

BRIEF HISTORY OF JAINISM
TRISASTISHALAKA PURUSH CHARITRA

THE JAIN SAGA

PART 2



Kalikal Sarvagna Acharya
Hemchandrasurisarwarji Maharaj

EDITOR
Muni Samvegashvijay Maharaj

STORY OF 63 ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS
OF THE JAIN WORLD

THE JAIN SAGA



BRIEF HISTORY OF JAINISM

2
PART

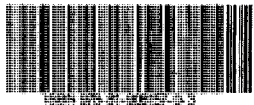
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Publisher's Guide

- Previously there was a thought of converting all the Sanskrit proper names and other Sanskrit words in diacritic fonts when the numbers ran in thousands, we had to have a second thought. In the soft copy, word search would have been difficult with the diacritical fonts. Also after doing the hard work and giving a pronunciation chart, It was difficult that a layperson would easily and fluently be able to read the matter, so this idea was dropped. There are some places where pronunciation problem would arise due to it, but I hope readers would bear with it and read correctly.
- The detailed account of the 5 Kalyanakas of Tirthankar's, Cakrin's expedition of conquest etc are not described in detail everywhere by the author, limited with the fear of expanding the matter. So they should be read in reference with the 1st Tirthankar's and 1st Cakrin's life.
- The key word of the foot notes with Sr. no. are also repeated here as they are seen occurring in different volumes are star '*' marked in running matter.
- The terminological words and hard words are italised and given with detailed meanings in Book-2 so, if a word in matter is italise it has to be searched in alpha index of hard words. for meaning, Otherwise general dictionaries are to be sought of for other meaning.
- The synonymous words frequently used are listed in appendix in Book-2 with its meaning and are marked 'S' in running matter.
- The appendix is compiled with list of botanical names of trees, fruits, flower etc. List of bibliography used by translator is

compiled in totality to avoid repetition in part-2. Every botanical word that occurs in running matter is marked with 'B'.

- We have used the “Microsoft Encarta dictionary and thesaurus” for meaning in this book, anybody wanting to refer for further detail.
- We have compiled and added different coloured charts for simple overview.

For soft copy users

- The corrected version of whole book and the non corrected (as it was by translator) version, we put them both to review, if someone wishes.
- Search, find option for everything is made available in this soft copy. In the edited version, on names, places, word, meanings to be found out in cross reference to hard copy.
- Notes and meanings are added as pop ups with highlighted words.
- The extensive details which cannot be repeated in hard copy is given here the author and translator also with the fear of unnecessary enlarging the book. The same has been produced here every time as pop ups for easy reading and reference.
- The stories and characters are cross linked with names in different places.
- The maps are for easy site locations.
- Botanical Names are linked with detailed information which is available for one who is more interested
- The synonymous words are marked with original words and its meaning in pop up pattern.
- (Please visit our site www.jaine.org/jainsaga for above details.)

- Publisher





A life well lived. A story well told. A message well conveyed.
An example well set. A history well preserved.

The first page of the book in front of me flutters open. Inside this book, all of the above comes true. The lives of Tirthankars, who are the founding pillars of Jainism, are 'lives well lived'. A story narrated by Kalikal Sarvagna Acharyadev Hemchandrasurishwarji Maharaj, who was a pioneer in the field of Sanskrit literature, is a 'story well told'. The messages of the Tirthankars, which throw open the gates of enlightenment for readers, are 'messages well conveyed'. The examples set by the 'Shalaka Purush' or the illustrious people of the Jain tradition are 'examples well set'. The history of Jainism, a faith that can lead its followers to true liberation, is a 'history well preserved'.

This book is a miracle. It brings true all of the above in one package. It is treasure in today's turbulent times when there is no dearth of disturbing literature. However, we must not forget that in itself, it's not complete. It's a part of a series and the true joy of reading this book can only be savored if we take the effort to read the entire series.

Literature has a definite role to play in society. It is a carrier of ideas. Ideas can be good, bad or negligible. The book, which I now hold in my hands, goes beyond ideas. It touches lives. It falls in the category of 'biographical literature'. A biography essentially uses facts and anecdotes to build a chronological narration of the subject's life. It is instrumental in developing the modern idea of the person whose life it narrates. Part 2 of the Jain Saga brings to life Tirthankars 11-21 Shreyansnath to Naminath and the other Shalaka Purush born during

their times for us. It even sketches out the Jain Ramayana, which unfolded during the era of Shri Munisuvrat Swami – our 20th Tirthankar.

As readers, one question would naturally occur to us. Why should I read Part 2 of the Jain Saga? What does it offer? How will it help me to know the details of the lives of Tirthankars and the other Shalaka Purush? Well, let us pause here for a second. Why do we go to the temple? Why do we worship Tirthankars? To get our life sorted... no, our reason for worshipping the Lord or Tirthankars goes much beyond that. We worship Tirthankars so that we may become like them. A Tirthankar represents the purest form of the soul. Our soul has to reach that level. They've done it, so can we.

If you have to become like someone, you have to study their life, their actions and understand their personality. The Jain Saga – Part 2 allows us to do this for 11 of our Tirthankars and their associated Shalaka Purush. Can there be a better way to self-realization?

- Bindi Mehta, Journalist

This book is from the collection of 'Munisuvrat Charitra' and is also the story of 'Padma' i.e. Vishnu Narayan and of Prati Vishnu (Ravana). It is said that the birth of Ravana took place in the congregation of Shri Suvrat Swami.

Narrated herein is the story of 'Srimad Ramayana' the great epic, which is familiar to almost every Indian. Holy figures are necessary for any great culture.

There is no real excellence in all this world which can be separated from right living. The heroes of this epic i.e. Rama, Sita and the brothers of Rama have shown the path of right living in their own way of life.

The story starts with the origin of the 'Rakshasavansa' and 'Vanaravansa'. Kaikasi gave birth to a son namely Ratnasravas. It is very interesting to note how he got the name 'Dasamukha' i.e. Ravana. The narration of how Ravana and his brothers fought with Indra, who had killed Malin is very well pictured. Ravana's fasting to get the best sword is well explained in the story. The story stresses about renunciation and meditation. Eg. How Vaisravana abandoned

weapons and went to Mt. Sammeta to praise the status of Arhats.

Naradhas story is given in full detail. This episode ends with the explanation of the previous incarnation of Indra.

The narration continue to elaborate the story of Hanuman. He was born to Anjana and Mahendra, who is the son of Prahalada, at Mansa. Anjana came to the city of Hanurukha and so he is named as Hanuman. The controversy over the meaning of the word Aja, whether it is Mesha or three year old rice is said in a very interesting manner by the Guru's son.

Janaka, king of Mithila, was an ideal ruler. He is Sita's father. Dasratha's lineage has been very well explained starting from Rushabhswami in the city of Ayodhya in the expanding congregation of the twentieth Arhat.

It is very interesting to read about the episodes of Dasratha's marriage to Aparajita, Kaikeyi and Sumitra and the narration about the birth of Rama (Padma), Lakshmana (Narayana), Bharat, the ornament of the country Bharata and Shatrughna.

Rama's marriage to Sita is a great ceremony. The affection of Aparajita for Sita is beautifully pictured.

Rama's retreat to the forest with Sita and Lakshmana left the people of Ayodhya sad. Rama is portrayed a great and unique man. He is depicted as a loving son of Dasratha and Aparajita, loving husband of Sita.

The author now explains the story of Jatayu and how they were helpful to Rama. During Rama's stay in the forest, Ravana's kidnapping of Sita during the absence of Rama is well described.

In this connection, the reader will be reminded of Ravana's meeting with sage Arantavirya and his promise to muni that he will not enjoy another man's wife against her will.

So Ravana and other Rakshasas try to seduce Sita to marry Ravana, but in vain. Hence Sita was held captive in Ashokvan. Sita's separation from Rama leaves him very sorrowful, his feelings are well-shared by the readers too.

Vali and Sugriva (of Vanara Vansa) help Rama in search of Sita. Hanuman is sent in search of Sita. Hanuman enters in Lanka; meets Sita in Ashokavan, and Hanuman explains Rama's pitiable state to

Sita and goes back to Rama with Sita's crest-jewel, promising to come back with Rama and rescue her. Hanuman's deeds and character has been exemplified.

War broke between Vanaras with Rama's troupe and Rakshahas in Lanka. Rama and Dasmukha fight fiercely. War events are narrated in full detail and provides interesting reading. Desagriva dies in the war and goes to fourth hell.

After reunion of Rama and Sita, Muni Desabhushan and Muni Kulabhushan come and meet Rama. Rama and his retinue pay homage to them.

Sita was abandoned by Rama due to the slander against queen Sita. Sita meets Vajrajanga, a devout jain. When she was in his shelter, she gave birth to the twin sons, Anangalvana and Madanankusa.

Narada says that Lava and Kusha belong to the family of the blessed Rushabhdev. Meeting of Rama and his sons is very touching incident.

Sita's agnipravesha, her meeting to Muni Jayabhushan omniscient, how she was devoted to penance in the retinue of the chief-nun, Suprabha, have all been well explained by the author in full detail.

Rama's emancipation and initiation of Lava and Kusha are worth reading. Rama's life as a monk in pure, his omniscience undertaking Sailesh, giving eternal delight and bliss is a befitting end to the book.

The story of Rama and Ravana is recognized as one of the most influential book ever written. It opens up your mind to the permanent things like, values of life, family relationship and proper communication. This book is the author's gift to everyone who reads it. It is an empowering philosophy for life. It enriches the life.

Written in homely style, the work is striking in its originality and beauty of expression.

In presenting the English version of The Jain Saga, the translator has made it possible to make it reach a wider circle of readers spread all over the world.

- Rajlakshmi Subramaniam, Teacher

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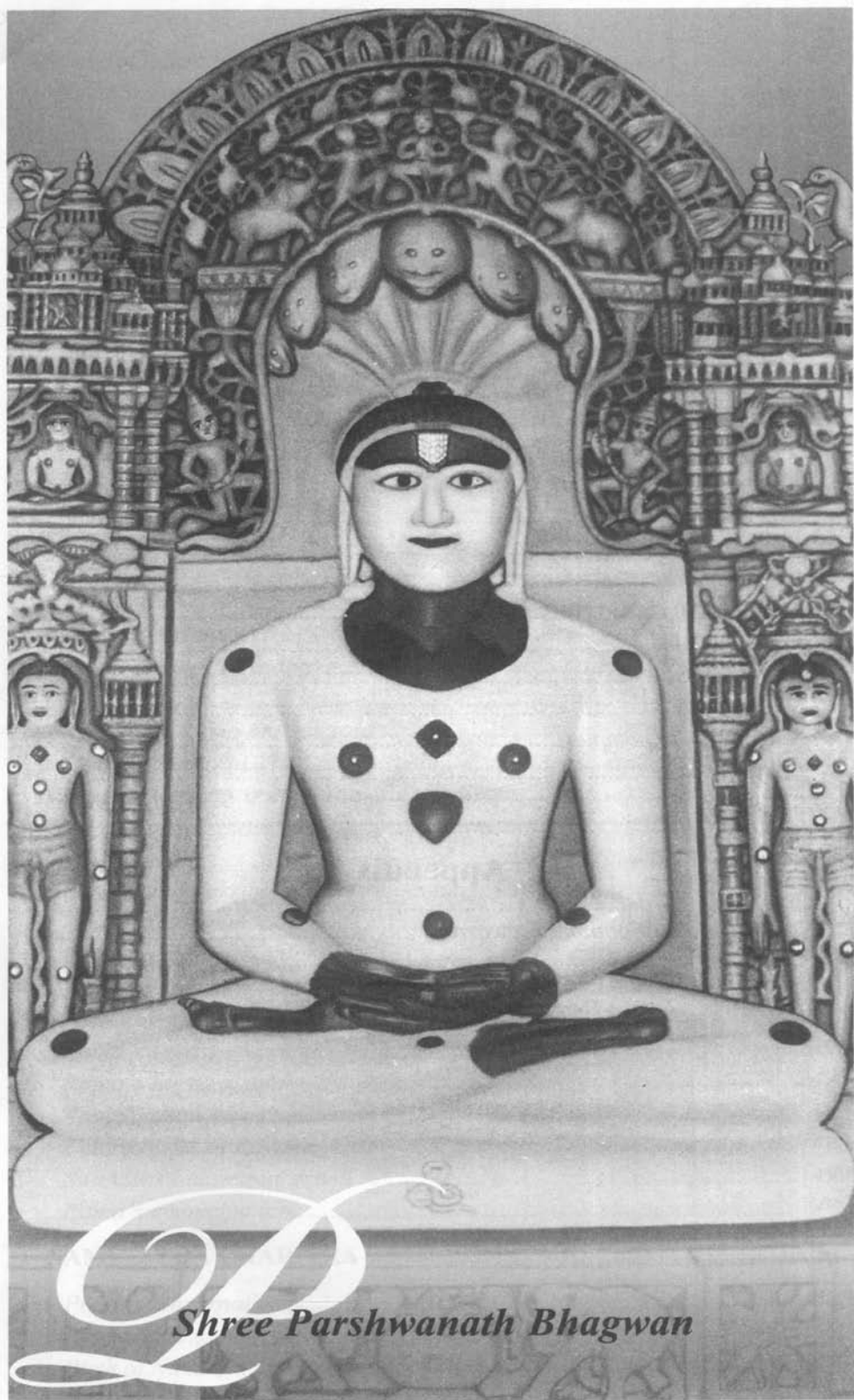
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Sreyansanatha Charitra

May the feet of the holy Lord Sreyansa, from whose nails the rays serve as lamps* for seeing the road to *emancipation*, bestow happiness on you. The life of the lord Jina^s, the holy Sreyansa, by which the three worlds are purified, a sickle for the creepers of karma, is herewith narrated.

Incarnation as Nalinagulma

In the (inhabited) half of Puskaravaradvipa in the East Videhas in the province Kaccha there is a capital city named Ksema. Its king was Nalinagulma, always spotless because of his virtues, whose lotus-feet were rubbed by the crowns of kings. The master, the sole strong man in the world, powerful as Bahudanteya (Indra), as if with the idea, "May there be no imperfection in the realm," made the ministers possessors of their enemies' Sris attracted by the power of good counsel; made the kingdom resemble a kingdom of the gods, devoid of everything unfavorable; made fortresses that surpassed the cities of the Vidyadharas on Vaitadhya and treasuries devoted to humiliating the wealth of Srida; made an army that covered the surface of the earth with elephants, horses, infantry, and chariots, and had friends ploughing the fields of his enemies' hearts.

Wise, his mind spotless from discernment, he recognized the worthlessness of the body, youth, and wealth, even the very best. He, pure-minded, passed a certain amount of time with the kingdom, like passing a day with poor food*, or a night with a poor bed. When he had cured the disease of *sovereignty* with the herb of enlightenment about the Principles, he took initiation at the hands of Rsi^s

Vajradatta, his mind set on *dharma*.^{*} Free from worldly connections, he wandered, performing severe penance, enduring the trials, wearing away his body as well as karma. By the *sthanas*, *devotion* to the *Arhats*, et cetera, described in the scriptures, he acquired firm Tirthakrt-body-making karma. Practicing severe penance, engaged in pure meditation, devoted to the four *recourse*,¹ he died in time and went to the heaven Mahasukra.

Incarnation as Sreyansanatha

Now in this very Jambudvipa there is a city named Sinhapura, like a jeweled anklet of the earth, the ornament of Bharataksetra. The jeweled roofs of its houses, reflecting the stars, have the appearance of a dice-board spotted with dice on it. Clouds resting on the high terraces of its walls look like tilakas of *collyrium*^{*} made for protection of the eyes. A music-festival for the goddess Sri is held continuously in the houses of its rich men in the form of the tinkling of women's beautiful foot-ornaments. When it rains, the streams of its houses carry away jewel-dust and reach an equality with the ocean.

His parents

Visnuraja, rich in glory, powerful from strength of arm, mighty as Visnu^s, was king there. In him the virtue called 'subduing-the-senses' bore a brilliant heap of virtues, like a seed in the ground bearing a heap of grain.^{*} The Sris (Glories) and the Bhis (Fears), respectively delighted with him *submissive* and angry with him hostile, were reduced to the state of *svayamvara*^{*}-wreaths at the sight of him. His power was *resplendent* with dazzling glory, like liberality with suitability, like speech with *truthfulness*. the constant play-house and concert-hall, as it the very great virtues courage, dignity, firmness, et-cetera. Visnu was the wife of the king, like Saci of Jisnu (Indra)^s, radiant with beauty, like another earth in Stability. She observed *fidelity* sharp as a sword-blade, which was the ornament of her own body delicate as a sirisa^B. Just as no one was equal to the king in power, there was no one her equal in wealth of beauty and grace. She was *indolent* in her gait, to be sure, but not in pious acts; she was very small in her waist, but not in her heart. She and the king, their minds sewn together, as it were, delighting each other unhindered, experienced imperishable joy.

His birth

Now in Sukra King Nalinagulma's *jiva* completed its life of maximum duration. Then on the sixth day of the black half of Jyestha, the moon being in Sravana, his *jiva* fell and descended into Visnu's womb. Then for a moment there was comfort for the hell-inhabitants and a light in the three worlds. For that happens at the *kalyanas* of the *Arhats*.

The fourteen dreams

A great elephant,* like Vaitadhya on a small scale white; a white bull with high horns like an autumn-cloud With fish; a superior lion with his tail erect like an umbrella being earned, Mahalaksmi being sprinkled like another *embodiment* of herself (the queen); a fragrant *wreath* of flowers like her own glory incarnate; a full moon bathed in moonlight like a tank of nectar; a sun, shining like the crest-jewel of the sky; a flagstaff with fluttering pennants like a tree with branches; a very precious full pitcher like a depository of good fortune; a lotus-pool with large lotuses like another Lake Padma; an ocean with high waves wishing to ascend to the sky; a fine large aerial car like a younger brother of Palaka²; a heap of jewels like all the wealth taken from the ocean; a smokeless fire like an imitation of Bhauma (Mars) Queen Visnu⁵ saw these fourteen great dreams, which indicate the birth of a Tirthakrt, entering her mouth.

On the twelfth day of the black half of Tapasya (the moon being) in Sravana, Queen Visnu gave easy birth to a son, marked with a rhinoceros, gold color.

Birth-rites

Then came eight Dikkumaris, Bhogankara and the others, living in the lower world, knowing (the event) from the shaking of their thrones. Bowing to the Tirthakrt's mother with the words, "Do not be afraid," they introduced themselves, made a whirlwind, cleared the ground for a *yojana* around the birth-house and stood, singing, not far from the Master's mother.

Then eight Dikkanyas, living in the upper world, belonging to the peaks of the garden Nandana, Meghankara, et cetera, came, bowed to the queen, introduced themselves, made the sky cloudy, and sprinkled the ground around the birth-house with fragrant rain for the space of a *yojana*. They rained flowers, burned fair incense, and stood, singing the Arhat's virtues, not far from Queen Visnu. Nandottara, et cetera, goddesses from the east part of Rucaka;

Samahara and the others from the south; Ila and others from the west; Alambusa and others from the north eight of each came, bowed to the Arhat and his mother, introduced themselves properly, and stood in the east and other directions respectively, singing the Master's virtues, holding mirrors, *pitchers*, fans, and white *chauris*. four, Citra and others, from the intermediate points bowed likewise and stood in the intermediate points, singing, holding lamps* in their hands.

The four Dikkumaris, *Rupa* and others, belonging to the interior of Rucaka, bowed to the Arhat and the Arhat's mother and introduced themselves at the same time, cut the Master's navel-Chord, leaving four fingers' length, dug a hole, and at once buried it there. They filled up the hole with diamonds and quickly made a platform dense with incomparable durva-grass^B over it. In three directions from the birth-house they made plantain-houses of four rooms with lion-thrones. Taking the Arhat in their hands and his mother in their arms they seated them on the lion-throne in the southern four-room plantain-house. After they had anointed them both with oils, the oil with a hundred-thousand ingredients and others, they rubbed them with a pleasant touch with finely ground fragrant substances. Then they seated them on the lion-throne in the eastern four-room plantain-house and bathed them with fragrant water, flower-water, and pure water. Then they put clothes, ornaments, et cetera on them and set them on the lion-throne in the northern four-room plantain-house. After they had burned gosirsa-sandal in a fire made at once with a fire-stick, they tied an amulet made from its ashes on each of them. They struck together jeweled balls of stone with the blessing, "May you live as long as a mountain." Then they led the Arhat and the Arhat's mother to the birth-house and stood not far from them, singing auspicious* songs.

The birth-bath

Then Sakra came to the Master's birth-house and quickly circumambulated it with his aerial car, Palaka.

Purandara^s left Palaka in the northeast, entered the birth-house, and bowed to the Arhat and the Arhat's mother. He gave the queen a sleeping-charm, put an image of the Arhat at her side, and made himself into five persons. Taking up the Lord with one, an umbrella with another, chauris with two more, and the thunderbolt with another who went in front, he set out. In a moment Sakra reached the rock Atipandukambala and seated himself on it, holding the Lord on his lap.

Then the nine Indras of the heavens, Acyuta, et cetera; the twenty lords of the Bhavanapatins, Camara, et cetera; the thirty-two lords of the Vyantaras, Kala, et cetera; the two Indras of the Jyotiskas, the Sun and Moon these sixty-three Indras came there for the Lord's bath. At the Indras' command the Abhiyogikas created full *pitchers*, et cetera. Then all the Indras in turn, beginning with Acyuta, made the Master's bath with pure water from the tirthas. Then Sakra set the Lord of the World on Isana's lap and created four crystal bulls in the four directions. Then Sakra bathed the Master with clear water which had gushed from their horns, united at the top, and was flowing down. After he had destroyed the crystal bulls, had anointed, et cetera, the Lord, and had waved the light-vessel, Sakra began the following hymn of praise:

Stuti

"May your birth-kalyana, best of all kalyanas, grant happiness to me filled with auspicious* *devotion*. Why do I bathe, anoint, worship, and praise you, Lord? There is no *satiety* on my part in the task of your worship. The bull (of *dharma**) has been terrified by the tigers of adherents of false congregations.* With you as protector, let it wander at will now in the field of Bharataksetra. Today, you yourself, having founded the temple of my heart, fortunately afford protection to a high degree, God of Just as there is no ornament to me in the form of crown, et cetera, Lord, so there are ornaments from the rays from your toe-nails falling on top of my head.³ Just as there is no joy to me praised by *bards*, Lord of the Three Worlds, so there is joy to me praising your virtues. Just as I have no joy seated on the lion-throne in the assembly, so I have much joy seated on the ground in front of you. I do not desire independence resulting from self-government. May I be for a long time subject to another with you as lord, Lord."

After this hymn of praise, Hari^s took the Lord, went into the presence of the Arhat's mother, removed the Arhat's image and the sleeping-charm, and put him down. Sakra went from the Master's birth-house and the other Indras went from Mt. Meru to their respective abodes, like dismissed worshippers.

Life before initiation

At dawn Visnuraja held a great festival. Then there was joy spread like one umbrella over the earth. On an auspicious* day the Jina's father and mother named him Sreyansa at a great festival. Cherished by five nurses appointed by Sakra, sucking his thumb

which had nectar injected by Sakra, the Master grew up. Though he had the three kinds of knowledge, the Lord assumed simplicity suitable for a child. Even the sun does not attain heat at dawn. Playing with gods, asuras, and mortals in the form of boys, the Master gradually reached youth from childhood, like mounting an elephant* from a chariot.

Eighty bows tall, the Master married princesses at his father's insistence, even though he felt disgust with existence. When twenty-one lacs of years had passed his birth, at his father's request the Lord took the burden of the kingdom. Sreyansa, the depository of good fortune, guarded the earth with undiminished power for forty-two lacs of years.

Initiation

Then the Master, averse with existence, eager to take initiation, was urged by the Lokantika-gods, who had come like auspicious* omens. The Master dispensed charity for a year by means of wealth supplied by gods, the Jrm bhakas, sent by Kubera at Sakra's command. At the end of a year the Indras came and quickly performed the Jinendra's initiation-bath, as if for conquest of the enemy karma. His body anointed with divine unguents, adorned with jeweled ornaments, wearing auspicious*, divine garments, like auspiciousness embodied, supported on his arm by Bidaujas like a respectful servant, surrounded by other Indras carrying umbrella, *chauris*, et cetera, he ascended the *palanquin* Vimalaprabha shining with jewels and, surrounded by gods and men, went to Sahasramravana. He descended from the palanquin, removed his ornaments, et cetera, and wore on his shoulder a devadusya placed by sakra. In the forenoon of the thirteenth of the dark half of Phalguna in Sravana, observing a two-day fast, the Lord pulled out his hair in five handfuls. Sakra caught the hair in the end of his upper garment and threw it in the Ocean of Milk instantly, like a wind. The tumult being restrained by Vajrin by a gesture of his hand, the Lord undertook right-conduct which bestows fearlessness on all. Together with the Lord of the Universe one thousand kings abandoned their kingdoms like straw and took the vow. Celebrating an eight-day festival in honor of the images of the eternal *Arhats*, the lords of the gods and asuras went to their respective abodes.

On the next day the Supreme Lord broke his fast with rice-pudding in the city Siddhartha in the house of King Kanda. Then the gods made the five things the Rain of treasure, et cetera, and King Nanda made a platform over the place of the Master's feet. From

place the Master, unhindered, set out to wander like the wind in villages, mines, cities, et cetera.

Narrative of Triprstha, Acala, and Asvagriva

Now, in the city Pundarikini, the crest-jewel of East Videha, Subala⁴ was king. He ruled the earth for a long time. At the right time he became a *mendicant* under *Muni* Vrsabha, performed penance for a long time, died, and went to an Anuttara-palace.

Episode of Visakhanandin and Visvabhuti

Now in the city Rajagrha King Visvanandin had a son, Visakhanandin, by his wife Priyangu. Visvanandin had a younger brother, crown prince, Visakhabhuti, intelligent, heroic, well-bred, politic. Marichi's jiva⁵ became the son of Visakhabhuti by his wife Dharini because of rewards gained in a former birth. His parents gave him the name Visvabhuti⁶ and he gradually grew up, cherished by nurses. He learned all the arts and acquired all the virtues and gradually attained youth the embodied ornament of the body.

He amused himself with the women of his palace in the garden Puspakarandaka, which was the chief of very delightful spots, like Nandana brought to earth. Visakha-nandin, the king's son, also wished to play there, but the garden was never free from Visvabhuti. The slave-girls of Visakhanandin's mother, who had gone for flowers, saw Visvabhuti playing there with the women of his household. Jealous, they went to Queen Priyangu and said: "Visvabhuti, the son of the crown prince, is king here; no one else. For he is always playing in Puspakarandaka with the women of his household, but your son, forbidden (to enter), remains outside." Angered at hearing that, the queen went to the *anger-room*.⁷ At once she was asked by the king, "What is the matter?" and she replied: "Visvabhuti plays in Puspakarandaka like a king; even though you are here, my son stays outside like a beggar." The king said, "This is the rule in our family, honored lady. When one prince is playing (in the garden), a second should not enter." She, high-spirited, was not enlightened even by this explanation by the king.

Then the king, knowing devices, had the marching-drum sounded. The king issued a proclamation, "Because our vassal, *Pugilist*, does not obey our command, we are marching against him." When he heard that, Visvabhuti came in haste and said, "When I am here, why will our father himself go to battle?" Restraining the king by persisting in such remarks, Visvabhuti marched with an army to the vassal's country. Hearing that the prince was

coming, the vassal came in haste like a servant and respectfully conducted him to his own house. Saying, "Master, what can I do?" standing in front of him with folded hands, he *conciliated* Visvabhuti by giving presents of elephants, horses, et cetera. Seeing that there was some *inconsistency*, then Visvabhuti returned by the same way he had come. Who can be angry with an innocent man?

Now, Visakhanandin had been allowed by the king to enter the garden. After traversing the country, Visvabhuti came there as before. Halted by the door-keeper who said, "Visakhanandin is inside," he stood just there, an ocean of valor (stopped) by the shore of propriety.

Visvabhuti thought, "At that time I was *enticed* away from the garden by a trick, like a forest-elephant from a forest. What shall I do?" Thus angered, the prince struck a wood-apple tree, which was laden with fruit, with his fist, like an elephant striking it with a tusk. Pointing to the ground beneath which was completely covered with wood-apples shaken down, Visvabhuti said to the door-keeper:

"In the same way I would make fall the heads of you all, if *devotion* to my father's elder brother did not prevent. Enough for me of these delights terrifying as the coils of a serpent, for the sake of which such a deceitful trick is used, alas!"

With these words Visvabhuti abandoned power like straw, went and took the vow under *Muni Sambhuta*.

When he heard about it, Visvanandin went there himself with the women of his household and his attendants, accompanied by the crown prince. After bowing to the suri and approaching Visvabhuti, Visvanandin, joyless, said with sobs: "Son, you have always done everything after obtaining our consent. Have you done this impulsively because of our loss of good fortune? Dear boy, we have always had hope in you as the support of the kingdom. Why have you, a protector in calamity, suddenly destroyed our hope? Today give up the vow, son. Enjoy pleasures at will. Play in Puspakarandaka as you like, as before."

Then Visvabhuti said: "Enough for me of the wealth of pleasures. This pleasure of the senses is in reality only pain. Threads of affection for one's own people act as Bonds in the prison of existence; people verily are bewildered by them, like spiders by spiderwebs. Henceforth, in order not to be censured for anything I shall practice penance to a high degree. That certainly goes along as a companion to the next world."

When he had so spoken, the king went home *remorsefully*. Visvabhuti wandered as a muni with his guru. Engaged in fasts of two

and three days, zealous in service to his guru, learning texts and interpretations, he gradually passed a very long time. Wandering alone by permission of his guru, observing pratima, he began to wander in villages, mines, cities, et cetera.

One day, as the great *sadhu* Visvabhuti wandered, observing numerous special vows, he went to the city Mathura. Just at that time Visakhanandin went there with his retinue to marry his paternal aunt's daughter, the daughter of the king of Mathura. Visvabhuti, wandering to break his fast at the end of the month, came near Visakhanandin's camp. Visakhanandin's men pointed him out as he went along, saying repeatedly, "There is Prince Visvabhuti." At the sight of him Visakhanandin's *anger* arose at once. Just then Visvabhuti fell, knocked over by a *cow*. Visakhanandin laughed and said to Visvabhuti, "What has become of that strength of yours which knocked off wood-apples?" When he saw Visakhanandin, Visvabhuti, angry, seized the cow by the horns and whirled it around like a bunch of straw. Then as he went away, Visvabhuti thought in his heart, "He, evil-minded, was just now angry with me, though I am free from attachment," and he made a *nidana**, "May I be very strong in my next birth from the power of this severe penance." When his life of a crores of years was completed, Visvabhuti died without confessing that and became a god with a maximum life-term in Mahasukra.

The parents of Acala and Triprstha

Now there is a city Potanapura with high city-gates, like the crown of the earth of the southern half of Bharata.

The king in the city was Ripupratisatru, *resplendent* with all the virtues like the sun with its rays. With the six policies⁸ he resembled Bharataksetra with six divisions "And with the four means he resembled Indra's four-tusked elephant." He was like a lion in courage, like an elephant in strength, like Kandarpa in beauty, like *Brhaspati* in intellect. His intellect and strength, very clear and sharp in the subjection of the earth, adorned each other mutually like arms.

His chief-queen, named Bhadra, the fair home of good fortune, was like the king's land which had assumed a body. Armored with *devotion* to her husband, unceasingly watchful like a woman-guard, she guarded her conduct like a deposit of jewels. She always had the beautiful appearance of *collyrium** for the eyes, of the Sri of the kingdom embodied, of the family-constancy *personified*.

Birth of Acala

One day Subala's *jiva* fell from the Anuttaravimana and descended into the chief-queen's womb. Sleeping comfortably, she saw four great dreams, which indicate the birth of a *Bala*^s, at the last moment of the night. Since sleep had gone far away as if defeated by great joy, the queen told the king at that very time:

"I saw an elephant", four-tusked, resembling a crystal mountain, entering my own mouth like the moon entering a cloud; a bull, high-humped, bellowing, straight-tailed, of spotless color, produced by weaving autumn-clouds, as it were; a moon with its rays streaming forth a great distance as if making ear-ornaments for the quarters; and then a pond filled with full-blown lotuses with sweetly humming bees, just as if it had become one hundred-mouthed and were singing. Master, what is the fruit of these dreams? Tell me. For ordinary people are not suitable to ask about the best dream."

