maitreya. [Approaching.] Here I am. Take that. [He displays the necklace.]

Chārudatta. What is this?

Maitreya. Why, that is the reward you get for marrying such a wife.

Chārudatta. What! my wife takes pity on me? Alas, now am I poor indeed!

When fate so robs him of his all,
That on her pity he must call,
The man to woman's state doth fall,
The woman is the man.

But no, I am not poor. For I have a wife

Whose love outlasts my wealthy day;
In thee a friend through good and ill;
And truth that naught could take away:
Ah, this the poor man lacketh still.

28

Maitreya, take the necklace and go to Vasantasenā. Tell her in my name that we have gambled away the golden casket, forgetting that it was not our own; that we trust she will accept this necklace in its place.

Maitreya. But you must not give away this necklace, the pride of the four seas, for that cheap thing that was stolen before we had a bite or a drink out of it.

Chārudatta. Not so, my friend.

She showed her trust in leaving us her treasure;
The price of confidence has no less measure.

29

Friend, I conjure you by this gesture, not to return until you have delivered it into her hands. Vardhamānaka, do you speedily

Fill up the opening with the selfsame bricks;
Thus will I thwart the process of the law,
For the blemish of so great a scandal sticks.

30

And, friend Maitreya, you must show your pride by not speaking too despondently.

Maitreya. How can a poor man help speaking despondently?

Chārudatta. Poor I am not, my friend. For I have a wife

Whose love outlasts my wealthy day;
In thee a friend through good and ill;
And truth that naught could take away:
Ah, this the poor man lacketh still.

(28)

Go then, and after performing rites of purification, I will offer my morning prayer. [Exeunt omnes.]

ACT THE FOURTH
MADANIKA AND SHARVILAKA

Maid.

[Enter a maid.]

I AM entrusted with a message for my mistress by her mother. Here is my mistress. She is gazing at a picture and is talking with Madanikā. I will go to her. [She walks about. Then enter Vasantasenā, as described, and Madanikā.]

Vasantasenā. Madanikā girl, is this portrait really like Chārudatta?

Madanikā. Very like.

Vasantasenā. How do you know?

Madanikā. Because my mistress' eyes are fastened so lovingly upon it.

Vasantasenā. Madanikā girl, do you say this because courtezan courtesy demands it?

Madanikā. But mistress, is the courtesy of a girl who lives in a courtezan's house, necessarily false?

Vasantasenā. Girl, courtezans meet so many kinds of men that they do learn a false courtesy.

Madanikā. But when the eyes of my mistress find such delight in a thing, and her heart too, what need is there to ask the reason?

Vasantasenā. But I should not like to have my friends laugh at me.

Madanikā. You need not be afraid. Women understand women.

Maid. [Approaching.] Mistress, your mother sends word that a covered cart is waiting at the side-door, and that you are to take a drive.

Vasantasenā. Tell me, is it Chārudatta who invites me?

Maid. Mistress, the man who sent ornaments worth ten thousand gold-pieces with the cart

Vasantasenā. Is who?

Maid. Is the king's brother-in-law, Sansthānaka.

Vasantasenā. [Indignantly.] Go! and never come again on such an errand.

Maid. Do not be angry, mistress. I was only sent with the message.

Vasantasenā. But it is the message which makes me angry.

Maid. But what shall I tell your mother?

Vasantasenā. Tell my mother never to send me another such message, unless she wishes to kill me.

Maid. As you will. [Exit.]

[Enter Sharvilaka.]

Sharv. Blame for my sin I laid upon the night;

I conquered sleep and watchmen of the king;
But darkness wanes, and in the sun's clear light
My light is like the moon's—a faded thing.

1

And again:

Whoever cast at me a passing look,
Or neared me, anxious, as they quickly ran,
All such my laden soul for foes mistook;
For sin it was wherein man's fear began.

2

Well, it was for Madanikā's sake that I did the deed of sin.

I paid no heed to any one who talked with serving-men;
The houses ruled by women-folk—these I avoided most;
And when policemen seemed to have me almost in their ken,
I stood stock-still and acted just exactly like a post.
A hundred such manœuvres did I constantly essay,
And by such means succeeded in turning night to day.

3

[He walks about.]

Vasantasenā. Girl, lay this picture on my sofa and come back at once with a fan.

Madanikā. Yes, mistress.

[Exit with the picture.]

Sharvilaka. This is Vasantasenā's house. I will enter. [He does so.]

For you, my timid maid, last night
I did the deed of sin.

5

Vasantasenā. His face is tranquil. It would be troubled, if he had sinned.

Madanikā. Oh, Sharvilaka! For a mere nothing—for a woman—you have risked both things!

Sharvilaka. What things?

Madanikā. Your life and your character.

Sharvilaka. My foolish girl, fortune favors the brave.

Madanikā. Oh, Sharvilaka! Your character was without a stain. You did n't do anything *very* bad, did you, when for my sake you did the deed of sin?

Sharv. The gems that magnify a woman's charm,
As flowers the creeping plant, I do not harm.
I do not rob the Brahman of his pelf,
Nor seize the sacrificial gold myself.
I do not steal the baby from the nurse,
Simply because I need to fill my purse.
Even as a thief, I strive with main and might
For just distinction 'twixt the wrong and right.

6

And so you may tell *Vasantasenā* this:

These ornaments were made for you to don,
Or so it seems to me;
But as you love me, never put them on
Where other folks may see.

7

Madanikā. But Sharvilaka, ornaments that nobody may see, and a courtezan—the two things do not hang together. Give me the jewels. I want to see them.

Sharvilaka. Here they are. [*He gives them to her with some uneasiness.*]

Madanikā. [*Examining the jewels.*] It seems to me I have seen these before. Tell me. Where did you get them?

Sharvilaka. What does that matter to you, Madanikā? Take them. *Madanikā.* [Angrily.] If you can't trust me, why do you wish to buy my freedom?

Sharvilaka. Well, this morning I heard in the merchants' quarter that the merchant Chārudatta—

[*Vasantasenā and Madanikā swoon.*]

Sharvilaka. Madanikā! Come to yourself! Why is it that now

Your figure seems to melt in limp despair,
Your eyes are wildly rolling here and there?
That when I come, sweet girl, to make you free,
You fall to trembling, not to pitying me? 8

Madanikā. [Coming to herself.] O you reckless man! When you did what you ought not to have done for my sake, you did n't kill anybody or hurt anybody in that house?

Sharvilaka. Madanikā, Sharvilaka does not strike a terrified man or a man asleep. I did not kill anybody nor hurt anybody.

Madanikā. Really?

Sharvilaka. Really.

Vasantasenā. [Recovering consciousness.] Ah, I breathe again.

Madanikā. Thank heaven!

Sharvilaka. [Jealously.] What does this "Thank heaven" mean, Madanikā?

I sinned for you, when love had made me pine,
Although my house was good since time began;
Love took my virtue, but my pride is mine.

You call me friend and love another man? 9

[*Meaningly.*] A noble youth is like a goodly tree;

His wealth, the fruit so fair;
The courtezan is like a bird; for she
Pecks him and leaves him bare.

Love is a fire, whose flame is lust,
Whose fuel is gallantry,

Wherein our youth and riches must
Thus sacrificèd be. 11

Vasantasenā. [With a smile.] His excitement is a little out of place.

Sharvilaka. Yes!

Those men are fools, it seems to me,
Who trust to women or to gold;
For gold and girls, 't is plain to see,
Are false as virgin snakes and cold. 12

Love not a woman; if you ever do,
She mocks at you, and plays the gay deceiver:
Yet if she loves you, you may love her too;
But if she does n't, leave her. 13

Too true it is that

A courtezan will laugh and cry for gold;
She trusts you not, but waits your trustful hour.
If virtue and a name are yours, then hold!
Avoid her as you would a graveyard flower. 14

And again:

As fickle as the billows of the sea,
Glowing no longer than the evening sky,
A woman takes your gold, then leaves you free;
You 're worthless, like cosmetics, when you 're dry. 15

Yes, women are indeed fickle.

One man perhaps may hold her heart in trust,
She lures another with coquettish eyes,
Sports with another in unseemly lust,
Another yet her body satisfies. 16

As some one has well said :

On mountain-tops no lotuses are grown;
The horse's yoke no ass will ever bear;
Rice never springs from seeds of barley sown;
A courtezan is not an honest fair. 17

Accursed Chārudatta, you shall not live! [He takes a few steps.]
Madanikā. [Seizing the hem of his garment.] O you foolish man!
 Your anger is so ridiculous.

Sharvilaka. Ridiculous? how so?

Madanikā. Because these jewels belong to my mistress.

Sharvilaka. And what then?

Madanikā. And she left them with that gentleman.

Sharvilaka. What for?

Madanikā. [Whispers.] That's why.

Sharvilaka. [Sheepishly.] Confound it!

The sun was hot one summer day;
 I sought the shadow, there to stay:
 Poor fool! the kindly branch to pay,
 I stole its sheltering leaves away.

18

Vasantasenā. How sorry he seems. Surely, he did this thing in ignorance.

Sharvilaka. What is to be done now, *Madanikā*?

Madanikā. Your own wit should tell you that.

Sharvilaka. No. For you must remember,

Nature herself gives women wit;
 Men learn from books a little bit.

19

Madanikā. Sharvilaka, if you will take my advice, restore the jewels to that righteous man.

Sharvilaka. But *Madanikā*, what if he should prosecute me?

Madanikā. No cruel heat comes from the moon.

Vasantasenā. Good, *Madanikā*, good!

Sharvilaka. *Madanikā*,

For what I did, I feel no grief nor fear;
 Why tell me of this good man's virtues high?
 Shame for my baseness touches me more near;
 What can this king do to such rogues as I?

20

Nevertheless, your suggestion is inconsistent with prudence. You must discover some other plan.

Madanikā. Yes, there is another plan.

Vasantasenā. I wonder what it will be.

Madanikā. Pretend to be a servant of that gentleman, and give the jewels to my mistress.

Sharvilaka. And what then?

Madanikā. Then you are no thief, Chārudatta has discharged his obligation, and my mistress has her jewels.

Sharvilaka. But isn't this course too reckless?

Madanikā. I tell you, give them to her. Any other course is too reckless.

Vasantasenā. Good, Madanikā, good! Spoken like a free woman.

Sharvilaka. Risen at last is wisdom's light,

Because I followed after you;

When clouds obscure the moon by night,

'T is hard to find a guide so true.

21

Madanikā. Then you must wait here a moment in Kāma's shrine, while I tell my mistress that you have come.

Sharvilaka. I will.

Madanikā. [Approaches *Vasantasenā*.] Mistress, a Brahman has come from Chārudatta to see you.

Vasantasenā. But girl, how do you know that he comes from Chārudatta?

Madanikā. Should I not know my own, mistress?

Vasantasenā. [Shaking her head and smiling. Aside.] Splendid! [Aloud.] Bid him enter.

Madanikā. Yes, mistress. [Approaching *Sharvilaka*.] Enter, Sharvilaka.

Sharvilaka. [Approaches. With some embarrassment.] My greetings to you.

Vasantasenā. I salute you, sir. Pray be seated.

Sharvilaka. The merchant sends this message: "My house is so old that it is hard to keep this casket safe. Pray take it back." [He gives it to *Madanikā*, and starts to leave.]

Vasantasenā. Sir, will you undertake a return commission of mine?

Sharvilaka. [Aside.] Who will carry it? [Aloud.] And this commission is—

Vasantasenā. You will be good enough to accept *Madanikā*.

Sharvilaka. Madam, I do not quite understand.

Vasantasenā. But I do.

Sharvilaka. How so?

Vasantasenā. Chārudatta told me that I was to give *Madanikā* to the man who should return these jewels. You are therefore to understand that he makes you a present of her.

Sharvilaka. [Aside.] Ah, she sees through me. [Aloud.] Good, Chārudatta, good!

On virtue only set your heart's desire;
The righteous poor attain to heights whereto
The wicked wealthy never may aspire.

22

And again:

On virtue let the human heart be set;
To virtue nothing serves as check or let.
The moon, attaining unattainable, is led
By virtue to her seat on Shiva's head.

23

Vasantasenā. Is my driver there? [Enter a servant with a bullock-cart.]

Servant. Mistress, the cart is ready.

Vasantasenā. *Madanikā* girl, you must show me a happy face. You are free. Enter the bullock-cart. But do not forget me.

Madanikā. [Weeping.] My mistress drives me away. [She falls at her feet.]

Vasantasenā. You are now the one to whom honor should be

paid.¹ Go then, enter the cart. But do not forget me.

Sharvilaka. Heaven bless you! and you, Madanikā,

Turn upon her a happy face,
And hail with bended head the grace
That gives you now the name of wife,
As a veil to keep you safe through life.

24

[*He enters the bullock-cart with Madanikā, and starts away.*]

A voice behind the scenes. Men! Men! We have the following orders from the chief of police: “A soothsayer has declared that a young herdsman named Aryaka is to become king. Trusting to this prophecy, and alarmed thereat, King Pālaka has taken him from his hamlet, and thrown him into strict confinement. Therefore be watchful, and every man at his post.”

Sharvilaka. [Listening.] What! King Pālaka has imprisoned my good friend Aryaka? And here I am, a married man. Confound it! But no,

Two things alone—his friend, his wife—
Deserve man’s love below;
A hundred brides may forfeit life
Ere he should suffer so.

25

Good! I will get out. [*He does so.*]

Madanikā. [Folding her hands. Tearfully.] My lord, if you must, at least bring me first to your parents.

Sharvilaka. Yes, my love, I will. I had the same thought in mind. [To the servant.] My good fellow, do you know the house of the merchant Rebhila?

Servant. Certainly.

Sharvilaka. Bring my wife thither.

Servant. Yes, sir.

Madanikā. If you desire it, dear. But dear, you must be very careful. [*Exit.*]

¹ That is to say, You are now a legal wife, while I am still a courtesan.

they flutter in the breeze and seem to invite me to enter. Both sides are decorated with holiday water-jars of crystal, which are charming with their bright-green mango twigs, and are set at the foot of the pillars that sustain the portal. The doors are of gold, thickly set with diamonds as hard to pierce as a giant's breast. It actually wearies a poor devil's envy. Yes, Vasantasenā's house-door is a beautiful thing. Really, it forcibly challenges the attention of a man who does n't care about such things.

Maid. Come, sir, and enter the first court.

Maitreya. [Enters and looks about.] Well! Here in the first court are rows of balconies brilliant as the moon, or as sea-shells, or as lotus-stalks; whitened by handfuls of powder strewn over them; gleaming with golden stairways inlaid with all sorts of gems: they seem to gaze down on Ujjayinī with their round faces, the crystal windows, from which strings of pearls are dangling. The porter sits there and snoozes as comfortably as a professor. The crows which they tempt with rice-gruel and curdled milk will not eat the offering, because they can't distinguish it from the mortar. Show me the way, madam.

Maid. Come, sir, and enter the second court.

Maitreya. [Enters and looks about.] Well! Here in the second court the cart-bullocks are tied. They grow fat on mouthfuls of grass and pulse-stalks which are brought them, right and left, by everybody. Their horns are smeared with oil. And here is another, a buffalo, snorting like a gentleman insulted. And here is a ram¹ having his neck rubbed, like a prize-fighter after the fight. And here are others, horses having their manes put in shape. And here in a stall is another, a monkey, tied fast like a thief. [He looks in another direction.] And here is an elephant, taking from his drivers a cake of rice and drippings and oil. Show me the way, madam.

Maid. Come, sir, and enter the third court.

Maitreya. [Enters and looks about.] Well! Here in the third court

¹ "Rams in India are commonly trained to fight." WILSON.

are these seats, prepared for young gentlemen to sit on. A half-read book is lying on the gaming-table. And the table itself has its own dice, made out of gems. And here, again, are courtezans and old hangers-on at court, past masters in the war and peace of love, wandering about and holding in their fingers pictures painted in many colors. Show me the way, madam.

Maid. Come, sir, and enter the fourth court.

Maitreya. [Enters and looks about.] Well! Here in the fourth court the drums that maiden fingers beat are booming like the thunder; the cymbals are falling, as the stars fall from heaven when their merit is exhausted;¹ the pipe is discoursing music as sweet as the humming of bees. And here, again, is a lute that somebody is holding on his lap like a girl who is excited by jealousy and love, and he is stroking it with his fingers. And here, again, are courtezan girls that sing as charmingly as honey-drunken bees, and they are made to dance and recite a drama with love in it. And water-coolers are hanging in the windows so as to catch the breeze. Show me the way, madam.

Maid. Come, sir, and enter the fifth court.

Maitreya. [Enters and looks about.] Well! Here in the fifth court the overpowering smell of asafetida and oil is attractive enough to make a poor devil's mouth water. The kitchen is kept hot all the time, and the gusts of steam, laden with all sorts of good smells, seem like sighs issuing from its mouth-like doors. The smell of the preparation of all kinds of foods and sauces makes me smack my lips. And here, again, is a butcher's boy washing a mess of chitterlings as if it were an old loin-cloth. The cook is preparing every kind of food. Sweetmeats are being constructed, cakes are being baked. [To himself.] I wonder if I am to get a chance to wash my feet and an invitation to eat what I can hold. [He looks in another direction.] There are courtezans and bastard pages,

¹ Virtuous souls after death may become stars; but when their stellar happiness equals the sum of their acquired merit, they fall to earth again.

adorned with any number of jewels, just like Gandharvas¹ and Apsarases.² Really, this house is heaven. Tell me, who are you bastards anyway?

Pages. Why, we are bastard pages—

Petted in a stranger's court,
Fed on stranger's food,
Stranger's money makes us sport—
Not so very good.
Stranger women gave us birth,
Stranger men begot;
Baby elephants in mirth,
We're a bastard lot.

28

Maitreya. Show me the way, madam.

Maid. Come, sir, and enter the sixth court.

Maitreya. [Enters and looks about.] Well! Here in the sixth court they are working in gold and jewels. The arches set with sapphires look as if they were the home of the rainbow. The jewelers are testing the lapis lazuli, the pearls, the corals, the topazes, the sapphires, the cat's-eyes, the rubies, the emeralds, and all the other kinds of gems. Rubies are being set in gold. Golden ornaments are being fashioned. Pearls are being strung on a red cord. Pieces of lapis lazuli are being cleverly polished. Shells are being pierced. Corals are being ground. Wet bundles of saffron are being dried. Musk is being moistened. Sandalwood is being ground to make sandal-water. Perfumes are being compounded. Betel-leaves and camphor are being given to courtesans and their lovers. Coquettish glances are being exchanged. Laughter is going on. Wine is being drunk incessantly with sounds of glee. Here are men-servants, here are maid-servants, and here are men who forget child and wife and money. When the courtesans, who have drunk the wine from the liquor-jars, give them the mitten, they drink. Show me the way, madam.

¹ The choristers of heaven.

² The nymphs of heaven.

[*He looks in another direction.*] But madam, who is that in the expansive garment, sitting on the throne? She has shoes on her greasy feet.

Maid. Sir, that is my mistress' mother.

Maitreya. Lord! What an extensive belly the dirty old witch has got! I suppose they could n't put that superb portal on the house till after they had brought the idol in?

Maid. Rascal! You must not make fun of our mother so. She is pining away under a quartan ague.

Maitreya. [Bursts out laughing.] O thou blessed quartan ague! Look thou upon a Brahman, even upon me, with this thy favor!

Maid. Rascal! May death strike you.

Maitreya. [Bursts out laughing.] Why, wench, a pot-belly like that is better dead.

Drinking brandy, rum, and wine,
Mother fell extremely ill.
If mother now should peak and pine,
A jackal-pack would have its fill.

30

Well, I have seen Vasantasenā's palace with its many incidents and its eight courts, and really, it seems as if I had seen the triple heaven in a nut-shell. I have n't the eloquence to praise it. Is this the house of a courtezan, or a piece of Kubera's¹ palace? Where's your mistress?

Maid. She is here in the orchard. Enter, sir.

Maitreya. [Enters and looks about.] Well! What a beautiful orchard! There are any number of trees planted here, and they are covered with the most wonderful flowers. Silken swings are hung under the thick-set trees, just big enough for a girl to sit in. The golden jasmine, the shephālikā, the white jasmine, the jessamine, the navamallikā, the amaranth, the spring creeper, and all the other flowers have fallen of themselves, and really, it makes Indra's hea-

¹ The god of wealth.

ven look dingy. [*He looks in another direction.*] And the pond here looks like the morning twilight, for the lilies and red lotuses are as splendid as the rising sun. And again:

The ashoka-tree, whose twigs so merry
And crimson flowers have just appeared,
Seems like a battling mercenary,
With clotting crimson gore besmeared.

31

Good! Now where's your mistress?

Maid. If you would stop star-gazing, sir, you would see her.

Maitreya. [*Perceives Vasantasenā and approaches.*] Heaven bless you!

Vasantasenā. [*Speaking in Sanskrit.¹*] Ah, Maitreya! [*Rising.*] You are very welcome. Here is a seat. Pray be seated.

Maitreya. When you are seated, madam. [*They both seat themselves.*]

Vasantasenā. Is the merchant's son well?

Maitreya. Well, madam.

Vasantasenā. Tell me, good Maitreya,

Do friends, like birds, yet seek a shelter free
Beneath the modest boughs of this fair tree,
Whose leaves are virtues, confidence its root,
Its blossoms honor, good its precious fruit?

32

Maitreya. [*Aside.*] A good description by a naughty woman.

[*Aloud.*] They do, indeed.

Vasantasenā. Tell me, what is the purpose of your coming?

Maitreya. Listen, madam. The excellent Chārudatta folds his hands² and requests—

Vasantasenā. [*Folding her hands.*] And commands

Maitreya. He says he imagined that that golden casket was his own and gambled it away. And nobody knows where the gambling-

¹ This shows the excellence of Vasantasenā's education. Women, as an almost invariable rule, speak Prākrit.

² A gesture of respectful entreaty.

master has gone, for he is employed in the king's business.

Maid. Mistress, I congratulate you. The gentleman has turned gambler.

Vasantasenā. [Aside.] It was stolen by a thief, and he is so proud that he says he gambled it away. I love him for that.

Maitreya. He requests that you will therefore be good enough to accept in its place this necklace of pearls.

Vasantasenā. [Aside.] Shall I show him the jewels? [Reflecting.] No, not yet.

Maitreya. Why don't you take this necklace?

Vasantasenā. [Laughs and looks at her friend.] Why should I not take the necklace, Maitreya? [She takes it and lays it away. Aside.] How is it possible that drops of honey fall from the mango-tree, even after its blossoms are gone? [Aloud.] Sir, pray tell the worthy gambler Chārudatta in my name that I shall pay him a visit this evening.

Maitreya. [Aside.] What else does she expect to get out of a visit to our house? [Aloud.] Madam, I will tell him—[aside] to have nothing more to do with this courtezan. [Exit.]

Vasantasenā. Take these jewels, girl. Let us go and bring cheer to Chārudatta.

Maid. But mistress, see! An untimely storm is gathering.

Vasant. The clouds may come, the rain may fall forever,

The night may blacken in the sky above;
For this I care not, nor I will not waver;
My heart is journeying to him I love.

33

Take the necklace, girl, and come quickly.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

In thousand forms the tumbling clouds embrace,
Though torn by winds, they gather, interlace,
And paint the ample canvas of the sky.

5

The sky is black as Dhritarāshtra's face;
Proud as the champion of Kuru's race,
The haughty peacock shrills his joy abroad;
The cuckoo, in Yudhishtira's sad case,
Is forced to wander if he would not die;
The swans must leave their forest-homes and fly,
Like Pāndu's sons, to seek an unknown place.

6

[*Reflecting.*] It is long since Maitreya went to visit Vasantasenā.
And even yet he does not come. [Enter Maitreya.]

Maitreya. Confound the courtezan's avarice and her incivility! To think of her making so short a story of it! Over and over she repeats something about the affection she feels, and then without more ado she pockets the necklace. She is rich enough so that she might at least have said: "Good Maitreya, rest a little. You must not go until you have had a cup to drink." Confound the courtezan! I hope I'll never set eyes on her again. [*Wearily.*] The proverb is right. "It is hard to find a lotus-plant without a root, a merchant who never cheats, a goldsmith who never steals, a village-gathering without a fight, and a courtezan without avarice." Well, I'll find my friend and persuade him to have nothing more to do with this courtezan. [*He walks about until he discovers Chārudatta.*] Ah, my good friend is sitting in the orchard. I'll go to him. [*Approaching.*] Heaven bless you! May happiness be yours.