The king said, "Queen, your son will be a Balabhadra with extraordinary strength, like a god in beauty."

In course of time she bore a son, white in color, long-armed, eighty bows tall, like the east bearing the moon. The king held a great festival because a jewel of a son had come, like the cakravartin when the cakra-jewel came. On an auspicious^{*} day at an auspicious moon the king named his son Acala with great pomp. Day by day displaying more and more beauty of the body, he grew through the care of the nurses like a tree by means of canals.

Story of Mrgavati

When some time had passed after Acala's birth, Queen Bhadra conceived an embryo like a *ketaki*⁹ conceiving a blossom. At the completed time the king's wife bore a daughter endowed with all the favorable marks, like the Jahnavi bearing a lotus. The king named her Mrgavati because of her moon-face and her eyes like a young deer's. Going from lap to lap, the gazelle-eyed maiden grew up without difficulties, like a gazelle belonging to ascetics. The nurses looked like pillars of a house with jeweled puppets as they walked in the courtyard with her on their hips. Gradually traversing childhood, she attained youth distinguished by beauty of body, which is a life-giving herb for reviving Smara^s. Her face was like an earring of the moon under the guise of arched eyebrows; her black and white eyes were like white lotuses with bees. Her beautiful neck was like the stalk of her lotus-face; her hands with straight fingers were like quivers of Kama^s. Her breasts were like cakravakas of the river of the loveliness of her body; her waist was very small as if from

weariness from the weight of her breasts of Ratnacala. Her thighs were like pillars of plantain, rounding; her feet with straight lower legs were like two lotuses with erect stalks. With her limbs thus endowed with the fresh beauty of youth, she looked like the supreme goddess of the Vidyadhara-women.

As Mrgavati's youthful beauty increased, likewise Bhadra's anxiety in regard to a suitable husband increased. With the idea, "The king, as well as I, should think about her husband," one day Queen Bhadra had her brought before him. As if he did not know that she was his own daughter because of the agitation produced by the arrow of Love, Ripupratisatru thought in his heart: "Oh, here is loveliness of the body, a conquering arrow of Manobhu, wayward from the ease of victory over the women of the three worlds. *Sovereignty* of the earth is easy to acquire and even sovereignty of heaven, but this girl, dear to my heart, is very hard to acquire. She is at hand because of my merit acquired in other births, excelling even the merit of gods, asuras, and kings."

With these reflections, the king at once took her, dear as life, on his lap with affectionate words. Fixing her in his affection by touches, embraces, and kisses, he had her taken to the women's quarters by old chamberlains.

Summoning the citizens together with the ministers in order to avoid censure from the people, the king asked, "Any jewel that is found in my country, in villages, cities, or elsewhere, whose jewel is it? Decide." The people said, "Whatever jewel is produced anywhere in your country, you alone are its master. No one else can be." After he obtained this decision three times, the king quickly showed them his daughter Mrgavati. He said to them again, "This is my jewel of a daughter. Now I shall marry myself with your consent." The citizens went to their homes, ashamed at this speech. The king married with a Gandharva-marriage. Because he was the husband of his own daughter, the name Prajapati for the king spread over the earth.

When she heard of this new stain on the family which would be ridiculed by all the people, causing great shame to her husband, Bhadra was very much ashamed. She went to the Deccan with her son Acala. That is a fine country where evil gossip is never heard. Like a new *Visvakarman* Acala founded a city, Mahesvari, in the Deccan for his mother. The Baladeva^s Acala had it filled with gold, like Kubera Ayodhya, taking it (the gold) from everywhere. He left his mother there, like the goddess of the city incarnate, surrounded by high-born ministers, body-guards, and slaves. Bhadra, the crest-

jewel of women, a faithful wife with the ornament of good conduct, devoted to the six duties,¹⁰ worship of the gods, et cetera, remained in the city. Baladeva, devoted, went to Potanapura. The father, whatever he may be, must be honored by the noble. Acala continued obeying his father as before. The wise do not blame the conduct of persons who should be honored. The king established doe-eyed Mrgavati in the rank of chief-queen, like the moon Rohini.

Birth of Triprstha

When some time had passed, *Muni* Visvabhuti's *jiva* fell from Mahasukra and descended into her womb. In the last watch of the night the queen, comfortably asleep, saw these seven dreams indicating the birth of a Vishnu first, a young lion with a ruddy mane, whose nails resembled digits of the moon, whose tail resembled a chauri; Padma, seated on a lotus, being sprinkled with water from the Ocean of Milk by two elephants with full *pitchers* in their trunks; a sun (lord of light) with a powerful stream of brilliance, Dispersing dense darkness, producing day even at night; "Pitcher filled with clear, sweet water, its mouth with white lotuses, with golden bells, wreathed an ocean filled with various aquatic animals, with its multitude of jewels, its waves rolling up to the sky; a heap of jewels with the beauty of a rainbow diffused in the sky with streams of light from five-colored jewels; and the seventh, a smokeless fire which made the sky have shoots of flames, with light giving pleasure to the eyes.

The king interpreted the dreams which she related when awake, "Your son will surely be an Ardhacakrin, queen." The astrologers, questioned by the king who had summoned them at once, also explained the dreams in the same way. There is no disagreement among the wise, when the time was complete; the queen bore a son marked with all the marks, eighty bows tall, with a black body. The circle of the sky was serene, the earth expanded, and all the people were delighted, like the mind of the king. Ripupratisatru, delighted, released from prison even his enemies formerly imprisoned, like herdsman freeing cows from a cow-pen. He gave money to beggars as they wished, like a cow of plenty, as if to make a place for the future sri of the Ardhacakrin. Among the people there was an unceasing great festival, like one at the birth of a son, or at a wedding. Women, carrying *auspicious** things, could not be contained within the palace; and in front (of it) were subject to contact with arrivals from the villages because of crowding together. On every

spot arches, at every step concerts found place in the city as well as the palace.

Childhood of Triprstha

Because he had seen three backbones in his son's back, the king gave him the name Triprstha at a festival. Cherished by the nurses and playing with Acala, the Vasudeva^s Triprstha gradually grew up. As a child, wearing an anklet of tinkling small balls, he played with Balabhadra going in front, like an elephant* with its driver. He, very intelligent, grasped all the arts with ease, like a mirror a reflection, his teachers being present as witnesses. In course of time he became of military age, strong-chested, long-armed, as if he were the same age as Balabhadra, though a younger brother. The two brothers, playing together constantly without interruptions, looked like the bright and dark fortnights embodied. Wearing dark blue and yellow garments, with palm tree and garuda-banners, they looked like living Svarnasaila and Anjana mountains.¹¹ When Acala and Krsna^s moved in play, the earth shook from their steps which were like claps of thunder. Strong elephants could not endure the sport of slaps on their bosses by the men-elephants mounted on them. The peaks of large mountains were like ant-hills, torn down by them, strong-armed, in play. Not afraid of demons, et cetera, to say nothing of others, the princes became the protection of those seeking protection. Triprstha was never without Acala nor Acala without Triprstha. They acted together like one mind with two bodies.*

Story of Asvagriva

Now in the city Ratnapura, there was a Prativisnu, Asvagriva, son of Mayuragriva, borne by Nilanjana. He was eighty bows tall, with the color of a new cloud,¹² with a life of eighty-four lacs of year, long-armed. The itch of his arms was not satisfied by beatings of his enemies, like that of a lion by rending the boss of an elephant. He, very powerful, long-armed, eager for a great war, was satisfied neither by enemies *submissive* nor by them fighting. His strength, constantly causing a flood of tears to flow from lotus eyes, was like a weapon sacred to Varuna¹³ his enemies' wives. His cakra, by which the circle "Directions had been subdued, appeared in his hand like a second sun that had become a portent to enemies. Thinking, "May he, being in our heart, not kill us, considering us hostile," kings did not feel a lack of *devotion* riven in their minds. All the kings did not put him at all but of their own hearts, like yogis the supreme spirit.

By his strength he subdued the three parts of Bharataksetra with Mt. Vaitadhya made into a stone boundary-pillar. The chief of the Vidyadharas, he conquered the two rows of the (cities of the) Vidyadharas, which were like arms of Mt. Vaitadhya, by means of vidyas and strength. He was worshipped with gifts by the lords of Magadha, Prabhasa, and Varadaman, and by gods as well as kings. His powerful command was constantly borne on their heads like crowns by sixteen thousand crowned kings. Enjoying his *sovereignty* of one umbrella, long-armed, he passed much time like Indra on earth,

One day, as King Asvagriva was sporting at will, this thought came into his heart unexpectedly, like an ill-omened cloud into the sky:

“Whatever kings there are in the southern half of Bharata are submerged in my power, like mountains in the ocean. Who among kings will be my slayer, since I am the sole powerful man on earth, like a lion among deer? This is hard to know, yet I will know it.”

Reflecting thus, he had the astrologer Asvabindu summoned at once by the door-keeper. Asked by the king for his opinion, the astrologer said: “Heaven forbid! May this inauspicious speech be averted. For not even *Yama* causes the death* of you who are the conqueror of the whole world. What wretch among mortals, certainly inferior (to Yama), will do so?”

Hayagriva said: “Sir, leave aside polite talk and tell me the truth. Do not be afraid. For reliable persons are not *flatterers*.” Questioned so persistently by the king, the best of astrologers considered the horoscope, et cetera, and declared *perspicuously*, “He who will attack your messenger, Candavega, and who will kill the lion living on the western border, he will be your slayer also.” Depressed by that speech, like one away from home by thunder, the king dismissed him like a hostile messenger, after showing him *hypocritical* honor.

The king had rice planted in the country that had been depopulated by a young lion, in order to find out the slayer of the lion. The king ordered the sixteen thousand kings to guard the rice-sowers in turn. The kings went in turn, armed, and protected the rice-cultivators from the lion, like herdsmen protecting fields from cows. Then the king summoned the assembly with *dissimulation* and said to his councillors ministers, generals, *vassals*, et cetera, “Now is there any long-armed son of kings, generals, et cetera, who has unequalled strength?” They replied: “Your Majesty, who is brilliant in the presence of the sun? Who is powerful compared with the

wind? Who is swift compared with Garuda? What is *venerable* compared with Meru? What is deep compared with the ocean? Who, indeed, is powerful compared with you by whose power the powerful have been subdued?"

The king said: "This is flattering talk, gentlemen, but not true. For there are stronger than the strong. This earth, indeed, has many jewels."

Then a certain minister among them, Carulocana, spoke like Vacaspati in language whose meaning was clear, "There are two sons of King Prajapati who resemble gods, who look on all mortal heroes as straw."

The attack on Candavega

After he had dismissed the assembly, the king sent the messenger Candavega to Prajapati on some business. The messenger traveled with excellent charioteers and horsemen to Potanapura in a few days, like his master's *splendor* embodied. There King Prajapati, adorned with all his ornaments, accompanied by Acala and Triprstha and many *vassals*; surrounded by distinguished persons, generals ministers, priests, et cetera, like Pasabhrt (Varuna) by sea-monsters; magnificent like a god, was staging unconcernedly a concert with dancers engaged in various dance-steps, postures*, gestures, and leaps, with the hollow of the sky resounding with the noise of sounding drums, with flutes that had become like restorers of life by the flood of beautiful, clear song, with notes of widespread gramaragas made on lutes, with songs commenced with harmonious time.

Candavega suddenly entered the assembly, his course unhindered by the door-keepers, just like a flash of lightning. When Prajapati with his vassals had noticed that he had come unexpectedly, he rose hastily to greet the master's messenger like the master. With great respect the king seated him on a seat and asked all the news about the master. The concert was interrupted suddenly by his arrival, like the study of the scriptures merely by the sight of lightning. All the concert-performers went to their respective homes. For there is no favorable opportunity for artists when the master's mind is engaged elsewhere.

When Triprstha saw that he had stopped the show, he was very angry and asked some bystander: "Look! who is this man who does not know the suitable time, an animal in the form of a man, that enters my father's Assembly, without announcing his arrival? Why did my father rise in haste to greet him when he saw him? Why was

he not restrained by the door-keeper, When he entered? The man replied to Triprstha: "He is certainly the messenger of Hayagriva, the supreme king of kings. Verily, in these three parts of Bharata, the kings are his servants. Therefore, your father rose to greet his messenger, like himself. Therefore he was not hindered by the door-keeper who knew what was fitting, since not even a dog that belongs to the master, to say nothing of a man, is attacked. If this messenger is pleased, King Hayagriva is pleased. By his favor the kingdoms of the kings flourish. If this man is injured contemptuously, Hayagriva is injured. For kings act in accordance with the view of the messenger. If the master, hard to endure like Krtanta, is injured, the kings do not expect even to live, to say nothing of (keeping) a kingdom."

Triprstha said: "No one is master of any one nor servant by birth. That surely is dependent on power. In the meantime we do not attack him with mere words. Certainly praise of one's self, as well as blame of others, causes shame to the noble. By my strength I will make him, who shows disrespect to my father, lie on his back, and I will make Hayagriva into Chinnagriva¹⁴ at the right time. Now is a suitable time. When he is dismissed by my father, I must be informed in order that I may do what is fitting." The man agreed to this order even though it was dangerous to the king. For the king's son is considered to be the king by the king's dependents. Candavega told the king's (Asvagriva's) commands to Prajapati as if he were his servant. Candavega was dismissed by King Prajapati who had agreed and had rewarded him with gifts, et cetera. Satisfied, he set out with his attendants to his own country and left Potanapura in a chariot. Triprstha learned that he was leaving and with Acala got in front of him and headed him off completely, like a forest-fire with a wind obstructing a traveler. Triprstha spoke as follows:

"Impudent, base villain, although you have only the rank of a messenger, you act like a king, animal! Who else with intelligence, even an animal, who did not wish to die, would interrupt the concert as you did, fool! The king himself, when he comes to the house of a mere householder, enters after announcing himself. That is the custom of the wise. You, splitting open the earth, as it were, came suddenly unannounced. You were wrongly entertained like your master by my father who is naturally artless. Now show that power because of which you are disrespectful. I will show you the fruit of the tree of bad conduct."

With these words he raised his fist, but before he struck, Musalapani got in front of him and said: "O prince, enough of striking this worm of a man! For the lion does not slap jackals even though

they are howling. Because he is a messenger, he is not to be killed, even though he does improper things; just as a Brahman, even though he says something monstrous, cannot be killed because he is a Brahman. Therefore, restrain your *anger* against this man even if he is rough. The castor-bean plant^{15B} is not the place for blows of an elephant's tusk."

Addressed thus by Balabhadra, Triprstha quickly withdrew his raised fist like an elephant its trunk, and instructed the soldiers: "Take everything, except life alone, from this villainous messenger who interrupted the show." At the prince's order the soldiers beat him with clubs and fists like a dog that has entered the house. They took everything, ornaments, et cetera, from him, like guards from a condemned man who has reached the execution-place. Avoiding blows for a long time, in order to save his life, he rolled on the ground like one furnishing amusement for an elephant. His retinue had fled in all directions, avoiding blows, et cetera, saving their lives like crows that have abandoned food.* When they had beaten him like a donkey, plucked him like a sparrow, and yelled at him like a rogue, the princes went home.

Prajapati learned all this from the people's gossip and reflected with an arrow in his heart, as it were: "Oh, that bad behavior was not suitable for my sons. In whose presence can I tell that which is like being thrown by my own horse! Candavega was not attacked, but rather Asvagriva was attacked. For these messengers act as the reflections of kings. Before he goes away, he must be *conciliated* by every means. As soon as fire starts, it must be extinguished then and there."

With these reflections, the king had him brought by the ministers and appeased him with words gentle from affection. His hands folded submissively, he showed him especial honor a flood of water for washing out the stain made by the princes. He gave him fourfold gifts¹⁶ of great price to cool his *anger*, like a cold treatment to an elephant. The king said: "You know these young princes, because of their fresh youth, are ill-behaved to common people and distinguished persons. The princes are unrestrained, like untamed bulls, because of the success produced by the master's special favors to me. Even if they have committed a great outrage against you, bestower of honor, nevertheless you must forget that like a bad dream, friend. The imperishable friendship of us two who have always been like full brothers must not be abandoned suddenly in a moment, O you who are skilled in knowing the disposition of my

mind. You must not tell Asvagriva the mischievous conduct of the princes, blameless as you are. This is the test of the indulgent.”

With the fire of his *anger* extinguished by the rain of nectar of such conciliation, Candavega said in a voice gentle from affection: “Because of long-standing love for you, I was not angry. O king, what is to be pardoned here? Your sons are the same as mine. Certainly punishment for the bad conduct of boys is censure which is made known, not reporting to the royal court. For that is the custom among the people. I will not report to the king such conduct of your sons. Water can be thrown, not drawn, from the mouth of an elephant.” So, put your mind at rest, O king. I am going. Now give me dismissal. There is not the least evil in my mind.”

Prajapati embraced the messenger like his own brother, when he said this and, his hands folded submissively, dismissed him.

In a few days the messenger went into Asvagriva’s presence; but the story of the attack on him had gone ahead like a chamberlain. At that time (of the attack) Candavega’s whole retinue, terrified, had gone and reported to the king the whole story about Triprstha. The messenger saw Hayagriva, his head up, red-eyed, like Vaivasvata (Yama) ready to swallow the earth. “I think someone has told the king the story of the attack on me,” the courier thought. For servants know the signs. Questioned by the king, he related the story completely. For in the presence of severe masters one cannot lie. Remembering his promise, the courier declared: “Just as I am devoted, Your Majesty, so is King Prajapati. What the princes did, that was trivial, childish ignorance. Besides, he was extremely disgusted by the behavior of the princes. Just as you are preeminent in power among all the kings, so King Prajapati is preeminent in *devotion* to you. The king blamed himself for a long time because of the princes’ fault. He accepted your command and gave this gift.” The courier became silent after saying this and Hayagriva reflected: “The prediction of the astrologer has been demonstrated by one test. If the second test, namely, the killing of the lion, takes place, then I think there is ground for fear.”

The killing of the lion

With this reflection, he then commanded Prajapati through another messenger, “Protect the rice-fields from the lion.” Prajapati summoned the princes and said: “Your bad behavior has resulted unexpectedly in guarding (the fields) from the lion. If the command is broken unexpectedly, then Hayagriva acts like *Yama*. If his command is not broken, then the lion acts like *Yama*. In either case

sudden death* is present for us. Nevertheless, I go now to the guarding from the lion, sons."

The princes said: "Asvagriva's courage is known, by whom, like an animal, an animal (the lion) is considered terrifying. Stay here, father. We will go now and soon kill the lion. O man-lion, why should you go there yourself, lord?"

Prajapati, depressed, said: "You are young boys, ignorant of what should and should not be done. One such act was committed by you while in my jurisdiction, behaving badly like a rogue-elephant*, little princes. This result of that action has appeared at once. What will be the result of what you will do when you are far away?"

Then Triprstha said: "What is this fear* of the lion shown by him, foolish, like that of foolish kings? Now, father, do us a favor. Stay here. We will go and destroy the lion together with Asvagriva's wishes."

So, finally persuading the king, they went with small, superior retinues to the country inhabited by the lion. The princes saw the bones of many soldiers killed by the lion at the foot of a mountain, like a heap of his glory incarnate. They asked the rice-cultivators who had climbed tall trees, "How do the kings keep off the lion?" The cultivators replied: "O heroes, after the kings had made a disposition of forces, they made a blockade of the lion in a cave with armored elephants, horses, chariots, and soldiers, like a dam of a stream, like a *moat* of an elephant. The kings, feeling doubtful of their lives, guarded us against the lion with soldiers who were continually killed and torn to pieces."

When they heard this speech of theirs, *Bala*^s and Kesava smiled, left their army there, and went to the lion's cave.

The lion awakened at once at the noise of their chariot resembling thunder, like a king at the noise of *bards*. Opening a little his eyes, which were like torches of Yama, shaking his lofty, massive mane, which was like Yama's chauri, opening his mouth, which was like a door to hell, with a yawn, his neck contracted a little, the lion took a look. When he saw only two men with a retinue of only a chariot, he pretended to go to sleep from contempt.

"He has certainly been made *arrogant* by the kings guarding the rice-fields with complete armies, offering oblations with elephants, et cetera."

So addressed by Acala, the man-lion went ahead a little and challenged the best of lions, like a wrestler challenging a wrestler. Hearing the bragging noise of Visnu^s, the lion, his ears erect, was

astonished, thinking, "This is some hero." The lion came out of his cave with his ears firmly propped up on his head like posts in high ground, with eyes exceedingly red like terrifying torches, with a mouth, like an *armory* of *Yama*, filled with tusks and fangs, his tongue outside his mouth like a Taksaka (Naga) outside Patala, with tusks above his mouth like a festoon of Yama's house, with a mane like the flames of a fire of *anger* burning within, with nails like hooks for drawing out the life from creatures, his tail twitching like a hungry serpent, his mouth open, frightful with roaring like the emotion* of cruelty in person.

The lion struck the earth with his large, cruel tail, like Indra striking a mountain with his thunderbolt. At the sound of the beating with his tail, creatures disappeared on all sides like sea-animals in the ocean at the sound of a drum.

"Stop, sir! When I am present there is no occasion for you to fight," with these words Triprstha stopped Acala right there. Visnu got out of the chariot, saying, "It is not in accordance with military ethics for me now in a chariot to fight with him as a foot-soldier." Saying, "It is not fitting for me armed to fight with him unarmed," Hari^s, possessing a wealth of heroism, threw away his weapons.* "Come, come, sir, I am going to take away your itch for battle, lion," Triprstha, surpassing Purandara^s in strength, said. The lion, too, furious with a spasm of *anger*, uttered that same speech, as it were, in the guise of a mountain-echo. The young lion reflected: "Oh, that boy acts very impetuously, since he came without an army, since he got down from his chariot, threw away his weapons, and challenged me aloud. Like a silly frog that has jumped against a serpent, let him take the consequences of his boldness."

With these reflections, the lion, holding his tail erect, having the appearance of a lion that has fallen from a Vidyadhara's chariot in the sky, leaped at once. As he fell, Kesava caught his jaws in his hands, one in one hand, the other in the other hand, like the jaws of a serpent in a pair of pincers. Pulling one jaw in one direction, and the other in the other direction, Visnu^s tore him apart, like tearing a piece of cloth, with a ripping sound. Just then a cry of "Hail! Hail!" filling the space between heaven and earth, was made repeatedly by the people like councilors, like *bards*. The Vidyadharas, gods, and demons who had assembled in the sky from curiosity rained flowers on him, like a wind from *Malaya*. The two parts of the lion's body, which had been thrown on the ground instantly, *quivered*, consciousness being retained voluntarily from *anger*.

The lion, whose body had been subjected to another with great disgrace, though divided in two parts, quivering, thought: "I who, falling like a thunderbolt, was not conquered by powerful princes, surrounded by armed soldiers, and also armed themselves, have been killed, alas! by this boy alone, unarmed, with his soft hand. That is what grieves me, not merely being killed." Knowing his thoughts as he rolled on the ground, like a serpent, with this anxiety, Visnu's charioteer spoke gently: "O lion, by whom rutting elephants were torn apart with ease, unsubdued by a hundred armies, why do you grieve so from pride? This one is surely the best of soldiers, Triprstha by name, first of the Sarngins in Bharata, a child in age, but not in prestige. He is a lion among men; but you are one among animals. What shame is there to you killed by him? Rather there is reason for boasting of a fight with him."

Soothed by this speech of his which was like a rain of nectar, the lion died and was born as a hell-inhabitant in hell, having acquired that birth.

Acala's younger brother, handing over the skin to the Vidyadharas who had come to know the news at Hayagriva's command, said: "Hand over this skin, which indicates the lion's slaughter, to Ghotakakantha, the frightened animal. He, greedy for sweet food*, must be delivered this message: 'Be free from anxiety. Eat rice at ease.'"

The Vidyadhara darakas assented; and Balabhadra and Triprstha went to their own city. There the two brothers bowed at their father's feet and *Bala*^s told him the entire story. King Prajapati looked upon his sons as if reborn and was delighted by his son who had kept his promise. The Vidyadharas told Vajigriva the story of Triprstha in detail, which was like a clap of thunder.

Rivalry for Svayamprabha

Now there is a city Rathanupuracakravala, the ornament of the southern row on Mt. Vaitadhya. There lived a king of the Vidyadharas, Jvalanajatin, whose magnificence was unequaled, resembling a flame in brilliance. His chief-queen was named Vayuvega, the supreme *abode* of *Priti*, slow in gait like a swan. By this queen a son, who was named Arkakirti from the sight of a sun in a dream, was borne to the king. In time he had a daughter, also, named Svayamprabha, because of the sight in a dream of a digit of the moon by whose own light the sky was made white. The king established Arkakirti, when he was grown, as his heir-apparent, long-armed, Mt. Hima to the Ganga^s of fame. In due time Svayamprabha

attained youth, like a place in the forest the enchanting wealth of spring. With her moon-face she looked like the full moon incarnate and with the blackness of her abundant hair she looked like *amavasya**³⁹ embodied. Her eyes which extended to her ears were like lotus ear-ornaments; her ears were like banks of the spreading pools of the eyes. With red petals in the form of hands, feet, and lips she looked like a creeper with blossoms^B; and she was beautiful with high breasts like pleasure-mountains of Sri. Her navel looked like a whirlpool in the river of loveliness and her broad hips were like an Antaradvipa. Among the women of the gods, asuras, and Vidyadharas there was no duplicate of her the treasury of the beauty of the body.

Then two flying ascetics, Abhinandana and Jagannandana, wandering through the air, came to that city. With great magnificence, like one who has obtained another incarnation of the goddess Sri, Svayamprabha went and paid homage to the excellent munis. After hearing their instruction, an *elixir* of nectar for the ears, she adopted right-belief firm as the color of indigo. In their presence she assented completely to lay-duties. For pure *souls* are not in the least negligent, knowingly. Then the excellent munis went elsewhere to wander.

One day she undertook a fast on a moon-day. On the next day, wishing to break her fast, after she had worshipped, et cetera, the Lord Jina^s, she brought the statue's bath-water¹⁷ and handed it to her father. The Vidyadhara-king, at once tender from delight, put the bath-water on his head and Svayamprabha on his lap. Seeing that she was grown, the king became anxious in the search for a husband for her, like a man in debt. After he had dismissed her with favor, the king summoned ministers, Suśruta and others, and asked them about a suitable husband.

First Suśruta spoke: "In the city Ratnapura there is a king, the son of Queen Nilanjana and Mayuragriva. He, having many vidyas acquired, lord of three-part Bharata, Indra of the Vidyadharas, Asvagriva by name, is the best husband."

The minister Bahusruta said: "He is certainly not a suitable husband for the Lady Svayamprabha because he is past his youth. In the north row there are many excellent Vidyadharas, strong-armed, possessing beauty, youth, and grace. After consideration you should give the gazelle-eyed maiden to one of them, Your Majesty, if you desire a suitable marriage."

Then the minister Sumati said to the king: "That was well said by that minister of yours, lord. On this mountain there is a city

Prabhankara, the sole *abode* of many wonders*, which has reached the first place in the necklace of the north row. Its king is named Meghavana^s, possessing the power of Maghavan, fruitful like a cloud at dawn. He has a wife, Meghamalini, like a *wreath* of jasmine^B with the fragrance of good conduct. They have a son, Vidyutprabha, by whom all kings are surpassed, with unrivaled beauty like Kandarpa. They have a daughter, Jyotirmala, like a daughter of the gods, with a wealth of immeasurable beauty and grace. Princess Svayamprabha is suitable for Prince Vidyutprabha as lightning, by which the heavens are lighted, is suitable for a cloud. On the other hand, Jyotirmala is suitable for Prince Arkakirti. Let a festival of the two take place with an exchange of maidens.”

Then Srutasagara declared to the king: “This maiden of yours who has become a jewel, by whom is she, like Sri, not sought? A *svayamvara**, which would make no distinction between all the Vidyadhara-princes seeking her, is the proper thing for her. Otherwise, you will have trouble with all the Vidyadharas, if you give the girl to any one of them. Why this, needlessly?”

After hearing the advice of all the ministers and dismissing them, he questioned also an astrologer, Sambhinnasrotas, “Shall I give my daughter to Asvagriva or to another Vidyadhara as her husband, or should she hold a *svayamvara*?” The astrologer said: “I have heard from the monks what the Blessed Rsabhadhvaja said when he was questioned by Bharata. ‘There will be twenty-three *Arhats* in this *avasarpini* equal to me and eleven kings equal to you; nine Balas, nine Vasudevas, lords of half of Bharata; nine opponents of them (Prativasudevas).’ Of these the Hari^s Triprstha, after killing Hayagriva, will enjoy the three-part Bharata with the cities of the Vidyadharas. He will *bestow* on you the lordship of all the Vidyadharas. Let the girl be given to him. There is no one else like him on earth.”

Delighted, the king rewarded the astrologer and dismissed him; and sent the courier Marici to King Prajapati about the matter. The Vidyadhara went to King Prajapati, bowed, introduced himself, and said respectfully: “The Vidyadhara-king, Jvalanajatin, has a daughter, Svayamprabha, the choicest of all maidens. King Vahnijatin has remained devoted to thought about a suitable husband for her for a long time, like a poet with *fastidious* taste. Although advised by ministers, he has found no one. The king then asked an astrologer about a suitable husband. He was told by the astrologer Sambhinnasrotas: ‘Your daughter, suitable, should be given to Triprstha, son of Prajapati. He, the first Vasudeva^s, will enjoy half of Bharata and

graciously bestow on you the overlordship of the two rows.' Delighted by this speech of the astrologer, my lord sent me. O master, consent to receive her for Triprstha."

King Prajapati, who was very intelligent, agreed with pleasure and dismissed him with suitable gifts.

From fear of Asvagriva, King Jvalanajatin went to Prajapati's city to give the girl in marriage. With his Vidyadhara-vassals, with his ministers, army, and transport, he remained at the edge of the city, like the ocean at the shore. With his ministers and retinue, Prajapati himself went to meet him. For a guest is the senior of every one. The two great armies that were joined by the friendly meeting of the two (kings) looked like the streams of the Ganga^s and Yamuna. Both mounted on elephants because of equal dignity, they embraced each other like Samanika-gods. The day became at once a new-moon day from the meeting of these two kings like the sun and moon.¹⁸ King Prajapati handed over ground to the Vidyadhara-king, like the ocean to Mainaka.¹⁹ There the Vidyadharas made a beautiful city with various palaces, like a second Potana, by the power of a vidya. Jvalanajatin dwelt in the city's principal palace, which had divine festoons, like the sun on Meru. The others, the vassals, ministers, generals, et cetera, lived in suitable palaces like the gods in celestial palaces.

After taking leave of the King of Vidyadharas, King Prajapati went to his own *abode*, like the ocean turned back from the shore. Then Prajapati sent gifts food*, ointment, ornaments, et cetera to the king of the Vidyadharas. For the wedding both of them had pavilions erected, jeweled, beautifully shaped, like the council-halls of Camara and Bali. In the houses of both there were auspicious* songs with the beauty of the teaching of the art made by elderly women of good family.

Glistening with fragrant sandal-ointment like a statue of sapphire, Triprstha mounted a fine elephant* and, surrounded by princely friends who had become attendants, went from his house to the house of Jvalanajatin. The younger brother of Bala^s stopped beneath the festoon on the front of the house, like the sun in the east, waiting for the collection of offerings. Auspicious* songs being sung by highborn women, Hari^s broke the fire-cup and went with his best man to the shrine. Then Hari saw Svayamprabha like Sasiprabha incarnate, dressed in a white fringed garment, delighting the eye. Then they both sat down on one auspicious* seat, Svayamprabha and Triprstha, like Citra²⁰ and the Moon. When the auspicious moment had been indicated by the sound of a gong, the priest joined their

lotus-hands like two hemispheres. They both made a *conjunction* of the pupils of their eyes which resembled the sprinkling of the newly-appeared tree of affection. Svayamprabha and Triprstha united in that way like a creeper and a tree, went to the room with the fire-pit. With fuel from the pippal^B, et cetera, the Brahmans lighted the fire accompanied by the burning of the *oblation* on the altar. They circumambulated the altar-fire with auspicious* blazing of the flame, the Brahmans reciting mantras from the Vedas.

After marrying Princess Svayamprabha in this way, *Bala's* younger brother mounted an elephant with her and started to his house. Hari went to his house, making Aryaman's horses prick up their ears by the resounding echoes and the very loud sounds of musical instruments.*

Hayagriva learned of the occurrence through a spy. Already angered by the story of the lion, he became exceedingly angry. He thought, "Though I am here, Jvalanajatin gave the woman-jewel to another. Verily, every jewel belongs to the ocean. Let a messenger go to the giver and the receiver and ask for the girl. For in statecraft a messenger goes first." After these reflections, he enjoined *secrecy* and sent a different messenger to the city Potanapura. The messenger went as quickly as a Samiranakumara, entered the house of Jvalanajatin and said:

"I say this to you by the command of Hayagriva, ruler of the southern half of Bharata, like the Indra of half of the world. Sir, there is a jewel of a maiden, named Svayamprabha, in your house. Go and give her to the master. A jewel in Bharata belongs to no one else. Asvagriva is your master and your family's master. Therefore, let your daughter be his. Indeed, a head does not shine without eyes. Why do you, angering Asvagriva, who has already been injured, by not giving your daughter, lose melted gold by (continued) blowing (with the blow-pipe)?"

Jvalanajatin replied to this speech by the messenger: "The girl was given to Triprstha and was received in marriage immediately, surely. There is no such thing as ownership of an article that has been given to someone else, much less of a high-born maiden. Let him consider that himself."

So answered by Agnijatin, the messenger went to Triprstha with evil in his heart. For he was the authorized agent of his lord. He said to Triprstha: "Asvagriva, the conqueror of the world, the Indra of the world, commands you by my voice: 'This girl, suitable for us, has been taken by you from ignorance, like the fruit of a tree in the royal garden by a traveler by mistake. I am your lord and your

relatives' lord. You have been protected by me for a long time. Therefore, give up the girl. The command of the master is authority for servants."

Then Triprstha, his forehead terrible with a monstrous frown, brilliant with red eyes and cheeks, said to him: "Your lord promulgates law in this way, as if he were the chief of the people. Alas for his family dignity! I think all the high-born maidens in his own territory have been destroyed by him. Does milk survive in the presence of a kitten? Pray, whence and how does he have lordship over us? His lordship elsewhere also will soon be fleeting. If he has had enough of life as well as eating rice, let him come here himself to take Svayamprabha. You are not to be killed because you are a messenger. Go! Do not stay now! I shall certainly kill him, Hayagriva, if he comes here."

So answered by Visnu^s, the messenger went quickly, as if struck by a goad, and told everything to King Asvagriva. When he heard that, Hayagriva, his eyes inflamed, his hair and beard twitching, biting his lip with his teeth, his body trembling, his forehead dreadful with a terrifying frown, thus instructed the best of his Vidyadharas with contempt and *anger*;

"Oh, fate has surely given feeble wit to Agnijatin, who would be in my presence like a chameleon compared with the sun.²¹ What kind of nobility has one who, ignoring me, married his daughter to the son of the husband of his own daughter?²² Now Jvalanajatin, one fool eager to die; Prajapati, a second; the son of his half-sister, another; and still another, the brother-in-law of his father,²³ shameless from their relationship, seek a fight with me, like jackals seeking a quarrel Go! Scatter them, like winds scattering clouds, like tigers scattering deer, like lions scattering elephants."

The battle

Then all the Vidyadharas, their arms itching for battle, were delighted at the master's command, like thirsty people by water. Strong-armed, each one making a vow to fight, splitting the sky, as it were, by noise made by slaps on their arms, saying, "I hope no one else, either friend or foe, gets ahead of me from eagerness to fight," hurrying past each other, beating their horses with whips; urging elephants with the yatas;²⁴ driving oxen with goads; striking camels with sticks; making sharp swords dance; banging shields frequently; fastening on quivers; making bow-strings resound; whirling hammers; shaking large clubs; brandishing tridents, and taking iron *bludgeons*, the soldiers of Asvagriva rushed to the attack,

some through the air and some by the ground from eagerness, and arrived at Potanapura.

Hearing their confused murmur from afar, Jvalanajatin said to Prajapati who was bewildered and asked, "What is this?" "These soldiers come here, certainly sent by Hayagriva. Let them come. You see my eagerness. Do not let Triprstha, do not let Acala fight with them ahead of me." Ardently he made preparations and set out for battle. The soldiers of Asvagriva attacked him simultaneously with *anger*. For *anger* is especially severe with one's friends when they have become enemies. Jvalanajatin without exception struck down their weapons* with weapons, just as one refutes general rules by exceptions. He attacked them all with showers of sharp arrows, like an unexpected cloud attacking elephants with showers of hail. Jvalanajatin took away their insolence which had existed for a long time from the power of their vidyas and the power of their arms, like a snake-charmer that of serpents.

Agnijatin said to them: "Go away, quickly! Go, villains! Who will kill you, miserable creatures who have come here without your lord. Come to Mt. Rathavarta with your lord Hayagriva. We too shall meet there soon." Addressed by him in this contemptuous way, the soldiers of Hayagriva disappeared quickly like a flight of crows, saving their lives, terrified. With faces as gloomy from great shame as if smeared with lamp-black, they went and reported that to Mayuragriva's son. At once the son of Nilanjana, possessing imperishable strength of arm, was inflamed by their words like a fire by an *oblation*. With his eyes red and wide open from *anger*, terrifying as a Raksas, he commanded his *vassals*, ministers, generals, et cetera :

"Ho! All of you assemble quickly with your entire forces. How let our army advance like the ocean with high waves. I shall soon kill Prajapati, Triprstha, Acala, and Agnijatin in a battle, like smoke killing mosquitoes."

The chief-minister, the *abode* of the group of intellectual *qualities*,²⁵ said to Asvakandhara who was excited and had spoken angrily: "In the past the master conquered three-part Bharata with ease. That took place for fame and fortune and you became at the head of the powerful. Now, what fame, what fortune, will our lord gain, eager himself for the conquest of one vassal? No powerful person should be proud of the conquest of an inferior. What is there to boast of in the killing of a deer by a lion who tears *asunder* elephants? If you should by chance be defeated by an inferior, all the heap of glory gained before would disappear at once. The course

of battle is varied. There is great occasion for fear* that the speech of the astrologer is true because of its proof from the killing of the lion and the attack on Candavega, In this case it is fitting for the lord to observe the policy of encamping from among the six kinds of policy. For even a great elephant*, running without ascertaining (the road), mires in the mud. Moreover, the boy,²⁶ acting rashly, will jump up quickly some place like a sarabha²⁷ and *perish* you, though encamped, will derive the benefit. But if you cannot endure such a thing, then give orders to your army to fight, O king. Who can withstand your army?"

The king scorned this truthful and suitable advice. How can men have any common sense in *anger*, as in drinking wine? Insulting the minister with the words, "You are a coward" he, angry, had the marching-drum sounded at once by his servants. All the soldiers came with all their forces immediately at the sound of the drum even from a distance, just as if they had been at his side. Hayagriva went to the bath-house and bathed with water from *pitchers*, like a swan with high spotless waves of the Ganga^s. His body dried with fine cloth and perfumed with divine perfumes, his body made white with gosirsa-sandal taken from Nandana, wearing a fringed white garment, carrying a knife, wearing a tilaka made by the priest, he, the tilaka of kings, being praised by the *bards*, with a white umbrella and *chauris* mounted a great elephant, whose *ichor* wet the surface of the ground.

Hayagriva set out, attended by irresistible elephants, horses, and chariots, shaking even the mountains. As he went along, the handle of his umbrella, shaken by a cruel wind that rose suddenly, was broken like a tree. Like a flower from a tree, like a star from the sky, the umbrella fell from Hayagriva's head. Then the elephant's* ichor dried up at once; the pools were like pools in the month of Jyaistha, and the mud like that in autumn. Then the elephant Urinated, as if terrified of death*, and gave a harsh cry, and did not hold his head erect. A rain of dust, a rain of blood, the sight of a constellation by day, the fall of a meteor, a flash of lightning these portents took place. The dogs lifted up their faces and howled miserably; hares appeared, and kites wheeled in the sky. Ravens croaked and vultures spread out overhead, and a dove perched on the banner.²⁸ There were such unfavorable omens.

Asvagriva paid no attention to the bad portents and unfavorable omens, but was unhindered from starting out,²⁹ as if drawn by *Yama's* noose. He was surrounded by Vidyadharas whose *fortitude* was gone, and by princes who were not eager for battle, like slaves

who had been brought by force, even though they were free. In a few marches he arrived with a complete army at Mt. Rathavarta by which the turning of chariots is made. At Asvagriva's command the Vidyadhara-forces camped on the ground at the foot of that mountain resembling Mt. Vaitadhya.³⁰

Now in Potanapura, the best of Vidyadharas, Jvalanajatin, said to Balabhadra and *Bala's* younger brother:

"There is no rival whatever to you in natural power. Timid from affection for affection produces fear* even in unsuitable places I say this. Hayagriva with head erect (udgriva) is *arrogant* from his vidyas, powerful, fiery, victorious in many battles. By whom is he not to be feared? Without vidyas you are not inferior to Hayagriva. Nevertheless, I greatly wish for you to be able to kill him. You must make some effort here for acquiring vidyas in order that magic weapons* created by his vidyas will be useless." They agreed.

Jvalanajatin, delighted, taught vidyas to them, dressed in white, concentrated in meditation.* Recalling the first syllables of the mantras, the two brothers passed seven nights, their minds devoted to one thing. On the seventh day, the lord of serpents (Sesa) having trembled, the vidyas approached Bala and Upendra absorbed in meditation. The vidyas Garudi, Rohini, Bhuvanaksobhani, Krpanas-tambhani, Sthamasumbhani, Vyomacarini, Tamisrakarini, Sinhatrasini, Vairimohini, Vegabhighamini, Divyakamini, Randhravasini, Krsanuvarsini, Nagavasini, Varisosini, Dharitrivarini, Cakramarani, Bandhamocani, Vimuktakuntala, Nanarupini, Lohasrnkhala, Kalaraksasika, Channadasadis, Tiksnasulini, Candramauli, Vijayamangala, Rksamalini, Siddhatadanika, Pinganetra, Vacanapesala, Dhvanitahiphana, Ghoraghosini, Bhirubhisini, and others said, "We are in your power." Both completed meditation*, though the vidyas had been won. Everything is attracted spontaneously by merit. What should not belong to the noble?

Then Triprstha and his elder brother set out in style on an auspicious* day with extensive forces and with Prajapati, Jvalanajatin, et cetera. With tall horses going to and fro swift as eagles; with chariots, abodes of Sris of victory, going towards the enemy; with elephants lively from *ichor*, surpassing the elephants of the gods; with superior infantry leaping like tigers; completely covering the sky and earth with sky-travelers (Vidyadharas) and earth-travelers (humans); urged on by favorable omens as well as by his own people; splitting the sky by the noise of musical instruments* increased by neighings and trumpetings: shaking the earth by the weight of a multitude of soldiers; Hari^s, the turning of whose chariot

grinds the earth, arrived at Mt. Rathavarta which was very much like a stone boundary-pillar of his own country.

The battle-drums of both armies were sounding as if to summon gods with the idea, "There should be judges of the battle." The armies of Triprstha and Hayakantha, who were very eager for battle like lords of the gods and demons, flew at each other. The loud tumult of the armored soldiers, as well as the dust of the earth crushed by the horses and army, invested the heavens. The heavens had a terrifying appearance, like a great forest, from the lions, sarabhas, tigers, elephants, and monkeys placed on the army-banners. Like relatives of Narada,³¹ eager for the sport of *strife*, bands of sworn comrades came together, skilled in arousing the enthusiasm of the soldiers. Then fighting was commenced by the vanguards of the two armies which made the sky appear to have birds in flight from the multitude of arrows. A great fire arose from the weapons* of the vanguards of the two armies in battle, like a forest-fire from the rubbing together of the top branches of trees in a forest. In the van of the battle of the soldiers occupied with weapon against weapon, possessing unmeasured strength, there was angry conflict like that of sea-monsters in the ocean. Asvagriva's *vanguard* was turned back by Triprstha's vanguard, like the water of a river by the waves of the ocean. The followers of Vajigriva, the best of Vidyadharas, were enraged instantly by the crushing of the vanguard like the tip of the finger. They became vampires, eager for battle, cruel-armed; just like demons who had received the minister's seal from *Yama*; ghouls with monstrous huge teeth and broad chests, dark and terrifying, like peaks of the Anjana Mountains; lions by whom the earth was split by blows with ploughs in the form of tails, with nails doing the work of scimitars; sarabhas with (four) feet on top like mountains with high peaks, by whom elephants are tossed up as easily as a bunch of straw by an elephant's* trunk; varalikas beating the ground with their tails and grinding trees with their tusks, terrible from their form of a lion and elephant; others became beasts of prey, panthers, tigers, bulls, serpents, bears, et cetera, like Raksases that had become animals. Making terrifying noises, as if summoning Death*, they quickly attacked Triprstha's army. Gloomy faced, their eagerness broken in a moment, all the soldiers of Prajapati thought:

"Have we mistaken the road here to a city of ghosts? Have we come to an *abode* of Raksasas, or have we come to the Vindhya-plateau? Have these cruel demons and animals come from their homes to fight with us at Asvagriva's command? I think destruction

caused by a girl is at hand for us. If Triprstha himself should be victorious, our courage would last."

While they, absorbed in such thoughts, their wits distracted, were turning back, Vahnijatin said to Triprstha: "This is magic of the Vidyadharas. It is nothing real, I know. For the serpent, no one else, knows the track of the serpent. His lack of power has been made known by themselves, slow of wit, in this way. Who, if he is powerful, creates something to terrify a child, as it were? So, arise, hero. Get into your chariot. Make the enemy descend from the high peak of *conceit*. With you in your chariot with your hand raised and with the sun in the sky with its lofty rays, whose *splendor*, pray, will spread?"

At this speech of Vahnijatin, Triprstha, first of charioteers, got into his great chariot, encouraging his own army. Long-armed Rama also got into his battle-chariot. At no time does he leave his younger brother alone. How much less in battle! The Vidyadharas, Jvalanajatin and others, mounted their chariots like lions a mountain-plateau. Then drawn by merit, the gods gave Triprstha a divine bow named *Sarnga*, a club *Kaumodaki*^s, a conch *Pancajanya*^s, and a jewel named *Kaustubha*, a sword *Nandaka*^s, and a garland *Vanamala*. They gave Balabhadra a plough named *Samvartaka*, a pestle named *Saumanda*, and a club named *Candrika*.

When they had seen these, all the other heroes, united, fought with their whole *souls*, like sons of Antaka. Triprstha made the jewel of a conch, *Pancajanya*, by which the sky was filled with noise, play the prologue of the play which was taking place. Haya-kandhara's soldiers trembled at its noise which was like the thunder of the *Puskaravartaka* clouds at the end of the world. Of some the weapons* fell like leaves from trees; others fell to the ground themselves, as if they had epilepsy. Some disappeared quickly like timid jackals; some shut their eyes and cowered like hares. Some entered caves, like owls; some shrieked like conches out of water. When he heard of this collapse of his army, as unheard of as the drying up of the ocean, Hayagriva said to his men:

"O wretched Vidyadharas, where are you going, terrified just at the sound of a conch, like deer, et cetera, in a forest at the bellow of a bull? What power of Triprstha or Acala have you seen that you are terrified like cattle at the sight of a scarecrow? The glory that was gained by victory in various battles you have destroyed. A drop of *collyrium** is sufficient to destroy the beauty of a clean white cloth. Go back! Verily, this stumbling of yours has come by fate. What inhabitants of the earth are superior to you who are inhabitants of

the sky? Or rather, do not fight. Be only witnesses. I, Hayagriva, certainly am not asking for assistance in battle.”

Addressed in these terms by Hayakantha, their heads bowed, overcome by shame, the Vidyadharas turned back like the ocean that has beaten against a mountain. Then Hayagriva, unconfused, set out in his chariot, like another cruel planet* with the sky for a vehicle, to devour his enemies. Like a curious missile-cloud, he rained arrows, stones, darts and other missiles on Triprstha's army. Triprstha's army was worn out by this rain of missiles. What could earth-dwellers, even though resolute, do against sky-dwellers? Immediately Rama, Triprstha, and Jvalanajatin flew up in the air in their chariots with their own Vidyadharas. The Vidyadharas on both sides fought hard in the sky, showing each other the power of their vidyas, as if demonstrating to preceptors. The earth-people of the two armies also fought together, angry, like elephants with elephants in a forest. There was an unprecedented rain of blood, like a portent of calamity, from the Vidyadharas beating each other violently with weapons.

Some began fighting, staff against staff, like a show with single-sticks, the sky resounding with the noise of their blows on each other. Some, cruel-armed, beat their opponents with their sword-handles like drums with drumsticks. Some, meeting each other, unable to endure the victory of another, shook their large shields like *cymbals*. Others threw their spears which parted the sky like hair, making the sound of lightning like lightning-clouds. Some rained darts like cruel snakes; others arrows with gleaming feathers like garudas. Then the sky as well as the earth seemed to be made from various weapons by the weapons made to rise and fall in this way by the two armies. Some were seen with their enemies' heads, which they had just cut off, held in their hands, like extraordinary field-guardians on the battle-field. Others looked like Ganesas with elephant-faces; others like Kinnaras with faces of horses which had just fallen on headless bodies.* Some looked as if faces had sprung from the navel because of their own heads just cut off which had fallen on their girdles and remained for a moment. The headless bodies* of some powerful ones danced as if from joy produced by the *svayamvara** of some goddess. The fallen heads of some gave forth a humming sound, as if earnestly reciting charms for the purpose of ascending their trunks.

When the battle had gone on like this, terrible as the end of the world, Triprstha directed his chariot against the chariot of Asvakandhara. Rama, the best of charioteers, urged forward his horses

and went near Triprstha's chariot, drawn by the cord of affection. Hayagriva, looking at them with eyes red from *anger* and starting out (of his head) as if he were thirsty, said to them:

"By which one of you was Candavega attacked, villains? Which of you is insolent because of killing the lion on the western border? Which of you married Svayamprabha, the daughter of Jvalanajatin, who fully resembles a poison-maiden, for his own slaughter? Which one, simple-minded, does not consider me his lord? Which of you has taken a leap against me, like a monkey against the sun? Why has the destruction of the soldiers been disregarded for so long? Now, relying on what, have you approached me? Answer, boys! and fight in turn or together with me, like young elephants with a lion."

Then the younger brother of Acala said with a smile: "I, Triprstha, made the attack on your messenger. I slew the lion on the western border and I married Svayamprabha. I do not consider you my lord and I have disregarded you for a long time. This is my elder brother, *Bala*^s by name, a Balasudana (Indra) in strength, who has no rivals in the three worlds. What are you? If Enough of slaughtering soldiers' is also your opinion, take your weapon, great-armed one. You are the battle-guest of me alone. Let us have a duel. Let the *desire* of the arm be satisfied. Let the soldiers of us both remain as witnesses"

Hayagriva and the younger brother of Bala agreed on these terms and had the soldiers stopped from battle by the mace-bearer.

Duel between Triprstha and Hayagriva

Placing one hand on the middle of the bow and the other on the side of the notched end, Hayagriva strung his bow which was terrifying like *Yama*'s brow. With his hand Mayuragriva's son made the bowstring resound like the string of a lute in a concert for the amusement of the Sri of battle. Sarngapani (Triprstha) also strung his bow at once, indicating the destruction of enemies, like a matsya which has appeared at night. Visnu^s made a noise with the bow that was as terrible as the noise of a thunderbolt, a charm for the summoning of death*, destroying the strength of enemies. Hayakandhara drew an arrow from the quiver, like a serpent from a cave, fitted it to the bow, and drew it back to his ear. He discharged the terrible arrow, blazing with light, that was like a leer from Death, like a flame of the fire at the end of the world. Kesava, whose power was unbroken, cut it as it fell, with an arrow discharged at once, like cutting a lotus-tendril. The younger brother of Acala split Hayagriva's bow with a second arrow like the first in speed. Again and

again, whatever bow Hayagriva took up, Triprstha cut down, as well as his wish, with arrows.

With one arrow Hari^s cut down Pratihari's banner and with another overthrew the chariot from afar like a piece of a castor-bean plant^B. Hayagriva, angered, got into another chariot and came from a distance raining arrows, like a cloud showers of rain. Neither the chariot, nor the charioteer, nor Triprstha, nor anything else, was visible in the air darkened by Hayagriva's arrows. Triprstha drove back the shower of arrow with showers of arrows, like the blessed sun dispelling darkness with a mass of rays. Then Hayagriva, enraged, the first of the powerful, strong as a rock, long-armed, raised up an arrow that was like a sister of lightning, like a companion of the thunderbolt, like the mother of death, like the tongue of the serpent-king, hard as rock. He made it whirl around his head like a shooting-wheel³² on a pillar, like a dancer of Kinasa (*Yama*) with a girdle of tinkling bells. With all his strength he discharged it rapidly at Triprstha, a path being made for it by the gods fearing the destruction of their aerial cars. Then Triprstha picked up in his hand the club Kaumodaki^s from the chariot, a third arm, a second staff of *Samavartin* (*Yama*). *Bala's* younger brother struck the arrow as it fell with the club, like an elephant* striking a toy-bellows³³ with his trunk. Instantly reduced to fragments it fell to the ground like a clod, imitating the fall of a hundred meteors with bright sparks.

Hayakandhara hurled an iron-bound club, terrifying as an up-lifted tusk of Airavana, at the lord of the club³⁴. Hari^s broke it, as it fell, with his club, like Patrarathesvara³⁵ breaking a serpent with the end of his beak. Hayagriva threw a club that was shaped like a thunderbolt and hard as a rock, like a tusk of Pitṛpati (*Yama*), like a sister of Taksaka. Adhoksaja (Triprstha), long-armed, broke it, like a mud-pie, beautifully in the air with Kaumodaki^s. When his weapons* had been broken in this way, Vajikandhara was embarrassed.

Then the hero thought of the serpent-missile like a brother in time of distress. Fitting the serpent-missile to the bow, he discharged it, and numerous serpents appeared just as if bursting forth from an ant-hill. Running on the ground and giving loud hisses in the air, the serpents turned the Middle World into Patala at once. Pendent, cruel, black, flashing, the serpents at once spread terror a thousand times more than that of a comet that has appeared. The Khecara-women fled far away, terrified by the serpents moving in the sky like spies of Death.* Very great terror arose in Triprstha's soldiers, also. Such a thing happens from *devotion* and from ignorance of the master's power.

Then Garudadhvaja (Triprstha) fitted the garuda-missile to his bow and discharged it. Verily the serpents of the missile were like plantain-leaves. Garudas appeared, making the sky seem to be covered with one hundred golden umbrellas from the moving mass of wings. At the sound of their wings, the serpents disappeared completely, like darkness at sunrise. Astonished, when he saw that the serpent-missile was useless also, Hayakandhara thought of the irresistible fire-missile. After fitting the fire-arrow to the bow, he discharged it. It made the sky appear to have a hundred meteors from its flames. Then Triprstha's whole army, submerged in fire, as it were, became confused like sea-monsters terrified by the submarine-fire. Hayagriva's soldiers, excited, rejoiced, laughed, whirled around, jumped up, danced, sang, and clapped their hands.

Then the younger brother of Acala, red-eyed from *anger*, fitted to the bow the water-missile, which could not be warded off, and discharged it quickly. At once clouds spread, like the wishes of Hari, darkening the sky as well as Hayagriva's face. They rained like clouds in the rainy season, with unceasing streams of water, extinguishing completely the fire of the weapons like a forest-fire. When he saw his missiles destroyed by Sarngin like straw, Prativisnu remembered his unerring cakra, causing death.*

Summoning it shining with a hundred flames like one hundred intervals between spokes, as if it had been brought from the chariot of Martanda, like an ear-ring that had been taken by force from *Yama*, like the serpent Taksaka made into a circle, having a multitude of tinkling bells, terrifying the Khecaras, presenting itself merely from being recalled, he took it and said:

"You are a stripling, boy. Slaughtering you is like killing an embryo, nothing else. Now go away. Today I am embarrassed before you. Verily, this weapon of mine, the cakra, never stumbles and never becomes dull, like Indra's thunderbolt. If it is discharged, you are *deprived* of life. There is no alternative. Do not show a warrior's pride. Obey my command. You are a boy. Therefore I endured your bad behavior in the past, because it was only boyish impetuosity. Go! Save your life unexpectedly."

Astonished, Triprstha said: "You are an old man, Hayakandhara. Otherwise, who would make such a foolish speech, like a crazy man? Even a young lion does not flee from elephants though large. Does a young garuda run from even a large serpent? Does the sun, though newly risen, tremble at the Raksases of twilight? Why should I, though a boy, run from you on the battlefield? You have seen how much force these weapons* had which you have already used. When

you have discharged it (the cakra), observe its force. Before you have seen it, why do you thunder?"

When he heard this, Hayagriva whirled his very terrifying cakra around his head, like the submarine fire of the ocean of the sky. After whirling it for a very long time, he hurled the cakra with all his strength and it gave at once the impression of the sun falling. The cakra fell on Hari's breast hard and broad as a mountain-crag with just a slap, but not with the edge. Struck by the end of the cakra's hub which was very hard, Visnu^s fell unconscious, as if struck by a thunderbolt. The cakra remained in the same place in the sky, as if watching, and a cry of "Ha! Ha!" arose in all of Visnu's army. When he saw his brother unconscious from his enemy's blow, Balabhadra, devoted to his younger brother, fainted immediately, though he had not been struck. Hayagriva gave a lion's roar, just like a lion, and the cry "Kila! Kila!" as if announcing a victory was made by his soldiers. Rama regained consciousness in a moment and when he heard that loud noise, he asked the soldiers, "Whose inopportune joy is this?" They replied, "Your Majesty, this loud shouting is made by Hayagriva's soldiers delighted at the prince's death* just now."

Rama said, "Is my brother dead? My younger brother, worn out by battle, lies for a moment in the chariot. Considering in my own mind that this death of my brother is unreal, I shall take away the joy from them rejoicing. Stay, Hayagriva! Now at once I am going to make powder out of you and your chariot and your retinue with a club, as if you were a handful of flies."

With these words he took up the club that was like a peak of Mt. Rathavarta. As he ran forward, Triprstha became conscious. "Sir! Sir! What is this exertion on your part when I am here?" Janardana^s got up like one who had been asleep. When he saw Triprstha standing up, Jvalanjatin embraced him, like one from (one's own) village who has been met, with outstretched arms. Hrsikesa's soldiers made a joyous outcry, announcing the awakening of their lord, which was like an arrow in their enemies' hearts. Adhoksaja saw the cakra standing near him as if wishing to obtain a penance for the crime of the blow. The younger brother of Balabhadra took it, terrifying from brilliance, resembling an heir of the sun, and made this excellent speech:

"You have seen the strength of the cakra which you hurled at me, after making such a loud roaring, like the strength of an elephant* against a mountain. Go! Go, now! Who will kill you, fool, an old man, badly behaved like a cat?"

When he heard that, Hayagriva, biting his lip with his teeth, his body trembling with *anger*, frowning, said: "Miserable boy, you are intoxicated by obtaining that piece of iron, all the more by getting it from me, like a lame man by obtaining fruit that has fallen from a tree. Throw it! Throw it! See my strength also. I will split the cakra, as it falls, with my fist."

Then Vaikuntha (Triprstha)^s, whose force was unblunted, angered, whirled the cakra in the sky and hurled it at Hayakantha. It cut off Asvakantha's head like a plantain-stalk. For the Praticakrins are killed by their own cakras. The Khecaras, delighted, rained flowers on Sarngin's head and gave loud cries of "Hail! Hail!" The sound of lamentation arose in the wretched army of Hayagriva, making the atmosphere, too, lament with echoes. His people held Hayagriva's cremation-ceremonies, making the *oblation* of water, as it were, with tears flowing from their eyes. After his death* Hayagriva became a hell-inhabitant in the seventh hell with a life of thirty-three *sagaropamas*.

Just then the chief-gods in the sky, said: "O kings, all of you give up your pride entirely. Give up your support of Hayagriva which was honorable for a long time and, furthermore, seek Triprstha, the best refuge*, with *devotion*. He, the first Vasudeva^s, has arisen here, long-armed, lord of the land of three parts of Bharata-ksetra." When they heard this divine speech, all of Hayagriva's kings approached and bowed to the younger brother of Acala. With hands folded submissively they said, "Pardon us for whatever crime we committed from ignorance and subjection to another. Henceforth, lord, we shall follow only your command, like your servants. Therefore, command us, lord."

Triprstha replied: "There was no crime on your part. Fighting at the master's order is certainly the course of warriors. Dismiss fear.* Now I am your master. Henceforth remain in your respective kingdoms, having become subject to me." After reassuring the kings in this way, Triprstha went with his retinue to Potanapura, like another Purandara^s.

Conquest of southern half of Bharata

Janardana^s and his elder brother again left Potanapura for an expedition of conquest, surrounded by seven jewels,³⁶ the cakra, et cetera. First he conquered Magadha, the face-ornament of the eastern part; and Varadaman, the head-wreath of the southern part; and the chief-god, Prabhasa, by whom the western part is made radiant; and also the Vidyadhara-kings of the two rows of Vaitadhya, Hari^s gave

Agnijatin the overlordship of the two rows. For the noble, being served, bear fruit like a kalpa-tree. After he had conquered the southern half of Bharata in just this way by an expedition of conquest, Triprstha turned his face towards his own city. He shone with half the magnificence and half the strength of arm of a cakravartin. Then in a few marches Madhava^s reached the Magadhas. Then the tilaka of kings saw a huge stone being lifted by a crores of men, like a tilaka of the earth. With his left arm Hari^s easily held the stone in the air over his head like an umbrella. Triprstha was warmly praised as skilful by kings and people, who were astonished at the sight of his strength of arm, like *bards*. After depositing it (the stone) in the proper place, he set out and reached the city Potanapura, the *abode* of fortune, in a few days.

Sripati, mounted on an elephant^{*}, endowed with great good fortune, entered Potanapura, which was like a new city of sri, covered with pearl svastikas like the sky with stars; adorned with rows of festoons like a hundred rainbows; the surface of the ground sprinkled as if it had rained; with lofty heavenly palaces, as it were, in the form of high platforms with shining vessels; with a wedding being held at every house, as it were, from the auspicious^{*} songs; seeming to have all the people in the world made into a crowd from the excessive crowding (of the people). Then Prajapati, Jvalanjatin, Acala, and other kings celebrated Triprstha's *coronation* as Ardhaçakrin.

Omniscience of Sreyansa

Now the Lord, Blessed Sreyansa, wandering for two months as an ordinary *ascetic*, reached the grove Sahasramravana. As the Master stood at the foot of an asoka, engaged in meditation^{*}, being at the unshakable end of the second pure meditation, his destructive karmas knowledge- and belief-obscuring, *deluding*, and obstructive disappeared like a ball of wax in a fire. On the fifteenth day of the black half of Magha, the moon being in *conjunction* with Sravana, by means of a two-day fast, the Lord's *omniscience* became manifest.

The eleventh Arhat, endowed with supernatural powers, delivered a sermon in a *samavasarana* made there by the gods. By that sermon of the Lord many people were enlightened. Some adopted complete self-control; others partial self-control. There were seventy-six ganabhrts, Gosubha and others, who composed the twelve scriptures after hearing the three-phrases^{*} from the Master.

Sasanadevatas

A Yaksa, originating in the *congregation**, named Isvara, three-eyed, white, with a bull for a vehicle, with one right hand holding a citron^B and a second holding a club, with an *ichneumon* and a rosary in his left hands, became Lord Sreyansa's messenger-deity at that time. Like wise the goddess Manavi, fair, with a Hon for a vehicle, with one right hand in the boon-granting position and one holding a hammer, holding a thunder-bolt and a goad in her left hands, became the Lord's attendant messenger-deity at that time.