Chārudatta. [*Looking up.*] Ah, my friend Maitreya has returned. You are very welcome, my friend. Pray be seated.

Maitreya. Thank you.

Chārudatta. Tell me of your errand, my friend.

Maitreya. My errand went all wrong.

Chārudatta. What! did she not accept the necklace?

Maitreya. How could we expect such a piece of luck? She put her lotus-tender hands to her brow,¹ and took it.

Chārudatta. Then why do you say “went wrong”?

Maitreya. Why not, when we lost a necklace that was the pride of the four seas for a cheap golden casket, that was stolen before we had a bite or a drink out of it?

Chārudatta. Not so, my friend.

She showed her trust in leaving us her treasure;

The price of confidence has no less measure. 7

Maitreya. Now look here! I have a second grievance. She tipped her friend the wink, covered her face with the hem of her dress, and laughed at me. And so, Brahman though I am, I hereby fall on my face before you and beg you not to have anything more to do with this courtezan. That sort of society does any amount of damage. A courtezan is like a pebble in your shoe. It hurts before you get rid of it. And one thing more, my friend. A courtezan, an elephant, a scribe, a mendicant friar, a swindler, and an ass—where these dwell, not even rogues are born.

Chārudatta. Oh, my friend, a truce to all your detraction! My poverty of itself prevents me. For consider:

The horse would gladly hasten here and there,

But his legs fail him, for his breath departs.

So men’s vain wishes wander everywhere,

Then, weary grown, return into their hearts. 8

Then too, my friend:

If wealth is thine, the maid is thine,

For maids are won by gold;

[*Aside.* And not by virtue cold. *Aloud.*]

But wealth is now no longer mine,

And her I may not hold. 9

¹ A gesture of respect.

Maitreya. [Looks down. Aside.] From the way he looks up and sighs, I conclude that my effort to distract him has simply increased his longing. The proverb is right. "You can't reason with a lover." [Aloud.] Well, she told me to tell you that she would have to come here this evening. I suppose she is n't satisfied with the necklace and is coming to look for something else.

Chārudatta. Let her come, my friend. She shall not depart unsatisfied. [Enter *Kumbhilaka.*]

Kumbhilaka. Listen, good people.

The more it rains in sheets,
The more my skin gets wet;
The more the cold wind beats,
The more I shake and fret.

10

[*He bursts out laughing.*]

I make the sweet flute speak from seven holes,
I make the loud lute speak on seven strings;
In singing, I essay the donkey's rôles:
No god can match my music when he sings.

11

My mistress Vasantasenā said to me "Kumbhilaka, go and tell Chārudatta that I am coming." So here I am, on my way to Chārudatta's house. [*He walks about, and, as he enters, discovers Chārudatta.*] Here is Chārudatta in the orchard. And here is that wretched jackanapes, too. Well, I'll go up to them. What! the orchard-gate is shut? Good! I'll give this jackanapes a hint. [*He throws lumps of mud.*]

Maitreya. Well! Who is this pelting me with mud, as if I were an apple-tree inside of a fence?

Chārudatta. Doubtless the pigeons that play on the roof of the garden-house.

Maitreya. Wait a minute, you confounded pigeon! With this stick I'll bring you down from the roof to the ground, like an over-ripe mango. [*He raises his stick and starts to run.*]

Chārudatta. You fool, in spring, in *vasanta*.

Maitreya. [Returns to *Kumbhilaka*.] You fool, in spring, in *vasanta*.

Kumbhilaka. Now I'll give you another. Who guards thriving villages?

Maitreya. Why, the guard.

Kumbhilaka. [Laughing.] Wrong!

Maitreya. Well, I'm stuck. [Reflecting.] Good! I'll ask Chārudatta again. [He returns and puts the question to Chārudatta.]

Chārudatta. The army, my friend, the *senā*.

Maitreya. [Comes back to *Kumbhilaka*.] The army, you jackass, the *senā*.

Kumbhilaka. Now put the two together and say 'em fast.

Maitreya. *Senā-vasanta*.

Kumbhilaka. Say it turned around.

Maitreya. [Turns around.] *Senā-vasanta*.

Kumbhilaka. You fool! you jackanapes! Turn the parts of the thing around!

Maitreya. [Turns his feet around.] *Senā-vasanta*.

Kumbhilaka. You fool! Turn the parts of the word around!

Maitreya. [After reflection.] *Vasanta-senā*.

Kumbhilaka. She's here.

Maitreya. Then I must tell Chārudatta. [Approaching.] Well, Chārudatta, your creditor is here.

Chārudatta. How should a creditor come into my family?

Maitreya. Not in the family perhaps, but at the door. *Vasantasenā* is here.

Chārudatta. Why do you deceive me, my friend?

Maitreya. If you can't trust me, then ask *Kumbhilaka* here. *Kumbhilaka*, you jackass, come here.

Kumbhilaka. [Approaching.] I salute you, sir.

Chārudatta. You are welcome, my good fellow. Tell me, is Vasantasenā really here?

Kumbhilaka. Yes, she's here. Vasantasenā is here.

Chārudatta. [Joyfully.] My good fellow, I have never let the bearer of welcome news go unrewarded. Take this as your recompense. [He gives him his mantle.]

Kumbhilaka. [Takes it and bows. Gleefully.] I'll tell my mistress.
[Exit.]

Maitreya. Do you see why she comes in a storm like this?

Chārudatta. I do not quite understand, my friend.

Maitreya. I know. She has an idea that the pearl necklace is cheap, and the golden casket expensive. She is n't satisfied, and she has come to look for something more.

Chārudatta. [Aside.] She shall not depart unsatisfied.

[Then enter the love-lorn Vasantasenā, in a splendid garment, fit for a woman who goes to meet her lover, a maid with an umbrella, and the courtier.]

Courtier. [Referring to Vasantasenā.]

Lakshmi¹ without the lotus-flower is she,

Loveliest arrow of god Kāma's bow,²

The sweetest blossom on love's magic tree.

See how she moves, so gracefully and slow!

In passion's hour she still loves modesty;

In her, good wives their dearest sorrow know.

When passion's drama shall enacted be,

When on love's stage appears the passing show,

A host of wanderers shall bend them low,

Glad to be slaves in such captivity.

¹ The goddess of wealth and beauty, usually represented with a lotus.

² Kāma's (Cupid's) arrows are flowers.

See, Vasantasenā, see!

The clouds hang drooping to the mountain peaks,
Like a maiden's heart, that distant lover seeks:
The peacocks startle, when the thunder booms,
And fan the heaven with all their jeweled plumes.

13

And again:

Mud-stained, and pelted by the streaming rain,
To drink the falling drops the frogs are fain;
Full-throated peacocks love's shrill passion show,
And nīpa flowers like brilliant candles glow;
Unfaithful clouds obscure the hostage moon,
Like knaves, unworthy of so dear a boon;
Like some poor maid of better breeding bare,
The impatient lightning rests not anywhere.

14

*Vasantasenā.*¹ Sir, what you say is most true. For
The night, an angry rival, bars my way;
Her thunders fain would check and hinder me:
“Fond fool! with him I love thou shalt not stay,
'T is I, 't is I, he loves,” she seems to say,
“Nor from my swelling bosom shall he flee.”

15

Courtier. Yes, yes. That is right. Scold the night.

Vasantasenā. And yet, sir, why scold one who is so ignorant of woman's nature? For you must remember:

The clouds may rain, may thunder ne'er so bold,
May flash the lightning from the sky above;
That woman little recks of heat or cold,
Who journeys to her love.

16

Courtier. But see, Vasantasenā! Another cloud,

Sped by the fickle fury of the air—
A flood of arrows in his rushing streams,
His drum, the roaring thunder's mighty blare,
His banner, living lightning's awful gleams—

¹ Throughout this scene, Vasantasenā's verses are in Sanskrit. Compare note 1 on page 73.

At Indra's bidding, pour their streams,
Until with silver cords it seems
That earth is linked with sky.

21

And look yonder!

As herds of buffaloes the clouds are black;
The winds deny them ease;
They fly on lightning wings and little lack
Of seeming troubled seas.

Smitten with falling drops, the fragrant sod,
Upon whose bosom greenest grasses nod,
Seems pierced with pearls, each pearl an arrowy rod.

22

Vasantasenā. And here is yet another cloud.

The peacock's shrill-voiced cry
Implores it to draw nigh;
And ardent cranes on high
Embrace it lovingly.

The wistful swans espy
The lotus-sweeter sky;
The darkest colors lie
On heaven clinging.

23

Courtier. True. For see!

A thousand lotuses that bloom by night,
A thousand blooming when the day is bright,
Nor close nor ope their eyes to heaven's sight;
There is no night nor day.

The face of heaven, thus shrouded in the night,
Is only for a single instant bright,
When momentary lightning gives us sight;
Else is it dark alway.

Now sleeps the world as still as in the night
Within the house of rain where naught is bright,

Where hosts of swollen clouds seem to our sight
One covering veil of gray. 24

Vasantasenā. True. And see!

The stars are lost like mercies given
To men of evil heart;
Like lonely-parted wives, the heaven
Sees all her charms depart.
And, molten in the cruel heat
Of Indra's bolt, it seems
As if the sky fell at our feet
In liquid, flowing streams. 25

And yet again:

The clouds first darkly rise, then darkly fall,
Send forth their floods of rain, and thunder all;
Assuming postures strange and manifold,
Like men but newly blest with wealth untold. 26

Courtier. True.

The heaven is radiant with the lightning's glare;
Its laughter is the cry of myriad cranes;
Its voice, the bolts that whistle through the air;
Its dance, that bow whose arrows are the rains.
It staggers at the winds, and seems to smoke
With clouds, which form its black and snaky cloak. 27

Vasantasenā. O shameless, shameless sky!

To thunder thus, while I
To him I love draw nigh.

Why do thy thunders frighten me and pain?
Why am I seized upon by hands of rain? 28

O Indra, mighty Indra!

Did I then give thee of my love before,
That now thy clouds like mighty lions roar?
Ah no! Thou shouldst not send thy streaming rain,
To fill my journey to my love with pain. 29

Remember:

For Ahalyā's sweet sake thou once didst lie;
 Thou knowest lover's pain.
 As thou didst suffer then, now suffer I;
 O cruel, cease thy rain.

30

And yet:

Thunder and rain and lighten hundredfold
 Forth from thy sky above;
 The woman canst thou not delay nor hold
 Who journeys to her love.

31

Let thunders roar, for men were cruel ever;
 But oh, thou maiden lightning! didst thou never
 Know pains that maidens know?

32

Courtier. But mistress, do not scold the lightning. She is your friend,

This golden cord that trembles on the breast
 Of great Airāvata;¹ upon the crest
 Of rocky hills this banner all ablaze;
 This lamp in Indra's palace; but most blest
 As telling where your most belovèd stays.

33

Vasantasenā. And here, sir, is his house.

Courtier. You know all the arts, and need no instruction now. Yet love bids me prattle. When you enter here, you must not show yourself too angry.

Where anger is, there love is not;
 Or no! except for anger hot,
 There is no love.
 Be angry! make him angry then!
 Be kind! and make him kind again—
 The man you love.

34

So much for that. Who is there? Let Chārudatta know, that

¹ The elephant of Indra. Indra is the god of the thunderstorm.

Maid. "Gambler, what luck this evening?"

Vasantasenā. Shall I dare to say it?

Maid. When the time comes, it will say itself.

Maitreya. Enter, madam.

Vasantasenā. [Enters, approaches Chārudatta, and strikes him with the flowers which she holds.] Well, gambler, what luck this evening?

Chārudatta. [Discovers her.] Ah, Vasantasenā is here. [He rises joyfully.] Oh, my belovèd,

My evenings pass in watching ever,
My nights from sighs are never free;
This evening cannot else than sever—
In bringing you—my grief and me.

37

You are very, very welcome. Here is a seat. Pray be seated.

Maitreya. Here is a seat. Be seated, madam. [Vasantasenā sits, then the others.]

Chārudatta. But see, my friend,

The dripping flower that decks her ear, droops down,
And one sweet breast
Anointed is, like a prince who wears the crown,
With ointment blest.

38

My friend, Vasantasenā's garments are wet. Let other, and most beautiful, garments be brought.

Maitreya. Yes, sir.

Maid. Good Maitreya, do you stay here. I will wait upon my mistress. [She does so.]

Maitreya. [Aside to Chārudatta.] My friend, I'd just like to ask the lady a question.

Chārudatta. Then do so.

Maitreya. [Aloud.] Madam, what made you come here, when it is so stormy and dark that you can't see the moon?

Maid. Mistress, the Brahman is very plain-spoken.

Vasantasenā. You might better call him clever.

Maid. My mistress came to ask how much that pearl necklace is worth.

Maitreya. [Aside to Chārudatta.] There! I told you so. She thinks the pearl necklace is cheap, and the golden casket is expensive. She is n't satisfied. She has come to look for something more.

Maid. For my mistress imagined that it was her own, and gambled it away. And nobody knows where the gambling-master has gone, for he is employed in the king's business.

Maitreya. Madam, you are simply repeating what somebody said before.

Maid. While we are looking for him, pray take this golden casket. [She displays the casket. Maitreya hesitates.] Sir, you examine it very closely. Did you ever see it before?

Maitreya. No, madam, but the skilful workmanship captivates the eye.

Maid. Your eyes deceive you, sir. This is the golden casket.

Maitreya. [Joyfully.] Well, my friend, here is the golden casket, the very one that thieves stole from our house.

Chārudatta. My friend,

The artifice we tried before,
Her stolen treasure to restore,
Is practised now on us. But no,
I cannot think 't is really so.

39

Maitreya. But it is so. I swear it on my Brahmanhood.

Chārudatta. This is welcome news.

Maitreya. [Aside to Chārudatta.] I'm going to ask where they found it.

Chārudatta. I see no harm in that.

Maitreya. [Whispers in the maid's ear.] There!

Maid. [Whispers in Maitreya's ear.] So there!

Chārudatta. What is it? and why are we left out?

Maitreya. [Whispers in *Chārudatta's* ear.] So there!

Chārudatta. My good girl, is this really the same golden casket?

Maid. Yes, sir, the very same.

Chārudatta. My good girl, I have never let the bearer of welcome news go unrewarded. Take this ring as your recompense. [*He looks at his finger, notices that the ring is gone, and betrays his embarrassment.*]

Vasantasenā. [To herself.] I love you for that.

Chārudatta. [Aside to *Maitreya*.] Alas,

When in this world a man has lost his all,
Why should he set his heart on longer life?
His angers and his favors fruitless fall,
His purposes and powers are all at strife. 40

Like wingless birds, dry pools, or withered trees,
Like fangless snakes—the poor are like to these. 41

Like man-deserted houses, blasted trees,
Like empty wells—the poor are like to these.
For them no pleasant hours serve happy ends;
They are forgotten of their sometime friends. 42

Maitreya. But you must not grieve thus beyond reason. [*He bursts out laughing. Aloud.*] Madam, please give me back my bath-clout.

Vasantasenā. *Chārudatta*, it was not right that you should show your distrust of me by sending me this pearl necklace.

Chārudatta. [With an embarrassed smile.] But remember, *Vasantasenā*,

Who will believe the truth?

Suspicion now is sure.

This world will show no ruth

To the inglorious poor. 43

Chārudatta. Do not rebuke the storm, my friend.

Let ceaseless rain a hundred years endure,

The lightning quiver, and the thunder peal;

For what I deemed impossible is sure:

Her dear-loved arms about my neck I feel.

48

And oh, my friend,

He only knows what riches are,

Whose love comes to him from afar,

Whose arms that dearest form enfold,

While yet with rain 't is wet and cold.

49

Vasantasenā, my belovèd,

The masonry is shaken; and so old

The awning, that 't will not much longer hold.

Heavy with water is the painted wall,

From which dissolving bits of mortar fall.

50

[*He looks up.*] The rainbow! See, my belovèd, see!

See how they yawn, the cloudy jaws of heaven,

As by a tongue, by forkèd lightning riven;

And to the sky great Indra's fiery bow

In lieu of high-uplifted arms is given.

51

Come, let us seek a shelter. [*He rises and walks about.*]

On palm-trees shrill,

On thickets still,

On boulders dashing,

On waters splashing,

Like a lute that, smitten, sings,

The rainy music rings.

52

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT THE SIXTH
THE SWAPPING OF THE BULLOCK-CARTS

Maid.

[Enter a maid.]

IS N'T my mistress awake yet? Well, I must go in and wake her. [She walks about. *Vasantasenā* appears, dressed, but still asleep. The maid discovers her.] It is time to get up, mistress. The morning is here.

Vasantasenā. [Awakening.] What! is the night over? is it morning?

Maid. For us it is morning. But for my mistress it appears to be night still.

Vasantasenā. But girl, where is your gambler?

Maid. Mistress, after giving Vardhamānaka his orders, Chārudatta went to the old garden Pushpakaranda.

Vasantasenā. What orders?

Maid. To have the bullock-cart ready before daylight; for, he said, *Vasantasenā* was to come

Vasantasenā. Where, girl?

Maid. Where Chārudatta is.

Vasantasenā. [Embraces the maid.] I did not have a good look at him in the evening. But to-day I shall see him face to face. Tell me, girl. Have I found my way into the inner court?

Maid. You have found your way not only into the inner court, but into the heart of every one who lives here.

Vasantasenā. Tell me, are Chārudatta's servants vexed?

Maid. They will be.

Vasantasenā. When?

Maid. When my mistress goes away.

Vasantasenā. But not so much as I shall be. [Persuasively.] Here,

girl, take this pearl necklace. You must go and give it to my lady sister, his good wife. And give her this message: "Worthy Chārudatta's virtues have won me, made me his slave, and therefore your slave also. And so I hope that these pearls may adorn your neck."

Maid. But mistress, Chārudatta will be angry with you.

Vasantasenā. Go. He will not be angry.

Maid. [Takes the necklace.] Yes, mistress. [She goes out, then returns.] Mistress, his lady wife says that her lord made you a present of it, and it would not be right for her to accept it. And further, that you are to know that her lord and husband is her most excellent adornment.

[Enter Radanikā, with Chārudatta's little son.]

Radanikā. Come, dear, let 's play with your little cart.

Rohasena. [Peevishly.] I don't like this little clay cart, Radanikā. Give me my gold cart.

Radanikā. [Sighing wearily.] How should we have anything to do with gold now, my child? When your papa is rich again, then you shall have a gold cart to play with. But I 'll amuse him by taking him to see Vasantasenā. [She approaches Vasantasenā.] Mistress, my service to you.

Vasantasenā. I am glad to see you, Radanikā. But whose little boy is this? He wears no ornaments, yet his dear little face makes my heart happy.

Radanikā. This is Chārudatta's son, Rohasena.

Vasantasenā. [Stretches out her arms.] Come, my boy, and put your little arms around me. [She takes him on her lap.] He looks just like his father.

Radanikā. More than looks like him, he *is* like him. At least I think so. His father is perfectly devoted to him.

Vasantasenā. But what is he crying about?

Radanikā. He used to play with a gold cart that belongs to the son of a neighbor. But that was taken away, and when he asked

Vasantasenā. Bring me my things, girl. I must make myself ready.
[She does so.]

[Enter, driving a bullock-cart, *Sthāvaraka*, servant to *Sansthānaka*.] *Sthāvaraka.* *Sansthānaka*, the king's brother-in-law, said to me "Take a bullock-cart, *Sthāvaraka*, and come as quick as you can to the old garden *Pushpakaranda*." Well, I'm on my way there. Get up, bullocks, get up! [He drives about and looks around.] Why, the road is blocked with villagers' carts. What am I to do now? [Haughtily.] Get out of my way, you! Get out of my way! [He listens.] What's that? you want to know whose cart this is? This cart belongs to *Sansthānaka*, the king's brother-in-law. So get out of my way—and this minute, too! [He looks about.] Why, here's a man going in the other direction as fast as he can. He is trying to hide like a runaway gambler, and he looks at me as if I were the gambling-master. I wonder who he is. But then, what business is it of mine? I must get there as soon as I can. Get out of my way, you villagers, get out of my way! What's that? you want me to wait a minute and put a shoulder to your wheel? Confound you! A brave man like me, that serves *Sansthānaka*, the king's brother-in-law, put a shoulder to your wheel? After all, the poor fellow is quite alone. I'll do it. I'll stop my cart at the side-door to *Chārudatta*'s orchard. [He does so.] I'm coming! [Exit. *Maid.* Mistress, I think I hear the sound of wheels. The cart must be here.]

Vasantasenā. Come, girl. My heart grows impatient. Go with me to the side-door.

Maid. Follow me, mistress.

Vasantasenā. [Walks about.] You have earned a rest, girl.

Maid. Thank you, mistress.

[Exit.]

Vasantasenā. [Feels her right eye twitch¹ as she enters the cart.]

¹ A bad omen, in the case of a woman.

Why should my right eye twitch now? But the sight of Chāru-datta will smooth away the bad omen. [Enter *Sthāvaraka*.]

Sthāvaraka. I've cleared the carts out of the way, and now I'll go ahead. [He mounts and drives away. To himself.] The cart has grown heavy. But I suppose it only seems so, because I got tired helping them with that wheel. Well, I'll go along. Get up, bullocks, get up!

A voice behind the scenes. Police! Police! Every man at his post! The young herdsman has just broken jail, killed the jailer, broken his fetters, escaped, and run away. Catch him! Catch him!

[Enter, in excited haste, *Aryaka*, an iron chain on one foot. Covering his face, he walks about.]

Sthāvaraka. [To himself.] There is great excitement in the city. I must get out of the way as fast as I possibly can. [Exit.]

Aryaka. I leave behind me that accursèd sea

Of human woe and human misery,

The prison of the king.

Like elephants that break their chains and flee,

I drag a fettered foot most painfully

In flight and wandering. 1

King Pālaka was frightened by a prophecy, took me from the hamlet where I lived, fettered me, and thrust me into a solitary cell, there to await my death. But with the help of my good friend Sharvilaka I escaped. [He sheds tears.]

If such my fate, no sin is mine at least,

That he should cage me like a savage beast.

A man may fight with kings, though not with fate—

And yet, can helpless men contend with great? 2

Whither shall I go with my wretchedness? [He looks about.] Here is the house of some good man who has n't locked the side-door.

The house is old, the door without a lock,

The hinges all awry.

Some man, no doubt, who feels misfortune's shock
As cruelly as I.

3

I will enter here and wait.

A voice behind the scenes. Get up, bullocks, get up!

Aryaka. [Listening.] Ah, a bullock-cart is coming this way.

If this should prove to be a picnic rig,
Its occupants not peevishly inclined;
Some noble lady's waiting carriage trig;
Or rich man's coach, that leaves the town behind—
And if it empty be, fate proving kind,
'T would seem a godsend to my anxious mind.

4

[Enter *Vardhamānaka* with the bullock-cart.]

Vardhamānaka. There, I've got the cushion. Radanikā, tell mistress Vasantasenā that the cart is ready and waiting for her to get in and drive to the old garden Pushpakaranda.

Aryaka. [Listening.] This is a courtezan's cart, going out of the city. Good, I'll climb in. [He approaches cautiously.]

Vardhamānaka. [Hears him coming.] Ah, the tinkling of ankle-rings! The lady is here. Mistress, the nose-rope makes the bullocks skittish. You had better climb in behind. [*Aryaka does so.*] The ankle-rings tinkle only when the feet are moving, and the sound has ceased. Besides, the cart has grown heavy. I am sure the lady must have climbed in by this time. I'll go ahead. Get up, bullocks, get up! [He drives about. Enter *Vīraka*.]

Vīraka. Come, come! Jaya, Jayamāna, Chandanaka, Mangala, Phullabhadra, and the rest of you!

So calm, when the herdsman, slipping his tether,
Breaks jail and the heart of the king together?

Here! You stand at the east gate of the main street, you at the west, you at the south, you at the north. I'll climb up the broken wall here with Chandanaka and take a look. Come on, Chandanaka, come on! This way! [Enter *Chandanaka*, in excitement.]

5

Chandanaka. Certainly.

Vîraka. On whose authority?

Chandanaka. On Chârudatta's.

Vîraka. Who is Chârudatta, or who is Vasantasenâ, that the cart should pass without inspection?

Chandanaka. Don't you know Chârudatta, man? nor Vasantasenâ? If you don't know Chârudatta, nor Vasantasenâ, then you don't know the moon in heaven, nor the moonlight.

Who does n't know this moon of goodness, virtue's lotus-flower,

This gem of four broad seas, this savior in man's luckless hour?