The samavasarana

With these two always near him, the Supreme Lord in the course of his wandering arrived one day at the best city, Potanapura. There the Marutkumaras cleaned the ground for a *yojana* for the Master's samavasarana and the Meghakumaras sprinkled it. The Vyantaras paved it with gold and jewels and threw down five-colored flowers knee-deep. They made ornamental arches in each direction, like frowns of the directions, and made a pure jeweled platform in the middle of the ground. Below it the Bhavanadhipas made a silver wall with a gold coping, like a head-wreath of the earth. The Jyotiskas made a second wall of gold with a jeweled coping as if made of their own light. The Vimanapatis created a third wall made of divine slabs of jewels with a coping of gems. In each wall there were four doors with festoons and to the northeast within the middle wall was a dais. A caitya-tree, sixty-nine bows tall, was created by the Vyantaras in the center of the ground inside the walls. Below it on the surface of the jeweled platform they made a dais and on it a jeweled lion-throne with a foot-stool facing east. Whatever else had to be done there, the Vyantaras did it. They, devoted, excelled even servants in freedom from carelessness.

Then Lord Sreyansa, shining with a triple umbrella in the sky; being fanned with *chauris* by Yaksas at his sides; adorned with an *Indradhvaja** preceding him; with blessings recited by the drum sounding of its own accord, like a bard; with a halo, like the eastern mountain with the sun; attended by a crores of gods, asuras and men; setting his lotus-feet on nine golden lotuses which were moved forward in turn by the gods; the Lord entered the samavasarana, the front of which was presided over by a shining dharmacakra, by the east door. Then the Lord of the World circumambulated three times the caitya-tree which welcomed him, as it were, with the sound of humming bees. Saying "Homage to the *congregation**, " the Lord,

facing the east, adorned the lion-throne, the *pericarp* of the lotus of the dais.

The Vyantaras made images of the Master seated on jeweled lion-thrones in the other directions. Entering by the east door, the monks sat down in order, the Vaimanika-women and nuns stood. Entering by the south door and bowing to the Arhat, the Bhavanapati-, Jyotiska-, and Vyantara-women stood in the southwest. Entering by the west door, bowing to the Arhat, the Bhavanadhipas, Jyotiskas, and Vyantaras stood in the northwest. Entering by the north door, bowing to the Blessed One, the Vaimanikas, men, and women, stood in order in the northeast. So within the third wall stood the holy fourfold *congregation**, the animals inside the middle wall, and within the lowest wall the draft-animals.

Then the royal agents reported joyfully to the Ardhacakrin, Triprstha, that the Master had stopped in the *samavasarana*. Rising from the lion-throne at once and taking off his shoes, standing facing the direction of the Master, Hari^s did homage to the Master. Seated (again) on the lion-throne, the younger brother of Acala gave twelve and half crores of silver (125 million coins) silver to the men who announced the Master's arrival. Accompanied by Balabhadra, Sarngabhart went with great magnificence to the *samavasarana*, the refuge* of all creatures. Entering it by the north door, after bowing to the Arhat properly, he and Musalapani sat down behind Sakra. After bowing to the Master again, Indra, Triprstha, and Bala^s began a hymn of praise as follows in voices penetrated with *devotion*:

Stuti

“O Supreme Lord, to you who cause a stream of great joy, who have become the cause of emancipation, to you homage for the sake of *emancipation* only. Just at the sight of you, a person, forgetting other actions, would become devoted to the supreme spirit. How much more from hearing your sermon? Have you, an Ocean of Milk, appeared? Or, a kalpa tree, grown up? Or, a rain-cloud, descended in the desert of *samsara*? You, the eleventh Lord Jina^s, lord of the kevalins, are the protector of the world suffering from cruel actions which must result in evil. By you the Iksvaku-family, naturally pure, has been made extremely pure, O lord, like crystal by water. Your feet, O Lord, surpass all shade by the removal of all pain in the three worlds. Delighted to become a bee at your lotus-feet, I am eager neither for enjoyment nor for *emancipation*, O Jina. I seek your feet, my protection in every existence, O Lord of the World. What does service to you not accomplish?”

When Vasava^s, Upendra (Triprstha), and Sirin had become silent after this hymn of praise, Sreyansa began a sermon, the source of emancipation.

Sermon on nirjara

“This boundless *samsara* resembles the ocean Svayambhura-mana. People are whirled around in it, across, up, and down, by waves of karma. Just as perspiration is destroyed by a breeze, just as flavors are destroyed by medicine, so the eight karmas are destroyed quickly by nirjara only. Nirjara is said to be twofold, voluntary and involuntary, because of its wearing away here of karma that has become the seed of *samsara*. That of persons with subdued senses is known as ‘voluntary’¹; of other creatures as ‘involuntary’; since the maturing of karma, like that of fruit, results from (outside) means and by itself. Just as gold, though faulty, becomes purified when heated by a burning fire, so a *soul* becomes purified, burned by the fire of penance.

Fasting, partial fasting, limitation of food*, giving up choice food, bodily *austerities*, and avoidance of all useless motion are *outer penance*. Confession and penance, service to others, study of sacred texts, reverence, indifference to the body, pure meditation*, are the six fold *inner penance*. The self-restrained person destroys karma, though hard to destroy, immediately in the burning fire of inner and *outer penance*. Just as a pool with all the outlets blocked by some means is not filled at all with renewed streams of water, in the same way the soul, protected by *obstruction* of the channels (for acquiring karma), is not rilled with renewed karmic matter. Just as the water of a pool, formerly deep, dries up, when it is burned frequently by the attack of the fierce rays of the sun, so all of people’s formerly acquired karma burned up by penance attains real destruction immediately.

For creating destruction of karma, *inner penance* is better than outer; and in this (*inner penance*) the munis have said meditation* to be the sole umbrella. Ascetics, indulging in meditation, actually destroy instantly much karma acquired during a long time, though it is very strong. Just as a disease of the humors, though advanced, dries up from fasting, so karma formerly accumulated is destroyed by penance. Just as a mass of clouds is dispersed here and there by cruel winds, so karma is dispersed by penance. When impeding of karma and destruction of karma, though always powerful, have reached their maximum, then they produce moksa quickly. Making

ever new destruction of karma by the two kinds of penance, a pure-minded person, attains Liberation which is free from all action.”

Founding of congregation

As a result of the sermon of the Lord, many people became mendicants, but Balabhadra and Hari^s adopted right-belief. The Lord completed his sermon at the end of the first division of the day and Triprstha's men brought the *oblation* weighing four prasthas. It was thrown up in the air in front of the Master and half was taken by the gods as it fell. When it had fallen, half of the remainder was taken by the king and the rest by the other people. Then the Lord left by the north gate and sat down on the jeweled dais within the middle wall. Then Gosubha, the chief of the seventy-six *ganadharas*, seated on the Master's foot-stool, delivered a sermon. He concluded his sermon in the second division of the day and all the people, Sakra, Triprstha, *Bala*^s, et cetera, went to their respective abodes. Then the Lord wandered over the earth from that place, spreading the light of knowledge like another sun.

The congregation

Eighty-four thousand noble monks, one hundred and three thousand nuns, thirteen hundred of those knowing the fourteen purvas^{*}, six thousand each who had clairvoyant knowledge and mind-reading knowledge, sixty-five hundred who were omniscient, eleven thousand who had the art of transformation, five thousand disputants, two hundred and seventy-nine thousand laymen, four hundred and forty-eight thousand pure-minded laywomen constituted the Lord's retinue as he wandered over the earth for twenty-one lacs of years less two months from the time of his *omniscience*.

His moksa

Knowing that it was time for his *emancipation*, he went to Sammeta with one thousand munis and began a fast. After passing a month thus, absorbed in sailesi-meditation^{*}, on the third day of the black half of Nabhas, the moon being in *conjunction* with Dhanistha, the Blessed One, having the nature of infinite perception, knowledge, power, and bliss, attained emancipation, and the munis also. As prince the Master passed twenty-one lacs of years; as king forty-two lacs of years; as *mendicant* twenty-one lacs of years. Thus he lived eighty-four lacs of years. One crores of sagaras less one hundred sagaras and six millions, six hundred and twenty-six thousand years after the date of Sri Sitalanatha's emancipation, the

nirvana-festival of Lord Sreyansa was held. The nirvana-festival was held by the Indras and the gods. The death* of the noble is occasion for a festival, not for sorrow.

Triprstha and the musicians

Then Triprstha spent his life for a certain time enjoying pleasure with the thirty-two thousand women of his household. Svayamprabha bore two sons to Triprstha, the elder named Srivijaya, and the younger *Vijaya*.

One day some singers, who excelled the Kinnaras³⁷ in sweetness, came into Triprstha's presence when he was immersed in a sea of pleasure. Singing beautifully with a diversity of very sweet melodies, they won the heart of Hrsikesa, the depository of all the arts. Triprstha kept them always at his side because of the merit of their singing. Others shine by singing; how much more experts!

One time when Visnu^s was resting on his couch at night, these men of his began to sing in loud tones, like Indra's Gandharvas. Janardana^s, whose heart was charmed by their singing, like an elephant³⁸ instructed a chamberlain on duty: "Dismiss the singers while I'm asleep. When the master is not attentive, exertion is useless." The chamberlain said, "Very well," in reply to the lord's command. Instantly sleep sealed Sarngin's eyes. But the chamberlain did not dismiss the singers because of his *desire* for hearing. The master's command can slip away from those whose minds are charmed by sense-objects. Then Adhoksaja awakened in the last watch of the night and heard them singing as before with undiminished sweetness of sound.

Questioned by Triprstha, "Why did you not dismiss these poor people who are obviously worn out?" the chamberlain said, "Lord, my heart was ensnared by the singing of those very men and I did not dismiss the singers. I forgot the master's order"

Then Kesava, enraged, had him imprisoned at once, and presided over the council at dawn like the sun over the east. Adhoksaja recalled the events of the night, showed the chamberlain, and gave orders to the guards: "Pour hot tin and copper into the ears of that man devoted to hearing. This fault was committed by the ears." They led away the chamberlain to a solitary place and did so. For the commands of kings whose commands are cruel are difficult to transgress. The chamberlain died from the pain and Sarngabhrt acquired bad feeling-karma with evil consequences.

Death of Triprstha

Constantly absorbed in sense-objects, devoted to infatuation with *sovereignty*, he counted the world a straw because of pride in the strength of his arm. Fearless in destruction of life, having great enterprises and possessions, with the ornament of right-belief broken by cruel actions, Triprstha acquired a life as hell-inhabitant. After passing a life of eighty-four lacs of years, Triprstha went to the seventh hell. There in an *abode* in Apratisthana, he, five hundred bows tall, with a life term of thirty-three sagaras, saw the result of his acts. Triprstha passed twenty-five thousand years as prince, an equal number as king, one thousand years in the expedition of conquest, and eighty-three lacs plus forty-nine thousand years as Ardhaakarin. So the term of his life was eighty-four lacs of years. Then Acala was overcome at once by grief arising from his brother's death*, like the sun by Rahu. Halayudha gave loud lamentations, like an undiscerning person though he was *discerning*, pitifully, because of the power of his affection for his brother:

“Rise, brother! Why this *persistence* in lying down! Why is there now this unprecedented slowness on the part of you, the man-lion? All the kings are at the door eager to see you. This ungraciousness to these miserable from not seeing you is unsuitable. Even in sport silence for so long is not suitable for you, brother. My heart is parched without the nectar of your voice. Sleep and contempt for me were never present in you always energetic and always devoted to your elders. Oh! I am killed by this cruel conduct! What has happened to me?” With these outcries Musalin fell to the ground in a swoon. Langalin regained consciousness in a moment, got up, and took Hari^s on his lap, crying aloud, “Oh! brother, brother!” Enlightened by the elders, he became resolute instantly and had the funeral rites of his younger brother performed.

Acala's death

After he had held the funeral, Bala^s frequently shed tears, like a cloud in Sravana, at recalling his brother. Balabhadra did not at any time take pleasure in a garden, as if it were a great forest, nor in a house, as if it were a cemetery, nor in pleasure-pools nor rivers, as if they were house-drains, nor in gatherings of relatives, as if they were enemies, like a fish in little water. Recalling the bliss-bestowing speech of Master Sreyansa, meditating on the worthlessness of *samsara*, averted from sense-objects, Bala went one day to *Acharya* Dharmaghosa, after delaying some days at the importunity of his people. Bala heard a sermon from him in accordance with the

Arhat's speech and from it became all the more disgusted with existence. Pure-minded, he took initiation at his feet at once. The noble proceed to actions, when they know for certain. Observing completely the mula- and *uttara*-gunas, virtuous, preserving serenity in all circumstances, enduring trials, unhindered like the wind, his gaze fixed on one object like a snake, he wandered for some time in villages, mines, cities, et cetera. When he had lived eighty-five lacs of years, his mind and conduct inherently pure, after he had destroyed all the karmas, Acala attained an *abode* in the place of *emancipation*.

12



Vasupujya Charitra

Homage to the holy Vasupujya, who is entitled to worship from every one, protector, whose nails are rubbed by the tops of the diadems of Indras and Upendras. I, engaged in meditation* on the form of the Tirthankaras, shall relate his life purifying to all and surpassing even the moon in spotlessness, like the Arhat.

Incarnation as Padmottara

There is a city, Ratnasancaya, in the province Mangalavati, which is the ornament of East Videha in the (inhabited) half of Puskaravaradvipa. Its king was named Padmottara, always superior with a wealth³⁹ of everything, dear to the people as the moon. He carried in mind the pure teaching of the Jinas, as kings carried his own com-mands on their heads with *devotion*. Of him, the sole *abode* of merit, the wealth and fame increased very much simultaneously, as if they were born twins. He, the crest-jewel of kings, ruled the earth surrounded by the ocean, like a city girdled by a moat. Always considering that "Fortune is a fickle wanton; beauty is fleeting as youth; *meritorious* acts are transitory as a drop of water on the tip of a lotus-petal;⁴⁰ even brothers are strangers like travelers who have met on the road,' he attained disgust with existence.

One day he, noble-minded, went to the feet of the guru Vajranabha and took initiation, the messenger of the advent of the Sri of *emancipation*. He, wise, acquired the body-making karma of a Tirthankara^s by means of some of the pure *sthanakas*, devotion to the *Arhats*, et cetera. For a long time he kept his vow sharper than

the blade of a sword and at death* he became a powerful god in the heaven Pranata.

Incarnation as Vasupujya

Now in the southern half of Bharata in Jambudvipa, there is a city named Campa like a campaka-wreath of the earth. Its people were characterized by having vaikriya-forms,⁴¹ as it were, from their reflections in the shrines whose walls were made of jewels. At every house the pleasure-pools were supplied with water by themselves by the steps paved with moonstones dripping with water at night. Many of its houses which had creepers of smoke from incense which was present appeared like houses of Patala with snakes. Its pleasure-pools with young women of the city playing in them had the appearance of the Ocean of Milk with Apsarases emerging. The women, harsh with the sadja note, singing the sadjakaisiki⁴² with ease, rival the cries of the peacocks. Women, carrying betel-leaf and areca nuts into the houses of rich men, appear to hold pleasure-parrots to teach.

His parents

• The king there was named Vasupujya, a member of the Iksvaku-family, like Vasava^s in strength, like the sun (vasu) in brilliance. Thundering, as it were, with drums summoning beggars, he favored the earth with money like a cloud favoring it with water. His numerous armies traversed the earth for amusement, but not for conquest, his enemies being defeated just by his brilliance. As the king, who was the essence of authority, was the chastiser of the wicked, the word 'slave' was found in the dictionaries, but not among the people. He bore the pure teaching of the Omniscients (the Jinās), like an eternal *srivatsa**, in his heart, devoted to those practicing *dharma*.*

His chief-queen, an object of delight, was named Jaya, victorious over love and beauty, the hansi to the pool of her family. She, who was deep and had a slow, winding gait like the Jahnavi, entered Vasupujya's mind which was deep as the Eastern Ocean.⁴³ King Vasupujya dwelt always in her heart spotless as pure crystal, like the supreme spirit in the heart of one truly devoted. Some time passed in wonderful happiness for them suited in beauty, grace, and virtues, delighting in each other.

Birth

Now in the heaven Pranata, the *jiva* of King Padmottara, absorbed in pleasure, passed his life of maximum length. On the ninth

day of the white half of Jyestha, the moon being in Satabhisaj, the *jiva* fell from Pranata, and entered Jaya's womb. Then Queen Jaya, sleeping comfortably, saw the fourteen dreams which indicate the birth of a Tirthakrt. The Lady Jaya supported the best of embryos, like a row of clouds the moon, like a mountain-cave a lion. At the right time, on the fourteenth day of the dark half of Phalguna (the moon being) in the constellation Varuna,⁴⁴ she bore a son, red color, marked with a buffalo.

Birth ceremonies

Their thrones being shaken, the fifty-six Dikkumaris came and performed the birth-rites of the Master and the Master's mother. Sakra got into Palaka, came there with his retinue, and quickly circumambulated the Master's house like the Master. Hari^s entered the house, gave a sleeping-charm to Queen Jaya, placed an image of the Arhat at her side, and made himself fivefold. One form took the Lord, another held an umbrella, two held *chauris*, and another went dancing ahead. Sakra went to Atipandukambala on Sumeru and sat down on the lion-throne with the Lord on his lap. Then the sixty-three Vasavas, beginning with Acyuta, bathed the Master with *pitchers* of water from the tirthas. Then Sakra established the Jina^s on the lap of the Lord of Isanakalpa as in his own mind. Purandara^s, skilled in *devotion*, made four crystal bulls in the four directions from the Jinendra. Expert in making a bath different from that of the other Indras, he bathed the Lord with the water rising from the horns. Sakra then destroyed the bulls, dried the Lord's body, and anointed it with gosirsa-sandal. After worshipping with divine ornaments, garments, and flowers, Vasava^s made the light-waving and praised the Lord as follows:

Stuti

"The karmas which are cut neither by the cakra of the cakrins, nor by the cakra of the ardhacakrins, nor by the trident of Isana, nor by my thunderbolt, nor by the weapons* of other Indras, are destroyed by the sight of you, Lord. All the fires of pain which are extinguished neither by the waves of the Ocean of Milk nor by the light of the moon, nor by the hard showers of the rain-clouds, nor by gosirsa-sandal, nor by the thick groves of plantains, are destroyed by the sight of you. People's diseases, which are destroyed neither by various decoctions nor by numerous powders, neither by copious ointments nor by operations, nor by the use of charms, disappear at the very sight of you, Lord. However, I have talked at length

enough. I say this in short: Whatever cannot be accomplished (otherwise), that is accomplished by the sight of you, Lord of the World. I seek this fruit of the sight of you. May I see you again and again, as now."

After praising the Jina^s in this way, Sakra took him, went and deposited the Jina at Queen Jaya's side, and bowed. After taking away the queen's sleeping-charm and the Arhat's image, Sakra went to heaven, and the other Vasavas went from Meru.

Childhood

Vasupujya held a festival, like the sun its rising, making the minds of the people expand like lotuses. On an auspicious^{*} day Vasupujya and Queen Jaya gave the Lord of the World the appropriate name, Vasupujya. The Master grew by means of nectar put in his thumb by Sakra. Nurses were nurses because of other duties, since they do not suckle the *Arhats*. The Supreme Lord grew up, cherished by five nurses appointed by Vasava^s, who accompanied him like a shadow. The Lord passed his childhood, playing games suitable for children with gods, asuras, and princes who had become his companions. They played at times with divine balls made of jewels and gold; at times with pegs set with diamonds, sometimes with tops whirling like bees; sometimes by climbing *myrobalan* trees and making bets with each other; sometimes they amused themselves by racing, by hiding, by jumping, by leaping up;⁴⁵ at other times by swimming, by shouting, by boxing, and wrestling.

Refusal to marry

Seventy bows tall, marked with all the favorable marks, the Lord attained youth the instrument for conquering women. One day, Vasupujya and Queen Jaya spoke affectionately to Vasupujya who was averse to the pleasures of worldly existence:

"When you were born our desires and those of the world were fulfilled. Nevertheless, we shall speak. Who gets enough of nectar? All the existing kings, among men and the Vidyadharas, who are of good family, capable, heroic, wealthy, famous, possessing the fourfold army, known for guarding their subjects, free from blemish, faithful to engagements, always devoted to *dharma*^{*}, in Madhyadesa, Vatsadesa, the Gaudas, the Magadhas, Kosalas, Tosalas and also the Pragjyotisas, the Nepalas, Videhas, Kalingas, Utkalas, Pundras, Tamraliptas, Mulas, Malayas, Mudgaras, Mallavartas,, Brahmottaras, and other countries which are the ornaments of the eastern quarter; in the Dahalas, Dasarnas, Vidarbhas, Asmakas, Kuntalas,

Maharastras, Andhras, Muralas, Krathas, Kaisikas, Surparas, Keralas, Dramilas. Pandyas, Dandakas, Caudas, Nasikyas, Kaunkanas, Kauveras, Vanavasas, on Mt. Kolla, among the Sinhalas and in other countries in the southern quarter; and in other realms, the Surastras, Trivanas, Daserakas, Arbudas, Kacchas, Avartakas, and also the Brahmanavahas, Yavanas, Sindhus, and other realms in the west; Sakas, Kekayas, Vokkanas, Hunas, Vanayujas, Pancalas, Kulutas, and Kasmirikas, Kambojas, Valhikas, Jangalas, Kurus, and other realms in the north; and various other peoples of the two rows on Mt. Vaitadhya resembling a boundary ridge of the southern half of Bharataketra: these now, son, beg us constantly through messengers, who are sent bearing valuable gifts, to give their daughters to you. Let their ardent wish and ours be fulfilled by the sight of the wedding-festival of you and their daughters. Take this hereditary kingdom. Henceforth, the taking of the vow is suitable for us in our old age."

Prince Vasupujya replied smilingly: "This speech of yours which is in accordance with affection for your son is indeed suitable. But I am exhausted now, like an ox in a caravan, after wandering repeatedly in the forest of existence. There is no country whatever, no city whatever, no village nor mine whatever, no forest nor mountain whatever, no female nor male river whatever, no continent nor ocean whatever, in which I have not wandered with various changes of form for endless time. I shall cut loose from *samsara* which is the *abode* of wandering in various birth-nuclei. Enough of marriage and *sovereignty*, pregnancy-whims of the tree of worldly existence. My father and the world will have festivals at my *mendicancy*, *omniscience*, and *emancipation*, just as at my birth."

King Vasupujya replied with tears in his eyes: "Oh, I know you are eager to cross *samsara*. You have attained this birth like the shore of the ocean of existence. That is shown by those great dreams indicating the birth of a Tirthakrt. Beyond doubt you have crossed the ocean of existence; certainly the festivals of initiation, omniscience, and *emancipation* will take place. Nevertheless, I wish this intermediate festival of yours. It has been observed by our ancestors striving after emancipation. For instance, the blessed Rsabha, the first of the Ikshvaku-family, married Sumangala and Sunanda on his father's advice. Just because of his father's command, he took the kingdom and governed it, and adopted mendicancy at the right time, after enjoying pleasures. The Lord attained emancipation afterwards by taking initiation. Emancipation is easy to reach, like a village close-by, by people like you. Others, from Ajita to Sreyansa,

married, and supported the earth at their father's advice and then attained emancipation. Do you do this. Follow your predecessors by accomplishing marriage, *sovereignty*, initiation, and nirvana^s."

Prince Vasupujya said respectfully: "Father, I know the lives of all my predecessors. But, in this path of *samsara* the same karma of two persons is never found, neither in their own family nor in another. They had karma which had pleasure as its fruit surviving. Therefore they, possessing the three kinds of knowledge, destroyed it by pleasure. To me no karma at all with pleasure as its fruit remains. So please do not command this thing which is an obstacle to *emancipation*. Malli, Nemi, Parsva, three future Jinas, will become mendicants for the sake of emancipation, without marrying or ruling. Sri Vira, the last Arhat, will become a *mendicant* and attain emancipation after marrying because of a little pleasure-karma, but without ruling. Considering, 'There is no one path for the because of the difference in their karma,' give consent. Do not be cowardly from affection."

Initiation

After he had so enlightened his parents, when eighteen lacs of years had elapsed since his birth, the Lord became eager for his initiation. The Laukantika-gods went there instantly from Brahma-loka, when they knew by the shaking of their thrones that it was time for the Master's initiation. They circumambulated the Teacher of the World three times, bowed to him, and announced, "O Master, found a *congregation*." After saying this, they returned to their own heaven and the Lord, devoted to noble acts, began a year's giving. At the end of the giving, the Indras came and held the initiation-festival, like the people the Indrotsava at the end of the rainy season.

Then he got into a *palanquin* adorned with a lion-throne, named Prthivi, made by gods, asuras, and men.

The Lord of the World, his feet resting on a foot-stool, seated on a lion-throne like a rajahansa on top of a golden lotus, surrounded by Vasavas some of whom, placed in front, were absorbed in flourishing their respective weapons*, some of whom were carrying divine umbrellas, some holding *chauris*, some carrying fans, some reciting panegyrics, some bearing wreaths of flowers attended by gods, asuras, and men, went to the best grove, named Viharagrha.

With a hymn of praise being sung with a maximum of *devotion*, as it were, by the low-voiced cuckoos delighted with the sweetness of mango-shoots; with a reception-gift being presented, as it were,

by the young asokas in the guise of flowers dropped by rocking by the wind; with foot-water offered by the gods for worship of his feet, as it were, in the form of the juice of waving campakas and asokas; with auspicious* cries, as it were, made by swarms of bees excited by drinking the juice of many flowers of the lavalī; with deep bows made, as it were, by the karnikaras with their heads bent by the great weight of blossoms^B; with a dance commenced from joy before him, as it were, by the vasantis beautiful with ornaments of flowers, with moving hands in the form of shoots, the Master, like another Spring, entered the garden, making especial beauty of the creepers, trees, and shrubs appear.

Then after descending from the *palanquin*, the Master laid aside wreaths, ornaments, et cetera, like trees their leaves in Phalguna.⁴⁶ Wearing a devadusya placed by Indra on his shoulder, observing a day's fast, and pulling out his hair in five handfuls, the Supreme Lord and six hundred kings became mendicants in the afternoon on the amavasi of Phalguna (the moon being) in the constellation Varuna. When the lords of gods, asuras, and men had bowed to the Teacher of the World, they went to their respective abodes, like the beggars at the end of the giving.

On the next day in Mahapura in the house of King Sunanda the Supreme Lord broke his fast with rice-pudding. The five divine things, the shower of treasure, et cetera, were made by the gods and the jeweled platform was made by Sunanda over the footprints of the Teacher of the World. Then the Lord left that place to wander like the wind in other villages, mines, cities, et cetera.

Narrative of Vijaya, Dviprsthā, and Taraka

Previous birth of Vijaya

Now, there was a crest-jewel of kings, named Pavanavega, in the town Prthvipura, and he ruled the country for a long time. At the right time he took the vow under the Rsi^s Sravanasinha, practiced severe penance, and at death* went to Anuttara.

Previous births of Dviprsthā and Taraka

How in the southern half of Bharata in Jambudvīpa, there is a city named Vindhya-pura, productive of all wealth. In it there was a tiger of a king, Vindhyaśakti by name, like the Vindhya Mountain in strength, a strong wind to the cotton of his enemies. Kings trembled at his bow and arms advancing together like cruel planets.* He appeared to swallow his enemies, as it were, from their disappearance at his glance which was very inflamed and terrible from his

cruel frown. He was resorted to by his enemies also from *desire* for their own lives. They gave wealth as tribute. One should protect life with money.

One day, attended by all his *vassals*, ministers, et cetera, he sat in the assembly-hall, like Adribhid in Sudharma.

A spy arrived and was admitted by the door-keepers. He bowed, sat down, and related slowly:

“You know, Your Majesty, that here in the southern half of Bharata there is a city Saketa, the depository of Laksmi. Its king, named Parvata, is long-armed, with the wealth of a large army, like a general of Arsabhi (Bharata). He has a courtesan, Gunamanjari, the wealth of Ratipati, a source of humiliation to Urvashi and Rambha by her own beauty. I think the full moon was made by the Creator from particles left from the creation of her face. Her eyes approach her ears as if to ask, ‘Pray, has any beauty excelling ours ever been heard of?’ The breasts on her chest are so full that they are unique. There is nothing else with which to compare them. Her waist is extremely slender, just as if its width had been handed over to the breasts from friendship arising from dwelling together. Her hands and feet, soft as lotuses, shine, causing fatigue to shoots of the asoka by their wealth of red color. She is like a cuckoo in song, like Urvashi herself in the dance and a full sister of Tumburu⁴⁷ on the sweet lute. She, who has become a jewel among women, is suitable for Your Majesty alone. Let the union of you two, which is suitable like that of gold and a gem, take place. What is the use of your kingdom without her, like food* without salt, like a face without eyes, like the night without a moon?”

After hearing this speech, the king sent a minister on messenger’s business to Parvatika to ask for Gunamanjari. He went quickly to Saketapura with swift steeds floating through the sky, as it were, and said to King Parvata:

“Vindhyasakti is the same as you; you are the same as he. The complete unity of you two is like the mass of ocean waves. There is only one *soul* of you two, though in separate bodies.* What is yours is his; what is his is yours. A courtesan of yours, Gunamanjari, is praised.

Vindhyasakti commands her led into his presence from curiosity. Let her be given to your brother, the equal of yourself, who asks (for her). There is no censure in the giving and taking of courtesans”

Thus addressed by the minister, Parvatika, his lips trembling from *anger*, like a snake touched by a stick, spoke:

“How can you call cruel Vindhyasakti, who asks for Gunamanjari who is dearer than my life, a brother? When he wishes to take her without whom I am not able to exist even for a moment, he wishes to take my life also. I will not give even a slave, to say nothing of Gunamanjari. Let Vindhyasakti be friend or foe in accordance with his strength. Get up! Go! Go and tell him the facts. For kings’ messengers tell the true state of affairs.”

The minister rose with side-long glances, got into his conveyance and went into Vindhyasakti’s presence. He related the Parvataka-incident in detail, and his master blazed with *anger* like a fire into which an *oblation* has just been thrown. Breaking a friendship of long standing, Vindhyasakti, a mountain of pride, went to Parvata, like the ocean to its shore. Parvata went to meet him with his army and transport. Truly, the meeting of heroes, though unfriendly, is the same as if it were friendly. Then the battle a herb to cure the disease of itching arms after a long time commenced between the vanguards of the two armies. The soldiers of the two armies advanced and retreated like elephants fighting each other in the arena. One soldier, threaded on a lance like a jewel threaded on a string, making the sound ‘hum,’ went unstumbling against the enemy. The battle-field with arrows discharged unceasingly by the best of bowmen took on the appearance of forest-grounds with clumps of reeds cut down. The heavens were concealed by falling iron-*bludgeons*, darts, clubs, and hammers, which destroyed the enemies’ lives, like serpents. Victory, here for a moment, there for a moment, became equal in the two armies, like the diffusion of moonlight in the two fortnights.

Then Parvataka himself, twanging his bow, got into his chariot and set out for battle with all his followers. He covered the enemy’s army with a shower of arrows and simultaneously the air with dust dug up by the army. Instantly he caused great destruction, like a meal for Krtanta, in the enemy’s army, like a lion in a herd of elephants. His advance unchecked, he broke down Vindhyasakti’s forces rapidly, like a wind breaking down trees. Angered by the destruction of his soldiers, Vindhyasakti, long-armed, rose up to destroy his enemies, like a younger brother of the night of the end of the world. When Vindhyasakti attacked, he was not withstood by Parvata’s army, like a tiger by antelopes, like a garuda by snakes.

Then proud of his bow and strength of arm, he challenged to battle Parvataka who had made a stand when his army was scattered. The two kings, wishing to fight with each other, fought with iron arrows, with *tadbala*s,⁴⁸ with arrows with half-moon heads, like teeth

of *Yama*. They in their chariots destroyed each other's chariot, horses, and charioteer, as if carrying a debt of defeat (to discharge). Then mounted on other chariots both Vindhyaśakti and Parvatāka approached, like mountains at the end of the world. Then by means of all his power King Vindhyaśakti made King Parvatāka weaponless, powerless, like a snake without poison. Defeated by Vindhyaśakti, like a young elephant* by a large elephant, Parvatāka fled without looking back. Then Vindhyaśakti took the courtesan Guṇamanjarī, elephants, et cetera, and other property. For wealth belongs to him who has power. His work done, Vindhyaśakti turned from the ocean of battle, like a full cloud, and went to Vindhya-pura.

Death of Parvata

Like a tiger that has missed his leap, like a monkey that has fallen from its branch, Parvatāka remained broken by battle from that time, alas! King Parvatāka, shamed by his defeat, became a *mendicant* under *Acharya* Sambhava. He performed penance hard to do and made a *nidana**: "In another birth may I kill Vindhyaśakti." Having bartered great penance in this way, like bartering a jewel for chaff,⁴⁹ he fasted at the end, died, and became a god in Pranata.

Incarnation of Vindhyaśakti as Taraka

Vindhyaśakti wandered in existence for a long time, adopted Jain garb in one birth, died, and became a kalpa-god.⁵⁰ When he fell, he was born the son, Srimant Taraka, of King Sridhara^s by his wife Srimati in Vijayapura. Seventy bows tall, his figure black as collyrium*, with a life-term of seventy-two lacs of years, he had unlimited strength of arm. At the death* of his father, he obtained the cakṛa and conquered half of Bharata. For the Prativisṇu are masters of half of Bharata.

Birth of Vijaya

Now there is a city named Dvaraka, the face-ornament of Surashtra, the base of its wall washed by the waves of the western ocean. Its king was Brahma, whose strength was undulled, by whom everyone was subdued and repressed, like a rival of Jisnu (Indra)^s. Subhadra and Uma were his wives, the most important of his *harem*, like the Ganga^s and the Sindhu of the Lavana Ocean. Brahma enjoyed happily sensuous pleasures with these two wives, like Manmatha^s with *Rati* and *Pṛiti*.

Now Pavanavega's *jiva* fell from Anuttara and descended into Queen Subhadra's womb. Comfortably asleep, Queen Subhadra saw

then the four great dreams indicating the birth of a Halabhrt (Balabhadra). Like the Ganga^s bearing a white lotus, like the east bearing the moon, at the proper time she bore a son spotless as crystal. King Brahma gave extreme joy to the world by releases from prison, et cetera, and gave the name *Vijaya* to his son. Cared for by five nurses appointed to separate duties, he attained growth together with beauty of his body. Wearing dangling golden ear-rings, a swinging jeweled necklace, a golden girdle beautiful with a golden dagger, a band of tinkling little bells fastened to his feet, with side-locks of hair, to whom did he not give great joy, as he played?

Birth of Dviprsthā

When King Parvata's *jiva* fell from Pranata, he descended into Queen Uma's womb, like a *hansa* into a pool. While asleep, Queen Uma saw the seven great dreams which indicated the birth of a Sarngabhrt enter her mouth. When nine months, seven and a half days had passed, she bore a son, dark in color, like the rainy season bearing a full cloud. Then Brahma, immersed in the Supreme Spirit, as it were, from joy, held his son's birth-festival, delighting beggars. When the planet*, constellation, moon-day, and week-day were auspicious*, the king gave his son a suitable name, Dviprsthā, with a festival.

Their childhood

Five nurses with five (different) tasks cared for him, like *ascetic* maidens caring for an asoka that has sprung up in the courtyard. The nurses were not able to catch him as he ran and jumped, going at will, lively as quicksilver. The second Hari^s grew up, showing his heart daily to father, mother, and elder brother. Vijaya carried him frequently on his hip, heart, back, and shoulder, like a sixth nurse, from love. Dviprsthā stood, walked, slept, sat down, ate, drank, in imitation of Vijaya, drawn by the charm of affection. At their father's command which was not to be transgressed Sirin and Sarngin acquired the arts easily by means of a teacher at the right time. The brothers, fair and dark, looked like the Ocean of Milk and the Salt Ocean incarnate, whose depths had not been reached. Wearing dark blue and yellow garments, with palm^B tree and garuda-banners, the boys did not consider at all Taraka's command.

Quarrel with Taraka

A spy, who saw their transgression* of commands, invincibility, and strength of arm, et cetera, went and told Taraka explicitly:

“Your Majesty, the two sons of Dvaravati’s lord, excessively proud, do not regard your command, united like Vayu and Agni. Expertness in all the sastras and attainment of the vidyas existed spontaneously. Strength of arm is their ornament. They should not shine brilliantly compared with you, Your Majesty. Do whatever is fitting. I am a spy,”

Taraka, trembling with *anger*, the pupils of his eyes twitching, instructed his general, whose strength was unequalled: “First make preparations with your whole heart, soldier, and this very day have the marching-drum, a messenger for summoning *vassals*, beaten. This crooked-minded King Brahma must be killed together with his sons. An enemy disregarded produces poison like a disease.

Then a minister said: “Consider carefully, Your Majesty, since King Brahma is now your vassal or foot-soldier. A sudden march against him without an excuse is not fitting. In this way there would be reason for anxiety on the part of other associates (*prakrti*). A person who is afraid feels no confidence. Without confidence there is no advice, command, et cetera. Without them what lordship is there? Invent some offence on his part by some trick. That will be easy to find for him proud of the strength of his two sons. Send a messenger to ask him for his elephants and horses dearer than life, and other jewels. If he will not give, then he can be killed on that pretext. The people will not censure your punishing a criminal. If he does give what is asked, then some other pretext must be looked for. Every one is a criminal, when an excuse is looked for.”

Taraka agreed with the minister and at once sent a messenger to Brahma with secret instructions. He went quickly to Dvaravati and approached Brahma who was at home attended by *Vijaya* and *Dviprstha*. The king invited him to sit down with great cordiality, talked to him for a long time affectionately, and asked him why he came.

He said: “O Lord of Dvaraka, our master Taraka, destroyer of his enemies’ pride of arm, now commands you as follows: ‘Whatever choice elephants, horses, and other jewels you have in your kingdom, send them to us. For in the southern half of Bharata whatever choice object there may be belongs to me, the overlord of half of Bharata, and to no one else.’

Angered at once by this speech, like a lion by an owl, *Dviprstha* replied, as if wishing to consume him with his eye: “He is not an elder relative, nor our protector, nor patron. How has he become our master when we are ruling our own kingdom? Now he seeks horses, elephants, et cetera, from us by strength of arm. We shall certainly

seek them from him by strength of arm. Go right now, messenger! Know that we have arrived there to take horses, elephants, et cetera, together with his head, from your master.”

The battle

Offended at hearing this proud, caustic speech of Dviprstha, he went quickly to Taraka and reported. Angered by Visnu's speech, when it was heard, like a rutting elephant* by the odor of another elephant, Taraka had the marching-drum beaten. At once soldiers, generals, *vassals*, ministers, crowned kings, and warriors with chariots, their arms itching with power, seeking battle after a long time, like relatives of *Yama*, approached the king. Then Taraka set out, unfavorable results being strongly indicated by shaking of the earth, flashes of lightning, cawing of crows, etc. Inflamed by *anger*, the Ardhacakrabhrt quickly traversed half the road, though it was very long, with uninterrupted marches.

Dviprstha, together with Brahma, *Vijaya*, and an army, came there in front of him, eager to challenge, like a lion. The soldiers of both sides armed themselves with difficulty, all the meshes of their chain-armor bursting repeatedly from the swelling of their bodies.* A mutual attack took place, the cause of great slaughter, like a huge kitchen for a meal for Death.* Umbrellaed heads⁵¹ fell by lacs on both sides. Not even the number of other soldiers who fell was known. The battle-field became a pleasure-pool of *Yama*, as it were, which had white lotuses made from the umbrellas and was filled with water from blood.

Then Dviprstha got into his chariot Jaitra and blew Pancajanya^s whose sound resembled a charm for summoning victory in battle, Taraka's soldiers trembled at the loud noise from Pancajanya, like deer at a lion's roar, like hansas at thunder.⁵² When Taraka saw his own soldiers terrified, after he had put them to shame and turned them back, he himself got into his chariot and went to meet Dviprstha. Accompanied by Vijaya carrying langala and Ayoghna, Sarngin strung *Sarnga*, like Sutraman stringing Rjurohita.⁵³ Next Taraka, whose bow was strung, drew an arrow from the quiver and adjusted it like a powerful finger of Death. Taraka discharged the arrow and Hari^s destroyed it with an arrow. Such a discharge and destruction of arrows took place repeatedly between the two. Whatever weapons* club, hammer, staff, et cetera, or other weapons Taraka threw, Hari destroyed these by counter-weapons.

Then Taraka took the cakra, a cruel crocodile in the ocean of battle and said to Dviprstha, his lip trembling from *anger* and

astonishment: "Even if you are very badly behaved, still I will not kill you from *compassion*, because you are the son of an old *servitor* and just a boy."

The younger brother of *Vijaya* said, his lips blossoming with a smile: "You are not ashamed, showing compassion to me Sarngapani. Even if you are an enemy, nevertheless you are pardoned. Who will needlessly slaughter you to whom death from old age is near? If you have hope from the cakra, then throw it, sir. When this has been done, your purpose being unaccomplished, nevertheless, you may go free."

Inflamed by this speech, like a fire of sesame^{54B} by water, Taraka whirled the cakra around his head. After whirling it in the air, he hurled it blazing at Dviprsthā, like a cloud at the end of the world discharging lightning. It fell on Hari's heart, striking him with the tip of the hub, resembling the beauty of the kaustubha⁵⁵ changed into another form. He was instantly dazed by the blow and fell in the chariot, and was fanned by Vijaya who used the end of his garment as a fan. Becoming conscious after a moment, Sarngin took the enemy's cakra that had come near like a minister with whom there had been a quarrel, and spoke as follows:

"The cakra is your wealth of weapons. Its strength has been seen such as it is. Save your life and go. A living man sees fair things."

Taraka replied: "I discharged the cakra. After seizing it, like a dog a clod that has been thrown, what do you say, indeed! Throw it! Throw it! Seizing it with my hand, or rather, striking it, I shall crush it like unbaked earth."

Then Sarngin whirled the cakra which resembled a revolving sun and hurled it at Prativisnu, terrifying the Khecaras. It cut off Taraka's head as easily as a lotus-stalk and returned to Sarngin's hand. A rain of flowers fell from the sky on Dviprsthā and tears from the women of his household fell on Taraka. The kings also who had been Taraka's *partisans* yielded to superior force and protected themselves from Dviprsthā. For this is the expedient in the case of the powerful.

Expedition of conquest

He subdued all the southern half of Bharata just by making a march, surrounded by very strong military forces. He conquered the gods the lords of Magadha, Varadaman, and Prabhasa as easily as one vassal. Madhava^s returned from the expedition of conquest and went to the Magadhas where he saw a big rock being lifted by a

crores of men. He, cruel to his enemies, raised it with his left arm to his forehead as easily as an elephant* raising a lotus-plant. After putting it in the proper place, Visnu^s, the chief of all the powerful, went to Dvaraka in a few days. Visnu's *coronation* as ardhacakrin was made by all the kings, when he had been installed on the lion-throne by Brahma and Vijaya.

Vasupujya s omniscience

Now, after wandering for a month as an ordinary *ascetic*, the Lord of the Three Worlds, Vasupujya, came to the garden of initiation, Viharagrha. While he was beneath a patala, the Lord's destructive karmas broke at the end of the second pure meditation*, like darkness at dawn. On the second day of the bright fortnight of Magha, the moon being in *conjunction* with Satabhisaj, the Lord's *omniscience* arose at the time of a one-day fast. The Master delivered a sermon in a divine *samavasarana* to the sixty-six ganabhrts, Suksma, et cetera.

Sasanadevatas

Originating in that *congregation**, a Yaksa, named Kumara, whose vehicle was a *hansa*, white, carrying a citron^B and an arrow in his two right hands, and anichneumon and a bow in his two left hands, became Vasupujya's messenger-deity. Likewise appeared *Candra*^s, dark colored, with a horse* for a vehicle, with one right hand in varada-position and one holding a spear, and with left hands holding a flower and a club, a messenger-deity of the Lord, always near at hand.

Closely attended by them, the Blessed One wandered over the earth and came one day to the environs of Dvaraka. Then sakra and the other gods erected a samavasarana with an asoka which was eight hundred and forty bows high. The Supreme Lord circumambulated the asoka, saying, "Homage to the congregation*", and sat down on the lion-throne, facing the east. By his power the gods made three images of the Lord in the other directions which were just like him. The holy fourfold congregation* sat in the proper places; the animals inside the middle wall, and draft-animals inside the lowest (outside) wall.

Then royal agents went to Sarngin quickly and, their eyes dilated (from joy), told him that the Master had come to the samavasarana. Hari^s gave them twelve and a half crores of silver and went to the samavasarana with Vijaya. After circumambulating and bowing to the Teacher of the World, he sat down with Langalapani behind

Sakra. After bowing again to the Lord of the World, Sakra, Dviprstha, and Vijaya began to praise (the Lord) in a song filled with devotion.

Stuti

“On the one hand prevails the bad weather of delusion, which is very terrifying; on the other hand prospects that are constantly fresh like the waves of the sea. Here, Makaradhvaja hard to restrain like a huge sea-monster; there, evil sense-objects strong as evil winds. Here passions, *anger*, et cetera, like powerful whirlpools; there love, hate, et cetera, like immense mountain-crag. Here series of various misfortunes like great waves; there painful and cruel meditation* like a submarine fire. Here self-interest, a source of stumbling like a creeping reed; there many diseases like violent throngs of crocodiles. O Supreme Lord, after a long time raise up the people who have fallen into this very cruel ocean, this very boundless *samsara*. The omniscient knowledge and perception of yours are for the benefit of others, O Lord of the Three Worlds, like the fruit and flower of a tree. My birth has its purpose accomplished today; my rank has its purpose accomplished today, since I have been permitted to make the festival of homage to you.”

After this hymn of praise, Sakra, Upendra, and Sirin became silent, and the Blessed Vasupujya began a sermon.

Sermon on tenfold dharma

“In this ocean of worldly existence human birth is attainable with difficulty, like the union of a *yoke* and yoke-pin, by men devoted to dharma.* Verily, this dharma is well proclaimed by all the Lord Jinas. One who embraces it would not sink in the ocean of existence. It is tenfold: self-control, *truthfulness*, purity, chastity, poverty, *austerities*, forbearance, *humility*, sincerity, and freedom from greed. From the power of *dharma*, the kalpa-tree, et cetera, grant what is desired. They would not even be within the sphere of persons endowed with wrong dharma. Dharma, very tender, the sole brother, always near at hand, protects a creature falling into this boundless ocean of calamities. The fact that the ocean does not overflow the earth and that the cloud makes the earth expand, this certainly is the power of dharma, nothing else. Fire does not burn horizontally; wind does not blow vertically. The incomprehensible power of dharma is the cause of that. That the earth stands without support, without a prop, supporting everything, is caused by nothing else but dharma. The sun and moon shine for the benefit of all in

this world from the teaching of dharma. Dharma is the brother of the brotherless, the friend of the friendless, the lord of the lordless, alone devoted to all. *Dharma* saves creatures from falling into hell and Patala. Dharma offers the same unequaled power of the omniscient.

This tenfold dharma is not regarded by people with wrong-belief. If any of it has been taught (by them) anywhere, that is just a play of words, nothing more. The meaning of the Principles dances about constantly in the speech, the mind, and also in the action of all whoever share the doctrine of the Jina^s. Brahmans, their intellects subjected to the teaching of the Vedas, do not know really a particle of the jewel of dharma.

How is there any dharma in sacrificers who cause destruction of life, making sacrifices such as the cow-sacrifice, human-sacrifice, horse-sacrifice, et cetera? What dharma is there in those who created the Puranas, who relate subject-matter incredible, untrue, and contradictory?

How is there any purity⁵⁶ in the Brahmans versed in law (smartas), et cetera, who wish to get other people's money by false legal decisions by means of earth and water, et cetera? How is there dharma in Brahmans disregarding chastity, destroying embryos in sinning against the proper season? How is there non possession of Brahmans wishing to take money from a person making a sacrifice, even though he is unwilling to give, and who surrender life for the sake of money? Not an atom of forbearance is seen in the worldly sages pronouncing a curse instantly for even very small offenses. How is there *humility* in Brahmans in the four stages of life, their minds stirred up by the meanness of pride in family, et cetera? How can there be a particle of sincerity in the heretic-ascetics filled with *deceit* and *desire* and outwardly *hypocritical*? How can there be freedom from *greed* on the part of Brahmans who always have wives, houses, sons, et cetera, houses of the family of *greed alone*?

Then the good proclamation of the dharma⁷ of the *Arhats* who are free from love, hate, and *delusion*, endowed with *omniscience*, is *irreproachable*. False speaking would arise from love and hate, and also from delusion. In the absence of these, how, pray, could there be false speech of the Arhats? Truthful speech never emanates from persons whose minds are impure from the faults, love, et cetera. Likewise, what dharma is there of those who perform sacrificial rites of offerings and oblations of ghi, et cetera, and who build many pious works, such as tanks, wells, and pools; of those who seek a wrong path to heavenly and earthly happiness by killing animals; of

those wishing to cause contentment to ancestors by gifts of food* to Brahman; of those who perform penance by making a purification of the womb with ghi, et cetera; of those women who marry again in case of the five calamities; of those who talk of children begotten by other men on their own wives in the absence of children;⁵⁷ of women who, though guilty, talk of purification through the menses; of those who live by eating the organs of goats killed in the Soma sacrifice⁵⁸ with the idea of prosperity; of those who drink wine in the Sautramam sacrifice,⁵⁹ of those who eat filth and think themselves purified by touching cows; of those who cleanse themselves from evil merely by bathing in water, et cetera; of those who worship the banyan, the pippal^B, the *myrobalan*, et cetera;⁶⁰ of those who think the gods are pleased by an *oblation* burned in fire; of those who think a plague is allayed by milking cows on the earth; of those who teach *dharma* by vows consisting of imitation of women; of those who wear matted hair, sandal-marks, a smear of ashes, a loin-cloth; of those who worship the gods with the arka, the dhatura, and malura; of those who sing, dance, et cetera, striking the buttocks frequently, drowning repeatedly the sound of musical instruments* with the noise from their mouths; of those who abuse munis, gods, and people with vulgar talk; of those who seek servitude to slave-girls after breaking their vows; of those who eat fruit, roots, and leaves of bulbs, et cetera with infinite bodies;⁶¹* of forest-ascetics with wives and children; of the Kaulacaryas⁶² designated by the name of yogin, indifferent to what should and should not be eaten, to what should and should not be drunk, to whom should and should not be approached; and of others whose minds are untouched by the teaching of the Jina^s what *dharma* is there of these? Where is its fruit? How can there be good proclamation of it?

The principal fruit of the *dharma** of the Jinas, either in this world or the next, is called '*emancipation*,' and it is certainly inherent. Just as straw, et cetera, is a necessary result of ploughing grain*, so worldly fruit is inherent in *dharma* which has emancipation as its fruit."

After hearing this sermon many people became mendicants. Dviprsthā attained right-belief, and Langalin became a layman. The Lord completed his sermon at the end of the first division of the day, and Ganadhara Suksma preached in the second division. Then the Teacher of the World wandered elsewhere from the place, and Indra, Upendra, Bala^s, et cetera, went to their respective homes.

The congregation

Seventy-two thousand noble-minded ascetics and one hundred thousand nuns possessing a wealth of self-control, twelve hundred who knew the fourteen purvas*, fifty-four hundred who had clairvoyant knowledge, sixty-one hundred with mind-reading knowledge, six thousand possessing pure *omniscience*, ten thousand who had the art of transformation, forty-seven hundred disputants, two hundred and fifteen thousand laymen, and four hundred and thirty-six thousand laywomen were the retinue of the Lord as he wandered for fifty-four lacs of years less one month from the time of his omniscience.

His moksa

Knowing that his *emancipation* was near, the Lord of the World went to Campa and commenced a fast with six hundred munis. At the end of a month, on the fourteenth day of the bright half of Asadha, the moon being in Uttarabhadrapada, the Lord attained emancipation with his disciples. The Lord passed eighteen lacs of years as prince and fifty-four lacs of years in the vow, so his total age was seventy-two lacs of years. Vasupujya's nirvana^s took place fifty-four sagaras after that of Lord Sreyansa. The Indra and the gods performed the nirvana-festival of the Master and his disciples suitably.

Death of Dviprstha

The Vasudeva^s Dviprstha, who had large undertakings and possessions, fearless as a lion, negligent like a god, enjoying pleasures at will, completed his life and went to the sixth hell, Tamahprabha, after death.* The length of Dviprstha's life was as follows: a lac less one-fourth of years as prince, the same as governor, one hundred years in the expedition of conquest, seventy lacs, forty-nine thousand and nine hundred in the kingdom (as ardhacakrin).⁶³

Death of Balabhadra

Balabhadra, who lived for a crores less one-fourth of years, existed alone with difficulty, confused by love for his brother. Disgusted with existence by recalling the words of Holy Vasupujya and especially by the death* of his brother, *Vijaya* took the vow at the lotus-feet of Vijaya Suri, died at the proper time, and attained emancipation.

13



Vimalanatha Charitra

Honage to Vimalanatha whose *soul* is pure because of the absence of karma, the sole Mt. Hima for the stream of the Ganga^s of the good proclamation of *dharmā*.^{*} Here-with is related the life of the thirteenth Arhat, which is a means for the purification of the world, like the pure water of a sacred place.

Incarnation as Padmasena

In the continent Dhatakikhanda in East Videha in the province named Bharata there is a jewel of a city, named Mahapuri⁶⁴ Its king was Padmasena, the *abode* of Padma, who was *invincible* and accessible because of his merits, like the ocean. Chief of the strong and *discerning*, he made the teaching of the Jinas advance unbroken in his own mind, like his own command in the country. He always felt extreme disgust with existence, though dwelling in this worldly existence like a poor house. Thus disgusted with existence, he went to the teacher Sarvagupta, like a traveler wearied by the road going to a fine tree. He took initiation under him and guarded it completely, like a poor man money that has been acquired, like a sonless man a son. By means of the powerful sthanas, *devotion* to the *Arhats*, et cetera, which he observed fittingly, he acquired the body-making karma of a Tirthakrt. After practicing severe penance for a long time and completing his life, he died and became a powerful god in Sahasrara.

Incarnation as Vimala Description of Kampilya

Now in Jambudvipa there is a city Kampilya, the ornament of Bharataketra, like a piece of heaven that has fallen. Its shrines present the appearance at night of houses with shower-baths from the water dripping from moon-stone puppets. Golden pinnacles shine on the top floors of its houses, like golden lotuses always attached to the *abode* of Sri. The row of various mansions and palaces shone like a picture of Vidhatr (Brahma) creating the city of the gods.

His parents

Its king was Krtavarman,⁶⁵ like an *adamantine* armor for those who, defeated by fate, had come for protection. The water of the Ganga^s and his glory, delighting the earth on all sides as if in rivalry with each other, reached the ocean. He never turned away from petitioners, as well as enemies. He was always turned away from other men's wives, as well as from censure by others. In battle enemies could not endure the light of him who was the sun to the earth, as if they had emerged from darkness. Always the shadow of his feet, like the shade of a large banyan tree, was attended by kings who became hunchbacked from bowing.

He had a wife, Syama, like night to the sun, the face-ornament of all the *harem*. She was like the Sri of the family incarnate; like wifely *fidelity* embodied; like the chief divinity of beauty, grace, and charm in person. The queen walked slowly, slowly, always, like a *marali*, as if her mind were occupied with meditation* on her husband. As she had no equal among mortal women, so the divine Sri or Suci deserves her friendship. Wherever the mistress walked on the earth, there happiness followed always, like night followed by day.

Birth and birth-rites

Now in the heaven Sahasrara, King Padmasena's *jiva* completed its life of maximum duration. On the bright twelfth of Radha in the constellation (*Uttara*)bhadrapada, it fell and descended into Queen Syama's womb. Queen Syama saw the fourteen great dreams indicating the birth of a Tirthakara entering her mouth. When the time was complete, on the third day of the bright half of Magha, the moon being in Uttarabhadrapada, the planets* being in *exaltation*,

Lady Syama bore a son easily, marked with a boar, gold colored, possessing the three kinds of knowledge.

The fifty-six Dikkumaris came from all sides and performed the birth-rites of the Master and Master's mother, like servants. Sakra came, took the Lord to Mt, Meru, set him on his lap, and sat down on the lion-throne on Atipandukambala. The sixty-three Indras, Acyuta, et cetera, bathed in turn the thirteenth Jinendra with water from the tirthas, Sakra set the Lord on Isana's lap and bathed him with water rising from the bulls' horns like *cascades* rising from mountain-peaks. Vasava^s himself rubbed the Master, who was wet with bath-water, with a devadusya-cloth, like a jewel. He anointed the son of Syama with gosirsa-sandal brought from Nandana which looked like clinging devadusya-cloth. After he had worshipped the Lord with varied wreaths, divine clothes, and ornaments, and had waved the light, Sakra recited a hymn of praise as follows:

Stuti

"With delusion spreading on all sides like darkness, with Saiva ascetics extremely angry like Raksasas; with Carvakas stealing the wealth of intelligence like robbers; with Brahmans extremely clever in *deceit* like jackals; with Kaulacaryas wandering in a circle like bears; with other heretics sounding like owls; with wrong belief destroying the eye of discernment, like a person with magic powers; with ignorance of the true categories on all sides, for a long time the times have been like night, Lord of the World. Now dawn has been made to appear by you, a lord, a sun. Verily, the river of *samsara*, flowing in depressed places, uncrossable, has been crossed by people, though depressed, by clinging to the path of your feet. I think the place of *emancipation* has been reached after a long time by persons capable of emancipation who have mounted the ladder of your teaching. After a long time you have appeared as a protector for us who have no protector, like a cloud to travelers burned by the heat of summer."

After praising the thirteenth Tirthankara^s in this way, Purandara^s went as he had come and deposited him at the side of Lady Syama. Sakra went to his own *abode* from the Master's and the other Indras to theirs from Meru, like ocean-travelers who have made a successful voyage.

Life before initiation

King Krtavarman, delighted, celebrated his son's birth-festival, which gave delight to all, with great magnificence. Because his

mother was brilliant (vimala) while he was in the womb, the father himself gave him the name Vimala. The Lord of the World, cared for by goddesses who had become nurses and amused by gods who had become his companions, grew up.

Sixty bows tall, the Master gradually attained youth, marked with a thousand and eight marks. Though feeling disgust with existence, at his father's importunity he married royal maidens herbs for the disease of karma with pleasure as its fruit.

After passing fifteen lacs of years as prince, he ruled the earth at his father's command. For the father's command must be honored even by *Arhats*.

Initiation

When thirty lacs of years had passed in the ruling of the earth, he considered the time of initiation to be a boat for crossing the ocean of existence. The Lokantika-gods, Sarasvatas, et cetera, came and said to the Teacher of the World, "Found a *congregation*." For a year he gave beggars gifts according to their wishes with money brought by Jrmabhaka, like a wish-granting tree on earth. At the end of the giving the Indras made Lord Vimala's initiation-consecration with water pure as his own mind. After putting on divine ornaments and garments and divine ointment, the Lord got into the *palanquin* Devadatta. Surrounded on all sides by gods, asuras, and kings, the Master went to the garden Sahasramra in the palanquin.

The Blessed Lord Vimala entered the garden whose rows of arbors of vines were occupied by the girl-gardeners afraid of the cold with the same joy as if they were houses; which had a mass of snow borne by the trees mango, bakula^a, et cetera, as if practicing penance that would have wonderful beauty in the future; which had the pain from the cold warded off from the wanton couples from the city by fresh well-water and the shade of the banyan trees;⁶⁶ which had waves of moonlight in the form of smiles of the women from the city at the sight of the gunja berries⁶⁷ heaped up by the monkeys suffering from cold; which was smiling, as it were, with blossoming lavalı and jasmine^B-buds. After descending from the palanquin and removing his ornaments, wearing a garment of devadusya placed on his shoulder, in the afternoon on the fourth day of the bright half of Magha (the moon being) in his birth-constellation, observing a two-day fast, the Lord became a *mendicant* together with a thousand kings.

On the next day, Lord Vimala broke his fast with rice-pudding in the house of King Jaya in the city Dhanyakata. The gods made the

five divine things rain of treasure, et cetera, and King Jaya made a jeweled platform where the Master had stood. Then the Supreme Lord set out from that place to wander elsewhere in mines, cities, et cetera, as an ordinary *ascetic*.

Narrative of Bhadra, Svayambhu, and Meraka ***Previous birth of Bhadra***

Now in this Jambudvipa in the East Videhas in the city Anandakari, there was a king, Nandisumitra. Though possessing eyes, he was endowed with sight by discernment; though possessing a large army, he always had a sword as companion. Disgusted with existence from birth, knowing that everything is *transient*, he supported the ancestral kingdom to preserve the succession.

One day, he abandoned the kingdom already abandoned in mind and became a *mendicant* under *Acharya* Suvrata. Observing many private vows, practicing penance hard to perform, he fasted, died, and became a god in Anuttara.

Previous birth of Svayambhu

In this same Jambudvipa in the city Sravasti, the ornament of Bharata, there was a king Dhanamitra. A king, named Bali, who had come as a guest because of friendship with King Dhanamitra, lived in the same city. One day King Dhanamitra, the strength of his intellect undiminished, played aksadyuta with Bali with *gama* and *cara*.⁶⁸ They engaged in killing and checking each other's men like soldiers and developed the game like a violent battle. Longing with their whole *souls* to defeat each other, the kings bet their kingdoms. Whence do persons blind from gambling have any sense? Then King Dhanamitra lost his own kingdom and became in a moment a poor man's son, as it were, unlucky and solitary. Wandering about without any money, unclean, wearing old clothes, like one possessed by demons, he was treated with contempt everywhere.

One day, as he wandered here and there, he saw the Rsi^s Sudarsana^s and drank in his sermon like a sick man, who has been made to fast, drinking soup. Enlightened, he adopted *mendicancy* in his presence and observed it for a long time (but) remembered also his contemptuous treatment. He made the *nidana*^{*}: "As a result of this penance may I be able to kill King Bali in another birth." With such a *nidana* having been made, he died from fasting and was born as a god in Acyuta with a maximum life-period.

Bali's birth as the Prativisnu Meraka

In course of time, Bali adopted a *yati*'s costume, died, and became a powerful god in heaven. He fell and became the son of King Samarakesarin by Queen Sundari in Nandanapura in Bharataketra. His body had the luster of glossy antimony, his figure was sixty bows tall, with a life-duration of sixty lacs of years, possessing wonderful strength, he presented a fine appearance. Rich in *splendor*, he conquered half of Bharata up to Vaitadhyā and became an *ardhacakra*bhrt, the Prativisnu named Meraka. Like a strong man compared with the wind, like a brilliant person compared with the sun, no king whatever was a rival of his in power. No one trespassed his command, as if he were fate, but all took it on their heads like a tuft of hair tied up for protection.⁹¹

Birth of Bhadra

Now in Bharataketra in the city Dvaraka there was a king, Rudra, deep as the ocean. He had two wives, Suprabha and Prthivi, like beauty and the earth in person, charming with a wealth of beauty and virtues. Nandi-sumitra's *soul* fell from Anuttaravimāna and descended into Queen Suprabha's womb. Near the end of the night Queen Suprabha, comfortably asleep, saw the four great dreams indicating the birth of a Halabhrt. Then after nine months, seven and a half days, Suprabha bore a son, not inferior to the moon in color. King Rudra gave him the name Bhadra and he gradually increased in size together with the auspicious* fortune of his family.