13

These two are wholly worshipful, our city's ornaments, Vasantasenâ, Chârudatta, sea of excellence.

14

Vîraka. Well, well, Chandanaka! Chârudatta? Vasantasenâ?

I know them perfectly, as well as I know anything;

But I do not know my father when I 'm serving of my king. 15

Aryaka. [To himself.] In a former existence the one must have been my enemy, the other my kinsman. For see!

Their business is the same; their ways

Unlike, and their desire:

Like flames that gladden wedding days,

And flames upon the pyre.

16

Chandanaka. You are a most careful captain whom the king trusts. I am holding the bullocks. Make your inspection.

Vîraka. You too are a corporal whom the king trusts. Make the inspection yourself.

Chandanaka. If I make the inspection, that 's just the same as if you had made it?

Vîraka. If you make the inspection, that 's just the same as if King Pâlaka had made it.

Chandanaka. Lift the pole, man! [*Vardhamānaka* does so.]

Aryaka. [To himself.] Are the policemen about to inspect me? And I have no sword, worse luck! But at least,

Bold Bhīma's spirit I will show;

My arm shall be my sword.

Better a warrior's death than woe

That cells and chains afford.

17

But the time to use force has not yet come. [*Chandanaka enters the cart and looks about.*] I seek your protection.

Chandanaka. [Speaking in Sanskrit.] He who seeks protection shall be safe.

Aryaka. Whene'er he fight, that man will suffer hurts,

Will be abandoned of his friends and kin,

Becomes a mock forever, who deserts

One seeking aid; 't is an unpardonable sin.

18

Chandanaka. What! the herdsman Aryaka? Like a bird that flees from a hawk, he has fallen into the hand of the fowler. [Reflecting.] He is no sinner, this man who seeks my protection and sits in Chārudatta's cart. Besides, he is the friend of good Sharvilaka, who saved my life. On the other hand, there are the king's orders. What is a man to do in a case like this? Well, what must be, must be. I promised him my protection just now.

He who gives aid to frightened men,

And joys his neighbor's ills to cure,

If he must die, he dies; but then,

His reputation is secure.

19

[*He gets down uneasily.*] I saw the gentleman—[correcting himself] I mean, the lady Vasantasenā, and she says "Is it proper, is it gentlemanly, when I am going to visit Chārudatta, to insult me on the highway?"

Viraka. Chandanaka, I have my suspicions.

Chandanaka. Suspicions? How so?

Vīr. You gurgled in your craven throat; it seems a trifle shady.
 You said "I saw the gentleman," and then "I saw the lady."
 That's why I'm not satisfied.

Chandanaka. What's the matter with you, man? We southerners don't speak plain. We know a thousand dialects of the barbarians—the Khashas, the Khattis, the Kadas, the Kadatthobilas, the Karnātas, the Karnas, the Prāvaranas, the Drāvidas, the Cholas, the Chīnas, the Barbaras, the Kheras, the Khānas, the Mukhas, the Madhughātas, and all the rest of 'em, and it all depends on the way we feel whether we say "he" or "she," "gentleman" or "lady."

Vīraka. Can't I have a look, too? It's the king's orders. And the king trusts me.

Chandanaka. I suppose the king does n't trust *me*!

Vīraka. Is n't it His Majesty's command?

Chandanaka. [Aside.] If people knew that the good herdsman escaped in Chārudatta's cart, then the king would make Chārudatta suffer for it. What's to be done? [Reflecting.] I'll stir up a quarrel the way they do down in the Carnatic. [Aloud.] Well, Vīraka, I made one inspection myself—my name is Chandanaka—and you want to do it over again. Who are you?

Vīraka. Confound it! Who are you, anyway?

Chandanaka. An honorable and highly respectable person, and you don't remember your own family.

Vīraka. [Angrily.] Confound you! What is my family?

Chandanaka. Who speaks of such things?

Vīraka. Speak!

Chandanaka. I think I'd better not.

I know your family, but I won't say;
 'T would not be modest, such things to betray;
 What good's a rotten apple anyway?

21

Vīraka. Speak, speak! [*Chandanaka makes a significant gesture.*] Confound you! What does that mean?

Aryaka. [Takes it. Joyfully to himself.]

A sword, a sword! My right eye twitches fast.¹

Now all is well, and I am safe at last.

24

Chandanaka. Madam,

As I have given you a passage free,
So may I live within your memory.

To utter this, no selfish thoughts could move;
Ah no, I speak in plenitude of love.

25

Aryaka. Chandanaka is rich in virtues pure;

My friend is he—Fate willed it—true and tried.

I'll not forget Chandanaka, be sure,

What time the oracle is justified.

26

Chand. May Shiva, Vishnu, Brahma, Three in One,

Protect thee, and the Moon, and blessed Sun;

Slay all thy foes, as mighty Pārvatī

Slew Shumba and Nishumba—fearfully.

27

[*Exit Vardhamānaka, with the bullock-cart. Chandanaka looks toward the back of the stage.*] Aha! As he goes away, my good friend Sharvilaka is following him. Well, I've made an enemy of Vīraka, the chief constable and the king's favorite; so I think I too had better be following him, with all my sons and brothers.

[*Exit.*

¹ A good omen, in the case of a man.

ACT THE SEVENTH

ARYAKA'S ESCAPE

Maitreya. [Enter Chārudatta and Maitreya]

HOW beautiful the old garden Pushpakaranda is.

Chārudatta. You are quite right, my friend. For see!

The trees, like merchants, show their wares;

Each several tree his blossoms bears,

While bees, like officers, are flitting,

To take from each what toll is fitting.

1

Maitreya. This simple stone is very attractive. Pray be seated.

Chārudatta. [Seats himself.] How Vardhamānaka lingers, my friend!

Maitreya. I told Vardhamānaka to bring Vasantasenā and come as quickly as he could.

Chārudatta. Why then does he linger?

Is he delayed by some slow-moving load?

Has he returned with broken wheel or traces?

Obstructions bid him seek another road?

His bullocks, or himself, choose these slow paces? 2

[Enter Vardhamānaka with the bullock-cart, in which Aryaka lies hidden.]

Vardhamānaka. Get up, bullocks, get up!

Aryaka. [Aside.]

And still I fear the spies that serve the king;

Escape is even yet a doubtful thing,

While to my foot these cursed fetters cling.

Some good man 't is, within whose cart I lie,

Like cuckoo chicks, whose heartless mothers fly,

And crows must rear the fledglings, or they die. 3

I have come a long distance from the city. Shall I get out of the

cart and seek a hiding-place in the grove? or shall I wait to see the owner of the cart? On second thoughts, I will not hide myself in the grove; for men say that the noble Chārudatta is ever helpful to them that seek his protection. I will not go until I have seen him face to face.

'T will bring contentment to that good man's heart
To see me rescued from misfortune's sea.
This body, in its suffering, pain, and smart,
Is saved through his sweet magnanimity. 4

Vardhamānaka. Here is the garden. I'll drive in. [*He does so.*] Maitreya!

Maitreya. Good news, my friend. It is Vardhamānaka's voice. Vasantasenā must have come.

Chārudatta. Good news, indeed.

Maitreya. You son of a slave, what makes you so late?

Vardhamānaka. Don't get angry, good Maitreya. I remembered that I had forgotten the cushion, and I had to go back for it, and that is why I am late.

Chārudatta. Turn the cart around, Vardhamānaka. Maitreya, my friend, help Vasantasenā to get out.

Maitreya. Has she got fetters on her feet, so that she can't get out by herself? [*He rises and lifts the curtain of the cart.*] Why, this is n't mistress Vasantasenā—this is Mister Vasantaseṇa.

Chārudatta. A truce to your jests, my friend. Love cannot wait. I will help her to get out myself. [*He rises.*]

Aryaka. [*Discovers him.*] Ah, the owner of the bullock-cart! He is attractive not only to the ears of men, but also to their eyes. Thank heaven! I am safe.

Chārudatta. [*Enters the bullock-cart and discovers Aryaka.*] Who then is this?

As trunk of elephant his arms are long,
His chest is full, his shoulders broad and strong,

where men seek pleasure, a bullock-cart will excite no suspicion.
Continue your journey then in the cart.

Aryaka. I thank you, sir.

Chārud. Seek now thy kinsmen. Happiness be thine!

Aryaka. Ah, I have found thee, blessed kinsman mine!

Chārud. Remember me, when thou hast cause to speak.

Aryaka. Thy name, and not mine own, my words shall seek.

Chārud. May the immortal gods protect thy ways!

Aryaka. Thou didst protect me, in most perilous days.

Chārud. Nay, it was fate that sweet protection lent.

Aryaka. But thou wast chosen as fate's instrument. 7

Chārudatta. King Pālaka is aroused, and protection will prove difficult. You must depart at once.

Aryaka. Until we meet again, farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Chārud. From royal wrath I now have much to fear;

It were unwise for me to linger here.

Then throw the fetters in the well; for spies

Serve to their king as keen, far-seeing eyes. 8

[*His left eye twitches.*] Maitreya, my friend, I long to see Vasanta-senā. For now, because

I have not seen whom I love best,
My left eye twitches; and my breast
Is causeless-anxious and distressed. 9

Come, let us go. [*He walks about.*] See! a Buddhist monk approaches, and the sight bodes ill. [*Reflecting.*] Let him enter by that path, while we depart by this. [Exit.]

ACT THE EIGHTH

THE STRANGLING OF VASANTASENA

[Enter a monk, with a wet garment in his hand.]
Monk.

YE ignorant, lay by a store of virtue!

Restrain the belly; watch eternally,

Heeding the beat of contemplation's¹ drum.

For else the senses—fearful thieves they be—

Will steal away all virtue's hoarded sum. 1

And further: I have seen that all things are transitory, so that now I am become the abode of virtues alone.

Who slays the Five Men,² and the Female Bane,³

By whom protection to the Town⁴ is given,

By whom the Outcaste⁵ impotent is slain,

He cannot fail to enter into heaven. 2

Though head be shorn and face be shorn,

The heart unshorn, why should man shave him?

But he whose inmost heart is shorn

Needs not the shaven head to save him. 3

I have dyed this robe of mine yellow. And now I will go into the garden of the king's brother-in-law, wash it in the pond, and go away as soon as I can. [He walks about and washes the robe.]

A voice behind the scenes. Shtop, you confounded monk, shtop!

Monk. [Discovers the speaker. Fearfully.] Heaven help me! Here is the king's brother-in-law, Sansthānaka. Just because one monk committed an offense, now, wherever he sees a monk, whether it is the same one or not, he bores a hole in his nose and drives him around like a bullock. Where shall a defenseless man find a defender? But after all, the blessed Lord Buddha is my defender.

¹ An allusion to the practice by which the Buddhists induced a state of religious ecstasy.

² The five senses. ³ Ignorance. ⁴ The body. ⁵ The conceit of individuality.

[Enter the courtier, carrying a sword, and *Sansthānaka*.]

Sansthānaka. Shtop, you confounded monk, shtop! I'll pound your head like a red radish¹ at a drinking party. [He strikes him.] *Courtier*. You jackass, you should not strike a monk who wears the yellow robes of renunciation. Why heed him? Look rather upon this garden, which offers itself to pleasure.

To creatures else forlorn, the forest trees
 Do works of mercy, granting joy and ease;
 Like a sinner's heart, the park unguarded lies,
 Like some new-founded realm, an easy prize. 4

Monk. Heaven bless you! Be merciful, servant of the Blessed One!

Sansthānaka. Did you hear that, shir? He's insulted me.

Courtier. What does he say?

Sansthānaka. Shays I'm a shervant. What do you take me for? a barber?

Courtier. A servant of the Blessed One he calls you, and this is praise.

Sansthānaka. Praise me shome more, monk!

Monk. You are virtuous! You are a brick!

Sansthānaka. Shee? He shays I'm virtuous. He shays I'm a brick. What do you think I am? a materialistic philosopher? or a water-trough? or a pot-maker?²

Courtier. You jackass, he praises you when he says that you are virtuous, that you are a brick.

Sansthānaka. Well, shir, what did he come here for?

Monk. To wash this robe.

Sansthānaka. Confound the monk! My shishter's husband gave me the finesht garden there is, the garden Pushpakaranda. Dogs and jackals drink the water in thish pond. Now I'm an arishtocrat, I'm

¹ Used as an appetizer.

² The elaborate puns of this passage can hardly be reproduced in a translation.

Sansthānaka. Well, on one condition.

Courtier. And what is that?

Sansthānaka. He musht shling mud in, without making the water dirty. Or better yet, he musht make the water into a ball, and shling it into the mud.

Courtier. What incredible folly!

The patient earth is burdened by
So many a fool, so many a drone,
Whose thoughts and deeds are all awry
These trees of flesh, these forms of stone.

6

[*The monk makes faces at Sansthānaka.*]

Sansthānaka. What does he mean?

Courtier. He praises you.

Sansthānaka. Praise me shome more! Praise me again! [*The monk does so, then exit.*]

Courtier. See how beautiful the garden is, you jackass.

See yonder trees, adorned with fruit and flowers,
O'er which the clinging creepers interlace;
The watchmen guard them with the royal powers;
They seem like men whom loving wives embrace.

7

Sansthānaka. A good deshcription, shir.

The ground is mottled with a lot of flowers;
The blosshom freight bends down the lofty trees;
And, hanging from the leafy tree-top bowers,
The monkeys bob, like breadfruit in the breeze.

8

Courtier. Will you be seated on this stone bench, you jackass?

Sansthānaka. I am sheated. [*They seat themselves.*] Do you know, shir, I remember that Vasantasenā even yet. She is like an inshult. I can't get her out of my mind.

Courtier. [*Aside.*] He remembers her even after such a repulse. For indeed,

The mean man, whom a woman spurns,
 But loves the more;
 The wise man's passion gentler burns,
 Or passes o'er.

9

Sansthānaka. Shome time has passhed, shir, shince I told my shervant Sthāvaraka to take the bullock-cart and come as quick as he could. And even yet he is not here. I 've been hungry a long time, and at noon a man can't go a-foot. For shee!

The shun is in the middle of the shky,
 And hard to look at as an angry ape;
 Like Gāndhārī, whose hundred shons did die,
 The earth is hard dishtressed and can't eshcape.

10

Courtier. True.

The cattle all—their cuds let fall
 Lie drowsing in the shade;
 In heated pool their lips to cool,
 Deer throng the woodland glade;
 A prey to heat, the city street
 Makes wanderers afraid;
 The cart must shun the midday sun,
 And thus has been delayed.

11

Sansthānaka. Yesshir,

Fasht to my head the heated shun-beam clings;
 Birds, flying creatures, alsho wingèd things
 Resht in the branches of the trees, while men,
 People, and pershons shigh and shigh again;
 At home they tarry, in their houses shtay,
 To bear the heat and burden of the day.

12

Well, shir, that shervant is n't here yet. I 'm going to shing shome-thing to passh the time. [*He sings.*] There, shir, did you hear what I shang?

Courtier. What shall I say? Ah, how melodious!

Sansthānaka. Why should n't it be malodorous?

Of nut-grass and cumin I make up a pickle,
Of devil's-dung, ginger, and orris, and treacle;
That's the mixture of perfumes I eagerly eat:
Why should n't my voice be remarkably shweet? 13

Well, shir, I 'm jusht going to shing again. [*He does so.*] There, shir, did you hear what I shang?

Courtier. What shall I say? Ah, how melodious!

Sansthānaka. Why should n't it be malodorous?

Of the flesh of the cuckoo I make up a chowder,
With devil's-dung added, and black pepper powder;
With oil and with butter I shprinkle the meat:
Why should n't my voice be remarkably shweet? 14

But shir, the shervant is n't here yet.

Courtier. Be easy in your mind. He will be here presently.

[Enter *Vasantasenā* in the bullock-cart, and *Sthāvaraka*.]

Sthāvaraka. I 'm frightened. It is already noon. I hope Sansthānaka, the king's brother-in-law, will not be angry. I must drive faster. Get up, bullocks, get up!

Vasantasenā. Alas! That is not Vardhamānaka's voice. What does it mean? I wonder if Chārudatta was afraid that the bullocks might become weary, and so sent another man with another cart. My right eye twitches. My heart is all a-tremble. There is no one in sight. Everything seems to dance before my eyes.

Sansthānaka. [Hearing the sound of wheels.] The cart is here, shir.

Courtier. How do you know?

Sansthānaka. Can't you shee? It shqueaks like an old hog.

Courtier. [Perceives the cart.] Quite true. It is here.

Sansthānaka. Sthāvaraka, my little shon, my shlave, are you here?

Sthāvaraka. Yes, sir.

Sansthānaka. Is the cart here?

Sansthānaka. Even if I do shay sho, you ought to be polite enough to shay "After you, mashter."

Courtier. After you, then.

Sansthānaka. Now I'll enter. Sthāvaraka, my little shon, my shlave, turn the cart around.

Sthāvaraka. [Does so.] Enter, master.

Sansthānaka. [Enters and looks about, then hastily gets out in terror, and falls on the courtier's neck.] Oh, oh, oh! You're a dead man! There's a witch, or a thief, that's sitting and living in my bullock-cart. If it's a witch, we'll both be robbed. If it's a thief, we'll both be eaten alive.

Courtier. Don't be frightened. How could a witch travel in a bullock-cart? I hope that the heat of the midday sun has not blinded you, so that you became the victim of an hallucination when you saw the shadow of Sthāvaraka with the smock on it.

Sansthānaka. Sthāvaraka, my little shon, my shlave, are you alive?

Sthāvaraka. Yes, sir.

Sansthānaka. But shir, there's a woman sitting and living in the bullock-cart. Look and shee!

Courtier. A woman?

Then let us bow our heads at once and go,
Like steers whose eyes the falling raindrops daze;
In public spots my dignity I show;
On high-born dames I hesitate to gaze.

15

Vasantasenā. [In amazement. Aside.] Oh, oh! It is that thorn in my eye, the king's brother-in-law. Alas! the danger is great. Poor woman! My coming hither proves as fruitless as the sowing of a handful of seeds on salty soil. What shall I do now?

Sansthānaka. Thish old shervant is afraid and he won't look into the cart. Will you look into the cart, shir?

Courtier. I see no harm in that. Yes, I will do it.

Sansthānaka. Are those things jackals that I see flying into the air, and are those things crows that walk on all fours? While the witch is chewing him with her eyes, and looking at him with her teeth, I'll make my escape.

Courtier. [Perceives *Vasantasenā*. Sadly to himself.] Is it possible? The gazelle follows the tiger. Alas!

Her mate is lovely as the autumn moon,
Who waits for her upon the sandy dune;
And yet the swan will leave him? and will go
To dance attendance on a common crow?

16

[Aside to *Vasantasenā*.] Ah, *Vasantasenā*! This is neither right, nor worthy of you.

Your pride rejected him before,
Yet now for gold, and for your mother's will

Vasantasenā. No! [She shakes her head.]

Courtier.

Your nature knows your pride no more;
You honor him, a common woman still.

17

Did I not tell¹ you to "serve the man you love, and him you hate"?

Vasantasenā. I made a mistake in the cart, and thus I came hither. I throw myself upon your protection.

Courtier. Do not fear. Come, I must deceive him. [He returns to *Sansthānaka*.] Jackass, there is indeed a witch who makes her home in the cart.

Sansthānaka. But shir, if a witch is living there, why are n't you robbed? And if it's a thief, why are n't you eaten alive?

Courtier. Why try to determine that? But if we should go back on foot through the gardens until we came to the city, to Ujjayini, what harm would that do?

Sansthānaka. And if we did, what then?

¹ See page 13.

Courtier. Then we should have some exercise, and should avoid tiring the bullocks.

Sansthānaka. All right. Sthāvaraka, my shlave, drive on. But no! Shtop, shtop! I go on foot before gods and Brahmans? Not much! I 'll go in my cart, sho that people shall shee me a long way off, and shay "There he goes, our mashter, the king's brother-in-law."

Courtier. [Aside.] It is hard to convert poison into medicine. So be it, then. [Aloud.] Jackass, this is Vasantasenā, come to visit you.

Vasantasenā. Heaven forbid!

Sansthānaka. [Gleefully.] Oh, oh! To visit me, an arishtocrat, a man, a regular Vāsudeva?

Courtier. Yes.

Sansthānaka. This is an unheard-of piece of luck. That other time I made her angry, sho now I 'll fall at her feet and beg her pardon.

Courtier. Capital!

Sansthānaka. I 'll fall at her feet myshelf. [He approaches *Vasantasenā*.] Little mother, mamma dear, lishten to my prayer.

I fold my hands and fall before thy feet—

Thine eyes are large, thy teeth are clean and neat,

Thy finger-nails are ten—forgive thy shlave

What, love-tormented, he offended, shweet.

18

Vasantasenā. [Angrily.] Leave me! Your words are an insult! [She spurns him with her foot.]

Sansthānaka. [Wrathfully.]

Thish head that mother and that mamma kissed,

That never bent to worship god, I wist,

Upon thish head she dared to plant her feet,

Like jackals on the carrion they meet.

19

Sthāvaraka, you shlave, where did you pick her up?

Sthāvaraka. Master, the highway was blocked by villagers' wagons. So I stopped my cart near Chārudatta's orchard, and got out. And

Courtier. Certainly. Anything, unless it be a sin.

Sansthānaka. There's not a shnell of a shin in it, shir. Not a perfume!

Courtier. Speak, then.

Sansthānaka. Murder Vasantasenā.

Courtier. [Stopping his ears.]

A tender lady, gem of this our city,
A courtezan whose love was stainless ever—
If I should kill her, sinless, without pity,
What boat would bear me on the gloomy river? 23

Sansthānaka. I'll give you a boat. And beshides, in thish deserted garden, who'll shee you murdering her?

Courtier. The regions ten,¹ the forest gods, the sky,
The wind, the moon, the sun whose rays are light,
Virtue, my conscience—these I cannot fly,
Nor earth, that witnesses to wrong and right. 24

Sansthānaka. Well then, put your cloak over her and murder her.

Courtier. You fool! You scoundrel!

Sansthānaka. The old hog is afraid of a shin. Never mind. I'll per-shuade Sthāvaraka, my shlave. Sthāvaraka, my little shon, my shlave, I'll give you golden bracelets.

Sthāvaraka. And I'll wear them.

Sansthānaka. I'll have a golden sheet made for you.

Sthāvaraka. And I'll sit on it.

Sansthānaka. I'll give you all my leavings.

Sthāvaraka. And I'll eat them.

Sansthānaka. I'll make you the chief of all my shervants.

Sthāvaraka. Master, I'll be the chief.

Sansthānaka. You only have to attend to what I shay.

Sthāvaraka. Master, I will do anything, unless it be a sin.

¹ The four cardinal points, the four intermediate points, the zenith, and the nadir.

Sansthānaka. There's not a smell of a shin in it.

Sthāvaraka. Then speak, master.

Sansthānaka. Murder Vasantasenā.

Sthāvaraka. Oh, master, be merciful! Unworthy as I am, I brought this worthy lady hither, because she mistook this bullock-cart for another.

Sansthānaka. You slave, ain't I your master?

Sthāvaraka. Master of my body, not of my character. Be merciful, master, be merciful! I am afraid.

Sansthānaka. You're my slave. Who are you afraid of?

Sthāvaraka. Of the other world, master.

Sansthānaka. Who is this "other world"?

Sthāvaraka. Master, it is a rewarder of righteousness and sin.

Sansthānaka. What is the reward of righteousness?

Sthāvaraka. To be like my master, with plenty of golden ornaments.

Sansthānaka. What is the reward of shin?

Sthāvaraka. To be like me, eating another man's bread. That is why I will do no sin.

Sansthānaka. Sho you won't murder her? [*He beats him with all his might.*]

Sthāvaraka. You may beat me, master. You may kill me, master. I will do no sin.

A luckless, lifelong slave am I,
A slave I live, a slave I die;
But further woe I will not buy,
I will not, will not sin.

25

Vasantasenā. Sir, I throw myself upon your protection.

Courtier. Pardon him, jackass! Well done, Sthāvaraka!

Does this poor, miserable slave
Seek virtue's meed beyond the grave?

And is his lord indifferent?
 Then why are not such creatures sent
 To instant hell, whose sinful store
 Grows great, who know not virtue more? 26

And again:

Ah, cruel, cruel is our fate,
 And enters through the straitest gate;
 Since he is slave, and you are lord,
 Since he does not enjoy your hoard,
 Since you do not obey his word. 27

Sansthānaka. [Aside.] The old jackal is afraid of a shin, and the “lifelong shslave” is afraid of the other world. Who am I afraid of, I, the king’s brother-in-law, an arishtocrat, a man? [Aloud.] Well, shervant, you “lifelong shslave,” you can go. Go to your room and resht and keep out of my way.

Sthāvaraka. Yes, master. [To *Vasantasenā*.] Madam, I have no further power. [Exit.]

Sansthānaka. [Girds up his loins.] Wait a minute, *Vasantasenā*, wait a minute. I want to murder you.

Courtier. You will kill her before my eyes? [He seizes him by the throat.]

Sansthānaka. [Falls to the ground.] Shir, you’re murdering your mashter. [He loses consciousness, but recovers.]

I always fed him fat with meat,
 And gave him butter too, to eat;
 Now for the friend in need I search;
 Why does he leave me in the lurch? 28

[After reflection.] Good! I have an idea. The old jackal gave her a hint by shaking his head at her. Sho I ’ll shend him away, and then I ’ll murder *Vasantasenā*. That’s the idea. [Aloud.] Shir, I was born in a noble family as great as a wine-glass. How could I do that shin I shpoke about? I jusht shaid it to make her love me.

Sansthānaka. I 'll give you gold, I 'll call you shweet;
 My turbaned head adores your feet.
 Why not love me, my clean-toothed girl?
 Why worship such a pauper churl? 31

Vasantasenā. How can you ask? [She bows her head and recites the following verses.]

O base and vile! O wretch! What more?
 Why tempt me now with gold and power?
 The honey-loving bees adore
 The pure and stainless lotus flower. 32

Though poverty may strike a good man low,
 Peculiar honor waits upon his woe;
 And 't is the glory of a courtezan
 To set her love upon an honest man. 33

And I, who have loved the mango-tree, I cannot cling to the locust-tree.

Sansthānaka. Wench, you make that poor little Chārudatta into a mango-tree, and me you call a locusht-tree, not even an acacia! That 's the way you abuse me, and even yet you remember Chārudatta.

Vasantasenā. Why should I not remember him who dwells in my heart?

Sansthānaka. Thish very minute I 'm going to shtrangle "him who dwells in your heart," and you too. Shstand shtill, you poor-merchant-man's lover!

Vasantasenā. Oh speak, oh speak again these words that do me honor!

Sansthānaka. Jusht let poor Chārudatta—the shon of a shlave—reshcne you now!

Vasantasenā. He would rescue me, if he saw me.

Sansthānaka. Is he the king of gods? the royal ape?
 Shon of a nymph? or wears a demon's shape?

The kingly deity of wind and rain?
 The offspring of the Pāndu-princes' bane?
 A prophet? or a vulture known afar?
 A shtatesman? or a beetle? or a shtar?

34

But even if he was, he could n't reshcue you.

As Sītā in the Bhārata
 Was killed by good old Chānakya,
 Sho I intend to throttle thee,
 As did Jatāyu Draupadī.

35

[*He raises his arm to strike her.*]

Vasantasenā. Mother! where are you? Oh, Chārudatta! my heart's longing is unfulfilled, and now I die! I will scream for help. No! It would bring shame on *Vasantasenā*, should she scream for help. Heaven bless Chārudatta!

Sansthānaka. Does the wench shpeak that rashcal's name even yet? [*He seizes her by the throat.*] Remember him, wench, remember him!

Vasantasenā. Heaven bless Chārudatta!

Sansthānaka. Die, wench! [*He strangles her.* *Vasantasenā* loses consciousness, and falls motionless.]

Sansthānaka. [*Gleefully.*]

Thish bashketful of shin, thish wench,
 Thish foul abode of impudence—
 She came to love, she shtayed to blench,
 For Death's embrace took every sense.
 But why boasht I of valorous arms and shtout?
 She shimply died because her breath gave out.
 Like Sītā in the Bhārata, she lies.
 Ah, mother mine! how prettily she dies.

36

She would not love me, though I loved the wench;
 I shaw the empty garden, set the shnare,

And frightened her, and made the poor girl blench.

My brother! Oh, my father! Thish is where
You misshed the shight of heroism shtout;
Your brother and your shon here blossomed out
Into a man; like Mother Draupadī,
You were not there, my bravery to shee.

37

Good! The old jackal will be here in a minute. I 'll shtep ashide and wait. [He does so.] [Enter the courtier, with Sthāvaraka.]

Courtier. I have persuaded the servant Sthāvaraka to come back, and now I will look for the jackass. [He walks about and looks around him.] But see! A tree has fallen by the roadside, and killed a woman in its fall. O cruel! How couldst thou do this deed of shame? And when I see that a woman was slain by thy fatal fall, I too am felled to the earth. Truly, my heart's fear for Vasanta-senā was an evil omen. Oh, heaven grant that all may yet be well! [He approaches Sansthānaka.] Jackass, I have persuaded your servant Sthāvaraka to return.

Sansthānaka. How do you do, shir? Sthāvaraka, my little shon, my shlave, how do you do?

Sthāvaraka. Well, thank you.

Courtier. Give me my pledge.

Sansthānaka. What pledge?

Courtier. Vasantasenā.

Sansthānaka. She 's gone.

Courtier. Where?

Sansthānaka. Right after you.

Courtier. [Doubtfully.] No, she did not go in that direction.

Sansthānaka. In what direction did you go?

Courtier. Toward the east.

Sansthānaka. Well, she went shouth.¹

Courtier. So did I.

¹ The region of Yama, god of death.

Courtier. You are an accursèd scoundrel!

Sansth. I'll give you countless wealth, a piece of gold,
A copper, and a cap, to have and hold.
And sho the fame of thish great deed shall be
A common property, and shan't touch me. 40

Courtier. A curse upon you! Yours, and yours only, be the deed.

Sthāvaraka. Heaven avert the omen! [*Sansthānaka bursts out laughing.*]

Courtier. Be enmity between us! Cease your mirth!
Damned be a friendship that so shames my worth!
Never may I set eyes on one so low!
I fling you off, an unstrung, broken bow. 41

Sansthānaka. Don't be angry. Come, let's go and play in the pond.

Courtier. Unstained my life, and yet it seems to me
Your friendship stains, and mocks my sinlessness.
You woman-murderer! How could I be
A friend to one whom women ever see
With eyes half-closed in apprehension's stress? 42

[*Mournfully.*] *Vasantasenā,*
When thou, sweet maid, art born again,
Be not a courtezan reborn,
But in a house which sinless men,
And virtuous, and good, adorn. 43

Sansthānaka. Firsht you murder *Vasantasenā* in my old garden
Pushpakaranda, and now where will you run to? Come, defend
yourself in court before my shishter's husband! [*He holds him back.*]

Courtier. Enough, you accursèd scoundrel! [*He draws his sword.*]

Sansthānaka. [*Recoiling in terror.*] Shcared, are you? Go along,
then.

Courtier. [*Aside.*] It would be folly to remain here. Well, I will
go and join myself to Sharvilaka, Chandanaka, and the rest. [*Exit.*]

Sansthānaka. Go to hell. Well, my little shon Sthāvaraka, what kind of a thing is thish that I 've done?

Sthāvaraka. Master, you have committed a terrible crime.

Sansthānaka. Shlave! What do you mean by talking about a crime? Well, I 'll do it thish way. [*He takes various ornaments from his person.*] Take these gems. I give 'em to you. Whenever I want to wear them, I 'll take them back again, but the resht of the time they are yours.

Sthāvaraka. They should be worn only by my master. What have I to do with such things?

Sansthānaka. Go along! Take these bullocks, and wait in the tower of my palace until I come.

Sthāvaraka. Yes, master.

[*Exit.*

Sansthānaka. The gentleman has made himshelf invisible. He wanted to save himshelf. And the shlave I 'll put in irons in the palace tower, and keep him there. And sho the shecret will be shafe. I 'll go along, but firsh I 'll take a look at her. Is she dead, or shall I murder her again? [*He looks at Vasantasenā.*] Dead as a door-nail! Good! I 'll cover her with thish cloak. No, it has my name on it. Shome honest man might recognize it. Well, here are shome dry leaves that the wind has blown into a heap. I 'll cover her with them. [*He does so, then pauses to reflect.*] Good! I 'll do it thish way. I 'll go to court at once, and there I 'll lodge a complaint. I 'll shay that the merchant Chārudatta enticed Vasantasenā into my old garden Pushpakaranda, and killed her for her money.

Yesh, Chārudatta musht be shlaughtered now,
And I 'll invent the plan, forgetting pity;
The shacrificing of a sinless cow
Is cruel in the kindesht-hearted city.

44

Now I 'm ready to go. [*He starts to go away, but perceives something that frightens him.*] Goodnessh gracioush me! Wherever I go, thish damned monk comes with his yellow robes. I bored a hole

in his nose once and drove him around, and he hates me. Perhaps he'll shee me, and will tell people that I murdered her. How shall I eshcape? [He looks about.] Aha! I'll jump over the wall where it is half fallen down, and eshcape that way.

I run, I run, I go,
In heaven, on earth below,
In hell, and in Ceylon,
Hanūmat's peaks upon—
Like Indra's self, I go.

[Exit.] 45

[Enter hurriedly the Buddhist monk, ex-shampooer.]

Monk. I've washed these rags of mine. Shall I let them dry on a branch? no, the monkeys would steal them. On the ground? the dust would make them dirty again. Well then, where shall I spread them out to dry? [He looks about.] Ah, here is a pile of dry leaves which the wind has blown into a heap. I'll spread them out on that. [He does so.] Buddha be praised! [He sits down.] Now I will repeat a hymn of the faith.

Who slays the Five Men, and the Female Bane,
By whom protection to the Town is given,
By whom the Outcaste impotent is slain,
He cannot fail to enter into heaven. (2)

After all, what have I to do with heaven, before I have paid my debt to Vasantasenā, my sister in Buddha? She bought my freedom for ten gold-pieces from the gamblers, and since that day I regard myself as her property. [He looks about.] What was that? a sigh that arose from the leaves? It cannot be.

The heated breezes heat the leaves,
The wetted garment wets the leaves,
And so, I guess, the scattered leaves
Curl up like any other leaves.

46

[Vasantasenā begins to recover consciousness, and stretches out her hand.]

ACT THE NINTH

THE TRIAL

Beadle.

[Enter a beadle.]

THE magistrates said to me “Come, beadle, go to the court-room, and make ready the seats.” So now I am on my way to set the court-room in order. [He walks about and looks around him.] Here is the court-room. I will enter. [He enters, sweeps, and puts a seat in its place.] There! I have tidied up the court-room and put the seats in readiness, and now I will go and tell the magistrates. [He walks about and looks around him.] But see! Here comes that arrant knave, the king’s brother-in-law. I will go away without attracting his attention. [He stands apart. Enter Sansthānaka, in gorgeous raiment.]

Sansth. I bathed where water runs and flows and purls;

I shat within a garden, park, and grove
With women, and with females, and with girls,
Whose lovely limbs with grace angelic move.

My hair is shometimes done up tight, you shee;
In locks, or curls, it hangs my forehead o’er ;
Shometimes ’t is matted, shometimes hanging free;
And then again, I wear a pompadour.

I am a wonder, I’m a wondrous thing,
And the husband of my shishter is the king.

2

And beshides, I ’ve found a big hole, like a worm that has crawled into the knot of a lotush-root, and is looking for a hole to creep out at. Now who was I going to accuse of thish wicked deed? [He recalls something.] Oh, yesh! I remember. I was going to accuse poor Chārudatta of thish wicked deed. Beshides, he ’s poor. They ’ll believe anything about him. Good! I ’ll go to the court-room and lodge a public complaint against Chārudatta, how he shtrangled

Vasantasenā and murdered her. Sho now I 'm on my way to the court-room. [He walks about and looks around him.] Here is the court-room. I 'll go in. [He enters and looks about.] Well, here are the sheats, all arranged. While I 'm waiting for the magisbrates, I 'll jusht sit down a minute on the grass. [He does so.]

Beadle. [Walks about in another direction, and looks before him.] Here come the magistrates. I will go to them. [He does so.]

[Enter the judge, accompanied by a gild-warden, a clerk, and others.]

Judge. Gild-warden and clerk!

Gild-warden and Clerk. We await your bidding.

Judge. A trial depends to such an extent upon others that the task of the magistrates—the reading of another's thoughts—is most difficult.

Men often speak of deeds that no man saw,
 Matters beyond the province of the law;
 Passion so rules the parties that their lies
 Hide their offenses from judicial eyes;
 This side and that exaggerate a thing,
 Until at last it implicates the king;
 To sum it up: false blame is easy won,
 A true judge little praised, or praised by none. 3

And again:

Men often point to sins that no man saw,
 And in their anger scorn the patient law;
 In court-rooms even the righteous with their lies
 Hide their offenses from judicial eyes;
 And those who did the deed are lost to view,
 Who sinned with plaintiff and defendant too;
 To sum it up: false blame is easy won,
 A true judge little praised, or praised by none. 4

For the judge must be

Learnèd, and skilled in tracing fraud's sly path,
 And eloquent, insensible to wrath;

To friend, foe, kinsman showing equal grace,
 Reserving judgment till he know the case;
 Untouched by avarice, in virtue sound,
 The weak he must defend, the knave confound;
 An open door to truth, his heart must cling
 To others' interests, yet shun each thing
 That might awake the anger of the king.

5

Gild-warden and Clerk. And do men speak of defects in your virtue? If so, then they speak of darkness in the moonlight.

Judge. My good beadle, conduct me to the court-room.

Beadle. Follow me, Your Honor. [*They walk about.*] Here is the court-room. May the magistrates be pleased to enter. [*All enter.*]

Judge. My good beadle, do you go outside and learn who desires to present a case.

Beadle. Yes, sir. [*He goes out.*] Gentlemen, the magistrates ask if there is any here who desires to present a case.

Sansthānaka. [*Gleefully.*] The magishtrates are here. [*He struts about.*] I desire to present a cashe, I, an arishtocrat, a man, a Vā-sudeva, the royal brother-in-law, the brother-in-law of the king.

Beadle. [*In alarm.*] Goodness! The king's brother-in-law is the first who desires to present a case. Well! Wait a moment, sir. I will inform the magistrates at once. [*He approaches the magistrates.*] Gentlemen, here is the king's brother-in-law who has come to court, desiring to present a case.

Judge. What! the king's brother-in-law is the first who desires to present a case? Like an eclipse at sunrise, this betokens the ruin of some great man. Beadle, the court will doubtless be very busy to-day. Go forth, my good man, and say "Leave us for to-day. Your suit cannot be considered."

Beadle. Yes, Your Honor. [*He goes out, and approaches Sansthānaka.*] Sir, the magistrates send word that you are to leave them for to-day; that your suit cannot be considered.

And I am brother to the king—in law;
And the husband of my shishter is the king.

6

Judge. All this we know.

Why should you boast of this your noble birth?
'T is character that makes the man of worth;
But thorns and weeds grow rank in fertile earth.

7

State your case.

Sansthānaka. I will, but even if I was guilty, he would n't do anything to me. Well, my shishter's husband liked me, and gave me the besht garden there is, the old garden Pushpakaranda, to play in and look after. And there I go every day to look at it, to keep it dry, to keep it clean, to keep it blossoming, to keep it trimmed. But fate decreed that I shaw—or rather, I did n't *shee*—the proshtrate body of a woman.

Judge. Do you know who the unfortunate woman was?

Sansthānaka. Hello, magishtrates! Why should n't I know? A woman like that! the pearl of the city! adorned with a hundred golden ornaments! Shomebody's unworthy shon enticed her into the old garden Pushpakaranda when it was empty, and for a mere trifle—for her money!—shtrangled Vasantasenā and killed her. But *I* did n't—[*He breaks off, and puts his hand over his mouth.*]

Judge. What carelessness on the part of the city police! Gild-warden and clerk, write down the words “I did n't,” as the first article in the case.

Clerk. Yes, sir. [*He does so.*] Sir, it is written.

Sansthānaka. [*Aside.*] Goodnessh! Now I've ruined myshelf, like a man that shwallows a cake of rice and milk in a hurry. Well, I'll get out of it thish way. [*Aloud.*] Well, well, magishtrates! I was jusht remarking that I did n't *shee* it happen. What are you making thish hullabaloo about? [*He wipes out the written words with his foot.*]

Judge. How do you know that she was strangled—and for her money?

Sansthānaka. Hello! Why should n't I think so, when her neck was swollen and bare, and the places where you wear jewels did n't have any gold on them?

Gild-warden and Clerk. That seems plausible.

Sansthānaka. [Aside.] Thank heaven! I breathe again. Hooray!

Gild-warden and Clerk. Upon whom does the conduct of this case depend?

Judge. The case has a twofold aspect.

Gild-warden and Clerk. How so?

Judge. We have to consider the allegations, then the facts. Now the investigation of the allegations depends upon plaintiff and defendant. But the investigation of the facts must be carried out by the wisdom of the judge.

Gild-warden and Clerk. Then the conduct of the case depends upon the presence of Vasantasenā's mother?

Judge. Precisely. My good beadle, summon Vasantasenā's mother, without, however, giving her cause for anxiety.

Beadle. Yes, Your Honor. [*He goes out, and returns with the mother of the courtesan.*] Follow me, madam.

Mother. My daughter went to the house of a friend to enjoy her youth. But now comes this gentleman—long life to him!—and says “Come! The judge summons you.” I find myself quite bewildered. My heart is palpitating. Sir, will you conduct me to the court-room?

Beadle. Follow me, madam. [*They walk about.*] Here is the court-room. Pray enter, madam. [*They enter.*]

Mother. [Approaching.] Happiness be yours, most worthy gentlemen.

Judge. My good woman, you are very welcome. Pray be seated.

Mother. Thank you. [*She seats herself.*]

Sansthānaka. [*Abusively.*] You're here, are you, you old bawd?

Judge. Tell me. Are you Vasantasenā's mother?

Mother. I am.

Judge. Whither has Vasantasenā gone at this moment?

Mother. To the house of a friend.

Judge. What is the name of her friend?

Mother. [*Aside.*] Dear me! Really, this is very embarrassing.

[*Aloud.*] Any one else might ask me this, but not a judge.

Judge. Pray do not be embarrassed. The conduct of the case puts the question.

Gild-warden and Clerk. The conduct of the case puts the question. You incur no fault. Speak.

Mother. What! the conduct of the case? If that is so, then listen, worthy gentlemen. There lives in the merchants' quarter the grandson of the merchant Vinayadatta, the son of Sāgaradatta, a man whose name is a good omen in itself—that name is Chārudatta. In his house my daughter enjoys her youth.

Sansthānaka. Did you hear that? Write those words down. My contention is with Chārudatta.

Gild-warden and Clerk. It is no sin for Chārudatta to be her friend.

Judge. The conduct of this case demands the presence of Chāru datta.

Gild-warden and Clerk. Exactly.

Judge. Dhanadatta, write as the first article in the case “Vasantasenā went to the house of Chārudatta.” But must we summon the worthy Chārudatta also? No, the conduct of the case summons him. Go, my good beadle, summon Chārudatta,—but gently, without haste, without giving him cause for anxiety, respectfully, as it were incidentally,—with the words “The judge wishes to see you.”

His long tongue quivers; four white fangs appear;
 His belly swells and coils. He slumbered here,
 This prince of serpents, till I crossed his path,
 And now he darts upon me in his wrath.

12

And more than this:

I slip, although the ground has felt no rain;
 My left eye, and my left arm throb again;
 Another bird is screaming overhead;
 All bodes a cruel death, and hope is fled.

13

Surely, the gods will grant that all may yet be well.

Beadle. Follow me, sir. Here is the court-room. Pray enter.

Chārudatta. [Enters and looks about.] How wonderfully splendid is the court-room. For it seems an ocean,

Whose waters are the king's advisers, deep
 In thought; as waves and shells it seems to keep
 The attorneys; and as sharks and crocodiles
 It has its spies that stand in waiting files;
 Its elephants and horses¹ represent
 The cruel ocean-fish on murder bent;
 As if with herons of the sea, it shines
 With screaming pettifoggers' numerous lines;
 While in the guise of serpents, scribes are creeping
 Upon its statecraft-trodden shore: the court
 The likeness of an ocean still is keeping,
 To which all harmful-cruel beasts resort.

14

Come! [As he enters, he strikes his head against the door. Reflectively.] Alas! This also?

My left eye throbs; a raven cries;
 A serpent coils athwart my path.
 My safety now with heaven lies.

15

But I must enter. [He does so.]

¹ Elephants were employed as executioners; and, according to Lallādīkshita, the horses served the same purpose.

Judge. This is Chārudatta.

A countenance like his, with clear-cut nose,
Whose great, wide-opened eye frank candor shows,
Is not the home of wantonness;
With elephants, with horses, and with kine,
The outer form is inner habit's sign;
With men no less.

16

Chārudatta. My greetings to the officers of justice. Officials, I salute you.

Judge. [Betraying his agitation.] You are very welcome, sir. My good beadle, give the gentleman a seat.

Beadle. [Brings a seat.] Here is a seat. Pray be seated, sir. [Chārudatta seats himself.]

Sansthānaka. [Angrily.] You 're here, are you, you woman-murderer? Well! Thish is a fine trial, thish is a jusht trial, where they give a sheat to thish woman-murderer. [Haughtily.] But it 's all right. They can give it to him.

Judge. Chārudatta, have you any attachment, or affection, or friendship, with this lady's daughter?

Chārudatta. What lady?

Judge. This lady. [He indicates Vasantasenā's mother.]

Chārudatta. [Rising.] Madam, I salute you.

Mother. Long life to you, my son! [Aside.] So this is Chārudatta. My daughter's youth is in good hands.

Judge. Sir, is the courtezan your friend? [Chārudatta betrays his embarrassment.]

Sansthānaka. He tries to hide the deed he did;

He lies, from shame or fear;
He murdered her, of her got rid
For gold, and thinks the deed is hid;
Not sho his mashter here.

17

Gild-warden and Clerk. Speak, Chārudatta. Do not be ashamed. This is a lawsuit.

Chārudatta. [In embarrassment.] Officials, how can I testify that a courtezan is my friend? But at worst, it is youth that bears the blame, not character.

Judge. The case is hard; then banish shame,
Though it oppress your heart;
Speak truth with fortitude, and aim
To set deceit apart.

18

Do not be embarrassed. The conduct of the case puts the question.

Chārudatta. Officer, with whom have I a lawsuit?

Sansthānaka. [Arrogantly.] With me!

Chārudatta. A lawsuit with you is unendurable!

Sansthānaka. Well, well, woman-murderer! You murder a woman like Vasantasenā who used to wear a hundred gems, and now you try deceitful deceivings to hide it!

Chārudatta. You are a fool.

Judge. Enough of him, good Chārudatta. Speak the truth. Is the courtezan your friend?

Chārudatta. She is.

Judge. Sir, where is Vasantasenā?

Chārudatta. She has gone home.

Gild-warden and Clerk. How did she go? When did she go? Who accompanied her?

Chārudatta. [Aside.] Shall I say that she went unobserved?

Gild-warden and Clerk. Speak, sir.

Chārudatta. She went home. What more shall I say?

Sansthānaka. She was enticed into my old garden Pushpakaranda, and was shtrangled for her money. Now will you shay that she went home?

Chārudatta. Man, you are crazy.

with him as a pledge was stolen by thieves at night, he gave in place of it a pearl necklace that was the pride of the four seas. And he should now, for a mere trifle—for her money!—do this sin? Oh, my child, come back to me, my daughter! [She weeps.] *Judge.* Noble Chārudatta, did she go on foot, or in a bullock-cart?

Chārudatta. I did not see her when she went. Therefore I do not know whether she went on foot, or in a bullock-cart.

[Enter *Vīraka*, in anger.]

Vīraka. My anger was so prodded to the quick
By that dishonoring, insulting kick,
And so I brooded, till at last the night
Unwilling yielded to the dawning light. 23

So now I will go to the court-room. [He enters.] May happiness be the lot of these honorable gentlemen.

Judge. Ah, it is *Vīraka*, the captain of the guard. *Vīraka*, what is the purpose of your coming?

Vīraka. Well! I was looking for Aryaka, in all the excitement about his escape from prison. I had my suspicions about a covered bullock-cart that was coming, and wanted to look in. “You’ve made one inspection, man, I must make another,” said I, and then I was kicked by the highly respectable Chandanaka. You have heard the matter, gentlemen. The rest is your affair.

Judge. My good man, do you know to whom the bullock-cart belonged?

Vīraka. To this gentleman here, Chārudatta. And the driver said that Vasantasenā was in it, and was on her way to have a good time in the old garden Pushpakaranda.