Birth of Svayambhu

Dhanamitra's soul fell from the heaven Acyuta and was generated in Queen Prthivi's womb like a lotus in a pool. Near dawn, comfortably asleep, she saw the seven great dreams, which indicate the birth of a Sarhgabhr̥t, enter her mouth. When the time was completed, she bore a son with a dark body, very shining, like the ground of Mt. Vaidūya bearing cat's-eye. King Rudra, delighted, gave him the name Svayambhu at a great festival. Cared for constantly by five nurses he thrived, like the blameless penance of an *ascetic* thriving from the five kinds of carefulness.⁹²

Bhadra and Svayambhu, fair and dark, like the streams of the Ganga^s and Yamuna, were always joined by affection. Princes could not endure their kicks, since even mountains were destroyed by their feet like *bludgeons*. Wearing dark blue and yellow garments, with palm^B tree and garuda-banners, when moving even in play, they made the earth turn. Practice in all weapons* and study of all

sciences, as well as their youth, made especial wealth of strength and intelligence.

Quarrel with Meraka

One day, when they were playing in the city's environs, they saw a camp established with guards, with many elephants, horses, and much treasure. The minister's son, questioned by Langalin, "Who sent this here, a friend or enemy?" replied, "These presents are sent as tribute to Ardhacakrin Meraka by King Sasisaumya from a *desire* to live." Angered at hearing that, Sarngapani said, "Why shall tribute go to him while we look on? Who is this wretched Meraka who takes tribute in this way from kings when we are present? His valor must be seen. Snatch all this away, take it by your own strength," he instructed his soldiers, raising his hand. His soldiers beat Sasisaumya's soldiers, like fruit-trees, with clubs, hammers, staves, et cetera. Attacked by them unexpectedly hostile, like people asleep by night-attacks, they saved their lives and disappeared like crows. Afterwards Sarngapani took everything, horses, elephants, et cetera. To take an enemy's property by force is a characteristic of warriors.

Sasisaumya's soldiers, breathing hard (with indignation), related to Ardhacakrin Meraka that they had taken the property. When he heard that, Meraka, very angry like *Yama*, unrestrained, said in council with a terrible frown: "Like a kick from a donkey, excited by food*, on an elephant*, like the beating of a householder's wife by a plowman, like a slap from a frog on a snake, the son of Rudra, devoid of sense, has done this for his own death.* Just as the appearance of wings in ants⁶⁹ is the cause of death, so a distracted mind in men leads to an adverse fate. I will kill him taking my presents like a thief, a new enemy who has arisen, together with his father and brother."

Then one minister said: "They did this from ignorance. You have been served for a long time by King Rudra. Do not be angry. I think this will not be approved by King Rudra. He is desirous of gaining your favor as master. 'Who would fall into the first *anger* of the master or into the stream of a river? so King Rudra now hesitates from fear.* Be gracious, Your Majesty. Instruct me. *Bestow* fearlessness on him. I shall bring an extraordinary gift from him."

Meraka agreed and he went quickly to Dvaraka and spoke to Rudra in company with Bhadra and Svayambhu: "What is this that your sons have done through ignorance, O king? Surely even the master's dog is not killed with shame to his face.⁷⁰ So hand over

everything. There will be no fault of yours. Ignorance alone will hide the fault of your sons."

Then Svayambhu said: "You, noble-minded, have spoken well to my father from *devotion* to your master, because of your noble nature. Consider resolutely, 'How much has been seized from him?' We shall seize the whole earth. For this earth is to be enjoyed by heroes. Who will endure in battle the strength of arm of the noble Balabhadra and myself like that of Krtanta angered? After killing him alone, I shall enjoy half of Bharata myself. What is the use of many other beaten kings like ants? He took half of Bharata by strength of arm, not by inheritance. Let it be mine by that law. There are stronger than the strong."

The minister, astonished, terrified, and embarrassed by this speech, went quickly to Meraka and related the facts. Angered like a rutting elephant* by his speech hard to hear, Meraka set out, shaking the earth with his masses of soldiers. Now Svayambhu, accompanied by Rudra and Bhadra, set out from the city Dvaraka like a lion from a cave. Disturbing the people, Rudra and Meraka, terrifying as Rahu and *Saturn*, gradually came together at one point. A battle between the two armies took place, which made the sky terrifying from fire from blows of the weapons*, cruel as the fire at the end of the world. Svayambhu blew Pancajanya^s himself with a loud noise resembling a charm for the destruction of all enemies. Meraka's soldiers trembled at Pancajanya's sound. Elephants do not linger when they have heard the lion's roar. Meraka made his own soldiers stand still, like cocks, mounted his chariot himself, and rushed against Svayambhu. Saying to each other, "Why should the armies fight uselessly?" carrying only bows, they twanged the bows. Making a wedding-pavilion for the Sri of victory, as it were, they both rained water in the form of arrows which hid the sun. They warded off each other's shower of arrows with a shower of arrows, like a fire by a fire, like poison by poison. The two appeared terrifying like two suns that had arisen with thousands of arrow-rays streaming forth. Both their hands, as they came and went between the quiver and bow, could not be seen (from speed), and were visible only from the gleam of their rings. The hands of both, quick-handed, falling now on the quiver, now on the bow-string, shone as if they had two forms. When he realized that the enemy was not to be conquered by arrows, Meraka rained weapons, clubs, etc., like mountain-peaks raised up by the wind at the end of the world. Svayambhu soon destroyed them by counter-weapons, like a poison-eyed snake⁷¹ by terrifying flames from its eyes.

Wishing to conquer the enemy in battle, Meraka recalled the cakra, and it fell into his hand like a falcon into that of a hunter. Then Meraka said to Svayambhu, "You have been made into a soldier only by myself fighting for amusement. I will cut off your head. Go! Go now, villain! What shame is there to crows and robbers running away?"

Svayambhu said, "If such fighting is for amusement, then your fighting in *anger* must be seen. For I came for that. If heroes taking away enemies' wealth are robbers, then you are the first robber. Who gave it to you? If any running away is to be done after you have thrown the cakra, now you do the running. What shame is there to crows and robbers running away? Throw the cakra! Throw it Let its strength be seen, so you, dying, will feel no regret."

So addressed, Meraka whirled the cakra terrifying with flames, like another Mars, in the air and hurled it at the enemy. It landed with a hard blow on Sarngapani's breast, like a cymbal on a cymbal. Dazed by a blow from the tip of the hub, Svayambhu fell on the floor of his chariot, his eyes tremulous like an intoxicated man's. Musalin, devoted to his brother, with tears in his eyes, supported him on his lap, saying, "Breathe, breathe, dear brother." Sprinkled by his brother's tears, Sarngabhrt regained consciousness and stood up, saying to the enemy, "Wait! Wait!" After getting up and taking the cakra, like the wheel of fortune of enemies, Hari^s, watched with wide-open eyes by his men, said to Meraka, "This is your entire wealth of weapons* and this is your duration of life. It has gone today, as you looked on, like the head-jewel of a snake. By what support do you remain? Go! Go, now! Svayambhu does not kill enemies fleeing from battle."

Meraka said, "Throw it. Do you also see its strength. How could one who did not become the wife of the lord, become the wife of a petty lord?" So addressed, Sarngabhrt whirled the cakra, threw it, and easily cut off the lotus-head of Meraka. A rain of flowers fell from the sky on Svayambhu and likewise Meraka's torso fell on the ground. The kings who were adherents of Meraka at once resorted to Svayambhu. There was the same procession of the friends of the bridegroom, but the groom was the other one.⁷²

Then keeping on his right the cakra, which was victorious over the circle of the quarters,⁷³ he conquered the southern half of Bharata. Svayambhu, the *abode* of the Sri of Victory, returned from the expedition of conquest, sporting at will with the sri of half of Bharata like a new wife. As he went along the road in the Magadhas, Sarngapani saw a rock being lifted by a crores of men, like a con-

cave cover of the earth. Adhoksaja lifted it with his left arm easily, like the lord of serpents (Sesanaga) supporting the earth. After depositing the rock right there, instilling wonder in the powerful, Hari^s went in a few days to the city Dvaravati. There Svayambhu's installation as ardhacakrin was held by Rudra, Bhadra, and other kings with a festival.

Vimala s omniscience

Now, after Lord Vimala had wandered two years as an ordinary *ascetic*, he came to the initiation-garden Sahasramravana. At the foot of a jambu tree^B, the Lord's destructive-karmas broke when he had ascended the ladder of destruction from the eighth gunasthana. The Lord's omniscience arose on the sixth day of the bright half of Pausa in the constellation Uttarabhadrapada from a two-day fast. The Lord delivered a sermon in a divine samavasarana. There were fifty-seven ganabhrts, Mandara, et cetera.

Sasanadevata

In that *congregation*^{*} arose a Yaksa named Sanmukha, with a peacock for a vehicle, white, his right hands holding a fruit, cakra, arrow, sword, noose, and rosary; his left hands holding an *ichneumon*, cakra, bow, shield, and cloth, and one hand in the abhayadaposition, the Lord's messenger-deity. Likewise originated, Vidita, her color equal to that of yellow orpiment, seated on a lotus, her right hands holding an arrow and a noose, her left ones a bow and a serpent, became a messenger-deity of Sri Vimala.

Samavasarana

Then with these two always in close attendance the Teacher of the World, wandering from that place came to the environs of Dvaravati. Then the gods, Sakra, and others, made a samavasarana with an asoka seven hundred and twenty bows high. The Blessed One entered it by the east door and circumambulated the caitya-tree three times, observing the custom of the *Arhats*. Saying, "Homage to the *congregation*^{*}," the thirteenth Dharmacakrin adorned the lion-throne, facing the east. The monks, nuns, gods, goddesses, women, and men entered by the proper doors and occupied the proper places.

Then royal agents went in haste to Dvaraka and reported to Sarngapani that the Master had come to the samavasarana. Svayambhu, delighted, gave twelve and a half crores of silver as a gratuity to the men who announced the Master's approach. Svayambhu went hurriedly to the samavasarana the sole cause of

good fortune (bhadra) with Bhadra, and entered. After circumambulating and bowing to the Supreme Lord, Svayambhu and Bhadra sat down behind Sakra. After bowing again to the Jina^s, their hands folded together submissively, Vajrabhrt, Sarhgabhrt, and Bala^s began a hymn of praise.

Stuti

“O god, today at the sight of you people’s pain arising from existence has disappeared like dirt from the earth from the rain of the rainy season. This day, the cause of the sight of you, on which we, stained by karma, shall become clean, is blessed, Master. Our eyes, which attained the sight of you, attained the kingship of all parts of the body and at once purified our *souls*. The ground of Bharatakse-tra, purified by contact with your feet, is conducive to destruction of evil. How much more the sight of you! The sight of you, Lord, to wrong-believers like owls is the source of humiliation to the sun by the light of *omniscience*. Today, O god, creatures’ bonds of karma are broken, their bodies’ swelling from drinking the nectar of your sight. May the dust from your feet, capable of producing the polishing of the mirror of discernment, resembling the seeds of the tree of good fortune, protect. O Master, may the words of your teaching, like a mouthful of nectar, be for the welfare of us who are buried in the desert of *samsara*.”

After this hymn of praise, Sakra, Upendra, and Bala became silent, and Vimala Swamin began a brilliant sermon.

Sermon on enlightenment

“The state of being a movable soul or an animal is produced from the immovable state with difficulty by a creature’s merit which has the form of involuntary destruction of karma.⁷⁴ A human birth, an Aryan country, good family, sharpness of all the senses, and (long)-life are attained with difficulty because of slight karma. Though faith, a teacher, and *desire* to hear have been attained by merit, the jewel of enlightenment, which has the form of confidence in the Principles, is very hard to get. To be a king or *cakrabhrt* or an Indra is not hard to attain; but enlightenment by the teaching of the Jinas is very hard to attain. All the states have been attained formerly by all souls endless times; enlightenment certainly has not been attained because of the sight of wandering through births. When infinite modifications of matter of all creatures of whose time in material existence less than half remains have taken place here, when the remainder of all karmas has a duration within a crores of

crores (of sagaras), some gain the best enlightenment by splitting the knot of karma. Others, though having reached the border of the knot by means of the yathapravrttikarana, stop there and wander through another birth.

Listening to evil teachings, association with wrong-believers, wrong knowledge from memory, practice of negligence these are enemies of enlightenment. Even though the acquisition of right-conduct is said to be difficult, nevertheless it bears fruit in the attainment of enlightenment. Otherwise, it is fruitless. Even *souls* incapable of *emancipation* who have attained right-conduct are born up to (and including) the Graiveyakas. Without enlightenment they do not attain emancipation. If the jewel of enlightenment has not been attained, a cakravartin is like a poor man. A poor man who has attained the jewel of enlightenment is superior to him. Souls who have attained enlightenment are not attached to any birth. Free from self-interest they attain only the road to emancipation, unhindered."

After hearing the Lord's sermon people in general became mendicants, Svayambhu adopted right-belief and Sirabhrt laymanship. The Lord completed his sermon at the end of the first division of the day. Then in the same way the chief of the ganabhrtas, Mandara, delivered one.

He finished his sermon at the end of the second division of the day. Sakra, Upendra, Bhadra, and others went to their respective abodes.

Then Vimala Swamin wandered from that place through cities, villages, mines, towns accessible both by land and sea, et cetera, from a *desire* to benefit the people.

Congregation

Sixty-eight thousand noble ascetics, one hundred thousand and eight hundred nuns, eleven hundred who knew the fourteen purvas*, forty-eight hundred who possessed clairvoyant knowledge, fifty-five hundred who had mind-reading knowledge, an equal number of the omniscient, nine thousand who had the art of transformation, thirty-two hundred who were able to dispute, two hundred and eight thousand laymen, and four hundred and thirty thousand laywomen, formed the Lord's retinue as he wandered over the earth for fifteen lacs of years less two years from the time of his *omniscience*.

Emancipation

Knowing that his nirvana^s was near, the Lord went to Mt. Sammeta with six thousand monks and began a fast. At the end of a

month, on the seventh day of the black half of Suci, the moon being in Pausna, the Master and the monks went to the imperishable *abode*. The gods, Puruhuta and others, came from everywhere and held the nirvana-festival of the Lord and the monks. The Lord passed fifteen lacs of years as prince, thirty as king and fifteen in the vow; so his total age was sixty lacs of years. There was an interval of thirty sagaras between the nirvanas of Sri Vasupujya and of Vimala Swamin.

Death of Svayambhu

What cruel acts did Svayambhu not commit, his discernment destroyed by great pride in his power? After completing his life of sixty lacs of years, he went to the sixth hell because of these acts. Svayambhu passed twelve thousand years as prince, the same as governor, ninety years in the expedition of conquest, fifty-nine lacs, seventy-five thousand, nine hundred and ten years as king (ardhaka-krin).

Death of Bhadra

Bhadra, disgusted with existence from grief at his brother's death*, took the vow under *Muni* Municandra. After he had spent sixty-five lacs of years in life, he died, and attained the highest *abode* (moksa).



Anantanatha Charitra

May Ananta Swamin, possessing the four infinities of Siddhas, giving infinite bliss to creatures here, like *emancipation*, protect you.

Holy Lord Ananta's life, which is like a boat for crossing the boundless ocean of worldly existence, is herewith related.

Incarnation as Padmaratha

Now there is a very important city Arista in the province Airavata in East Videha in Dhatakikhandadvipa. In it there was a king, Padmaratha, who had great chariots, the sole mountain for the stumbling of the array of chariots of enemy-charioteers. After conquering all his enemies and subduing the whole earth, he did not care a straw for it, eager for subduing the Sri of emancipation. He experienced the pastimes of strolling in gardens, water-sports in pools, attending sweet concerts by musicians, watching different gaits in his draft-animals, elephants, horses, et cetera, witnessing entertainment-festivals such as that of spring and Kaumudi, dramatic festivals with the ten kinds of drama, *nataka*, et cetera, the dwelling in houses which were the counterparts of heavenly palaces, and the wearing of varied garments, decorations, ointments, and ornaments not from *desire* but from following the way of the people. After passing some time in this way, he, *discerning*, took initiation at the feet of the teacher Cittaraksa. He accumulated body-making karma of a Tirthakrt by means of the sthanas, *devotion* to the *Arhats*, et cetera, and after death* he became a god in (the palace) Puspotara in Pranata.

Incarnation as Ananta

Now in Jambudvipa in the southern half of Bharata there is a capital city Ayodhya, the ground of the mountain of the Ikshvaku-family. It shone with a circular *moat* with shining clear water like a superior woman wreathed and dressed for love. The houses had good exits and entrances, good joining,⁷⁵ had money (plot), good floors (parts), like plays. On the top stories of its houses shine golden *lattices*, like crowns joined to the house-Ivaksmis, one by one. The wind, carrying the fragrance of flowers used in the worship of the *Arhats* in its shrines, is like an ermine of nectar for the destruction of the people's heat.

His parents

Its king was Sinhasena, chief of man-lions, with remarkable strength like a lion. Kings offered him service from a *desire* for their own happiness, like service to a supreme god from *devotion*. Chief of the virtuous, he delighted the world with his various blameless virtues, like the moon with its white rays. Expert in what was suitable, he supported love, wealth, and *dharma**, each with its share, like princes who had come for service.

His wife, the dwelling-place of dharma, was named Suyasas, with abundant glory from her own good conduct. She was the sole purifier of the family of her mother, father, and father-in-law, like the Mandakini of the three worlds. The moon was a likeness of her face; a lotus was a younger brother of her eyes; a conch a picture of her neck; a lotus-tendril a friend of her arms; a pitcher a brother of her breasts; a cave a son of her navel; the sandy beach of a river an imitation of her hips; a plantain a younger sister of her thighs; a lotus a pupil of her feet. Indeed, what part of her, beautiful in body, was not remarkable?

Birth and birth-rites

Now in the heaven Pranita the *soul* of Padmaratha, immersed in bliss, passed its life of maximum duration. On the seventh day of the dark half of Sravana, the moon being in Revati, it fell and descended into the womb of Queen Suyasas. Comfortably asleep, during the last of the night, the Queen saw the fourteen great dreams, elephant*, et cetera, which indicate an Arhat's birth. On the thirteenth day of the dark half of Radha in the constellation Pausna, Lady Suyasas bore a son, marked with a hawk, gold color. Subsequently the fifty-six Dikkumaris came at once from the Rucakas and performed the Arhat's birth-rites. The Lord of Saudharma-heaven came there,

bowed, took the Lord and went to the peak of Mt. Meru through the air. Vasava^s sat down on the lion-throne on the rock Atipandukambala, with the Lord held on his lap.

Then the sixty-three Indras, beginning with Acyuta, bathed the Lord in turn with water brought from the tirthas. Sakra placed the Lord, who was very strong, on Isana's lap, as if from very great fatigue from carrying his weight. Vasava bathed the Supreme Lord with water rising from the horns of four large bulls created from crystal. After rubbing the Lord with a cloth of devadusya, *anointing* him, worshipping him, waving the light, the Indra of Saudharma praised him.

Stuti

"*Anointing* with gosirsa-sandal is not hard to attain by those covered with dust from falling on the ground before you. They, by whom a single flower is placed on your head with *devotion*, always go with their heads covered with umbrellas. The ones who put ointment on your body even one time doubtless become wearers of garments of devadusya. The creeper-like arms of goddesses flutter about the necks of the ones who put wreaths of flowers on your neck even once. Whoever describe a single time your spotless virtues, they are *heralded* in song by goddesses as superior to the people. Whoever dance before you with devotion with skill in beautiful steps, for them a seat on the shoulder of the elephant* Airavana is not hard to obtain. Whoever meditate on you, the supreme spirit, O god, day and night, having become like you, always reach a state of being meditated on by the people. By your favor may I always have the *prerogative* of making the bath, anointing, decoration, ornaments, et cetera, for you."

After this hymn of praise, Sakra took the Jina^s, went and deposited him at the side of Queen Suyasas according to custom. Sakra and the other Indras held an eight-day festival to the images of the eternal *Arhats* in Nandisvara and went again to their own abodes.

Life before initiation

Then the name Anantajit was given to the Supreme Lord, because infinite armies of his enemies had been conquered by his father while he was in the womb. Sucking nectar from his own thumb, like a yogi^s the nectar of meditation*, instead of nursing, the Supreme Lord gradually grew up. The Lord gradually passed childhood, like the moon, and gradually attained youth, fifty bows tall.

Making a decision with the idea of abandoning it (later), like a traveler seeking a refuge*, Anantanatha married at his father's command. When seven and a half lacs of years had passed, the Master assumed the burden of the kingdom to please his father.

Initiation

When he had directed the earth for fifteen lacs of years, the son of Sinhasena carried the thought of initiation in his mind. The Laukantika-gods, Sarasvatas, et cetera, from Brahmaloka, said to the Supreme Lord, "Found a *congregation**,," The Lord gave gifts for a year with money supplied by the Jrmabhaka-gods sent by Kubera at Jrmabhahid's command. At the end of the giving, gods, asuras, and kings held the initiation-ceremony of the Lord who wished the end of births. Then the Lord of the World put on various decorations, garments, and wreaths, and got into the best *palanquin* named Sagaradatta. His umbrella, *chauris*, and fan being carried by Sakra, et cetera, the Lord went to the garden Sahasramravana in the palanquin.

The Lord of the World, eager, entered the grove, like the mind of the world, which was filled repeatedly by women from the city occupied with swinging in swings, like Khecaris coming and going at that time; which was covered with asokas reddish with new blossoms^B, with hair in the form of agitated bees, moving to and fro as if drunk with wine; charming with mango-trees which removed the wealth of fatigue from townswomen *fatigued* by play, carrying fans, as it were, in the form of erect shoots; beautiful with karnikaras like earrings of the approaching Sri of Spring, with mountain-ebony trees like golden tilakas; with 'welcome' pronounced, as it were, by the cuckoos calling down.

Then, supported on his arm by Bidaujas, the Lord descended from Sagaradatta and removed ornaments, et cetera. On the fourteenth day of the black half of Radha, in Revati, in the afternoon, observing a two-day fast, the Master adopted *mendicancy* with a thousand kings. After paying homage to the Master, all the gods, Puruhuta, et cetera, went at once to their respective abodes, like persons who had finished their tasks. On the next day the fourteenth Arhat broke his fast with rice-pudding in the house of *Vijaya* in Vardhamanapura. The five divine things, the rain of treasure, et cetera, were made there by the gods, and Vijaya made a jeweled platform over the Lord's footprints. The Supreme Lord, an ordinary *ascetic* (chadmastha), though free from *deceit* (apacchadma), set out to wander from that place, enduring trials.

***Narrative of Suprabha, Purusottama, and Madhu
Previous birth of Suprabha as Mahabala***

Now in Jambudvipa in East Videha there is a fair city, Nandapuri, the birth-place of great joy. Its king was Mahabala, who gave sorrow to his enemies' wives, the ornament to the garden of his family, like an asoka. Noble-minded, he felt disgust with worldly existence, like a clever city-man disgusted with living in a village. He went to Rsi^s Vrsabha's lotus-feet, pulled out his hair in five handfuls, and adopted good conduct. After cherishing good conduct like a garden bearing much fruit, he died, and became a chief-god in Sahasrara.

Previous birth of Purusottama as Samudradatta

Now in Bharataksetra in Jambudvipa there is a city Kausambi, equal to Purandara's city. Its king was Samudradatta, who had put a seal on his enemies' *splendor*, deep as the ocean. He had a wife, Nanda, moonlight for the delight of the eye, destroying the pride of goddesses in their beauty by her beauty.

Candasasana, King of *Malaya*, a friend of the king, like the wind of Malaya of spring, came there. Samudradatta entertained him and his retinue cordially in his house with great affection, like a brother. Then he saw the gazelle-eyed Nanda, giving delight to the eyes, the wife of Samudradatta like Jahnavi of the ocean. His limbs transfixed, as if nailed by the unbearable arrows of Love; perspiring as if from the strong heat of the fire of separation; with affection sprouting on his body from *horripilation*, as it were; his voice broken, as if *devoured* by a planet*, by her physical merits; his body trembling as if eager for her embrace; colorless from sorrow at not obtaining her; his eyes stolen by tears as if he were blind from love; resorting to fainting as if to bring death* because of not winning her; what condition of love did Candasasana not attain when he had seen Nanda, fair in body and limbs, at that time?

He lived in the house provided by Samudradatta, but at night he did not sleep, his mind distracted, suffering from love like a disease. Meditating day after day on devices for obtaining Nanda, he passed the time, an enemy disguised as a friend.

One day, as Samudradatta was trustful, he abducted Nanda, like a kite seizing a necklace, and went away quickly. Unable to recover her, who had been abducted by a powerful and deceitful man like a Raksas, Samudradatta attained extreme disgust with existence. Suffering from the disgrace like an arrow in his heart, he took initiation under *Muni Sreyansa*. He practiced very severe penance

and made the *nidana*, "As a result of this penance, may I kill Nanda's abductor," He limited the fruit of his penance by that *nidana* and, when he died according to destiny, became a god in Sahasrara.

Birth of Candadasana as the Prativasudeva Madhu

In course of time Candadasana died and wandered in many birth-nuclei present in the whirlpool of the ocean of existence. He became the son, named Madhu, of King Vilasa by his wife Gunavati in the city Prthvi in this Bharata. With a life-period of thirty lacs of years, the color of a tapiccha-blossom,⁷⁶ fifty bows tall, he looked like a living mountain. Long-armed, he looked like a sky-elephant* with two trunks, like a living mountain-plateau beautiful with the slope of his broad chest. When he walked even gently, the earth, bearing his weight, sank like a hole filled with straw. When he had heard stories of the fighting of former kings, he grieved over his own strength of arm, because he had not found a rival. After conquering the three-part half of Bharatavarsa as easily as a village, he wrote his name on the moon,⁷⁷ having unequalled strength. His circle of enemies subdued by the cakra, he became the fourth Pratyardhacakrin, equal to Sakra in power, a sun among men.

He had a full brother also, Kaitabha, a winnowing-fan among the enemies' soldiers pounded by the immense mallet of his arm, handsome from the enjoyment of his enemies' Sri.

Birth of Suprabha

At that time in Dvaraka, there was a king, Soma, equal to the sun and moon in his *qualities*. He had two wives one, Sudarsana^s, whose appearance was charming; the other, *Sita*, whose face was equal to the moon. Now the god, King Mahabala, fell from Sahasrara and entered Queen Sudarsana's womb. Then Queen Sudarsana saw the four great dreams indicating the birth of a Sirabhrt in the last part of the night. When nine months, seven and a half days had passed, Queen Sudarsana bore a son, the color of the moon. King Soma gave him the name Suprabha with a very great festival, satisfying the throng of beggars.

Birth of Purusottama

In the course of time Samudradatta's *soul* fell from Sahasrara, his life completed, and descended into Sita's womb. Then while she was asleep during the last of the night, she saw the seven great dreams indicating the birth of a Sarngabhrt entering her mouth.

When the time was completed she bore a son, the shining color of sapphire, marked with all the marks. On an auspicious* day, the father gave the appropriate name, Purusottama^s, to the fourth Sarngabhrta.

Their childhood

Wearing blue and yellow garments, with palm^B tree-and garuda-banners, long-armed, companions from affection, they looked like twins. By means of a teacher, they grasped all the arts. This is the power of former births of such noble persons. Other soldiers could not endure even a playful blow from them. An elephant* kills just by touch, a serpent just by smelling. They, resembling the wind in strength, gradually attained youth, like the pleasure-grove of sris, purifying the body. The jewels, which produce victory, were given by the gods to the men-jewels: the plough, et cetera, to the elder; *Sarnga*, et cetera, to the younger.⁷⁸

When he had seen *Bala*^s and *Hari*^s exceedingly strong, Narada, eager for *strife*, jumped up and went to the house of Madhu, the Prativisnu, Knowing what was fitting, Madhu received him respectfully, bowed and said to him: "Welcome, great *muni*. By good fortune you have come within my sight. All the kings in this half of Bharata are my servants and also the gods the lords of Magadha, Varadaman, and Prabhasa. Tell fearlessly what your purpose is, with reference to any object or any place here, that I may grant it, Narada."

Narada said: "I came here for amusement. I have no motive concerning any object or place. You are vainly commended as 'Lord of half of Bharata.' Everyone talks like a panegyrist. Is there a truthful person anywhere? On the contrary, an intelligent man must be ashamed at being praised by beggars from avariciousness and certainly must not believe them. Among the strong even there are the most strong, and the most great among the great. In this world the earth is seen to have many jewels."

Madhu, with inner rage like the sami⁷⁹ with fire inside, at once biting his lip, said to Narada: "What river, pray, in this half of Bharata is greater than the Ganga^s, what mountain is greater than Vaitadhya, and who more powerful than I? Name him whom you think more powerful than I, that I may show you his strength instantly, like a sarabha that of a young elephant.* Have you been insulted by someone, drunk or crazy, whose slaughter you wish to cause today under the pretext of praise, Brahman?"

Then Narada said, "I do not go near drunk or crazy men. How, pray, could they have insulted me? You said today in your council, 'I am lord of half of Bharata.'¹ Do not say that again. For it is laughable. O king, have you never heard, even by hearsay from the people, of the two sons, Suprabha and Purusottama^s, of Soma in Dvaraka? Very strong, long-armed, full of affection for each other, hard to endure, like wind and fire incarnate, with one arm they lift up the earth with oceans and mountains, like Sakra and Isana descended here from heaven from curiosity. While Bharata is occupied by them, like a forest by a lion, why do you trumpet from ignorance, like an elephant blind from rutting?"

Both of his eyes red from *anger*, as if he wished a battle instantly, grinding teeth against teeth, King Madhu said: "If what you said is true, then *Yama* is invited by to play at will today, as well as you to see a battle.

Look! As a surety of battle, I shall make the kingdom of Dvaraka bereft of Soma, bereft of Suprabha, bereft of Purusottama^s."

Dismissing *Muni* Narada with these words, he sent a messenger with secret instructions to Soma and Soma's sons. He, powerful for messengers, though powerless, become powerful by their masters' power went quickly to Soma and his sons and said:

"The destroyer of the pride of the proud, gentle to the well-behaved, victorious by the cruel strength of his arm, rich in warrior-practices, his lotus-feet attended by *hansa*-kings sprung from noble families in the southern half of Bharata, like slaves; taking tribute also from the Vaitadhya-kings of the southern row on Vaitadhya; with cruel commands like another Akhandala, Ardhacakradhara Madhu, spring to the garden of half of Bharata, sends me to give you orders. So listen, O king. 'We know that you have shown *devotion* in the past. We hear from people that you have now changed because of the power of your sons. If you are the same as before and there is no change, send tribute to the master, including the key of the treasury.' By the lord's favor everything will be yours again. The water that the sun takes up, it gives back to the earth, By his disfavor your wealth, even what is in existence, will go. For when the master is angry, wealth does not remain, as if from fear.* If the master is opposed, how will you have wife, children, friends, et cetera, and life, to say nothing of wealth? After executing the master's command, rule your country according to custom. Let the words of your slanderers, resembling dogs, prove false."

Then Purusottama^s said harshly from rising *anger*: "Because you are a messenger, you may not be killed. For that reason you said

this, contemptible creature! Are you crazy, or drunk, or careless, or have you the mind of a Pisaca that you say such a thing, and is your master (the same) that he has such a thing said? Just as a child plays the part of a king at will in childish plays, so he, himself, deluded, plays the part of master. When was he, *arrogant*, endowed by us with lordship? If *desire* is measured by speech, why does he not become Indra? He, ignorant, has attacked me now with great royal power. Doubtless he will die like a fish (cast) on a bank by the tide. Go! Bring to battle your master who seeks tribute. I shall take by force his wealth like a slave, together with his life.”