Sansthānaka. Listen to that, too!

Judge. This moon, alas, though spotless-bright,
Is now eclipsed, and robbed of light;

The bank is fallen; the waves appear
Befouled, that once were bright and clear. 24

Vīraka, we will investigate your case here later. Mount the horse that stands before the court-room door, go to the garden Pushpakaranda, and see whether a woman has perished there or not.

Vīraka. Yes, sir. [He goes out, then returns.] I have been there. And I saw the body of a woman, torn by wild beasts.

Gild-warden and Clerk. How do you know that it was the body of a woman?

Vīraka. That I perceived from the traces of hair and arms and hands and feet.

Judge. Alas for the difficulties which are caused by the actions of men!

The more one may apply his skill,
The harder is the matter still;
Plain are indeed the law's demands,
Yet judgment insecurely stands
As some poor cow on shifting sands. 25

Chārudatta. [Aside.]

As bees, when flowers begin to blow,
Gather to sip the honey, so
When man is marked by adverse fate,
Misfortunes enter every gate. 26

Judge. Noble Chārudatta, speak truth!

Chārudatta. A mean and jealous creature, passion-blind,
Sets all his soul, some fatal means to find
To slay the man he envies; shall his lies
By evil nature prompted, win the prize?
No! he is unregarded by the wise. 27

And more than this:

The creeper's beauty would I never blight,
Nor pluck its flowers; should I not be afraid

To seize her hair so lovely-long, and bright
 As wings of bees, and slay a weeping maid? 28

Sansthānaka. Hello, magistrates! How can you inveshtigate the cashe with such partiality? Why, even now you let thish shcoundrel Chārudatta shtay on his sheat.

Judge. My good beadle, so be it. [*The beadle follows Sansthānaka's suggestion.*]

Chārudatta. Consider, magistrates, consider what you are doing!
 [He leaves his seat, and sits on the floor.]

Sansthānaka. [Dancing about gleefully. Aside.] Fine! The shin that I did falls on another man's head. Sho I'll sit where Chārudatta was. [He does so.] Look at me, Chārudatta, and confessh that you murdered her.

Chārudatta. Magistrates!

A mean and jealous creature, passion-blind,
 Sets all his soul, some fatal means to find
 To slay the man he envies; shall his lies,
 By evil nature prompted, win the prize?
 No! he is unregarded by the wise. (27)

[*Sighing. Aside.*]

My friend Maitreya! Oh, this cruel blow!
 My wife, thou issue of a spotless strain!
 My Rohasena! Here am I, laid low
 By sternest fate; and thou, thou dost not know
 That all thy childish games are played in vain.
 Thou playest, heedless of another's pain! 29

But Maitreya I sent to Vasantasenā, that he might bring me tidings of her, and might restore the jewels which she gave my child, to buy him a toy cart. Why then does he linger?

[Enter Maitreya with the gems.]

Maitreya. Chārudatta bade me go to Vasantasenā, to return her

Maitreya. [Aside to Chārudatta.] Why don't you simply say that she went home?

Chārudatta. Though I say it, it is not believed, so unfortunate is my condition.

Maitreya. But gentlemen! He adorned the city of Ujjayinī with mansions, cloisters, parks, temples, pools, and fountains, and he should be mad enough to commit such a crime—and for a mere trifle? [Wrathfully.] You offspring of a loose wench, you brother-in-law of the king, Sansthānaka, you libertine, you slanderer, you buffoon, you gilded monkey, say it before me! This friend of mine does n't even draw a flowering jasmine creeper to himself, to gather the blossoms, for fear that a twig might perhaps be injured. How should he commit a crime like this, which heaven and earth call accursèd? Just wait, you son of a bawd! Wait till I split your head into a hundred pieces with this staff of mine, as crooked as your heart.

Sansthānaka. [Angrily.] Listen to that, gentlemen! I have a quarrel, or a lawshuit, with Chārudatta. What right has a man with a pate that looks like a caret, to shplit my head into a hundred pieces? Not much! You confounded rashcal! [Maitreya raises his staff and repeats his words. Sansthānaka rises angrily and strikes him. Maitreya strikes back. During the scuffle the jewels fall from Maitreya's girdle.]

Sansthānaka. [Picks up the jewels and examines them. Excitedly.] Look, gentlemen, look! These are the poor girl's jewels! [Pointing to Chārudatta.] For a trifle like thish he murdered her, and killed her too. [The magistrates all bow their heads.]

Chārudatta. [Aside to Maitreya.]

'T is thus my fate would vent its gall,
That at this moment they should fall,
These gems—and with them, I.

Maitreya. But why don't you simply tell the truth?

Chārudatta. My friend,

The king perceives with blinded eye,
Nor on the truth that eye will bend;
Though telling all, I cannot fly
A wretched and inglorious end.

32

Judge. Alas! Alas!

With Mars strives Jupiter, and dies;
Beside them both there seems to rise
A comet-planet¹ in the skies.

33

Gild-warden and Clerk. [Looking at the casket. To *Vasantasenā's mother.*] Madam, pray examine this golden casket attentively, to see whether it be the same or not.

Mother. [Examining the casket.] It is similar, but not the same.

Sansthānaka. Oh, you old bawd! You confessh it with your eyes, and deny it with your lips.

Mother. Away, you scoundrel!

Gild-warden and Clerk. Speak carefully. Is it the same or not?

Mother. Sir, the craftsman's skill captivates the eye. But it is not the same.

Judge. My good woman, do you know these jewels?

Mother. No, I said. No! I don't recognize them; but perhaps they were made by the same craftsman.

Judge. Gild-warden, see!

Gems often seem alike in many ways,
When the artist's mind on form and beauty plays;
For craftsmen imitate what they have seen,
And skilful hands remake what once has been.

34

Gild-warden and Clerk. Do these jewels belong to *Chārudatta*?

Chārudatta. Never!

Gild-warden and Clerk. To whom then?

¹ This refers to the fallen jewels.

Chārudatta. To this lady's daughter.

Gild-warden and Clerk. How did she lose them?

Chārudatta. She lost them. Yes, so much is true.

Gild-warden and Clerk. Chārudatta, speak the truth in this matter. For you must remember,

Truth brings well-being in its train;
Through speaking truth, no evils rise;
Truth, precious syllable!—Refrain
From hiding truth in lies.

35

Chārudatta. The jewels, the jewels! I do not know. But I do know that they were taken from my house.

Sansthānaka. Firsht you take her into the garden and murder her. And now you hide it by tricky trickinessh.

Judge. Noble Chārudatta, speak the truth!

Merciless lashes wait to smite
This moment on thy tender flesh;
And we—we can but think it right.

36

Chārudatta. Of sinless sires I boast my birth,
And sin in me was never found;
Yet if suspicion taints my worth,
What boots it though my heart be sound?

37

[*Aside.*] And yet I know not what to do with life, so I be robbed of Vasantasenā. [*Aloud.*] Ah, why waste words?

A scoundrel I, who bear the blame,
Nor think of earth, nor heaven blest;
That sweetest maid, in passion's flame—
But *he* will say the rest.

38

Sansthānaka. Killed her! Come, you shay it too. “I killed her.”

Chārudatta. You have said it.

Sansthānaka. Lishten, my mashters, lishten! He murdered her! No one but him! Doubt is over. Let punishment be inflicted on the body of thish poor Chārudatta.

They who pervert the king's true bent,
 The white crow's part who play,
 Have slain their thousands innocent,
 And slay, and slay, and slay.

41

My friend Maitreya, go, greet the mother of my son in my name
 for the last time. And keep my son Rohasena free from harm.

Maitreya. When the root is cut away, how can the tree be saved?

Chārudatta. No, not so.

When man departs to worlds above,
 In living son yet liveth he;
 Bestow on Rohasena love
 No less than that thou gavest me.

42

Maitreya. Oh, my friend! I will prove myself your friend by con-
 tinuing the life that you leave unfinished.

Chārudatta. And let me see Rohasena for a single moment.

Maitreya. I will. It is but fitting.

Judge. My good beadle, remove this man. [*The beadle does so.*] Who is there? Let the headsmen receive their orders. [*The guards-
 men loose their hold on Chārudatta, and all of them go out.*]

Beadle. Come with me, sir.

Chārudatta. [*Mournfully repeats the verse, page 146, beginning
 "My friend Maitreya!" Then, as if speaking to one not present.*]

If you had proved my conduct by the fire,
 By water, poison, scales, and thus had known
 That I deserved that saws should bite my bone,

My Brahman's frame, more could I not desire.

You trust a foeman, slay me thus? 'T is well.

With sons, and sons' sons, now you plunge to hell!

I come! I come! [Exeunt omnes.]

ACT THE TENTH

THE END

[Enter Chārudatta, accompanied by two headsmen.]

Headsmen. THEN think no longer of the pain;

T In just a second you'll be slain.

We understand the fashions new

To fetter you and kill you too.

In chopping heads we never fail,

Nor when the victim we impale.

1

Out of the way, gentlemen, out of the way! This is the noble Chārudatta.

The oleander on his brow,
In headsmen's hands you see him now;
Like a lamp whose oil runs nearly dry,
His light fades gently, ere it die.

2

Chārudatta. [Gloomily.]

My body wet by tear-drops falling, falling;

My limbs polluted by the clinging mud;

Flowers from the graveyard torn, my wreath appalling;

For ghastly sacrifice hoarse ravens calling,

And for the fragrant incense of my blood.

3

Headsmen. Out of the way, gentlemen, out of the way!

Why gaze upon the good man so?

The ax of death soon lays him low.

Yet good men once sought shelter free,

Like birds, upon this kindly tree.

4

Come, Chārudatta, come!

Chārudatta. Incalculable are the ways of human destiny, that I am come to such a plight!

Red marks of hands in sandal paste

O'er all my body have been placed;

The man, with meal and powder strewn,
Is now to beast of offering grown.

5

[*He gazes intently before him.*] Alas for human differences!

[*Mournfully.*]

For when they see the fate that I must brave,
With tears for death's poor victim freely given,
The citizens cry "shame," yet cannot save,—
Can only pray that I attain to heaven.

6

Headsmen. Out of the way, gentlemen, out of the way! Why do you gaze upon him?

God Indra moving through the sky,¹
The calving cow, the falling star,
The good man when he needs must die,—
These four behold not from afar.

7

Goha. Look, Ahīnta! Look, man!

While he, of citizens the best,
Goes to his death at fate's behest,
Does heaven thus weep that he must die?
Does lightning paint the cloudless sky?

8

Ahīnta. Goha, man,

The heaven weeps not that he must die,
Nor lightning paints the cloudless sky;
Yet streams are falling constantly
From many a woman's clouded eye.

9

And again:

While this poor victim to his death is led,
No man nor woman here but sorely weeps;
And so the dust, by countless tear-drops fed,
Thus peacefully upon the highway sleeps.

10

Chārudatta. [*Gazes intently. Mournfully.*]

These women, in their palaces who stay,
From half-shut windows peering, thus lament,

¹ That is, the lightning.

Whom fortune favors, find
 That all the world is kind;
 Whose happy days are ended,
 Are rarely thus befriended.

15

Chārudatta. [Looks about him.]

Their faces with their garments' hem now hiding,
 They stand afar, whom once I counted friends:
 Even foes have smiles for men with Fortune biding;
 But friends prove faithless when good fortune ends. 16

Headsmen. They are out of the way. The street is cleared. Lead on the condemned criminal.

Chārudatta. [Sighing.]

My friend Maitreya! Oh, this cruel blow!
 My wife, thou issue of a spotless strain!
 My Rohasena! Here am I, laid low
 By sternest fate; and thou, thou dost not know
 That all thy childish games are played in vain.
 Thou playest, heedless of another's pain! (ix. 29)

Voices behind the scenes. My father! Oh, my friend!

Chārudatta. [Listens. Mournfully.] You are a leader in your own caste. I would beg a favor at your hands.

Headsmen. From our hands you would receive a favor?

Chārudatta. Heaven forbid! Yet a headsman is neither so wanton nor so cruel as King Pālaka. That I may be happy in the other world, I ask to see the face of my son.

Headsmen. So be it.

A voice behind the scenes. My father! oh, my father! [*Chārudatta hears the words, and mournfully repeats his request.*]

Headsmen. Citizens, make way a moment. Let the noble Chārudatta look upon the face of his son. [*Turning to the back of the stage.*] This way, sir! Come on, little boy!

[Enter Maitreya, with Rohasena.]

Maitreya. Make haste, my boy, make haste! Your father is being led to his death.

Rohasena. My father! oh, my father!

Maitreya. Oh, my friend! Where must I behold you now?

Chārudatta. [Perceives his son and his friend.] Alas, my son! Alas, Maitreya! [Mournfully.] Ah, woe is me!

Long, too long, shall I thirst in vain
Through all my sojourn dread;
This vessel¹ small will not contain
The water for the dead.

17

What may I give my son? [He looks at himself, and perceives the sacrificial cord.] Ah, this at least is mine.

The precious cord that Brahmans hold
Is unadorned with pearls and gold;
Yet, girt therewith, they sacrifice
To gods above and fathers² old.

18

[He gives Rohasena the cord.]

Goha. Come, Chārudatta! Come, man!

Ahīnta. Man, do you name the noble Chārudatta's name, and forget the title? Remember:

In happy hours, in death, by night, by day,
Roving as free as a yet unbroken colt,
Fate wanders on her unrestricted way.

19

And again:

Life will depart his body soon;
Shall our reproaches bow his head?
Although eclipse may seize the moon,
We worship while it seems but dead.

20

Rohasena. Oh, headsman, where are you leading my father?

¹ Rohasena is himself conceived as the receptacle of the water which a son must pour as a drink-offering to his dead father.

² The Manes or spirits of the blessed dead.

Chārudatta. My darling,
 About my neck I needs must wear
 The oleander-wreath;
 Upon my shoulder I must bear
 The stake, and in my heart the care
 Of near-approaching death.
 I go to-day to meet a dastard's ending,
 A victim, at the fatal altar bending.

21

Goha. My boy,
 Not we the headsmen are,
 Though born of headsman race;
 Thy father's life who mar,
 These, these are headsmen base.

22

Rohasena. Then why do you murder my father?

Goha. Bless you, 't is the king's orders must bear the blame, not we.

Rohasena. Kill me, and let father go free.

Goha. Bless you, may you live long for saying that!

Chārudatta. [Tearfully embracing his son.]

This treasure—love—this taste of heaven,
 To rich and poor alike is given;
 Than sandal better, or than balm,
 To soothe the heart and give it calm.

23

About my neck I needs must wear
 The oleander-wreath,
 Upon my shoulder I must bear
 The stake, and in my heart the care
 Of near-approaching death.
 I go to-day to meet a dastard's ending,
 A victim, at the fatal altar bending.

(21)

[*He looks about. Aside.*]

Their faces with their garments' hem now hiding,
 They stand afar, whom once I counted friends:

carried Vasantasenā to the old garden Pushpakaranda, because she mistook my bullock-cart for another. And then my master, Sansthānaka, found that she would not love him, and it was he, not this gentleman, who murdered her by strangling.—But they are so far away that no one hears me. What shall I do? Shall I cast myself down? [He reflects.] If I do, then the noble Chārudatta will not be put to death. Yes, through this broken window I will throw myself down from the palace tower. Better that I should meet my end, than that the noble Chārudatta should perish, this tree of life for noble youths. And if I die in such a cause, I have attained heaven. [He throws himself down.] Wonderful! I did not meet my end, and my fetters are broken. So I will follow the sound of the headsmen's voices. [He discovers the headsmen, and hastens forward.] Headsmen, headsmen, make way!

Headsmen. For whom shall we make way?

Sthāvaraka. Listen, good gentlemen, listen! It was I, wretch that I am, who carried Vasantasenā to the old garden Pushpakaranda, because she mistook my bullock-cart for another. And then my master, Sansthānaka, found that she would not love him, and it was he, not this gentleman, who murdered her by strangling.

Chārudatta. Thank heaven!

But who thus gladdens this my latest morn,
When in Time's snare I struggle all forlorn,
A streaming cloud above the rainless corn?

26

Listen! do you hear what I say?

Death have I never feared, but blackened fame;
My death were welcome, coming free from shame,
As were a son, new-born to bear my name.

27

And again:

That small, weak fool, whom I have never hated,
Stained me with sin wherewith himself was mated,
An arrow, with most deadly poison baited.

28

Headsmen. Are you telling the truth, Sthāvaraka?

Sthāvaraka. I am. And to keep me from telling anybody, he cast me into chains, and imprisoned me in the tower of his palace.

[Enter *Sansthānaka.*]

Sansthānaka. [Gleefully.]

I ate a shour and bitter dish
Of meat and herbs and shoup and fish;
I tried at home my tongue to tickle
With rice-cakes plain, and rice with treacle. 29

[*He listens.*] The headsmen's voices! They shound like a broken brass cymbal. I hear the music of the fatal drum and the kettle-drums, and sho I shuppose that that poor man, Chārudatta, is being led to the place of execution. I musht go and shee it. It is a great delight to shee my enemy die. Beshides, I've heard that a man who shees his enemy being killed, is sure not to have shore eyes in his next birth. I acted like a worm that had crept into the knot of a lotush-root. I looked for a hole to crawl out at, and brought about the death of thish poor man, Chārudatta. Now I'll climb up the tower of my own palace, and have a look at my own heroic deeds. [*He does so and looks about.*] Wonderful what a crowd there is, to shee that poor man led to his death! What would it be when an arishtocrat, a big man like me, was being led to his death? [*He gazes.*] Look! There he goes toward the shouth, adorned like a young shteer. But why was the proclamation made near my palace tower, and why was it shtopped? [*He looks about.*] Why, my shlave Sthāvaraka is gone, too. I hope he has n't run away and betrayed the shcret. I musht go and look for him. [*He descends and approaches the crowd.*]

Sthāvaraka. [Discovers him.] There he comes, good masters!

Headsmen. Give way! Make room! And shut the door!

Be silent, and say nothing more!
Here comes a mad bull through the press,
Whose horns are sharp with wickedness. 30

Sansthānaka. Come, come, make way! [He approaches.] Sthāvaraka, my little shon, my shlave, come, let's go home.

Sthāvaraka. You scoundrel! Are you not content with the murder of Vasantasenā? Must you try now to murder the noble Chārudatta, that tree of life to all who loved him?

Sansthānaka. I am beautiful as a pot of jewels. I kill no woman!

Bystanders. Oho! you murdered her, not the noble Chārudatta.

Sansthānaka. Who shays that?

Bystanders. [Pointing to *Sthāvaraka*.] This honest man.

Sansthānaka. [Fearfully. Aside.] Merciful heavens! Why did n't I chain that shlave Sthāvaraka fasht? Why, he was a witnessh of my crime. [He reflects.] I'll do it thish way. [Aloud.] Lies, lies, good gentlemen. Why, I caught the shlave shteaing gold, and I pounded him, and murdered him, and put him in chains. He hates me. What he shays can't be true. [He secretly hands *Sthāvaraka* a bracelet, and whispers.] Sthāvaraka, my little shon, my shlave, take thish and shay shomething different.

Sthāvaraka. [Takes it.] Look, gentlemen, look! Why, he is trying to bribe me with gold.

Sansthānaka. [Snatches the bracelet from him.] That's the gold that I put him in chains for. [Angrily.] Look here, headsman! I put him in charge of my gold-chest, and when he turned thief, I murdered him and pounded him. If you don't believe it, jusht look at his back.

Headsman. [Doing so.] Yes, yes. When a servant is branded that way, no wonder he tells tales.

Sthāvaraka. A curse on slavery! A slave convinces nobody. [Mournfully.] Noble Chārudatta, I have no further power. [He falls at Chārudatta's feet.]

Chārudatta. [Mournfully.]

Rise, rise! Kind soul to good men fallen on pain!
Brave friend who lendest such unselfish aid!

Sansthānaka. [Aside.] But the citizens don't believe it. [Aloud.] Chārudatta, you jackanapes, the citizens don't believe it. Shay it with your own tongue, "I murdered Vasantasenā." [Chārudatta remains silent.] Look here, headsmen! The man won't shpeak, the jackanapes Chārudatta. Jusht make him shpeak. Beat him a few times with thish ragged bamboo, or with a chain.

Goha. [Raises his arm to strike.] Come, Chārudatta, speak!

Chārudatta. [Mournfully.]

Now am I sunk so deep in sorrow's sea,
I know no fear, I know no sadness more;
Yet even now one flame still tortures me,
That men should say I slew whom I adore. 33

[*Sansthānaka repeats his words.*]

Chārudatta. Men of my own city!

A scoundrel I, who bear the blame,
Nor seek in heaven to be blest;
A maid—or goddess—'t is the same—
But *he* will say the rest. (ix. 30)

Sansthānaka. Killed her!

Chārudatta. So be it.

Goha. It's your turn to kill him, man.

Ahīnta. No, yours.

Goha. Well, let's reckon it out. [*He does so at great length*] Well, if it's my turn to kill him, we will just let it wait a minute.

Ahīnta. Why?

Goha. Well, when my father was going to heaven, he said to me, "Son Goha, if it's your turn to kill him, don't kill the sinner too quick."

Ahīnta. But why?

Goha. "Perhaps," said he, "some good man might give the money to set him free. Perhaps a son might be born to the king, and to celebrate the event, all the prisoners might be set free. Perhaps

an elephant might break loose, and the prisoner might escape in the excitement. Perhaps there might be a change of kings, and all the prisoners might be set free."

Sansthānaka. What? What? A change of kings?

Goha. Well, let's reckon it out, whose turn it is.

Sansthānaka. Oh, come! Kill Chārudatta at once. [*He takes Sthāvaraka, and withdraws a little.*]

Headsmen. Noble Chārudatta, it is the king's commandment that bears the blame, not we headsmen. Think then of what you needs must think.

Chārudatta. Though slandered by a cruel fate,
And stained by men of high estate,
If that my virtue yet regarded be,
Then she who dwells with gods above
Or wheresoever else—my love—

By her sweet nature wipe the stain from me!

34

Tell me. Whither would you have me go?

Goha. [Pointing ahead.] Why, here is the southern burying-ground, and when a criminal sees that, he says good-by to life in a minute. For look!

One half the corpse gaunt jackals rend and shake,
And ply their horrid task;
One half still hangs impaled upon the stake,
Loud laughter's grinning mask.

35

Chārudatta. Alas! Ah, woe is me! [*In his agitation he sits down.*]

Sansthānaka. I won't go yet. I'll jusht shee Chārudatta killed. [*He walks about, gazing.*] Well, well! He shat down.

Goha. Are you frightened, Chārudatta?

Chārudatta. [Rising hastily.] Fool!

Death have I never feared, but blackened fame;
My death were welcome, coming free from shame,
As were a son, new-born to bear my name.

(27)

Goha. Noble Chārudatta, the moon and the sun dwell in the vault of heaven, yet even they are overtaken by disaster. How much more, death-fearing creatures, and men! In this world, one rises only to fall, another falls only to rise again. But from him who has risen and falls, his body drops like a garment. Lay these thoughts to heart, and be strong. [*To Ahīnta.*] Here is the fourth place of proclamation. Let us proclaim the sentence. [*They do so once again.*]

Chārudatta. Vasantasenā! Oh, my belovèd!

From thy dear lips, that vied with coral's red,
Betraying teeth more bright than moonbeams fair,
My soul with heaven's nectar once was fed.
How can I, helpless, taste that poison dread,
To drink shame's poisoned cup how can I bear? (13)

[Enter, in great agitation, *Vasantasenā* and the *Buddhist monk.*]

Monk. Strange! My monkish life did me yeoman service when it proved necessary to comfort Vasantasenā, so untimely wearied, and to lead her on her way. Sister in Buddha, whither shall I lead you?

Vasantasenā. To the noble Chārudatta's house. Revive me with the sight of him, as the night-blooming water-lily is revived by the sight of the moon.

Monk. [Aside.] By which road shall I enter? [He reflects.] The king's highway—I'll enter by that. Come, sister in Buddha! Here is the king's highway. [Listening.] But what is this great tumult that I hear on the king's highway.

Vasantasenā. [Looking before her.] Why, there is a great crowd of people before us. Pray find out, sir, what it means. All Ujjayini tips to one side, as if the earth bore an uneven load.

Goha. And here is the last place of proclamation. Beat the drum! Proclaim the sentence! [*They do so.*] Now, Chārudatta, wait! Don't be frightened. You will be killed very quickly.

Chārud. Though slandered by a cruel fate,
And stained by men of high estate,
If that my virtue yet regarded be,
Then she who dwells with gods above
Or wheresoever else—my love—
By her sweet nature wipe the stain from me! (34)

Monk and Vasantasenā. [Perceiving what is being done.] Good gentlemen! Hold, hold!

Vasantasenā. Good gentlemen! I am the wretch for whose sake he is put to death.

Goha. [Perceiving her.]

Who is the woman with the streaming hair
That smites her shoulder, loosened from its bands?
She loudly calls upon us to forbear,
And hastens hither with uplifted hands.

37

Vasantasenā. Oh, Chārudatta! What does it mean? [*She falls on his breast.*]

Monk. Oh, Chārudatta! What does it mean? [*He falls at his feet.*]

Goha. [Anxiously withdrawing.] Vasantasenā?—At least, we did not kill an innocent man.

Monk. [Rising.] Thank heaven! Chārudatta lives.

Goha. And shall live a hundred years!

Vasantasenā. [Joyfully.] And I too am brought back to life again.

Goha. The king is at the place of sacrifice. Let us report to him what has taken place. [The two headsmen start to go away.]

Sansthānaka. [Perceives *Vasantasenā*. In terror.] Goodness! who brought the slave back to life? This is the end of me. Good! I'll run away. [He runs away.]

Goha. [Returning.] Well, did n't we have orders from the king to put the man to death who murdered Vasantasenā? Let us hunt for the king's brother-in-law. [Exeunt the two headsmen.

Chārudatta. [In amazement.]

Who saves me from the uplifted weapon's scorn,
When in Death's jaws I struggled all forlorn,
A streaming cloud above the rainless corn?

38

[He gazes at her.]

Is this Vasantasenā's counterfeit?
Or she herself, from heaven above descended?
Or do I but in madness see my sweet?

Or has her precious life not yet been ended?

39

Or again : Did she return from heaven,

That I might rescued be?

Was her form to another given?

Is this that other she?

40

Vasantasenā. [Rises tearfully and falls at his feet.] O noble Chārudatta, I am indeed the wretch for whose sake you are fallen upon this unworthy plight.

Voices behind the scenes. A miracle, a miracle! Vasantasenā lives.

[The bystanders repeat the words.]

Chārudatta. [Listens, then rises suddenly, embraces Vasantasenā, and closes his eyes. In a voice trembling with emotion.] My love!
You are Vasantasenā!

Vasantasenā. That same unhappy woman.

Chārudatta. [Gazes upon her. Joyfully.] Can it be? Vasantasenā herself? *[In utter happiness.]*

Her bosom bathed in streaming tears,
When in Death's power I fell,
Whence is she come to slay my fears,
Like heavenly magic's spell?

41

Vasantasenā! Oh, my belovèd!

Unto my body, whence the life was fleeting,
And all for thee, thou knewest life to give.

Oh, magic wonderful in lovers' meeting!

What power besides could make the dead man live?

42

But see, my belovèd!

My blood-red garment seems a bridegroom's cloak,
Death's garland seems to me a bridal wreath;
My love is near.

And marriage music seems the fatal stroke
Of drums that heralded my instant death;
For she is here.

43

Vasantasenā. You with your utter kindness, what can it be that you have done?

Chārudatta. My belovèd, he said that I had killed you.
For ancient hatred's sake, my mighty foe,
Hell's victim now, had almost laid me low.

44

Vasantasenā. [Stopping her ears.] Heaven avert the omen! It was he, the king's brother-in-law, who killed me.

Chārudatta. [Perceiving the monk.] But who is this?

Vasantasenā. When that unworthy wretch had killed me, this worthy man brought me back to life.

Chārudatta. Who are you, unselfish friend?

Monk. You do not remember me, sir. I am that shampooer, who once was happy to rub your feet. When I fell into the hands of certain gamblers, this sister in Buddha, upon hearing that I had been your servant, bought my freedom with her jewels. Thereupon I grew tired of the gambler's life, and became a Buddhist monk. Now this lady made a mistake in her bullock-cart, and so came to the old garden Pushpakaranda. But when that unworthy wretch learned that she would not love him, he murdered her by strangling. And I found her there.

Loud voices behind the scenes.

Unending victory to Shiva be,
Who Daksha's offering foiled;
And victory may Kārttikeya see,
Who Krauncha smote and spoiled;

Sharvilaka. I forced your house in manner base,
 And stole the gems there left behind;
 But though this sin oppress my mind,
 I throw myself upon your grace. 49

Chārudatta. Not so, my friend. Thereby you showed your faith
 in me. [*He embraces him.*]

Sharvilaka. And one thing more:

The very noble Aryaka,
 To save his family and name,
 Has slain the wretched Pālaka,
 A victim at the altar's flame. 50

Chārudatta. What say you?

Sharvilaka. 'T was your cart helped him on his way,
 Who sought the shelter of your name;
 He slew King Pālaka to-day,
 A victim at the altar's flame. 51

Chārudatta. Sharvilaka, did you set free that Aryaka, whom Pā-
 laka took from his hamlet, and confined without cause in the tower?

Sharvilaka. I did.

Chārudatta. This is indeed most welcome tidings.

Sharvilaka. Scarcely was your friend Aryaka established in Ujja-
 yinī, when he bestowed upon you the throne of Kushāvatī, on
 the bank of the Venā. May you graciously receive this first token
 of his love. [*He turns around.*] Come, lead hither that rascal, that
 villain, the brother-in-law of the king!

Voices behind the scenes. We will, Sharvilaka.

Sharvilaka. Sir, King Aryaka declares that he won this kingdom
 through your virtues, and that you are therefore to have some
 benefit from it.

Chārudatta. The kingdom won through my virtues?

Voices behind the scenes. Come on, brother-in-law of the king, and

reap the reward of your insolence. [*Enter Sansthānaka, guarded, with his hands tied behind his back.*]

Sansthānaka. Goodnessh gracious!

It came to pass, I ran away
Like any ass, and had my day.
They drag me round, a prishoner,
As if they 'd found a naughty cur.

52

[*He looks about him.*] They crowd around me, though I 'm a relative of the king's. To whom shall I go for help in my helplesshness? [*He reflects.*] Good! I 'll go to the man who gives help and shows mercy to the shuppliant. [*He approaches.*] Noble Chārudatta, protect me, protect me! [*He falls at his feet.*]

Voices behind the scenes. Noble Chārudatta, leave him to us! let us kill him!

Sansthānaka. [*To Chārudatta.*] O helper of the helplessh, protect me!

Chārudatta. [*Mercifully.*] Yes, yes. He who seeks protection shall be safe.

Sharvilaka. [*Impatiently.*] Confound him! Take him away from Chārudatta! [*To Chārudatta.*] Tell me. What shall be done with the wretch?

Shall he be bound and dragged until he dies?
Shall dogs devour the scoundrel as he lies?
If he should be impaled, 't would be no blunder,
Nor if we had the rascal sawn asunder.

53

Chārudatta. Will you do as I say?

Sharvilaka. How can you doubt it?

Sansthānaka. Chārudatta! Mashter! I sheek your protection. Protect me, protect me! Do shomething worthy of yourshelf. I 'll never do it again!

Voices of citizens behind the scenes. Kill him! Why should the wretch be allowed to live?

[*Vasantasenā takes the garland of death from Chārudatta's neck, and throws it upon Sansthānaka.*]

Sansthānaka. You shlave-wench, be merciful, be merciful! I 'll never murder you again. Protect me!

Sharvilaka. Come, take him away! Noble Chārudatta, say what shall be done with the wretch.

Chārudatta. Will you do as I say?

Sharvilaka. How can you doubt it?

Chārudatta. Really?

Sharvilaka. Really.

Chārudatta. Then let him be immediately—

Sharvilaka. Killed?

Chārudatta. No, no! Set free.

Sharvilaka. What for?

Chārud. The humbled foe who seeks thine aid,
Thou mayst not smite with steely blade—

Sharvilaka. All right. We will have the dogs eat him alive.

Chārudatta. No, no!

Be cruelty with kindness paid.

54

Sharvilaka. Wonderful! What shall I do? Tell me, sir.

Chārudatta. Why, set him free.

Sharvilaka. It shall be done. '

Sansthānaka. Hooray! I breathe again. [Exit, with the guards.]

Sharvilaka. Mistress Vasantasenā, the king is pleased to bestow upon you the title "wedded wife."

Vasantasenā. Sir, I desire no more.

Sharvilaka. [Places the veil¹ upon Vasantasenā. To Chārudatta.]

Sir, what shall be done for this monk?

Chārudatta. Monk, what do you most desire?

Monk. When I see this example of the uncertainty of all things,

¹ A token of honorable marriage. Compare page 66.

EPILOGUE

MAY kine yield streaming milk, the earth her grain,
And may the heaven give never-failing rain,

The winds waft happiness to all that breathes,
And all that lives, live free from every pain.

In paths of righteousness may Brahmans tread,
And high esteem their high deserving wed;
May kings in justice' ways be ever led,
And earth, submissive, bend her grateful head.

60

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A LIST OF PASSAGES

IN WHICH THE TRANSLATION DEPARTS FROM PARAB'S TEXT

- 35.15 : Here *nirmitāḥ* is apparently a mere misprint for *nirjitāḥ*.
- 45.11 : The addition of *utṭhedha tti* seems almost necessary.
- 53.10; 54.9; 55.11; 62.7; 66.7 : In these passages I have substituted “shampooer” for “gambler,” to prevent confusion of the shampooer with the unnamed gambler.
- 57.13 : I have added the stage-direction *dyūtakaramandalīm krtvā*.
- 67.5 : Read *kam* for *kim*.
- 72.9 : Read *ajjo bandhuanam samassāsidum* for Parab's *ajja bandhuano samasasadu*.
- 73.5 : We should probably read *bihaccham* (*bibhatsam*) for *vihattham*.
- 87.3 : The words *cikitsām krtvā* seem to be part of the text, not of the stage-direction.
- 97.13 : I regard *nayasya* as one word, not two (*na yasya*).
- 100.12 : Read *rakṣān* for *rakṣyān*.
- 114.5 : Read *naaranārī-* for *naranārī-*.
- 125.8–11 : These lines I have omitted.
- 126.4 : Read *accharīa-* (*ācarya-*) for *accharīdi-*.
- 170.8 : Read *eka-* for *ekā-*.
- 178.11 : Read *vaddhamānao* for *vaddhamānaa*.
- 184.9 : Read *a (ca)* for *ka*.
- 217.15 : Whatever *çavodiam* may be, I have translated it in accordance with Lallādiksita's gloss, *savestikam*.
- 226.2 : Apparently *khala-* is a misprint for *khana-*.
- 238.10 : Read *-ruciram* for *-racitam*.
- 259.16 : Read *udvīksya* for *udvījya*.
- 262.4 : Read *-bhājanam* for *-bhojanam*.
- 262.14 : Read *padicchidam* (*pratīṣṭam*) for *padicchidum*.
- 265.6 : Read *tvayā* for *mayā*.
- 284.14 : The words *atha vā* plainly belong to the text, not to the stage-direction.
- 287.2 : I take *paurāḥ* as part of the stage-direction.
- 288.3–292.9 : This passage I have omitted: compare page xii.

31. V. T. Rajshekar, *Aggression on Indian Culture: Cultural Identity of Dalits and the Dominant Tradition of India* (Bangalore: Dalit Sahitya Akademy, 1988), 13.
32. Robert Caldwell, *The Tinnevelly Shanars: A Sketch of Their Religion and Their Moral Condition and Characteristics as a Caste* (Madras: Christian Knowledge Society Press, 1849), 27-28. According to Bishop Caldwell's account, the Nadars celebrated the day on which Ravana carried Sita to Lanka as one of their religious festivals.
33. James Ryan, "Ravana, Tirukkural, and the Historical Roots of the Philosophy of Periyar" (paper presented at the 11th Annual Conference on South Asia, Madison, Wisconsin, November 1982).
34. Goldman likewise calls attention to the tradition of producing abridged (*samksipta*) versions of Valmiki's text: *The Ramayana of Valmiki*, vol. 1: *Balakanda*, 6, n. 10; 274.

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Two

Three Hundred Ramayanas: Five Examples and Three Thoughts on Translation

A. K. Ramanujan

How many *Ramayanas*? Three hundred? Three thousand? At the end of some *Ramayanas*, a question is sometimes asked: How many *Ramayanas* have there been? And there are stories that answer the question. Here is one.

One day when Rama was sitting on his throne, his ring fell off. When it touched the earth, it made a hole in the ground and disappeared into it. It was gone. His trusty henchman, Hanuman, was at his feet. Rama said to Hanuman, "Look, my ring is lost. Find it for me."

Now Hanuman can enter any hole, no matter how tiny. He had the power to become the smallest of the small and larger than the largest thing. So he took on a tiny form and went down the hole.

He went and went and suddenly fell into the netherworld. There were women down there. "Look, a tiny monkey! It's fallen from above? Then they caught him and placed him on a platter (*thali*). The King of Spirits (*bhut*), who lives in the netherworld, likes to eat animals. So Hanuman was sent to him as part of his dinner, along with his vegetables. Hanuman sat on the platter, wondering what to do.

While this was going on in the netherworld, Rama sat on his throne on the earth above. The sage Vasistha and the god Brahma came to see him. They said to Rama, "We want to talk privately with you. We don't want anyone to hear what we say or interrupt it. Do we agree?"

"All right," said Rama, "we'll talk."

Then they said, "Lay down a rule. If anyone comes in as we are talking, his head should be cut off."

"It will be done," said Rama.

Who would be the most trustworthy person to guard the door? Hanuman had gone down to fetch the ring. Rama trusted no one more than Laksmana,

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so he asked Laksmana to stand by the door. "Don't allow anyone to enter," he ordered.

Laksmana was standing at the door when the sage Visvamitra appeared and said, "I need to see Rama at once. It's urgent. Tell me, where is Rama?"

Laksmana said, "Don't go in now. He is talking to some people. It's important."

"What is there that Rama would hide from me?" said Visvamitra. "I must go in, right now."

Laksmana said, "I'll have to ask his permission before I can let you in."

"Go in and ask then."

"I can't go in till Rama comes out. You'll have to wait."

"If you don't go in and announce my presence, I'll burn the entire kingdom of Ayodhya with a curse," said Visvamitra.

Laksmana thought, "If I go in now, I'll die. But if I don't go, this hotheaded man will burn down the kingdom. All the subjects, all things living in it, will die. It's better that I alone should die."

So he went right in.

Rama asked him, "What's the matter?"

"Visvamitra is here."

"Send him in."

So Visvamitra went in. The private talk had already come to an end. Brahma and Vasistha had come to see Rama and say to him, "Your work in the world of human beings is over. Your incarnation as Rama must now be given up. Leave this body, come up, and rejoin the gods." That's all they wanted to say.

Laksmana said to Rama, "Brother, you should cut off my head."

Rama said, "Why? We had nothing more to say. Nothing was left. So why should I cut off your head?"

Laksmana said, "You can't do that. You can't let me off because I'm your brother. There'll be a blot on Rama's name. You didn't spare your wife. You sent her to the jungle. I must be punished. I will leave."

Laksmana was an avatar of Sesa, the serpent on whom Visnu sleeps. His time was up too. He went directly to the river Sarayu and disappeared in the flowing waters.

When Laksmana relinquished his body, Rama summoned all his followers, Vibhisana, Sugriva, and others, and arranged for the coronation of his twin sons, Lava and Kusa. Then Rama too entered the river Sarayu.

All this while, Hanuman was in the netherworld. When he was finally taken to the King of Spirits, he kept repeating the name of Rama. "Rama Rama Rama . . ."

Then the King of Spirits asked, "Who are you?"

"Hanuman."

"Hanuman? Why have you come here?"

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"Rama's ring fell into a hole. I've come to fetch it."

The king looked around and showed him a platter. On it were thousands of rings. They were all Rama's rings. The king brought the platter to Hanuman, set it down, and said, "Pick out your Rama's ring and take it."

They were all exactly the same. "I don't know which one it is," said Hanuman, shaking his head.

The King of Spirits said, "There have been as many Ramas as there are rings on this platter. When you return to earth, you will not find Rama. This incarnation of Rama is now over. Whenever an incarnation of Rama is about to be over, his

ring falls down. I collect them and keep them. Now you can go."

So Hanuman left.

This story is usually told to suggest that for every such Rama there is a *Ramayana*.¹ The number of *Ramayanas* and the range of their influence in South and Southeast Asia over the past twenty-five hundred years or more are astonishing. Just a list of languages in which the Rama story is found makes one gasp: Annamese, Balinese, Bengali, Cambodian, Chinese, Gujarati, Javanese, Kannada, Kashmiri, Khotanese, Laotian, Malaysian, Marathi, Oriya, Prakrit, Sanskrit, Santali, Sinhalese, Tamil, Telugu, Thai, Tibetan say nothing of Western languages. Through the centuries, some of these languages have hosted more than one telling of the Rama story. Sanskrit alone contains some twenty-five or more tellings belonging to various narrative genres (epics, *kavyas* or ornate poetic compositions, *puranas* or old mythological stories, and so forth). If we add plays, dance-dramas, and other performances, in both the classical and folk traditions, the number of *Ramayanas* grows even larger. To these must be added sculpture and bas-reliefs, mask plays, puppet plays and shadow plays, in all the many South and Southeast Asian cultures.² Camille Bulcke, a student of the *Ramayana*, counted three hundred tellings.³ It's no wonder that even as long ago as the fourteenth century, Kumaravyasa, a Kannada poet, chose to write a *Mahabharata*, because he heard the cosmic serpent which upholds the earth groaning under the burden of *Ramayana* poets (*tinikidanu phaniraya ramayanada kavigala bharadali*). In this paper, indebted for its data to numerous previous translators and scholars, I would like to sort out for myself, and I hope for others, how these hundreds of tellings of a story in different cultures, languages, and religious traditions relate to each other: what gets translated, transplanted, transposed.

Valmiki and Kampan: Two Ahalyas

Obviously, these hundreds of tellings differ from one another. I have come to prefer the word *tellings* to the usual terms *versions* or *variants* because the latter terms can and typically do imply that there is an invariant, an original or

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Ur-text usually Valmiki's Sanskrit *Ramayana*, the earliest and most prestigious of them all. But as we shall see, it is not always Valmiki's narrative that is carried from one language to another.

It would be useful to make some distinctions before we begin. The tradition itself distinguishes between the Rama story (*ramakatha*) and texts composed by a specific person Valmiki, Kampan, or Krttivasa, for example. Though many of the latter are popularly called *Ramayanas* (like *Kamparamayanam*), few texts actually bear the title *Ramayana*; they are given titles like *Iramavataram* (The Incarnation of Rama), *Ramcaritmanas* (The Lake of the Acts of Rama), *Ramakien* (The Story of Rama), and so on. Their relations to the Rama story as told by Valmiki also vary. This traditional distinction between *katha* (story) and *kavya* (poem) parallels the French one between *sujet* and *recit*, or the English one between story and discourse.⁴ It is also analogous to the distinction between a sentence and a speech act. The story may be the same in two tellings, but the discourse may be vastly different. Even the structure and sequence of events may be the same, but the style, details, tone, and texture and therefore the import may be vastly different.

Here are two tellings of the "same" episode, which occur at the same point in the sequence of the narrative. The first is from the first book (*Balakanda*) of Valmiki's Sanskrit *Ramayana*; the second from the first canto (*Palakantam*) of Kampan's *Iramavataram* in Tamil. Both narrate the story of Ahalya.

The Ahalya Episode: Valmiki

Seeing Mithila, Janaka's white
and dazzling city, all the sages
cried out in praise, "Wonderful!
How wonderful!"

Raghava, sighting on the outskirts
of Mithila an ashram, ancient,
unpeopled, and lovely, asked the sage,
"What is this holy place,

so like an ashram but without a hermit?
 Master, I'd like to hear: whose was it?"
 Hearing Raghava's words, the great sage
 Visvamitra, man of fire,

expert in words answered, "Listen,
 Raghava, I'll tell you whose ashram
 this was and how it was cursed
 by a great man in anger.

It was great Gautama's, this ashram
 that reminds you of heaven, worshiped even
 by the gods. Long ago, with Ahalya
 he practiced *tapas*⁵ here

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for countless years. Once, knowing that Gautama
 was away, Indra (called Thousand Eyes),
 Saci's husband, took on the likeness
 of the sage, and said to Ahalya:

'Men pursuing their desire do not wait
 for the proper season, O you who
 have a perfect body. Making love
 with you: that's what I want.
 That waist of yours is lovely.'

She knew it was Indra of the Thousand Eyes
 in the guise of the sage. Yet she,
 wrongheaded woman, made up her mind,
 excited, curious about the king
 of the gods.

And then, her inner being satisfied,
 she said to the god, 'I'm satisfied, king
 of the gods. Go quickly from here.'

O giver of honor, lover, protect
 yourself and me.'

And Indra smiled and said to Ahalya,
 'Woman of lovely hips, I am
 very content. I'll go the way I came.'
 Thus after making love, he came out
 of the hut made of leaves.

And, O Rama, as he hurried away,
 nervous about Gautama and flustered,
 he caught sight of Gautama coming in,
 the great sage, unassailable
 by gods and antigods,

empowered by his *tapas*, still wet
 with the water of the river
 he'd bathed in, blazing like fire,
 with *kusa* grass and kindling
 in his hands.

Seeing him, the king of the gods was
 terror-struck, his face drained of color.
The sage, facing Thousand Eyes now dressed
 as the sage, the one rich in virtue
and the other with none,

spoke to him in anger: 'You took my form,
 you fool, and did this that should never
be done. Therefore you will lose your testicles.'

At once, they fell to the ground, they fell
even as the great sage spoke

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his words in anger to Thousand Eyes.
Having cursed Indra, he then cursed
Ahalya: 'You, you will dwell here
 many thousands of years, eating the air,
without food, rolling in ash,

and burning invisible to all creatures.
When Rama, unassailable son
of Dasaratha, comes to this terrible
 wilderness, you will become pure,
you woman of no virtue,

you will be cleansed of lust and confusion.
Filled then with joy, you'll wear again
your form in my presence.' And saying
 this to that woman of bad conduct,
blazing Gautama abandoned

the ashram, and did his *tapas*
 on a beautiful Himalayan peak,
haunt of celestial singers and
 perfected beings.

Emasculated Indra then
spoke to the gods led by Agni
attended by the sages
 and the celestial singers.

'I've only done this work on behalf
 of the gods, putting great Gautama
in a rage, blocking his *tapas*.
He has emasculated me

and rejected her in anger.
Through this great outburst
of curses, I've robbed him
 of his *tapas*. Therefore,

great gods, sages, and celestial singers,
 help me, helper of the gods,
to regain my testicles.' And the gods,
 led by Agni, listened to Indra

of the Hundred Sacrifices and went
 with the Marut hosts
 to the divine ancestors, and said,
 'Some time ago, Indra, infatuated,

 ravished the sage's wife
 and was then emasculated
 by the sage's curse. Indra,
 king of gods, destroyer of cities,

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is now angry with the gods.

This ram has testicles
 but great Indra has lost his.
 So take the ram's testicles

and quickly graft them on to Indra.

A castrated ram will give you
 supreme satisfaction and will be
 a source of pleasure.

People who offer it

 will have endless fruit.

You will give them your plenty.'

Having heard Agni's words,

the Ancestors got together

 and ripped off the ram's testicles
 and applied them then to Indra
 of the Thousand Eyes.

Since then, the divine Ancestors

 eat these castrated rams
 and Indra has the testicles
 of the beast through the power
 of great Gautama's *tapas*.

Come then, Rama, to the ashram

 of the holy sage and save Ahalya
 who has the beauty of a goddess."

Raghava heard Visvamitra's words

and followed him into the ashram

 with Laksmana: there he saw
 Ahalya, shining with an inner light
 earned through her penances,

blazing yet hidden from the eyes
 of passersby, even gods and antigods. 6

The Ahalya Episode: Kampan

They came to many-towered Mithila
 and stood outside the fortress.
 On the towers were many flags.

There, high on an open field,

stood a black rock
that was once Ahalya,

the great sage's wife who fell
because she lost her chastity,
the mark of marriage in a house.

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Rama's eyes fell on the rock,
the dust of his feet
wafted on it.

Like one unconscious
coming to,
cutting through ignorance,

changing his dark carcass
for true form
as he reaches the Lord's feet,

so did she stand alive
formed and colored
again as she once was.