Battle between Purusottama and Madhu

Thus addressed by Purusottama, he went away angry and related the whole speech, though hard to tell, to Madhu. Madhu was enraged just from hearing Sarngin's speech, like a sarabha by thunder. He had the battle-drum beaten which had a terrifying sound, heard by the Khecaris who had covered their ears from fear.* Surrounded by crowned kings, by very strong warriors, by generals, ministers, and other *vassals*, by soldiers bold in battle like other forms of himself, he set out like a god with a magic form. He disregarded evil omens and bad signs, proud of his arm, and went quickly to the boundary, as if drawn by the snares of death.* Like *Yama* Sarngin came there at that time, attended by Soma, Suprabha, generals, and soldiers. Soldiers of both sides quickly approached the camels, impetuously took their armor, and twanged their bows. Suddenly a multitude (of arrows) flew up, causing destruction like a family of Raksases in the sky, eager to drink blood, The best elephants, urged by their drivers, retreating and advancing, fought with a four-tusk fight. In one bucket a lance, in the other a hammer, carrying swords in their hands, the cavalry hurried their horses. The chariots came together, like the separate banks of the Sindhu, deafening the world by a terrible noise. The infantry, powerful heroes, made their shields clash, striking against each other, and fought sword against sword. Instantly Visnu's army was broken by Madhu's, like a tree-trunk by a cruel calamitous wind. Then the charioteer Hari^s, accompanied by the charioteer Balabhadra, blew Pancajanya^s like an unfavorable portent for enemies. At Pancajanyas sound, some of Madhu's soldiers trembled, some were dazed, and others fell to the ground.

When he saw his army thus distracted, Madhu himself, twanging his bow, challenged Purusottama^s clearly. Speedily stringing his bow, Sarngin made it sound, which made heaven and earth sound, as

it were, by the very loud echo. Repeatedly drawing sharp arrows from the quiver, like snake-charmers drawing snakes, they hurled them at each other to kill. Skilled in the art of destruction, they both destroyed each other's arrows, like the life of the Lakshmi of victory, with arrows. In the same way other missiles were cut by other missiles mutually, like cutting a string. For such is a battle of persons equally strong. Angered by their mutual equality, wishing to show a difference, Madhu thought of his cakra and it fell into his hand. Though wishing to kill, Madhu said with trembling lips, "Go! Go, Sir! Do you from ignorance wish to look at the teeth of a tigress? What credit, pray, would it be to my power for you, a boy, to be destroyed? Is there any embellishment of the power of a choice elephant* in rooting up a plantain tree^B? I, considering myself a distinguished soldier, am older than you. You are very small compared with me, like an elephant, though a large one, compared with a mountain."

Hari^s replied with a beaming smile to Pratihari: "The sun, though new, drives away dense darkness. Fire, though only a spark, burns straw completely. Glory is the standard of heroes. What has age to do with glory? Enough of hesitation. Hurl your cakra fearlessly. A serpent will become quiet, when it has discharged poison, but not otherwise."

Madhu made the cakra into a ring on his finger with ease and whirled it, like a boy whirling a fire-brand. Madhu hurled the cakra and it fell, kissing Sarngin's breast with a blow from the tip of the hub which had a brilliant light. Dazed by the blow, Visnu^s fell on the chariot and was taken on his lap by Balabhadra who jumped up. Kesava regained consciousness from contact with his brother's body, like a bath of nectar, and took up Madhu's cakra as well as his breath.

Then Sarngadhara said: "Do not stay here like me. Go! Go quickly! What rivalry has a dog with a lion?" Madhu said, "Throw the cakra, you there! Why do you boast, roaring like an autumn-cloud?" Janardana^s threw his (Madhu's) cakra after he had spoken so and made his head fall on the ground like the fruit of a palm^B tree. Sarngin was praised by the gods raining flowers, saying, "Well done! Well done!" Madhu was grieved over by his people, saying, "Oh, lord, lord, where are you?"

The distinguished soldier, Kaitabha, was killed by Kesava's general and at once Sripati (Purusottama^s) was resorted to by Madhu's other kings.

Expedition of conquest

Then Sarngabhr̥t subdued the southern half of Bharata with the lords of Magadha, Varadaman, Prabhasa. In the Magadhas Madhava^s lifted easily a rock being lifted by a crores of men and cheerfully set it down like a cover (of the earth). Then Purusottama^s, having a reception, as it were, given by the ocean holding high waves,⁸⁰ went to his own city Dvaravati. There Visnu's installation as *Ardha-cakrin* was made by Soma, Rama, and other kings with great joy.

Ananta's omniscience

Now, when Jina^s Anantajit had wandered three years as an ordinary *ascetic*, he came to the grove named Sahasramravana, There, as the Lord was engaged in meditation* under an asoka, his ghatikarmas broke like joints of *samsara*. On the fourteenth day of the dark half of Radha, the moon being in Revati, the Lord's *omniscience* arose from a two-day fast. In a divine *samavasarana* the Lord delivered a sermon to fifty *ganadharas*, Yugas, et cetera.

Sasanadevatas

Patala, originating in that *congregation**, three-faced, with a makara for a vehicle, red, with three right hands holding a lotus, sword, and noose, and with three left hands holding an *ichneumon*, shield, and rosary, became Sri Ananta's messenger-deity. Likewise originated, Ankusa, fair-bodied, with a lotus-vehicle, with a sword and noose in her right hands, and a shield and goad in her left hands, became also a messenger-deity of Ananta Swamin.

Samavasarana

The Blessed Lord, the best door to moksa, always closely attended by these two, wandering over the earth, arrived at the city Dvaravati. Sakra and the other gods erected a *samavasarana* there, adorned by a caitya-tree six hundred bows tall. Jina Anantajit entered by the east door and circumambulated the lofty caitya-tree three times. After saying, "Homage to the congregation*," the Lord sat down on the eastern lion-throne, facing the east, and the holy congregation stood in their customary places. The Vyantara-gods created three images of the Master placed on jeweled lion-thrones in the three other directions. Royal agents went and announced to Purusottama that the fourteenth Arhat was in the *samavasarana*. Hari^s gave them twelve and a half crores of silver and went to the *samavasarana* with Balabhadra. After circumambulating and bowing to the Tirthanatha, Purusottama and his elder brother sat down

behind Sakra. Again bowing to the Jina^s, sakra, Upendra, and Sirin began a hymn of praise in voices choking with *devotion*;

Stuti

“So long as you are not their Lord, for so long people’s mind-wealth will be violated by sense-objects like robbers. The spreading darkness of *anger*, the cause of blindness to men’s eyes, disappears, indeed, from the *collyrium** of the nectar of the sight of you from afar. Ignorant people are seized by *conceit* like a demon, so long as your words like a charm are not heard by them. By your favor *emancipation* is not far away from people whose chains of *deceit* are broken, who have attained the vehicle of sincerity. As people free from *desire* approach you, so (in proportion) you grant them the maximum fruit, variously. Love and hate are like two streams of the river of *samsara*. From your teaching it is possible to remain in indifference like an island in them. You, and no one else, bear a light for the darkness of *delusion* for people whose minds are eager to enter the door to emancipation. May we be unconquered by sense-objects, passions, love, hate, and delusion by your favor. Be gracious, O Lord.”

Sakra, Madhvari, and Sirin became silent after this hymn of praise, and the Blessed Anantanatha delivered a sermon as follows:

Sermon on the Seven Tattvas

“A creature ignorant of the principles, like a traveler who does not know the road, wanders in this wilderness of *samsara* very hard to cross. *Jiva* (*soul*), *ajiva* (non-soul), *Asrava* (channels for acquiring karma), *samvara* (methods of impeding karma), *nirjara* (destruction of karma), *bandha* (bondage) and *moksa* (*emancipation*) are said by wise men to be the seven *tattvas* (principles)

Of these *jivas* are known to be of two kinds by the division into those emancipated and those in wordly existence, all without beginning and end, characterized by knowledge and perception. The emancipated have one nature, free from the trouble of birth, et cetera; possessing infinite perception, knowledge, power, and bliss. The *jivas* in worldly existence are of two kinds by the division into immovable and movable. In both they are of two kinds by the distinction of having or not having faculties to develop. The faculties to develop are six and are the source of development: eating and digesting food*, body, senses, breath, speech and mind. There are four, five, or six faculties to develop respectively of creatures with one sense, two to four senses, and five senses.

The one-sensed are immovable: earth, water, fire, air and plants. The first four of these are both fine and gross. Plants are of two kinds: with one body and many bodies.* The first of these are gross only; the second are fine and gross. The movable are of four kinds by reason of two, three, four, and five senses. Of these the five-sensed are of two kinds: rational and irrational. The ones who know how to study, teach and converse, are rational, possessing mind-vitality. The others are irrational. The skin, tongue, nose, eye, and ear are the sense-organs of which touch, taste, smell, form and sound are the respective spheres.

Numerous species, worms, conchs, earth-worms, leeches, co-wries, oysters, et cetera, are considered two-sensed, Lice, bugs, termites, nits, et cetera, are considered three-sensed. Moths, flies, bees, gnats, et cetera, are four-sensed. The remainder that have animal birth-nuclei, belonging to water, land, and air, hell-inhabitants, men, and gods are all five-sensed.

The three powers mind, speech, body, the five senses, term of life, and breathing are called the ten *vitalities* (prana*). In all jivas the body, term of life, breathing, and senses are present.⁸¹ The two-to-four sensed and the irrational have speech, and the fully rational have mind.

The gods and hell-inhabitants have spontaneous origin, but the ones with uterine birth are born from foetus with *placenta*, without *placenta*, and from eggs. The others are produced by *coagulation*. Souls arising from *coagulation* and hell-inhabitants evil souls are neuters; the gods are male and female; others are all three.

All Jivas are of two kinds, with reference “to the one who has attained gross body (*Badara*) Once also he is in Vyavahara group and the one (soul) who has not attained a gross body once also he is in Avyavahara group.” Respectively the fine many-bodied souls (nigoda) are the latter. The others are grasped by the senses.

There are nine type of birth-nuclei (yoni) of creatures: with living matter, covered, and cold; the opposites of these; and combinations⁸² divided by other sub-divisions. Of earth- water- fire- and air-jivas, there are seven lacs Types.(of *yonis*) each; ten lacs of one-bodied (plants) and fourteen lacs of many-bodied (plants). There are six lacs of the two-to-four sensed (inclusive) jivas and fourteen lacs of humans; four each of hell-inhabitants, animals, and gods. So there are eighty-four lacs of birth-nuclei, perceived by perfect knowledge, of all creatures.

The one-sensed, both fine and gross; the five-sensed, both rational and irrational; and the two-to-four sensed are both capable of development (paryapta) and not capable of development.⁸³ These classes of jivas which I have described are fourteen.

The same number of marganas are known by the following names: condition of existence, senses, body, activity, sex, knowledge, *anger*, et cetera (the kasayas*), self-control, taking and digesting food*, perception, *soul-color*, state of being capable of emancipation, right-belief, and intelligence.

14 Gunastanakas

Mithyadrsti, sasvadanasamyagdrsti, samyagmithyadrsti, aviratasamyagdrsti, viratavirata (=desvirati), pramattasamyam, apramattasamyam, nivrttibadara, anivrttibadara, suksmasampara-yaka, prasantamoha, ksinamoha, yogavat, and ayogavat are the fourteen *gunasthanas*. It is mithyadrsti when there is rising of wrong belief. It constitutes a gunasthana with reference to good character, etc.⁸⁴ Sasvadanasamyagdrsti is when wrong belief does not rise, but when the worst degree of passions arises. Its maximum is six avalis.⁸⁵ Misradarana is from union of right and wrong belief for a muhurta.⁸⁶ Aviratasamyagdrsti (right-belief without self-control) is at the rise of the passions which prevent partial vows. Viratavirata (partial self-control) is at the rise of the passions which prevent complete vows. It is pramattasamyata when self-control exists but there is still negligence. It is apramattasamsyata when there is self-control without negligence. Both last an antarmuhurta with interchange.⁸⁷ It is apurvakarana because it makes unprecedented destruction of the duration of karma, et cetera, and has the ladders of both destruction and subsidence of karma. It is nivrttibadara (gross passions with a difference)⁸⁸ because the evolution of persons with the gross passions, who have entered it together, differs. Because the evolution of those who have entered it together does not differ because of their efforts, it is anivrttibadara and it has destruction and subsidence of karma. Because the fine passion, named *greed* etc, has been made very fine, it is suksmasamparaya* (fine passion) and has both the ladders of destruction and subsidence. Upasantamoha is at the subsidence of *delusion*. When the destruction of *delusion* has taken place, it is called ksinamoha. When *omniscience* is produced from the destruction of the destructive karmas, it is sayogakevalin (omniscient with activity); when destruction of activities has taken place, it is ayogakevalin.

Ajiva

Non-living (ajiva) consists of the medium of motion (*dharmā**), medium of rest (*adharma*), space (*vihasayas*), time (*kala*), and matter (*pudgala*). These five and *jiva* are known as six substances (*dravya*). Of these all, except time, are formed from an aggregate of indivisible units (*pradesa*). They are all, except *jiva*, without consciousness and are not active agents. Except time, they are (all) embodied substances (*astikaya**) and are all without form, taste, touch etc (*amrta**) except matter. But all have the nature of origination, perishing, and permanence.

Matter is characterized by touch, taste, smell, and color. It is two-fold with reference to atoms and aggregates. Of these atoms are not joined.⁸⁹ Aggregates are joined, characterized by union⁹⁰, sound, fineness, coarseness, and shape; having the nature of darkness, heat, light, division, and shadow; producing karma, body, mind, speech, action, and breathing; furnishing the medium of pleasure, pain, life, and death.*

The medium of motion, medium of rest, and space are each single substantiated, formless, inactive, and always changeless. The medium of rest and the medium of motion are unchanging, consisting of innumerable *pradesas* in the room of one *soul*, having penetrated the space of the universe. When soul and non-soul themselves have started to move, the medium of motion is everywhere a companion, like water of for aquatic Animals. The medium of rest is a companion of souls and matters which have themselves reached a location, like a shadow of people going along a road.

Space is all-pervading, self-supported, affording place, constantly speeds through the universe and non-universe,⁹¹ and has infinite units.⁹²

The atoms⁹³ of time, separated, occupying a unit of the world-space for modification of *attributes*, are called primary time (*mukhyakala*). An instant (*samaya* the undivisible unit of time), et cetera, whose measure* is given in books on astronomy, that is considered time from a practical point of view by those knowing time. It is the work of time that these objects in the womb of the world are evolved with a form, new, old, et cetera. Present objects become in the past, and future objects become present, transformed by the sport of time.

Asrava, samvara, nirjara

Whatever action there is of mind, speech, and body that is *asrava* (channel for acquiring karma). Good action is the cause of a good *asrava*; bad action is the cause of a bad *asrava*. The source of

blocking of all channels is samvara. Nirjara is the destruction here of karmas that are the sources of existence.

Bandh

When a *soul* takes matter suitable for karma, because of the state of passions, that is bondage, the cause of absence of free will on the part of the soul. Its divisions are nature, duration, intensity, and quantity. Nature (*prakṛti*) is inherently eight-fold, *knowledge-obscuring*, et cetera. Knowledge- and belief-obscuring, feeling, *deluding* age, body-making, family, and obstructive are considered the primary kinds of nature. Duration (*sthiti*) is the minimum and maximum time limit of karmas Intensity (*anubhava*) is the maturity; quantity (*pradesa*) is the allotment of Unit parts. Wrong belief, lack of self-control, negligence, *anger*, et cetera (the *kasayas**), and activity these five are recognized as sources of bondage.

When the sources of bondage are absent because of the destruction of the ghatikarmas, when *omniscience* exists, *emancipation* (Moksha)* takes place at the victory over the remaining karmas.

Whatever pleasure there may be in the three worlds of gods, asuras, and kings, that is an infinitesimal part of the wealth of happiness from emancipation. Persons in the world who know the principles as described certainly are not submerged in the ocean of worldly existence, like a swimmer in the ocean.

Many persons adopted *mendicancy* as the result of this sermon of the Lord. Hari* adopted right-belief and Suprabha became a layman. The Lord stopped preaching at the end of the first division of the day and Yasas, the ganabhrt, delivered a sermon, occupying his foot-stool. This sermon being ended in the second watch, Sakra, Upendra, Bala*, and others bowed to the Lord and went to their respective houses.

The congregation

Then the Lord wandered from that place through villages, mines, cities, et cetera, enlightening persons capable of emancipation. Sixty-six thousand noble monks, nine hundred who knew the fourteen purvas*, forty-three hundred who had clairvoyant knowledge, forty-five hundred who had mind-reading knowledge, five thousand omniscients, eight thousand yogis who had the art of transformation, thirty-two hundred disputants, sixty-two thousand nuns devoid of evil, two hundred and six thousand laymen, and four hundred and fourteen thousand laywomen constituted the Lord's

retinue as he wandered over the earth for seven and a half lacs less three years from the time of his *omniscience*.

His emancipation

Knowing that it was time for his emancipation, the Lord went to Mt. Sammeta with seven thousand monks and began a fast. At the end of a month, on the fifth day of the bright half of Caitra, the moon being in Pausna, Lord Anantajit attained *emancipation* with the monks. The Indras came with the gods and held the nirvana-festival of the Lord and his disciples. Anantajit lived for thirty lacs of years seven and a half lacs as prince, fifteen lacs as king, and seven and a half lacs as *mendicant*. Nine *sagaropamas* elapsed between the nirvanas of Vimala Swamin and Ananta Swamin.

Death of Purusottama

Visnu^s lived for thirty lacs of years and went to the sixth hell, Tamahprabha, because of very severe karma. He lived for seven hundred years as prince, thirteen hundred as governor, eighty years in the conquest of the kingdom, and twenty-nine lacs, ninety-seven thousand, nine hundred and twenty years as king.

Death of Suprabh

Suprabha, who lived for fifty-five lacs of years, remained on earth for a long time, grieved intensely by his brother's death.* He took the vow under Mrgankusa from disgust with existence because of his younger brother's death*, attained omniscience and the four infinities, and reached the *abode* from which there is no return.

15



Dharmanatha Charitra

I resort to the feet of Sri Dharmanatha, the Himavat of the Ganga^s of *dharmā*^{*}, the sun for the darkness of heretical congregations^{*}, for protection. The life of that same Tirthanatha is herewith related, extended like a bridge for crossing the river of worldly existence.

Previous incarnation as Drdharatha

There is a large city, Bhadrilapura, in the province Bharata in East Videha in Dhatakikhandadvipa. Its king was Drdharatha, *resplendent* with strong arms like an elephant^{*} with tusks. He *devoured* the brilliance of kings, like the sun that of the heavenly bodies.^{*} He was the recipient of their tribute, like the ocean of rivers. He, *discerning*, did not assume any arrogance at all at his great *sovereignty*, knowing that the *splendor* even of Indra is as wavering as fluff. Even though experiencing various pleasures of the senses, he did not show any regard for living in worldly existence, like a guest.

Feeling strong disgust with pleasures, with no interest in his own body even, he abandoned his kingdom and subjects as easily as impurities of the body. Then the king went to the teacher Vimalavahana, sole physician for the disease of the great pain of worldly existence. He, the crest-jewel of kings, received from him the shining jewel of right-conduct, hard to obtain, at the price of *desire*. Maintaining *tranquility* alone, the mother of self-concentration, as it were, enduring trials, he practiced severe penance. He purified his *soul* which had been defiled by the Mlecchas of sense-objects by draughts of the scriptures absorbed like pure water from holy places.

Grasping the *sthanakas*, devotion to the *Arhats*, et cetera, wise, he acquired the body-making karma of a Tirthakrt. After fasting at the right time, he died when engaged in concentrated meditation* and became a powerful god in the palace Vaijayanta.

Incarnation as Dharmanatha

Now in this same zone Bharata in Jambudvipa, there is a city Ratnapura, a mine of various jewels. Its ponds and groves look as if they were bridged by the multitude of rays joined together from the jeweled stairs at the sides. Its very houses with shrines of the Arhats, golden, and with mirrors at every step announced the three objects of existence⁹⁴ always apparent. The ground of its streets, paved with emeralds, shines at night with the reflected constellations as if set with pearl svastikas. Wreaths, hung by wealthy women on the hooks of pegs in the walls of the houses, assume the form of necklaces. Cool from the garden-tanks, warm from the kitchens in the mansions, rainy from the elephants' *ichor*, it has three seasons, as it were.

His parents

Its king was Bhanu^s, brilliant as the sun, fire to the straw of his enemies, glowing with distinguished spotless virtues. Even *Brhaspati* was not able to count his various virtues like the waves of the ocean. This earth, whose tribute was collected by him alone, did not consider any other lord, like a high-born virtuous wife whose hand has been taken (in marriage). Having bound Sri, who is naturally fickle, by the very strong cords of his virtues, he fastened her, like a young cow-elephant*, to the pillar of his arm. Possessing intense brilliance like the sun, he destroyed the *splendor* of rival kings like torches. Wishing to conquer kings, he did not put a frown on his brow, much less the string on his bow.

His wife was named Suvrata, an unusually virtuous wife, excelling the bees in attendance on his lotus-feet. Surely her low speech had been taught by the cuckoos, her skill in walking by the hansas, her glances by the deer. Modesty was her companion, a wealth of good conduct her maid, good-breeding her chamberlain. This was her natural retinue. Devotion to her husband was the ornament suited to her. Any other ornaments, necklace, et cetera, were ornamented (by her).

Birth of Dharmanatha

At that time Drdharatha's *soul*, living in Vaijayanta, immersed in pleasure, completed its maximum life-period. The soul fell on the seventh day of the bright half of Radha, the moon being in Puspa, and entered Lady Suvrata's womb. Then Suvrata saw the fourteen great dreams, elephant*, et cetera, indicating the birth of a Tirthakara. On the third day of the bright half of Magha, in the constellation Puspa, Queen Suvrata bore a son marked with a thunderbolt, gold color, at the right time.

The fifty-six Dikkumaris, Bhogankara, et cetera, came and performed the birth-rites for the Master and the Master's mother. Then the Indra of Saudharma (Sakra) got into Palaka, came, took the Master, and conducted him to Meru's peak. Hari^s sat down on the jeweled lion-throne on Atipandukambala, holding the Tirthakrt on the lion, throne of his lap. Then the sixty-three Indras, beginning with Acyuta, made the Lord's bath in the prescribed fashion with pure water from the holy places. Vajrabhrt placed the Lord on Isana's lap, bathed him, anointed him, worshipped him, and began a hymn of praise as follows:

Stuti

"Reverence to you, the fifteenth Arhat, Supreme Lord, having a form deserving deepest meditation*, absorbed in deepest meditation. I consider mortals more important than gods and demons, since you, who are entitled to homage in the three worlds, have appeared as leader of the *congregation*.* Let me be a mortal now in this southern Bharatavarsa, as I wish to become your disciple, which is very effective for winning *emancipation*. What difference is there between hell-inhabitants and gods though happy to whom, negligent, there is no sight of you? As long as you, like the sun, did not rise, Lord of the Three Worlds, for just so long the heretics, like owls, prospered. Soon the whole half of Bharata will be filled by the water of your teaching of *dharma**, like a pond by that of a rain-cloud. O Supreme Lord, by making infinite people attain emancipation, you will make worldly existence uninhabited, like a king depopulating an enemy's territory. O Blessed One, even in heaven may my days pass with my mind clinging like a bee to your lotus-feet."

After this hymn of praise, Sakra received the Master from the Vasava^s of Isana, took him, and deposited him at Queen Suvrata's side according to custom.

Life before initiation

Because his mother had a pregnancy-whim for religious duties, while he was an embryo, King Bhanu^s gave him the name Dharma.* The Master passed his childhood playing with gods in the form of boys and attained youth, forty-five bows tall. To satisfy the long-desired wish of his parents and to consume pleasure-karma, the Lord married, When two and a half lacs of years from his birth had passed the Master took the burden of the kingdom at his father's request. The Lord ruled the earth for five lacs of years, and then he himself thought of initiation when the right time had come.

Initiation

Reminded by the Laukantika-gods, "Found a *congregation*", O Master" the Lord gave gifts for a year, the mouth of the river of initiation. Consecrated by the gods, the Lord got into a *palanquin* named Nagadatta and went to a beautiful garden Vaprakancana. The Lord entered the garden which had the beauty of the cool season; where there was a swarm of buzzing bees intoxicated by the mass of priyangu-blossoms^B; where the women-gardeners were busy with wreathing ornaments of Alexandrian laurel; whose face had been rubbed with rodhra-powder by the townswomen; adorned with armories of Love, as it were, with blooming jasmines^B; with girl-gardeners engaged in cutting flowers of the laval; its ground wet with drops of water from the juice of the mucukunda; its surface paved with emeralds, as it were, by the sweet marjoram.

On the thirteenth day of the bright half of Magha, in the constellation Puspa, in the afternoon, the Lord became a *mendicant* with a thousand kings, with a two-day fast. On the next day in the house of Dharmasinha in Saumanasa, the Lord broke his fast with rice-pudding. The five divine things, the rain of treasure, et cetera, took place there and Dharmasinha made a jeweled platform where the Master had stood. Indifferent to his own body, unstumbling like the wind, the Teacher of the World set out from that place to wander over the earth.

Narrative of Sudarsana, Purusasinha, and Nisumbha Previous birth of Sudarsana

Now in the city Asoka in West Videha in Jambudvipa there lived a king, Purusavrsabha. Always disgusted with existence, knowing the Principles, virtuous, he became a mendicant at the feet of *Muni* Prajapala. After practicing severe penance, he died when

the time had come, and became a god in Sahasrara with a life-term of eighteen samudras (sagaras).

Previous birth of Purusasinha

When sixteen vardhis (sagaras) of his life as a god had passed, there was a king, named Vikata, in Potanapura just here (in Bharata). He was conquered on the battle-field by King Rajasinha by the strength of his arm, like an elephant* by an elephant. From shame at this defeat he gave the kingdom to his son, left, and took the vow at the feet of Atibhuti. He practiced severe penance and made a *nidana**: "In another birth may I be able to destroy Rajasinha surely." With such a *nidana* having been made, he died in the course of time and was born as chief-god in the second heaven with a life term of two sagaras.

Birth of the Prativasudeva Nisumbha

King Rajasinha wandered for a long time in the ocean of births and became King Nisumbha in Haripura in Bharata. Black in color, forty-five bows tall, with a life of ten lacs of years, he came to have a cruel command on earth. After subduing the southern half of Bharatavarsa with perfect ease, he became the fifth ardhacakrin, the Prativisnu.

Birth of the Balabhadra Sudarsana

Now in the city Asvapura in this same Bharata, there was a king named Siva^s, the sole *abode* of happiness. He had two wives, *Vijaya* and Ammaka, extremely dear, like Fame and Fortune embodied. Purusavrsabha's *soul* fell from Sahasrara and entered Vijaya's womb, with the birth of a *Bala*^s indicated by four dreams. When the time was completed, Lady *Vijaya* bore a son, brilliant, like a heap of her husband's glory embodied. Siva gave him the name Sudarsana^s, because of his beauty, with a great festival on an auspicious* day.

Birth of Purusasinha

Now, Vikata's soul fell from the second heaven and entered Ammaka's womb, with a birth of a *Visnu*^s indicated by seven dreams. At the right time she bore a son with full auspicious* marks, dark blue like a sapphire, like a river bearing a blue lotus. The king gave him the name *Purusasinha* because "He is a lion among men with remarkable valor."

Their childhood

The two boys grew up, cared for by nurses, playing together, wearing dark blue and yellow garments, with palm^B tree- and garuda-banners. They, attentive, seized the arts, like a deposit near at hand which they had made themselves, making their teacher only a witness. Gradually the brothers became of military age and shone like rivals of heaven and earth. Devoted to each other like the two Asvins,⁹⁵ who were full brothers, exceedingly devoted to their father, they acted as his footmen.

Death of their parents

One day Siva^s sent Sirin, like a divine weapon, to subdue a certain insolent neighbouring king. Purusasinha followed him several marches from affection. Verily the bond of affection is like cement. With difficulty Balabhadra prevented him from following and Hari^s remained there, alas! like an elephant* lost from the herd. While he was alleviating the pain caused by separation from his brother by various amusements, a man came from his father. Madhava^s took on his head a letter from his father which he delivered and saw in it the words, "Come quickly, son." Disturbed, he said to the man, "Is my mother well? Is my father well? Why this sudden summoning of me?" The man replied, "His Majesty summons you hastily, because a strong inflammatory fever has appeared in his body." Distracted by the news of his father's inflammatory fever as if he had smelled a saptacchada,⁹⁶ Hari set out. Henceforth there is no pain of the noble.

On the next day Janardana^s arrived at his own city. For such pain on the part of the noble is like a forest-fire on the road. Hari, pained by his pain as if assuming his pain, entered the house occupied by his father consumed by fever the house where servants were busy with many herbs of many kinds which were being mixed, cut up, cooked, and rolled; occupied by the best of doctors, skilled, knowing the juice, strength, and effects of herbs, considering their strength and weakness; with noise prevented by guards by signals with the hand; the physicians being stopped at a distance by the door-keepers by a gesture with the brow.

Hari bowed at his father's feet, touching them with his hands, bathing them, as it were, with his eyes shedding tears from *devotion*. Siva revived greatly from the touch of his son's hand. There is happiness just from the sight of a loved one, how much more from the touch. King Siva experienced strong *horripilation*, as if he were becoming cold, touching his son with his hand again and again. King Siva said to him, "Why are you lean-bellied and your lips dry

like a tree near a fire?" Then Visnu's man said: "Your Majesty, when he heard of Your Majesty's dreadful condition, Hari^s set out at once to see you. He came here in two days without eating, without drinking water, recalling you with *devotion*, like an elephant^{*} the Vindhya Mountains,'

When Siva^s heard that, experiencing double pain, he said, "What else have you done that is unsuitable like a boil on the cheek? Go with your attendants and take time to eat. For the body, accomplishing all things, moves by means of food."^{**}

Thus commanded urgently by his father again and again, Visnu^s ate a little sorrowfully, like a rutting elephant. Without taking any sandal even, without putting on other clothes, like an *ichneumon* on hot ground¹²³ because of great pain, as soon as he had barely eaten, Janardana^s went on foot to his father's house with his whole unhappy retinue from his own house.

As he was entering there, Visnu was informed compassionately by his mother's female door-keeper, who appeared before him in tears: "O prince, help! help! Even while the king is living, the queen contemplates a terrible thing." When he heard that, Visnu, agitated, went to his mother's house and saw his mother as she was saying:

"All the great heaps of jewels that originated in my husband's favor, all the endless gold, all the piles of silver, all the thousands of collections of ornaments pearls, diamonds, genuine jewels, and miscellaneous, and whatever other treasure there may be, present all that to the seven fields.⁹⁷" For that is the first Holy communion given to somebody who is dying of those set out on the long journey. I cannot endure at all to be a widow at my husband's death.* I shall go before him. So let the fire be prepared quickly."

Hari approached his mother, the mother of a wealth of sorrow, as she was saying this, bowed, and said with sobs, "Mother, mother, why do you also abandon me unfortunate? Alas! fate is hostile to me since the queen does this."

Queen Amma said: "Ha!, this fatal disease of your father's that has developed has been thoroughly examined by experts. I cannot bear hearing the word 'Widow' even for a moment. Consequently, I, wearing safflower,^{98B} shall go ahead of your father. My birth had its purpose accomplished by my husband, King Siva, and by you, a son, the fifth Ardhacakrin, son. At my husband's death*, my life will depart of its own accord. I shall abandon it by entering the fire. May my courage not be deficient, O son, do not be an obstacle to me now even from affection, as I observe the custom of warrior-families. You, son, and Sudarsana^s, rejoice with my blessing. I shall precede

my husband by the sole road of fire. I make this last request of you today, prince. Do not say anything hindering this ceremony.”

After saying this, afraid to hear of her husband's death*, she went to enter the fire, the city-gate to the next world.

His body feeble from pain joined to pain, like yokes, his feet stumbling even on level ground, Hari^s went to his father's side. Recalling his mother and seeing his father ill, too, unable to produce any remedy, thinking himself helpless, Visnu^s fell to the ground. Though suffering from inflammatory fever, the king assumed firmness and said:

“What is this, son? Fear* is not suitable for your house. This earth is your queen to be supported by your arm. Are you not ashamed to fall on her because of the lack of courage! Do not show by giving up your courage that I behaved ignorantly when I gave you the special name' *Purusasinha*.”

Consoling Sarngin in this way, King Siva^s, the *abode* of happiness, died in the evening. Who is able to escape death*?