548

In 550, Rama asks Visvamitra why this lovely woman had been turned to stone. Visvamitra replies:

"Listen. Once Indra,
Lord of the Diamond Axe,
waited on the absenceLord of the Diamond Axe,

of Gautama, a sage all spirit,
meaning to reach out
for the lovely breast
of doe-eyed Ahalya, his wife.

Hurt by love's arrows,
hurt by the look in her eyes
that pierced him like a spear, Indra
writhed and cast about
for stratagems;

one day, overwhelmed
and mindless, he isolated
the sage; and sneaked
into the hermitage
wearing the exact body of Gautama

whose heart knew no falsehoods.

551

Sneaking in, he joined Ahalya;
coupled, they drank deep
of the clear new wine

552

of first-night weddings;

and she knew.

Yet unable

to put aside what was not hers,
she dallied in her joy,
but the sage did not tarry,
he came back, a very Siva
with three eyes in his head.

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Gautama, who used no arrows
from bows, could use more inescapable
powers of curse and blessing.

When he arrived, Ahalya stood there,
stunned, bearing the shame of a deed
that will not end in this endless world.

Indra shook in terror,
started to move away
in the likeness of a cat.

554

Eyes dropping fire, Gautama
saw what was done,
and his words flew
like the burning arrows
at your hand:

'May you be covered
by the vaginas
of a thousand women!'
In the twinkle of an eye
they came and covered him.

555

Covered with shame,
laughingstock of the world,
Indra left.

The sage turned
to his tender wife
and cursed:

'O bought woman!
May you turn to stone!'
and she fell at once

a rough thing
of black rock.

556

Yet as she fell she begged:

'To bear and forgive wrongs
is also the way of elders.
O Siva-like lord of mine,
set some limit to your curse!'

So he said: 'Rama
will come, wearing garlands that bring
the hum of bees with them.
When the dust of his feet falls on you,
you will be released from the body of stone.'

557

The immortals looked at their king
and came down at once to Gautama
in a delegation led by Brahma
and begged of Gautama to relent.

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Gautama's mind had changed
and cooled. He changed
the marks on Indra to a thousand eyes
and the gods went back to their worlds,
while she lay there, a thing of stone.

558

That was the way it was.
while she lay there, a thing of stone.
From now on, no more misery,
only release, for all things
in this world.

O cloud-dark lord

who battled with that ogress,
black as soot, I saw there
the virtue of your hands
and here the virtue of your feet.' 7

559

Let me rapidly suggest a few differences between the two tellings. In Valmiki, Indra seduces a willing Ahalya. In Kampan, Ahalya realizes she is doing wrong but cannot let go of the forbidden joy; the poem has also suggested earlier that her sage-husband is all spirit, details which together add a certain psychological subtlety to the seduction. Indra tries to steal away in the shape of a cat, clearly a folklore motif (also found, for example, in the *Kathasaritsagara*, an eleventh-century Sanskrit compendium of folktales).⁸ He is cursed with a thousand vaginas which are later changed into eyes, and Ahalya is changed into frigid stone. The poetic justice wreaked on both offenders is fitted to their wrongdoing. Indra bears the mark of what he lusted for, while Ahalya is rendered incapable of responding to anything. These motifs, not found in Valmiki, are attested in South Indian folklore and other southern Rama stories, in inscriptions and earlier Tamil poems, as well as in non-Tamil sources. Kampan, here and elsewhere, not only makes full use of his predecessor Valmiki's materials but folds in many regional folk traditions. It is often through him that they then become part of other *Ramayanas*.

In technique, Kampan is also more dramatic than Valmiki. Rama's feet transmute the black stone into Ahalya first; only afterward is her story told. The black stone standing on a high place, waiting for Rama, is itself a very effective, vivid symbol. Ahalya's revival, her waking from cold stone to fleshly human warmth, becomes an occasion for a moving *bhakti* (devotional) meditation on the soul waking to its form in god.

Finally, the Ahalya episode is related to previous episodes in the poem such as that in which Rama destroys the demoness Tataka. There he was the destroyer of evil, the bringer of sterility and the ashes of death to his enemies. Here, as the reviver of Ahalya, he is a cloud-dark god of fertility. Throughout

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Kampan's poem, Rama is a Tamil hero, a generous giver and a ruthless destroyer of foes. And the *bhakti* vision makes the release of Ahalya from her rock-bound sin a paradigm of Rama's incarnatory mission to release all souls from world-bound misery.

In Valmiki, Rama's character is that not of a god but of a god-man who has to live within the limits of a human form with all its vicissitudes. Some argue that the references to Rama's divinity and his incarnation for the purpose of destroying Ravana, and the first and last books of the epic, in which Rama is clearly described as a god with such a mission, are later additions. Be that as it may, in Kampan he is clearly a god. Hence a passage like the above is dense with religious feeling and theological images. Kampan, writing in the twelfth century, composed his poem under the influence of Tamil *bhakti*. He had for his master Nammalvar (9th C.?), the most eminent of the Srivaisnava saints. So, for Kampan, Rama is a god who is on a mission to root out evil, sustain the good, and bring release to all living beings. The encounter with Ahalya is only the first in a series, ending with Rama's encounter with Ravana the demon himself. For Nammalvar, Rama is a savior of *all* beings, from the lowly grass to the great gods:

By Rama's Grace

Why would anyone want
to learn anything but Rama?

Beginning with the low grass
and the creeping ant
with nothing
whatever,

he took everything in his city,
everything moving,
everything still,

he took everything,
everything born
of the lord
of four faces,

he took them all
to the very best of states.
Nammalvar 7.5.110

Kampan's epic poem enacts in detail and with passion Nammalvar's vision of Rama.

Thus the Ahalya, episode is essentially the same, but the weave, the texture, the colors are very different. Part of the aesthetic pleasure in the later poet's telling derives from its artistic use of its predecessor's work, from ring-

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ing changes on it. To some extent all later *Ramayanas* play on the knowledge of previous tellings: they are meta-*Ramayanas*. I cannot resist repeating my favorite example. In several of the later *Ramayanas* (such as the *Adhyatma Ramayana*, 16th C.), when Rama is exiled, he does not want Sita to go with him into the forest. Sita argues with him. At first she uses the usual arguments: she is his wife, she should share his sufferings, exile herself in his exile, and so on. When he still resists the idea, she is furious. She bursts out, "Countless *Ramayanas* have been composed

before this. Do you know of one where Sita doesn't go with Rama to the forest?" That clinches the argument, and she goes with him. 11 And as nothing in India occurs uniquely, even this motif appears in more than one *Ramayana*.

Now the Tamil *Ramayana* of Kampan generates its own offspring, its own special sphere of influence. Read in Telugu characters in Telugu country, played as drama in the Malayalam area as part of temple ritual, it is also an important link in the transmission of the Rama story to Southeast Asia. It has been convincingly shown that the eighteenth-century Thai *Ramakien* owes much to the Tamil epic. For instance, the names of many characters in the Thai work are not Sanskrit names, but clearly Tamil names (for example, Rsyasrnga in Sanskrit but Kalaikkotu in Tamil, the latter borrowed into Thai). Tulsi's Hindi *Ramcaritmanas* and the Malaysian *Hikayat Seri Ram* too owe many details to the Kampan poem.¹²

Thus obviously transplantations take place through several routes. In some languages the word for tea is derived from a northern Chinese dialect and in others from a southern dialect; thus some languages, like English and French, have some form of the word *tea*, while others, like Hindi and Russian, have some form of the word *cha(y)*. Similarly, the Rama story seems to have traveled along three routes, according to Santosh Desai: "By land, the northern route took the story from the Punjab and Kashmir into China, Tibet, and East Turkestan; by sea, the southern route carried the story from Gujarat and South India into Java, Sumatra, and Malaya; and again by land, the eastern route delivered the story from Bengal into Burma, Thailand, and Laos. Vietnam and Cambodia obtained their stories partly from Java and partly from India via the eastern route."¹³

Jaina Tellings

When we enter the world of Jains tellings, the Rama story no longer carries Hindu values. Indeed the Jaina texts express the feeling that the Hindus, especially the Brahmins, have maligned Ravana, made him into a villain. Here is a set of questions that a Jaina text begins by asking: "How can monkeys vanquish the powerful *raksasa* warriors like Ravana? How can noble men and Jaina worthies like Ravana eat flesh and drink blood? How can Kumbhakarna sleep through six months of the year, and never wake up even

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though boiling oil was poured into his cars, elephants were made to trample over him, and war trumpets and conches blow around him? They also say that Ravana captured Indra and dragged him handcuffed into Lanka. Who can do that to Indra? All this looks a bit fantastic and extreme. They are lies and contrary to reason." With these questions in mind King Srenika goes to sage Gautama to have him tell the true story and clear his doubts. Gautama says to him, "I'll tell you what Jaina wise men say. Ravana is not a demon, he is not a cannibal and a flesh eater. Wrong-thinking poetasters and fools tell these lies." He then begins to tell his own version of the story. 14 Obviously, the Jaina *Ramayana* of Vimalasuri, called *Paumacariya* (Prakrit for the Sanskrit *Padmacarita*), knows its Valmiki and proceeds to correct its errors and Hindu extravagances. Like other Jains *puranas*, this too is a *pratipurana*, an anti- or counter-*purana*. The prefix *prati*, meaning "anti-" or "counter-", is a favorite Jaina affix.

Vimalasuri the Jains opens the story not with Rama's genealogy and greatness, but with Ravana's. Ravana is one of the sixty-three leaders or *salakapurushas* of the Jaina tradition. He is noble, learned, earns all his magical powers and weapons through austerities (*tapas*), and is a devotee of Jaina masters. To please one of them, he even takes a vow that he will not touch any unwilling woman. In one memorable incident, he lays siege to an impregnable fort. The queen of that kingdom is in love with him and sends him her messenger; he uses her knowledge of the fort to breach it and defeat the king. But, as soon as he conquers it, he returns the kingdom to the king and advises the queen to return to her husband. Later, he is shaken to his roots when he hears from soothsayers that he will meet his end through a woman, Sita. It is such a Ravana who falls in love with Sita's beauty, abducts her, tries to win her favors in vain, watches himself fall, and finally dies on the battlefield. In these tellings, he is a great man undone by a passion that he has vowed against but that he cannot resist. In another tradition of the Jaina *Ramayanas*, Sita is his daughter, although he does not know it: the dice of tragedy are loaded against him further by this oedipal situation. I shall say more about Sita's birth in the next section.

In fact, to our modern eyes, this Ravana is a tragic figure; we are moved to admiration and pity for Ravana when the Jainas tell the story. I should mention one more motif: according to the Jaina way of thinking, a pair of antagonists, Vasudeva and Prativasudeva hero and an antihero, almost like self and Other are destined to fight in life after life. Laksmana and Ravana are the eighth incarnations of this pair. They are born in age after age, meet each other in battle

after many vicissitudes, and in every encounter Vasudeva inevitably kills his counterpart, his *prati*. Ravana learns at the end that Laksmana is such a Vasudeva come to take his life. Still, overcoming his despair after a last unsuccessful attempt at peace, he faces his destined enemy in battle with his most powerful magic weapons. When finally he

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hurls his discus (*cakra*), it doesn't work for him. Recognizing Laksmana as a Vasudeva, it does not behead him but gives itself over to his hand. Thus Laksmana slays Ravana with his own cherished weapon.

Here Rama does not even kill Ravana, as he does in the Hindu *Ramayanas*. For Rama is an evolved Jaina soul who has conquered his passions; this is his last birth, so he is loath to kill anything. It is left to Laksmana to kill enemies, and according to inexorable Jaina logic it is Laksmana who goes to hell while Rama finds release (*kaivalya*).

One hardly need add that the *Paumacariya* is filled with references to Jaina places of pilgrimage, stories about Jaina monks, and Jaina homilies and legends. Furthermore, since the Jainas consider themselves rationalistsunlike the Hindus, who, according to them, are given to exorbitant and often bloodthirsty fancies and ritualsthey systematically avoid episodes involving miraculous births (Rama and his brothers are born in the normal way), blood sacrifices, and the like. They even rationalize the conception of Ravana as the Ten-headed Demon. When he was born, his mother was given a necklace of nine gems, which she put around his neck. She saw his face reflected in them ninefold and so called him Dasamukha, or the Ten-faced One. The monkeys too are not monkeys but a clan of celestials (*vidyadharas*) actually related to Ravana and his family through their great grandfathers. They have monkeys as emblems on their flags: hence the name Vanaras or "monkeys."

From Written to Oral

Let's look at one of the South Indian folk *Ramayanas*. In these, the story usually occurs in bits and pieces. For instance, in Kannada, we are given separate narrative poems on Sita's birth, her wedding, her chastity test, her exile, the birth of Lava and Kusa, their war with their father Rama, and so on. But we do have one complete telling of the Rama story by traditional bards (*tamburi dasayyas*), sung with a refrain repeated every two lines by a chorus. For the following discussion, I am indebted to the transcription by Rame Gowda, P. K. Rajasekara, and S. Basavaiah. 15

This folk narrative, sung by an Untouchable bard, opens with Ravana (here called Ravula) and his queen Mandodari. They are unhappy and childless. So Ravana or Ravula goes to the forest, performs all sorts of self-mortifications like rolling on the ground till blood runs from his back, and meets a *jogi*, or holy mendicant, who is none other than Siva. Siva gives him a magic mango and asks him how he would share it with his wife. Ravula says, "Of course, I'll give her the sweet flesh of the fruit and I'll lick the mango seed." The *jogi* is skeptical. He says to Ravula, "You say one thing to me. You have poison in your belly. You're giving me butter to eat, but you mean something else. If you lie to me, you'll eat the fruit of your actions yourself."

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Ravula has one thing in his dreams and another in his waking world, says the poet. When he brings the mango home, with all sorts of flowers and incense for the ceremonial *puja*, Mandodari is very happy. After a ritual *puja* and prayers to Siva, Ravana is ready to share the mango. But he thinks, "If I give her the fruit, I'll be hungry, she'll be full," and quickly gobble up the flesh of the fruit, giving her only the seed to lick. When she throws it in the yard, it sprouts and grows into a tall mango tree. Meanwhile, Ravula himself becomes pregnant, his pregnancy advancing a month each day.

In one day, it was a month, O Siva.
 In the second, it was the second month,
 and cravings began for him, O Siva.
 How shall I show my face to the world of men, O Siva.
 On the third day, it was the third month,
 How shall I show my face to the world, O Siva.
 On the fourth day, it was the fourth month.

How can I bear this, O Siva.
 Five days, and it was five months,
 O lord, you've given me trouble, O Siva.
 I can't bear it, I can't bear it, O Siva.
 How will I live, cries Ravula in misery.
 Six days, and he is six months gone, O mother,
 in seven days it was seven months.
 O what shame, Ravula in his seventh month,
 and soon came the eighth, O Siva.
 Ravula was in his ninth full month.
 When he was round and ready, she's born, the dear,
 Sita is born through his nose.
 When he sneezes, Sitamma is born,
 And Ravula names her Sitamma. 16

In Kannada, the word *sita* means "he sneezed": he calls her Sita because she is born from a sneeze. Her name is thus given a Kannada folk etymology, as in the Sanskrit texts it has a Sanskrit one: there she is named Sita, because King Janaka finds her in a furrow (*sita*). Then Ravula goes to astrologers, who tell him he is being punished for not keeping his word to Siva and for eating the flesh of the fruit instead of giving it to his wife. They advise him to feed and dress the child, and leave her some place where she will be found and brought up by some couple. He puts her in a box and leaves her in Janaka's field.

It is only after this story of Sita's birth that the poet sings of the birth and adventures of Rama and Laksmana. Then comes a long section on Sita's marriage contest, where Ravula appears and is humiliated when he falls under the heavy bow he has to lift. Rama lifts it and marries Sita. After that she is abducted by Ravana. Rama lays siege to Lanka with his monkey allies,

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and (in a brief section) recovers Sita and is crowned king. The poet then returns to the theme of Sita's trials. She is slandered and exiled, but gives birth to twins who grow up to be warriors. They tie up Rama's sacrificial horse, defeat the armies sent to guard the horse, and finally unite their parents, this time for good.

One sees here not only a different texture and emphasis: the teller is everywhere eager to return to Sitaher life, her birth, her adoption, her wedding, her abduction and recovery. Whole sections, equal in length to those on Rama and Laksmana's birth, exile, and war against Ravana, are devoted to her banishment, pregnancy, and reunion with her husband. Furthermore, her abnormal birth as the daughter born directly to the male Ravana brings to the story a new range of suggestions: the male envy of womb and childbirth, which is a frequent theme in Indian literature, and an Indian oedipal theme of fathers pursuing daughters and, in this case, a daughter causing the death of her incestuous father. 17 The motif of Sita as Ravana's daughter is not unknown elsewhere. It occurs in one tradition of the Jaina stories (for example, in the *Vasudevahimdi*) and in folk traditions of Kannada and Telugu, as well as in several Southeast Asian *Ramayanas*. In some, Ravana in his lusty youth molests a young woman, who vows vengeance and is reborn as his daughter to destroy him. Thus the oral traditions seem to partake of yet another set of themes unknown in Valmiki.

A Southeast Asian Example

When we go outside India to Southeast Asia, we meet with a variety of tellings of the Rama story in Tibet, Thailand, Burma, Laos, Cambodia, Malaysia, Java, and Indonesia. Here we shall look at only one example, the Thai *Ramakirti*. According to Santosh Desai, nothing else of Hindu origin has affected the tone of Thai life more than the Rama story. 18 The bas-reliefs and paintings on the walls of their Buddhist temples, the plays enacted in town and village, their ballets all of them rework the Rama story. In succession several kings with the name "King Rama" wrote *Ramayana* episodes in Thai: King Rama I composed a telling of the *Ramayana* in fifty thousand verses, Rama II composed new episodes for dance, and Rama VI added another set of episodes, most taken from Valmiki. Places in Thailand, such as Lopburi (Skt. Lavapuri), Khidkin (Skt. Kiskindha), and Ayuthia (Skt. Ayodhya) with its ruins of Khmer and Thai art, are associated with Rama legends.

The Thai *Ramakirti* (Rama's glory) or *Ramakien* (Rama's story) opens with an account of the origins of the three kinds of characters in the story, the human, the demonic, and the simian. The second part describes the brothers' first encounters with the demons, Rama's marriage and banishment, the abduction of Sita, and Rama's meeting with the monkey clan. It also describes the preparations for the war, Hanuman's visit to Lanka and

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his burning of it, the building of the bridge, the siege of Lanka, the fall of Ravana, and Rama's reunion with Sita. The third part describes an insurrection in Lanka, which Rama deputes his two youngest brothers to quell. This part also describes the banishment of Sita, the birth of her sons, their war with Rama, Sita's descent into the earth, and the appearance of the gods to reunite Rama and Sita. Though many incidents look the same as they do in Valmiki, many things look different as well. For instance, as in the South Indian folk *Ramayanas* (as also in some Jaina, Bengali, and Kashmiri ones), the banishment of Sita is given a dramatic new rationale. The daughter of Surpanakha (the demoness whom Rama and Laksmana had mutilated years earlier in the forest) is waiting in the wings to take revenge on Sita, whom she views as finally responsible for her mother's disfigurement. She comes to Ayodhya, enters Sita's service as a maid, and induces her to draw a picture of Ravana. The drawing is rendered indelible (in some tellings, it comes to life in her bedroom) and forces itself on Rama's attention. In a jealous rage, he orders Sita killed. The compassionate Laksmana leaves her alive in the forest, though, and brings back the heart of a deer as witness to the execution.

The reunion between Rama and Sita is also different. When Rama finds out she is still alive, he recalls Sita to his palace by sending her word that he is dead. She rushes to see him but flies into a rage when she finds she has been tricked. So, in a fit of helpless anger, she calls upon Mother Earth to take her. Hanuman is sent to subterranean regions to bring her back, but she refuses to return. It takes the power of Siva to reunite them.

Again as in the Jaina instances and the South Indian folk poems, the account of Sita's birth is different from that given in Valmiki. When Dasaratha performs his sacrifice, he receives a rice ball, not the rice porridge (*payasa*) mentioned in Valmiki. A crow steals some of the rice and takes it to Ravana's wife, who eats it and gives birth to Sita. A prophecy that his daughter will cause his death makes Ravana throw Sita into the sea, where the sea goddess protects her and takes her to Janaka.

Furthermore, though Rama is an incarnation of Visnu, in Thailand he is subordinate to Siva. By and large he is seen as a human hero, and the *Ramakirti* is not regarded as a religious work or even as an exemplary work on which men and women may pattern themselves. The Thais enjoy most the sections about the abduction of Sita and the war. Partings and reunions, which are the heart of the Hindu *Ramayanas*, are not as important as the excitement and the details of war, the techniques, the fabulous weapons. The *Yuddhakanda* or the War Book is more elaborate than in any other telling, whereas it is of minor importance in the Kannada folk telling. Desai says this Thai emphasis on war is significant: early Thai history is full of wars; their concern was survival. The focus in the *Ramakien* is not on family values and spirituality. Thai audiences are more fond of Hanuman than of Rama.

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Neither celibate nor devout, as in the Hindu *Ramayanas*, here Hanuman is quite a ladies' man, who doesn't at all mind looking into the bedrooms of Lanka and doesn't consider seeing another man's sleeping wife anything immoral, as Valmiki's or Kampan's Hanuman does.

Ravana too is different here. The *Ramakirti* admires Ravana's resourcefulness and learning; his abduction of Sita is seen as an act of love and is viewed with sympathy. The Thais are moved by Ravana's sacrifice of family, kingdom, and life itself for the sake of a woman. His dying words later provide the theme of a famous love poem of the nineteenth century, an inscription of a Wat of Bangkok. 19 Unlike Valmiki's characters, the Thai ones are a fallible, human mixture of good and evil. The fall of Ravana here makes one sad. It is not an occasion for unambiguous rejoicing, as it is in Valmiki.

Patterns of Difference

Thus, not only do we have one story told by Valmiki in Sanskrit, we have a variety of Rama tales told by others, with

radical differences among them. Let me outline a few of the differences we have not yet encountered. For instance, in Sanskrit and in the other Indian languages, there are two endings to the story. One ends with the return of Rama and Sita to Ayodhya, their capital, to be crowned king and queen of the ideal kingdom. In another ending, often considered a later addition in Valmiki and in Kampan, Rama hears Sita slandered as a woman who lived in Ravana's grove, and in the name of his reputation as a king (we would call it credibility, I suppose) he banishes her to the forest, where she gives birth to twins. They grow up in Valmiki's hermitage, learn the *Ramayana* as well as the arts of war from him, win a war over Rama's army, and in a poignant scene sing the *Ramayana* to their own father when he doesn't quite know who they are. Each of these two endings gives the whole work a different cast. The first one celebrates the return of the royal exiles and rounds out the tale with reunion, coronation, and peace. In the second one, their happiness is brief, and they are separated again, making separation of loved ones (*vipralambha*) the central mood of the whole work. It can even be called tragic, for Sita finally cannot bear it any more and enters a fissure in the earth, the mother from whom she had originally come as we saw earlier, her name means "furrow," which is where she was originally found by Janaka. It also enacts, in the rise of Sita from the furrow and her return to the earth, a shadow of a Proserpine-like myth, a vegetation cycle: Sita is like the seed and Rama with his cloud-dark body the rain; Ravana in the South is the Pluto-like abductor into dark regions (the south is the abode of death); Sita reappears in purity and glory for a brief period before she returns again to the earth. Such a myth, while it should not be blatantly pressed into some rigid allegory, resonates in the shadows of the tale in many details. Note the many references to fertility and rain, Rama's

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opposition to Siva-like ascetic figures (made explicit by Kampan in the Ahalya story), his ancestor bringing the rivet Ganges into the plains of the kingdom to water and revive the ashes of the dead. Relevant also is the story of Rsyasrnga, the sexually naive ascetic who is seduced by the beauty of a woman and thereby brings rain to Lomapada's kingdom, and who later officiates at the ritual which fills Dasaratha's queens' wombs with children. Such a mythic groundswell also makes us hear other tones in the continual references to nature, the potent presence of birds and animals as the devoted friends of Rama in his search for his Sita. Birds and monkeys are a real presence and a poetic necessity in the Valmiki *Ramayana*, as much as they are excrescences in the Jaina view. With each ending, different effects of the story are highlighted, and the whole telling alters its poetic stance.

One could say similar things about the different beginnings. Valmiki opens with a frame story about Valmiki himself. He sees a hunter aim an arrow and kill one of a happy pair of lovebirds. The female circles its dead mate and cries over it. The scene so moves the poet and sage Valmiki that he curses the hunter. A moment later, he realizes that his curse has taken the form of a line of verse in a famous play on words, the rhythm of his grief (*soka*) has given rise to a metrical form (*sloka*). He decides to write the whole epic of Rama's adventures in that meter. This incident becomes, in later poetics, the parable of all poetic utterance: out of the stress of natural feeling (*bhava*), an artistic form has to be found or fashioned, a form which will generalize and capture the essence (*rasa*) of that feeling. This incident at the beginning of Valmiki gives the work an aesthetic self-awareness. One may go further: the incident of the death of a bird and the separation of loved ones becomes a leitmotif for this telling of the Rama story. One notes a certain rhythmic recurrence of an animal killed at many of the critical moments: when Dasaratha shoots an arrow to kill what he thinks is an elephant but instead kills a young ascetic filling his pitcher with water (making noises like an elephant drinking at a water hole), he earns a curse that later leads to the exile of Rama and the separation of father and son. When Rama pursues a magical golden deer (really a demon in disguise) and kills it, with its last breath it calls out to Laksmana in Rama's voice, which in turn leads to his leaving Sita unprotected; this allows Ravana to abduct Sita. Even as Ravana carries her off, he is opposed by an ancient bird which he slays with his sword. Furthermore, the death of the bird, in the opening section, and the cry of the surviving mate set the tone for the many separations throughout the work, of brother and brother, mothers and fathers and sons, wives and husbands.

Thus the opening sections of each major work set into motion the harmonics of the whole poem, presaging themes and a pattern of images. Kampan's Tamil text begins very differently. One can convey it best by citing a few stanzas.

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The River

The cloud, wearing white
on white like Siva,
making beautiful the sky
on his way from the sea

grew dark

as the face of the Lord
who wears with pride
on his right the Goddess
of the scented breasts.

Mistaking the Himalayan dawn
for a range of gold,
the clouds let down chains
and chains of gleaming rain.

They pour like a generous giver
giving all he has,
remembering and reckoning
all he has.

It floods, it runs over
its continents like the fame
of a great king, upright,
infallible, reigning by the Laws
under cool royal umbrellas.

Concubines caressing
their lovers' hair, their lovers'
bodies, their lovers' limbs,

take away whole hills
of wealth yet keep little
in their spendthrift hands

as they move on: so too
the waters flow from the peaks
to the valleys,

beginning high and reaching low.

The flood carrying all before it
like merchants, caravans
loaded with gold, pearls,
peacock feathers and rows
of white tusk and fragrant woods.

Bending to a curve, the river,
surface colored by petals,
gold yellow pollen, honey,
the ochre flow of elephant lust,
looked much like a rainbow.

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Ravaging hillsides, uprooting trees,
covered with fallen leaves all over,
the waters came,

like a monkey clan
facing restless seas
looking for a bridge.

Thick-faced proud elephants
ranged with foaming cavalier horses
filling the air with the noise of war,

raising banners,
the flood rushes
as for a battle with the sea.

Stream of numberless kings
in the line of the Sun,
continuous in virtue:

the river branches into deltas,
mother's milk to all lives
on the salt sea-surrounded land.

Scattering a robber camp on the hills
with a rain of arrows,

the sacred women beating their bellies
and gathering bow and arrow as they run,

the waters assault villages
like the armies of a king.

Stealing milk and buttermilk,
guzzling on warm ghee and butter
straight from the pots on the ropes,

leaning the *marutam* tree on the *kuruntam*
carrying away the clothes and bracelets
of goatherd girls at water games,

like Krsna dancing
on the spotted snake,
the waters are naughty.

Turning forest into slope,
field into wilderness,
seashore into fertile land,

changing boundaries,
exchanging landscapes,
the reckless waters

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roared on like the pasts
that hurry close on the heels
of lives.

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Born of Himalayan stone
and mingling with the seas,
it spreads, ceaselessly various,
one and many at once,

like that Original
even the measureless Vedas
cannot measure with words.

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Through pollen-dripping groves,
clumps of champak,
lotus pools,

water places with new sands,
flowering fields cross-fenced
with creepers,

like a life filling
and emptying
a variety of bodies,

the river flows on. 20

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This passage is unique to Kampan; it is not found in Valmiki. It describes the waters as they are gathered by clouds from the seas and come down in rain and flow as floods of the Sarayu river down to Ayodhya, the capital of Rama's kingdom. Through it, Kampan introduces all his themes and emphases, even his characters, his concern with fertility themes (implicit in Valmiki), the whole dynasty of Rama's ancestors, and his vision of *bhakti* through the *Ramayana*.

Note the variety of themes introduced through the similes and allusions, each aspect of the water symbolizing an aspect of the *Ramayana* story itself and representing a portion of the *Ramayana* universe (for example, monkeys), picking up as it goes along characteristic Tamil traditions not to be found anywhere else, like the five landscapes of classical Tamil poetry. The emphasis on water itself, the source of life and fertility, is also an explicit part of the Tamil literary tradition. The *Kural* the so-called Bible of the Tamils, a didactic work on the ends and means of the good life opens with a passage on God and follows it up immediately with a great ode in celebration of the rains (*Tirukkural* 2).

Another point of difference among *Ramayanas* is the intensity of focus on a major character. Valmiki focuses on Rama and his history in his opening sections; Vimalasuri's Jaina *Ramayana* and the Thai epic focus not on Rama but on the genealogy and adventures of Ravana; the Kannada village telling focuses on Sita, her birth, her wedding, her trials. Some later extensions like the *Adbhuta Ramayana* and the Tamil story of *Satakanthavana* even give Sita a heroic character: when the ten-headed Ravana is killed, another appears with a hundred heads; Rama cannot handle this new menace, so it is Sita

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who goes to war and slays the new demon. 21 The Santals, a tribe known for their extensive oral traditions, even

conceive of Sita as unfaithful to the shock and horror of any Hindu bred on Valmiki or Kampan, she is seduced both by Ravana and by Laksmana. In Southeast Asian texts, as we saw earlier, Hanuman is not the celibate devotee with a monkey face but a ladies' man who figures in many love episodes. In Kampan and Tulsi, Rama is a god; in the Jaina texts, he is only an evolved Jaina man who is in his last birth and so does not even kill Ravana. In the latter, Ravana is a noble hero fated by his karma to fall for Sita and bring death upon himself, while he is in other texts an overweening demon. Thus in the conception of every major character there are radical differences, so different indeed that one conception is quite abhorrent to those who hold another. We may add to these many more: elaborations on the reason why Sita is banished, the miraculous creation of Sita's second son, and the final reunion of Rama and Sita. Every one of these occurs in more than one text, in more than one textual community (Hindu, Jaina, or Buddhist), in more than one region.

Now, is there a common core to the Rama stories, except the most skeletal set of relations like that of Rama, his brother, his wife, and the antagonist Ravana who abducts her? Are the stories bound together only by certain family resemblances, as Wittgenstein might say? Or is it like Aristotle's jack knife? When the philosopher asked an old carpenter how long he had had his knife, the latter said, "Oh, I've had it for thirty years. I've changed the blade a few times and the handle a few times, but it's the same knife." Some shadow of a relational structure claims the name of *Ramayana* for all these tellings, but on closer look one is not necessarily all that like another. Like a collection of people with the same proper name, they make a class in name alone.

Thoughts on Translation

That may be too extreme a way of putting it. Let me back up and say it differently, in a way that covers more adequately the differences between the texts and their relations to each other, for they *are* related. One might think of them as a series of translations clustering around one or another in a family of texts: a number of them cluster around Valmiki, another set around the Jaina Vimalasuri, and so on.

Or these translation-relations between texts could be thought of in Peircean terms, at least in three ways.

Where Text 1 and Text 2 have a geometrical resemblance to each other, as one triangle to another (whatever the angles, sizes, or colors of the lines), we call such a relation *iconic*.²² In the West, we generally expect translations to be "faithful," i.e. iconic. Thus, when Chapman translates Homer, he not only preserves basic textual features such as characters, imagery, and order of *incidents*, but tries to reproduce a hexameter and retain the same number

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of lines as in the original Greek only the language is English and the idiom Elizabethan. When Kampan retells Valmiki's *Ramayana* in Tamil, he is largely faithful in keeping to the order and sequence of episodes, the structural relations between the characters of father, son, brothers, wives, friends, and enemies. But the iconicity is limited to such structural relations. His work is much longer than Valmiki's, for example, and it is composed in more than twenty different kinds of Tamil meters, while Valmiki's is mostly in the *sloka* meter.

Very often, although Text 2 stands in an iconic relationship to Text 1 in terms of basic elements such as plot, it is filled with local detail, folklore, poetic traditions, imagery, and so forth as in Kampan's telling or that of the Bengali Krttivasa. In the Bengali *Ramayana*, Rama's wedding is very much a Bengali wedding, with Bengali customs and Bengali cuisine.²³ We may call such a text *indexical*: the text is embedded in a locale, a context, refers to it, even signifies it, and would not make much sense without it. Here, one may say, the *Ramayana* is not merely a set of individual texts, but a genre with a variety of instances.

Now and then, as we have seen, Text 2 uses the plot and characters and names of Text 1 minimally and uses them to say entirely new things, often in an effort to subvert the predecessor by producing a countertext. We may call such a translation *symbolic*. The word *translation* itself here acquires a somewhat mathematical sense, of mapping a structure of relations onto another plane or another symbolic system. When this happens, the Rama story has become almost a second language of the whole culture area, a shared core of names, characters, incidents, and motifs, with a narrative language in which Text 1 can say one thing and Text 2 something else, even the exact opposite. Valmiki's Hindu and Vimalasuri's Jaina texts in India or the Thai *Ramakirti* in Southeast Asia are such symbolic translations of each other.

One must not forget that to some extent all translations, even the so-called faithful iconic ones, inevitably have all three

kinds of elements. When Goldman and his group of scholars produce a modern translation of Valmiki's *Ramayana*, they are iconic in the transliteration of Sanskrit names, the number and sequence of verses, the order of the episodes, and so forth.²⁴ But they are also indexical, in that the translation is in English idiom and comes equipped with introductions and explanatory footnotes, which inevitably contain twentieth-century attitudes and misprisions; and symbolic, in that they cannot avoid conveying through this translation modern understandings proper to their reading of the text. But the proportions between the three kinds of relations differ vastly between Kampan and Goldman. And we accordingly read them for different reasons and with different aesthetic expectations. We read the scholarly modern English translation largely to gain a sense of the original Valmiki, and we consider it successful to the extent that it resembles the original. We read Kampan to read Kampan, and we judge him on his own terms not by his resemblance to Valmiki but, if any-

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thing, by the extent that he differs from Valmiki. In the one, we rejoice in the similarity; in the other, we cherish and savor the differences.

One may go further and say that the cultural area in which *Ramayanas* are endemic has a pool of signifiers (like a gene pool), signifiers that include plots, characters, names, geography, incidents, and relationships. Oral, written, and performance traditions, phrases, proverbs, and even sneers carry allusions to the Rama story. When someone is carrying on, you say, "What's this *Ramayana* now? Enough." In Tamil, a narrow room is called a *kiskindha*; a proverb about a dim-witted person says, "After hearing the *Ramayana* all night, he asks how Rama is related to Sita"; in a Bengali arithmetic textbook, children are asked to figure the dimensions of what is left of a wall that Hanuman built, after he has broken down part of it in mischief. And to these must be added marriage songs, narrative poems, place legends, temple myths, paintings, sculpture, and the many performing arts.

These various texts not only relate to prior texts directly, to borrow or refute, but they relate to each other through this common code or common pool. Every author, if one may hazard a metaphor, dips into it and brings out a unique crystallization, a new text with a unique texture and a fresh context. The great texts rework the small ones, for "lions are made of sheep," as Valery said. And sheep are made of lions, too: a folk legend says that Hanuman wrote the original *Ramayana* on a mountaintop, after the great war, and scattered the manuscript; it was many times larger than what we have now. Valmiki is said to have captured only a fragment of it.²⁵ In this sense, no text is original, yet no telling is a mere retelling and the story has no closure, although it may be enclosed in a text. In India and in Southeast Asia, no one ever reads the *Ramayana* or the *Mahabharata* for the first time. The stories are there, "always already."

What Happens When You Listen

This essay opened with a folktale about the many *Ramayanas*. Before we close, it may be appropriate to tell another tale about Hanuman and Rama's ring.²⁶ But this story is about the power of the *Ramayana*, about what happens when you really listen to this potent story. Even a fool cannot resist it; he is entranced and caught up in the action. The listener can no longer bear to be a bystander but feels compelled to enter the world of the epic: the line between fiction and reality is erased.

A villager who had no sense of culture and no interest in it was married to a woman who was very cultured. She tried various ways to cultivate his taste for the higher things in life but he just wasn't interested.

One day a great reciter of that grand epic the *Ramayana* came to the village. Every evening he would sing, recite, and explain the verses of the epic. The whole village went to this one-man performance as if it were a rare feast.

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The woman who was married to the uncultured dolt tried to interest him in the performance. She nagged him and nagged him, trying to force him to go and listen. This time, he grumbled as usual but decided to humor her. So he went in the evening and sat at the back. It was an all-night performance, and he just couldn't keep awake. He slept through the night. Early in the morning, when a canto had ended and the reciter sang the closing verses for the day, sweets were distributed according to custom. Someone put some sweets into the mouth of the sleeping man. He woke up soon after and went

home. His wife was delighted that her husband had stayed through the night and asked him eagerly how he enjoyed the *Ramayana*. He said, "It was very sweet." The wife was happy to hear it.

The next day too his wife insisted on his listening to the epic. So he went to the enclosure where the reciter was performing, sat against a wall, and before long fell fast asleep. The place was crowded and a young boy sat on his shoulder, made himself comfortable, and listened open-mouthed to the fascinating story. In the morning, when the night's portion of the story came to an end, everyone got up and so did the husband. The boy had left earlier, but the man felt aches and pains from the weight he had borne all night. When he went home and his wife asked him eagerly how it was, he said, "It got heavier and heavier by morning." The wife said, "That's the way the story is." She was happy that her husband was at last beginning to feel the emotions and the greatness of the epic.

On the third day, he sat at the edge of the crowd and was so sleepy that he lay down on the floor and even snored. Early in the morning, a dog came that way and pissed into his mouth a little before he woke up and went home. When his wife asked him how it was, he moved his mouth this way and that, made a face and said, "Terrible. It was so salty." His wife knew something was wrong. She asked him what exactly was happening and didn't let up till he finally told her how he had been sleeping through the performance every night.

On the fourth day, his wife went with him, sat him down in the very first row, and told him sternly that he should keep awake no matter what might happen. So he sat dutifully in the front row and began to listen. Very soon, he was caught up in the adventures and the characters of the great epic story. On that day, the reciter was enchanting the audience with a description of how Hanuman the monkey had to leap across the ocean to take Rama's signet ring to Sita. When Hanuman was leaping across the ocean, the signet ring slipped from his hand and fell into the ocean. Hanuman didn't know what to do. He had to get the ring back quickly and take it to Sita in the demon's kingdom. While he was wringing his hands, the husband who was listening with rapt attention in the first row said, "Hanuman, don't worry. I'll get it for you." Then he jumped up and dived into the ocean, found the ring in the ocean floor, brought it back, and gave it to Hanuman.

Everyone was astonished. They thought this man was someone special,

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really blessed by Rama and Hanuman. Ever since, he has been respected in the village as a wise elder, and he has also behaved like one. That's what happens when you really listen to a story, especially to the *Ramayana*.

Notes

This paper was originally written for the Conference on Comparison of Civilizations at the University of Pittsburgh, February 1987. I am indebted to the organizers of the conference for the opportunity to write and present it and to various colleagues who have commented on it, especially V. Narayana Rao, David Shulman, and Paula Richman.

1. I owe this Hindi folktale to Kirin Narayan of the University of Wisconsin.
2. Several works and collections of essays have appeared over the years on the many *Ramayanas* of South and Southeast Asia. I shall mention here only a few which were directly useful to me: Asit K. Banerjee, ed., *The Ramayana in Eastern India* (Calcutta: Prajna, 1983); P. Banerjee, *Rama in Indian Literature, Art and Thought*, 2 vols. (Delhi: Sundeep Prakashan, 1986); J. L. Brockington, *Righteous Rama. The Evolution of an Epic* (Delhi: Oxford University Press, 1984); V. Raghavan, *The Greater Ramayana* (Varanasi: All-India Kashiraj Trust, 1973); V. Raghavan, *The Ramayana in Greater India* (Surat: South Gujarat University, 1975); V. Raghavan, ed., *The Ramayana Tradition in Asia* (Delhi: Sahitya Akademi, 1980); C. R. Sharma, *The Ramayana in Telugu and Tamil: A Comparative Study* (Madras: Lakshminarayana Granthamala, 1973); Dineshchandra Sen, *The Bengali Ramayanas* (Calcutta: University of Calcutta, 1920); S. Singaravelu, "A Comparative Study of the Sanskrit, Tamil, Thai and Malay Versions of the Story of Rama with special reference to the Process of Acculturation in the Southeast Asian Versions," *Journal of the Siam Society* 56, pt. 2 (July 1968): 137-85.
3. Camille Bulcke, *Ramkatha: Utpatti aur Vikas* (The Rama story: Origin and development; Prayag: Hindi Parisad Prakasan, 1950; in Hindi). When I mentioned Bulcke's count of three hundred *Ramayanas* to a Kannada scholar, he said that he had recently counted over a thousand in Kannada alone; a Telugu scholar also mentioned a thousand in Telugu. Both counts included Rama stories in various genres. So the title of this paper is not to be taken literally.

4. See Seymour Chatman, *Story and Discourse: Narrative Structure in Fiction and Film* (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1978).

5. Through the practice of *tapas* usually translated "austerities" or "penances" a sage builds up a reserve of spiritual power, often to the point where his potency poses a threat to the gods (notably Indra). Anger or lust, however, immediately negates this power; hence Indra's subsequent claim that by angering Gautama he was doing the gods a favor.

6. *Srimad Valmikiramayana*, ed. by K. Chinnaswami Sastrigal and V. H. Subrahmanyam Sastri (Madras: N. Ramarathnam, 1958), 1.47-48; translation by David Shulman and A. K. Ramanujan.

7. The translation in the body of this article contains selected verses from 1.9, the section known in Tamil as *akalikaippatalam*. The edition I cite is *Kampar Iyarriya Iramayanam* (Annamalai: Annamalai Palkalaikkalakam, 1957), vol. 1.

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8. C. H. Tawney, trans., N.M. Penzer, ed., *The Ocean of Story*, 10 vols. (rev. ed. 1927; repr. Delhi: Motilal Banarsi Dass, 1968), 2:45-46.

9. See, for example, the discussion of such views as summarized in Robert P. Goldman, trans., *The Ramayana of Valmiki*, vol. 1: *Balakanda* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1984), 15. For a dissenting view, see Sheldon I. Pollock, "The Divine King in the Indian Epic," *Journal of the American Oriental Society* 104, no. 3 (July-September 1984): 505-28.

10. A. K. Ramanujan, trans., *Hymns for the Drowning: Poems for Visnu by Nammalvar* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1981), 47.

11. *Adhyatma Ramayana*, II.4.77-78. See Rai Bahadur Lala Baij Nath, trans., *The Adhyatma Ramayana* (Allahabad: The Panini Office, 1913; reprinted as extra volume 1 in the *Sacred Books of the Hindus*, New York: AMS Press, 1974), 39.

12. See S. Singaravelu, "A Comparative Study of the Sanskrit, Tamil, Thai and Malay Versions of the Story of Rama."

13. Santosh N. Desai, "Ramayana: An Instrument of Historical Contact and Cultural Transmission Between India and Asia," *Journal of Asian Studies* 30, no. 1 (November 1970): 5.

14. *Critical Study of Paumacariyam* (Muzaffarpur: Research Institute of Prakrit, Jainology and Ahimsa, 1970), 234.

15. Rame Gowda, P. K. Rajasekara, and S. Basavaiah, eds., *Janapada Ramayana* (Folk Ramayanas) (Mysore: n.p., 1973; in Kannada).

16. Rame Gowda et al., *Janapada Ramayana*, 150-51; my translation.

17. See A. K. Ramanujan, "The Indian Oedipus," in *Oedipus: A Folklore Casebook*, ed. Alan Dundes and Lowell Edmunds (New York: Garland, 1983), 234-61.

18. Santosh N. Desai, *Hinduism in Thai Life* (Bombay: Popular Prakashan, 1980), 63. In the discussion of the *Ramakirti* to follow, I am indebted to the work of Desai and Singaravelu. For a translation of the Thai Ramayana, see Swami Satyananda Puri and Chhaoen Sarahiran, trans., *The Ramakirti or Ramakien: The Thai Version of the Ramayana* (Bangkok: Thai Bharat Cultural Lodge and Satyanand Puri Foundation, 1949).

19. Desai, *Hinduism in Thai Life*, 85.

20. *Kampar Iyarriya Iramayanam*, vol. 1, selected verses from I. I, in the section known as *nattuppatalam*.

21. See David Shulman, "Sita and Satakantharavana in a Tamil Folk Narrative," *Journal of Indian Folkloristics* 2, nos. 3/4 (1979): 1-26.

22. One source for Peirce's semiotic terminology is his "Logic as Semiotic," in Charles Sanders Peirce, *Philosophical Writings of Peirce*, ed. by Justus Buchler (1940; repr. New York: Dover, 1955), 88-119.

23. Dineshchandra Sen, *Bengali Ramayanas*.
24. Robert P. Goldman, ed., *The Ramayana of Valmiki*, 7 vols. (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1984-).
25. Personal communication from V. Narayana Rao.
26. I heard the Telugu tale to follow in Hyderabad in July 1988, and I have collected versions in Kannada and Tamil as well. For more examples of tales around the *Ramayana*, see A. K. Ramanujan, "Two Realms of Kannada Folklore," in *Another Harmony: New Essays on the Folklore of India*, ed. Stuart H. Blackburn and A. K. Ramanujan (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1986), 41-75.

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Three

Ramayana, Rama Jataka, and Ramakien: A Comparative Study of Hindu and Buddhist Traditions

Frank E. Reynolds

In the history and literature of religions few stories have been told as many different times in as many different ways as the story of Rama. For at least two thousand years and probably longer various versions of the story have been told in India and Sri Lanka; for over a thousand years and probably much longer still these and other versions have been told in Central and Southeast Asia, in China and Japan. Now, increasingly, the story is being told in the West as well.¹

The story of Rims has been recited, sung, and commented on by bards, priests, and monks. It has been dramatized and danced in royal courts and in rustic villages. It has been depicted in the sculpture and art of innumerable temples in capital cities and faraway provinces. Its characters have been the subjects of worship, and the events that the story recounts have been associated with famous places that mark the geography of various locales.

What is more, certain episodes in the story have been singled out, taking on special significance in particular contexts. Segments of the story have been presented in order to evoke religious devotion, to glorify royal sponsors (often in direct opposition to other royal competitors), to inculcate moral values, to express and cultivate aesthetic sensitivities, and perhaps most of all simply to provide popular entertainment. Particular segments of the story have also been performed for other less obviously related purposes. For example, in certain very popular rituals in southern Thailand the enactment of certain episodes from the Rama story (most notably that in which Rama kills Ravana) serves as a substitute for the performance of animal sacrifice.²

For the most part the story of Rama has been presented and interpreted as a Hindu story told primarily in Hindu contexts. And there is some justification for this emphasis. Certainly it is within Hinduism that the Rims story has had its most elaborated and sophisticated tellings and has exercised its

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greatest popular appeal. This emphasis, however, tends to throw into the shadows the possibility, already raised in Ramanujan's essay, that the story of Rama is better understood as an Indian/Southeast Asian story that has been crystallized (to use his image) in the context of a variety of religious traditions including, but not limited to, Hinduism.³

I propose here to consider the religious structure of the classical Rama stories belonging to the Hindu tradition, and the parallel but contrasting religious structure of the classical Rama stories that belong to the tradition of Theravada Buddhism.⁴ With this background established, I will go on to raise a fundamental question concerning the great tradition of Rama narratives that has been prominent in Thailand at least since the late eighteenth century. Is this so-called *Ramakien* (Glory of Rama) tradition essentially Hindu in character, as many scholars have presumed? Or is it as one might expect given its *sitz im leben* in Thailand essentially Buddhist? It is my hope that by exploring this question we will gain a better understanding not only of the relevant literary texts but of the correlated forms of dance, sculpture, and