Grief of the sons

Visnu fell on the ground in a swoon, when he heard, like a large tree falling from a storm, like a gouty person (*vataka*) from the humor, wind (*vata*). Then sprinkled with *pitchers* of water, Janardana^s, conscious again, stood up, crying, “Oh, father, father, father! Is not your body in pain? What herb has any merit? What physician can be trusted? Or rather, is that a pleasant sleep now? Speak, father, as a favor to me.” Bewildered by affection, Visnu talked thus for a moment and immediately burst into lamentations. Enlightened by the elders of his family, Sarngabhrt regained firmness and cremated his father in a fire of sandal and aloe.

After he had made the *oblation*, et cetera, and had sat in the council, he sent a letter, announcing their father's death, to Bala^s. Bala had conquered the *arrogant* border-king and he returned in haste, grieved by that letter. Clinging to each other's neck, wailing at the top of their voices, Baladeva^s and Vasudeva^s made the council weep. Enlightened by friends, they became firm to some extent, and both abandoned affection for their father slowly, slowly. Whether they were still or moving, talking or silent, they saw their father before their eyes, like something on which to meditate.

Quarrel with Nisumbha

While they were so overwhelmed with sorrow for their father, a messenger from Ardhaçakrin Nisumbha came there. Announced first

by the door-keeper, he entered at his command, bowed to Baladeva^s and Vasudeva^s, and said: "When he heard from the people that King Siva^s had died, Nisumbha, your kind lord, felt great sorrow. Recalling your father's *devotion*, he, the crest-jewel of the dutiful, sent me to your side with instructions to deliver the following message. 'Now you are boys, indeed, the abodes of insults from enemies. This high rank of your father has been transferred by me to you. You boys come here to me and remain free from calamity. What can the forest-fire do to those standing in the middle of the river? You who are of little importance must be made of great importance by me wishing to pay the debt of devotion long shown by your father.'"

When they were addressed in these words, *anger* appeared and sorrow disappeared. For one emotion^{*}, though strong, is restrained by another emotion. Raising one eyebrow and frowning somewhat, *Purusasinha* spoke angrily, like a lion: "Who, who was not the *abode* of sorrow at the death^{*} of our father, moon of the Ikshvaku-family, benefactor to everyone? Other kings also grieved. That Nisumbha grieved if he did not send a message to that effect, that would be *malignty* on his part. Who, pray, offers territory to a young lion? Who rears him? Whence is there any insult to him? Is he not ashamed now speaking so to us? He is certainly an enemy, insulting us under the pretext of friendship. Let your lord be friend, foe, or neutral. We have no regard for him. The powerful have regard only for the arm."

The messenger said: "O son of Siva, your childishness is very apparent, since you do not wish happiness, making an enemy today of him who is equal to a father. O foolish prince, you are still unskilled in royal polity, since you create an enemy, like pressing your belly on a stake. I will not report this speech of yours to the master. So do as I say. By your favor let there be peace for a long time with your brother (Nisumbha). Otherwise, he will soon be your enemy. If he, like Krtanta, is angered, even your life is in doubt."

Exceedingly angry at that speech, Hari^s replied: You are, to be sure, a messenger indifferent to your own life, O messenger. By the speech of messengers like you, skilled in deceitful speech only, he will terrify kings, like a non-venomous snake by its hood. Go! Our words must not be concealed. Tell everything to your master. He has been placed full well in the category of persons to be killed because of the words, 'He will be an enemy.'"

So answered with violence, the messenger got up hurriedly, went to Nisumbha, and told him everything in detail. After hearing that speech, Nisumbha, killer of enemies, angered, set out for

Asvapura, covering the earth with soldiers. When Visnu^s, conqueror of enemies, heard that Nisumbha had started, he started at once with his whole army and his elder brother. Nisumbha and *Purusasinha* met in the middle of the road, eager to kill each other, like two rutting elephants. The soldiers of the two armies fought, shaking heaven and earth by the echoes of their shouts, of the twanging of their bows, and of slaps with their hands. Destruction of the two armies indifferent to self-protection took place at once, like that of the end of the world. Followed by Halin like a fire by the wind, Sarngadhanvan, standing in his chariot, blew Pancajanya^s. At its loud sound, the enemy-soldiers on all sides trembled as if at the terrible sound of a falling thunderbolt.

“Stay! Stay! You who think yourself a soldier,” challenging aloud with these words, Pratihari started in his chariot toward Hari^s to fight. Hari and Pratihari twanged their bows, each one bending his brow in a frown terrible from *anger*. They both rained arrows, like clouds raining streams of water, making the Khecaras tremble like deer by their lion-roars. The battle-field had the appearance of the ocean covered with reeds from its piles of arrows that fell unceasingly. They fought with weapons* thrown by hand, thrown by machines, ones which may be thrown or not thrown, and also other weapons, like two timingilas⁹⁹ in the ocean of battle.

Just then Nisumbha recalled the cakra, like Vajrin recalling the thunderbolt, voracious with its blazing row of flames, terrible with its sharp edge. Whirling it, which had appeared just from being recalled, on his finger in the air, Nisumbha made a terrifying speech arrogantly:

“You are to be pitied, you are a boy. What disgrace would it be to you if you retreat? So go, or serve me. Do you not have even a dog that gives advice to you? I split even mountains with this cakra when it is discharged, to say nothing of you tender as a young gourd.”

Purusasinha said: “The strength of you who are roaring aloud in this way, and the strength of the cakra must be seen. What have you done with other weapons? This cakra is carried by you like a rainbow by a cloud. What will it do to me, fool! Throw it! I shall see its uselessness.”

Nisumbha, to whom *Purusasinha* had spoken such-harsh words, hurled the cakra at him with all his strength, wishing to destroy him. Striking Hari’s breast with the tip of the hub, like an elephant* striking the slope of the Vindhya Mountains, it immediately became useless. Then Pundarikaksa fell in a *swoon*, his eyes half-closed, and

was sprinkled by Musalastra with gosirsa-sandal. Conscious again, he got up, took the cakra in his hand, and said to Nisumbha, "Do not stay! Go! Go!" Nisumbha said, "Throw it! Throw it!" and then he, the fifth Ardhacakrin, cut off his head with the cakra. At once a rain of flowers fell from the sky on the head of Hari^s, the chief of the bold, which resembled laughter of the Sri of Victory.

Expedition of conquest

Just by a procession of conquest, Visnu^s subdued the half of Bharata. For the purpose of the noble bears fruit a thousand fold. Returning from the expedition of conquest, Hari came to the Magadhas and lifted with his arm a stone, that needed a crores of men to lift it, as easily as a clay-dish. Covering the earth with his horses, Hari arrived at Asvapura, surrounded by women of the city, his object accomplished at every step. There Sarngin's *coronation* as Ardhacakrin was made by Langalin and other kings brilliant with *devotion*.

Dharmanatha's omniscience

Now the blessed *Dharma*^{*} came to the initiation-garden Vaprakancana, after he had wandered for two years as an ordinary *ascetic*. As the Lord was engaged in the second meditation^{*} under a dadhiparna tree, his *omniscience* arose from a two-day fast on the full moon of Pausa in the constellation Puspa.

The Lord delivered a sermon in the divine *samavasarana* to the forty-three ganabhrts, Arista, et cetera.

Sasanadevatas

Originating in that *congregation*^{*}, Kinnara, three-faced, with a tortoise for a vehicle, red in color, *resplendent* with right hands holding a citron^B and a club, and with one in the position bestowing fearlessness; and with left hands encircled with an *ichneumon*, lotus, and rosary, became Dharmanatha's messenger-deity. Likewise originated, Kandarpa, fair in body, with a fish for a vehicle, adorned with right hands carrying a blue night-blooming lotus and goad, and with one left hand carrying a lotus and one in the position bestowing fearlessness, became the Lord's messenger-deity always near at hand.

The samavasarana

Always attended by them, wandering over the earth, one day the Lord approached the city Asvapura. At once the gods, Sakra, et cetera, made a samavasarana with an asoka five hundred and forty

bows tall. The Lord entered there, circumambulated the caitya-tree, bowed to the *congregation*^{*}, and sat down on the eastern lion-throne. Then the Vyantaras made such images of the Lord placed on jeweled lion-thrones in the three other directions. The congregation entered and remained in their proper places in the Master's assembly, the animals within the middle wall, the draft-animals within the third.

Agents, wide-eyed, went quickly to *Purusasinha* and informed him that the Master was in the samavasarana. He bestowed twelve and a half crores of silver on them and went to the samavasarana, accompanied by Sudarsana^s. After circumambulating the Lord and bowing with *devotion*, Adhoksaja sat down with his elder brother behind Sahasraksa. Bowing again to the Master, Sakra, Sarngin, and Sudarsana, *insatiable* in *devotion* to the Master, joyfully praised him as follows:

Stuti

“Be victorious, moon for the delight of the cakora of the eye of the world, sun to the darkness of wrong belief, Dharmanatha, Lord of the World. For a long time you wandered as an ordinary *ascetic*. Nevertheless you are free from error. Possessing infinite belief, you destroy other beliefs. The impurity of karma of creatures whose *souls* are completely bathed by the water of your sermons departs instantly. Neither from the shade from clouds nor from the shade from trees does heat subside as at your feet, O Lord. People here whose bodies^{*} have streams of light from the sight of you look like carved puppets. Though separately hostile, the three worlds have met here in one place after a long time, having become brothers from your power, Brother of the World. Supreme Lord, protect us who have no other protector, divinity of the original sanctuary of three-part Bharataksetra. Again and again, O Lord of the World, we ask you for this may our minds become bees for your lotus-feet.”

After this hymn of praise, Sakra, Kesava, and Sirin became silent, and the Blessed Dharmanatha delivered a sermon.

Sermon on the kasayas

“*Emancipation* (moksa) is the chief of the four objects of existence and the source of it is self-concentration (yoga), and it (yoga) is the three jewels having the form of *jnana*, *sraddhana*, and *charitra*. Understanding in accordance with the Principles is *jnana*; right-belief is *samyaksraddha*; and *abandonment* of all *censurable* activities is *charitra*. The *Soul* alone or rather, the right-belief,

knowledge, and conduct of a *Muni*, since it (the soul) really consists of them rules the body. If anyone knows the soul in himself by himself because of the freedom from *delusion*, that itself is his right-conduct, knowledge, and belief. The pain arising from the ignorance of soul is destroyed by knowledge of the soul; it cannot be destroyed by penance even by persons lacking in comprehension of the soul. This very soul, consisting of pure thought, has a body from union with karma, but may become perfect soul, spotless, having its karma consumed by the fire of meditation.* This same soul, overcome by passions and the senses is *samsara* (worldly existence); and wise men call the very same, when it overcomes the passions and senses, *moksa* (*emancipation*).

Creatures' passions are four-fold: *anger* (*krodha*), *conceit* (*mana*), *deceit* (*maya*), and *greed* (*lobha*); and each of them is divided into *sanjvalana*, et cetera. *Sanjvalana* (perfect conduct-preventing) lasts for two weeks; *pratya-khyana* (total vow-preventing) lasts for four months; *apratyakhyana* (partial vow-preventing) for a year; and *anantanubandhaka* (eternal) for a birth.¹⁰⁰ They are destructive of freedom from passions, of being an *ascetic*, of being a layman, and of right-belief, respectively. They produce births as gods, humans, animals, and hell-inhabitants, respectively.

Anger

Of these, *anger* causes pain, *anger* is the cause of hostility, *anger* is the path to an evil birth, *anger* is a bar to *tranquility* and happiness. First, when it is produced, *anger* burns its own *abode*, like a fire. Afterwards, it does or does not burn other things. Penance acquired by a crores of purvas* less eight years is consumed immediately by the fire of *anger*. Water in the form of tranquility, collected by many *meritorious* acts, instantly becomes unfit for use from contact with the poison of *anger*. The smoke of *anger*, streaming forth, blackens deeply the bright pattern of good-conduct which possesses *variegated* threads of the virtues. The juice of tranquility which is caught with a cup made from the sami-leaf of asceticism, why is it spilled by *anger* which resembles a cup made from a vegetable-leaf?¹⁰¹ When this *anger* increases, what does it not do that should not be done? Dvaraka is future fuel for the fire of Dvaipayana's *anger*.¹⁰² Whatever accomplishment there may be on the part of an angry person does not have *anger* as its cause, but is the result of strong karma acquired in another birth. Alas! Alas! People produce *anger* in their bodies* for the ruin of themselves in both worlds and for the destruction of their own and others' purpos-

es. Look! Blind with *anger*, pitiless, they strike down father, mother, teacher, friend, brother, wives, and even themselves. Therefore, forbearance alone, the water-channel in the garden of self-control, must be resorted to by the pure souled for the quick extinction of the fire of *anger*.

How can *anger* against evil-doers be prevented? It can be prevented by great nobility, or by this reflection: 'If someone wishes to injure me, having consented to this evil on his own part who, even a fool, would be angry at him destroyed by his own act?' If you have the thought, 'I am angry at evil-doers,' then why are you not angry at your own action, the cause of pain? A dog bites a clod, disregarding the thrower of the clod; disregarding the arrow, a lion attacks the thrower of the arrow. Why should I, disregarding the cruel deeds by which an enemy is impelled to be angry with me, be angry at the enemy and resort to a wealth of abuse?

For bearance

The than future Arhat Mahavira will go to the Mlecchas for forbearance, as he does not wish at all to bear forbearance that has come without effort. If those who are capable of giving protection against the destruction of the three worlds have resorted to forbearance, is not forbearance possible to you with the nature of a plantain?^{103B} Why did you not acquire such merit that no one injures you? Now, grieving over your own negligence, agree to forbearance.

There is no difference between an *ascetic* blind with *anger* and a cruel outcaste. So, attain a stage of pure thought, having given up *anger*. A great sage penetrated by *anger* and Kuragadduka free from *anger* Kura-gadduka will be praised by the gods, ignoring the sage. Vexed by the cruel weapons* of speech, one should reflect, 'If this is true, why *anger*? If false, it is spoken by a crazy man.' If another person has approached for the purpose of injury, one should laugh, astonished. 'The fool acts in vain, for injury has been produced by my karma.'

One should reflect at one eager to strike him down, 'There is destruction of our life (in any case). So he, fearless of evil, commits the killing of a dead man.' If you do not feel' *anger* at *anger*, which is the thief of all the objects of existence, shame on your feeling *anger* at another guilty of a little crime. Then a wise man should overcome the great serpent of *anger* which fatigues all the senses, creeping along, by the snake-charm of forbearance.

Conceit

Conceit is destructive of three things reverence, learning, and good conduct, injures the eye of discernment, makes men blind. Feeling pride in caste, wealth, family, power, strength, beauty, penance, and learning, a person gets the same in low degree in another birth,¹⁰⁴ What wise man, indeed, feels pride in caste, after seeing the numerous divisions of caste, high, low, and medium? One obtains high caste from karma; one obtains low caste from karma. Who, indeed, can be proud, because he has obtained transitory caste in that case?

Wealth comes only from destruction of obstructive (*antaraya*) karma, not otherwise. Knowing the truth about wealth, one should not show pride in it. Noble persons do not at all fall into pride in wealth even in the case of great wealth arising from the favor of others, power, et cetera.

Pride in family must not be felt even by those born in a high family when they observe that low-born persons also possess knowledge, wealth, and good conduct. What has family to do with bad conduct, or with good conduct? Knowing this, a *discriminating* person would not feel pride in family.

After hearing of Indra's wealth of power over the three worlds, what kind of pride is there in power over cities, villages, money, et cetera? It could desert one brilliant with virtues; it could resort to a wicked person. Power, like a woman of evil conduct, is not a source of pride on the part of the *discerning*.

Even a very strong person is made weak in a moment by disease, et cetera. Verily, pride in strength in regard to such *transient* strength is not suitable for men. If the strong are weak in old age, in death*, in other results of karma, then, indeed, their pride in strength is useless.

Who would show pride in beauty which increases and decreases in the body consisting of seven elements, having the nature of old age, disease, et cetera? After hearing of the future beauty of Sānatkumara and its destruction, who with ears would be proud of beauty, even in sleep?

After hearing of the perfection of penance of Nabheya and the Jina^s Vira, who pray would resort to pride in his own slight penance? The heap of karma grows by the very same penance, if contaminated by pride, by which the heap of karma would break quickly.

After sniffing at the sastras made by others from their own knowledge for amusement, proud at the thought, 'I am omniscient,' he devours his own scriptures. When he has heard of the boundless memory of the holy chief-ganadharas,¹⁰⁵ who with ears and a heart would feel pride in learning?

Humility

The tree of *conceit* which makes the branch of faults grow, bending down the roots of the virtues, must be rooted up by the floods of the river of *humility*. *Humility*, called *mardava*, wards off arrogance; furthermore, arrogance is the very form of *conceit*, not supernumerary. Wherever arrogance, in the sphere of caste, et cetera, touches the heart, then one should resort to *humility* as an antidote to it. Everywhere one should show *humility*, especially to honored persons, by which one would avoid the evil of lack of respect to those entitled to it.

Bahubali, bound by evils like creepers because of *conceit*, freed at once by *humility*, attained *omniscience* immediately. A cakravartin, who has abandoned worldly attachment, goes to the houses even of enemies for alms. Indeed, *humility* is harsh for destroying *conceit*. Even a cakravartin just initiated bows to a poor *sadhu* and serves him for a long time, his *conceit* abandoned. So, realizing that the whole sphere of *conceit* is entirely sinful, the sensible man should resort unwearingly to *humility* for its destruction.

Deceit

Deceit is the mother of untruthfulness, the axe to the tree of good conduct, the birth-place of ignorance; the cause of a low condition of existence. Persons who are clever at crookedness, evil through *deceit*, *hypocritical*, deceiving the world, certainly deceive themselves also. Kings deceive the whole world by means of the deceitful six stratagems through trickery and destruction of trusting people because of *greed* for wealth. Brahmans, empty within and strong without, deceive the people by tilakas, signs stamped on their bodies*, charms, and sight of their emaciation. Deceitful merchants, false from contact with gain by the quick method of false weights and measures, deceive the simple people. Heretics *atheists* at heart cheat the simple laymen by wearing matted hair, maunji-grass girdles, top-knots, ashes, bark-dress, fire, et cetera. The world deceives lovers by courtesans not in love (themselves) who make them fall in love by attention to feeling emotion*, sportiveness, and gait.¹⁰⁶ Monied men, after deceiving (others) by false oaths and after

making false cowries¹⁰⁷ are deceived by gamblers. Husband and wife, fathers, sons, full brothers and sisters, one's own friends, masters, servants, and others, too, defraud each other by *deceit*. Greedy for money, pitiless, robbers and thieves, day and night the watchful men trick the careless ones. The artisans and the low castes, living as a result of their own work, defraud the good man by false oaths through *deceit*. Those living in inferior birth-nuclei, Vyantaras, et cetera, having observed them generally negligent, cruelly injure wretched men by numerous tricks. The sea-animals, fish, et cetera, devour their own offspring through trickery; they in turn are injured by fishermen holding nets deceitfully. Creatures on land, foolish, are bound and destroyed by various devices by hunters full of *deceit*. Birds of many kinds, pitiable partridges, et cetera, are injured by *deceit* by cruel persons eager for a little food.* So, in the whole world persons devoted to deceiving others deceive themselves, and destroy their own *dharma** and good condition of existence. *Deceit*, the best seed for producing animal-births, a bar to the city of *emancipation*, a forest-fire to the tree of confidence, must be abandoned by the wise. Mallinatha will be born as a woman, because she practiced very slight *deceit* in a former birth, as she had not removed the arrow of *deceit*.

Sincerity

One should subdue *deceit* which causes injury to people like a serpent by the powerful herb sincerity, the source of joy to the world. Sincerity is celebrated as the straight road to the city of emancipation, characterized by the *abandonment* of pain to et cetera. Sincere people are a delight to the world. People are afraid of crookedness like a snake. The genuine happiness of emancipation, known to themselves, belongs the noble-minded honest in thought and deed, though they are still in worldly existence. How can there be happiness even in a dream to those whose minds are injured by the dart of crookedness, their *souls* deceitful, engaged in injuring others? In the learning of all the sciences and in the study of the arts, sincerity of the fortunate like that of children, appears. The sincerity of children, even though ignorant, is a source of delight. How much more that of minds engaged in interpretation of all the Sastras! Indeed, sincerity is natural; a crooked character is assumed. Then who would leave natural *dharma** and resort to fictitious?

Some fortunate people are unchangeable, like gold statues, in a people full of tricks, *slander*, evasive speech, and *deceit*. All the best ganabhrts, crossing the ocean of learning, look you! listened like

pupils to the *Arhats'* words because of sincerity. By straightforward confession¹⁰⁸ one can throw away all bad karma; by crooked confession bad karma increases, even though it is very small. There is no *emancipation* of persons entirely crooked in body, speech, and mind; but there may be emancipation of persons always straight. The wise man, recognizing that the crookedness of the crooked has very severe karma, should resort to sincerity alone, with a *desire* for emancipation.

Greed

Greed is the *akara*¹⁰⁹ of all faults, a Rakshsa for devouring virtues, a bulb of creepers of calamities, injurious to all things. A man without money wants a hundred; the one with a hundred wants a thousand; the master of a thousand wants a lac; the possessor of a lac; wants a crores; the owner of a crores wants to be a king; a king wants to be a cakravartin; a cakravartin wants to be a god; and a god wants to be an Indra. Even when the rank of an Indra has been attained, since desire is not checked, greed, though small in the beginning, grows like grass. As injury to life is the worst of all evils; as wrong belief is the worst of all karma; as tuberculosis is the worst of all diseases; so *greed* is the worst of all faults.

Oh! *greed* has a one umbrellaed *sovereignty* over the earth, since even trees cover up a deposit, which they have received, with their roots. Even the two-sensed, three-and four-sensed, because of *greed* for money, stand guard over their former deposits with infatuation. Serpents and house-lizards, though chief five-sensed creatures, cling to the places of deposits from *greed* for money. From *greed* Pisacas, Mudgalas, spirits, ghosts, Yaksas, et cetera, stand guard over their own or another's money. Even gods, infatuated with ornaments, gardens, ponds, et cetera, are born in these same things in birth-nuclei of earth-bodies*, et cetera, when they have fallen. Even ascetics, after attaining the stage when *delusion* is quiescent,¹¹⁰ when *anger*, et cetera, have been overcome, fall from the fault of just a particle of greed. Full brothers soon fight from desire for a bit of money, like dogs from desire for food*. From *greed* villagers, ministers, and kings become enemies of each other, their friendship destroyed by the question of boundaries of villages, et cetera.

Greedy people, like actors, portray laughter, grief, enmity, joy, before the master, though obviously not present in themselves. In proportion as the cavity begins to be filled, it increases constantly, a very strange thing ! It is possible that the ocean can be filled water,

with, but *greed* is not satisfied, even though *sovereignty* of the three worlds has been attained. Endless heaps of food, clothes, sense-objects, and money have been enjoyed. Nevertheless, not a particle of *greed* is satisfied. If *greed* has been abandoned, then enough of unnecessary penance; if *greed* has not been abandoned, then enough of useless penance. Pressing out the wealth of the sastras, let this be understood. A wise man should Strive preeminently for the elimination of greed.

Contentment

A wise man should restrain the ocean of greed, overflowing, exceeding bounds, spreading out, by the like of contentment.¹¹¹ Just as a cakravartin is first of men and Pakasasana first of gods, so contentment is the best of all *qualities*. I think the degree of pleasure in a contented *ascetic* and the degree of pain in a discontented cakrin are equal. After renouncing their own kingdoms from thirst for the nectar of contentment, cakravartins instantly attain freedom from interest. When the *desire* for money has been checked, wealth is only an attendant. When the ear is covered with the finger, nothing but sound spreads. Those who are satisfied in the accomplishment of contentment are disgusted with counterparts. In the covering of the eyes, the whole movable and immovable universe is Covered. What is the use of subduing the senses? What is the use of injuring the body? Verily, just from contentment, one sees the face of the sri of *emancipation*. People have the happiness of being free from *greed* are emancipated even though still alive. But, is there any sign of emancipation on the head? What happiness is there filled with love and hate, or originating in sense-objects, on account of which the happiness of blissful emancipation originating in contentment should be cast aside? Let persons whose eyes have been closed by the good counsels of the sastras spoiled by the explanations of other people meditate on the happiness from a taste of contentment. If you regulate actions in accordance with their cause, then let the joy of emancipation produced by the joy of contentment be recognized. Whatever severe penance they call destructive of karma, they know all that is fruitless, if devoid of contentment.

What is the use of ploughing, service, taking care of cattle, and trade, on the part of persons seeking happiness? Pray, does not the *soul* attain *emancipation* from observing contentment? The happiness which the contented feel lying on beds of straw is not felt by the discontented though lying on cotton. Rich men, if dissatisfied, are like straw, compared with rulers. Rulers are like straw, compared

with the satisfied. The happiness arising from the fortune of a cakrin, Sakra, et cetera, is only with effort and it is transitory. That happiness originating in contentment is without effort and it is permanent. So a wise man should resort to contentment, the *abode* of peerless happiness, to destroy greed, the abode of all faults. Thus the one whose passions are conquered, though in this world, shares the happiness of emancipation; but in the next world he certainly attains imperishable emancipation.”

After hearing this sermon by the Lord, many persons became mendicants. Hari^s attained right belief and Sirabhrt became a layman. The Lord finished his sermon when the first watch was completed. Then Arista was made ganabhrt, occupying the Master's footstool. He finished a sermon at the end of the second watch. Then, after bowing to the Arhat, Sakra, Visnu^s, Bala^s and the others went away. The Blessed Dharmanatha, adorned with all the supernatural *qualities*, wandered over the earth from that place to other places.

His congregation

Sixty-four thousand noble ascetics, sixty-two thousand and four hundred nuns, nine hundred who knew the fourteen purvas^r, thirty-six hundred who had clairvoyant knowledge, forty-five hundred who had mind-reading knowledge, and the same hundreds of omniscients, seven hundred munis with the art of transformation, twenty-eight hundred disputants, two hundred and forty thousand laymen, four hundred and thirteen thousand laywomen, formed the Lord's retinue as he wandered for two and a half lacs less two years of years from the time of his *omniscience*.

His emancipation

Knowing that it was time for his emancipation, the Master went to Sammeta with eight hundred munis, and fasted. At the end of a month, on the fifth day of the bright half of Jyestha, the moon being in Puspa, the Master reached the eternal abode with the munis. The gods, Sakra and others, at once held the nirvana-festival of Sri Dharmanatha and the ascetics. Dharmanatha's nirvana was four sagaras after Ananta Swamin's nirvana^s. The Lord lived for two and a half lacs of years as prince, five lacs of years as king, and two and a half lacs of years in the vow. Hence his age was ten lacs of years.

Purusasinha's death

Purusasinha, when his life was completed in the course of time, went to the sixth hell because of various bloody deeds like a lion.

His age was ten lacs of years three hundred years as prince, twelve hundred and fifty years as governor, seventy years in the expedition of conquest, nine hundred and ninety-eight thousand, three hundred and eighty as king.

Sudarsana's death

Then *Bala*^s, who lived for seventeen lacs of years, endured life with difficulty without his younger brother, overcome by affection for his brother. *Sudarsana*^s, powerless from fresh grief at the sight of *Sudarsanabhr*^t's death^{*}, quickly took the vow in the presence of *Sadhu Kirti* when his life was completed, attained *emancipation*.

1. MAGHAVACAKRAVARTI CHARITRA

Previous birth of Maghavan as Amarapati

In this same Bharata in the city Mahimandala there was a king, named Amarapati, in Vasupujya's *congregation*.* Sole lord of the lordless, best of kings, he was attentive to right behavior, like a good *sadhu* to right-conduct. He did not strike his people at all, even with a flower-stalk; he only guarded them carefully like a new flower. He, *discerning*, wore love and wealth like anklets, *dharma** like a crown, in accordance with their lower and higher natures. Arhat, god, teacher, *muni*, dharma, *compassion* these he studied like the syllables of a charm giving the highest happiness.

One day, noble-hearted and wise, he abandoned the kingdom like a disease, after he had given fearlessness to all, and became a *mendicant*. He, with a victory won by the carefulnesses, devoted to protection of the controls, guarded *mendicancy* properly like his kingdom for a long time. He shone brilliantly from *uncensurable mulagunas* and *uttaragunas** like ornaments with divine jewels. He died after keeping the vows for a long time and became a chief-god, an Ahamindra, in the middle Graiveyaka.

Maghavan's parents

Now in Jambudvipa in Bharataksetra, there is a city Sravasti, most important of cities. There Samudravijaya, victorious, was king, like the ocean embodied with innumerable jewels of virtues. He did not leave the hearts of his friends because he gave joy constantly, nor of his enemies because he gave fear* constantly. When he, powerful, was in battles, he faced himself, reflected in the mirror of his drawn shining sword. He made all the quarters completely subject to himself in this very way he gave them glory as an ornament to keep them from going away. He, a herdsman, took proper care of the earth like a *cow*, and took taxes, like milk, at the right time without injury.

His wife was named Bhadra, whose body was fair with virtue and loveliness, the sole *abode* of good fortune. Much time passed as he experienced pleasures of the senses with her without injury to *dharma*.

Birth of Maghavan

Now Amarapati's *soul*, which was in Graiveyaka, descended into Bhadra's womb when it had completed its maximum life. Then Bhadra, comfortably asleep, saw the fourteen great dreams entering her mouth, indicating the birth of a *cakrabhrt*. At the proper time she bore a son, whole, with auspicious* marks, gold color, forty-two and a half bows tall. Saying, "He will certainly be like Maghavan (Indra) on earth," King Samudravijaya gave him the significant name, Maghavan.

Conquest of Bharata

He, victorious, capable, adorned the earth, second to Samudravijaya, like the moon adorning the sky, second to the sun. One day, the cakra-jewel appeared in his *armory*, shining with streams of light, like lightning in a cloud. Then all the other jewels, the priest, et cetera, were produced in succession in their proper places. Following the path of the cakra, he set out with the intention of conquering the quarters, and went to the Lord of Magadhatirtha, the ornament of the eastern ocean. The Lord of Magadhatirtha came because of an arrow marked with his name, which was like a messenger who had come, and undertook service alone. He conquered Varadaman in the south, and also the god, Lord of Prabhasa, in the west, as he had the Lord of Magadha.

Then the cakrin went to the southern bank and conquered Sindhudevi; then, advancing, he arrived at Mt. Vaitadhya. The cakravartin made the Prince of Vaitadhya subject to himself, took presents from him, and went to Tamisra. He conquered duly the god Krtamala, placed like a door-keeper at the entrance to the cave Tamisra. At his command the general crossed the Sindhu by the skin(jewel), subdued her western district and returned. When the opening of the double-doors had been made by the general with the staff-jewel, the cakrin on the elephant-jewel entered the cave with his army. The cakrabhrt, provided with light inside by circles drawn with the cowrie and by a stream of light from the gem-jewel set on the elephant's right boss, crossed the rivers inside, Unmagnajala and Nimagnajala, very difficult to cross, by a path made by the carpenter(-jewel), and with his army left the cave by way of the north entrance whose double-doors opened of their own accord.

Maghavan duly conquered the Kiratas named Apatas, very hard to conquer, like Maghavan (Indra) conquering the asura-soldiers. The general conquered the western district of the Sindhu, and he himself went and subdued the Prince of Himacula. He took the

cowrie-jewel and wrote his own name, "Maghavan Cakravartin," on the peak named Rsabha.

Then Maghavan turned back and had the eastern district of the Ganga^s conquered by the general and he himself subdued the goddess Ganga. The third cakradhara easily subdued the Vidyadhara in the two rows on Mt. Vaitadhya. Knowing the duties of a *cakrabhrt*, he made another, Natyamala, living at the entrance of Khanda-prapata, subject to himself as usual. The cakrin left Vaitadhya by the double-door opened by the general, like a boat leaving the water of the ocean.

The nine treasures, dwelling there at the mouth of the Ganga, Naisarpa, et cetera, submitted to him with pleasure. He had the eastern district of the Ganga conquered by the general. So he conquered six-part Bharata.

Life as cakravartin

Then Maghavan, *resplendent* with the full equipment of a cakravartin, went to Sravasti, like Maghavan (Indra) to Amaravati. There the *coronation* of Maghavan, whose success was complete, as a cakravartin was made fittingly by gods and kings. Though crowned as cakravartin, constantly attended by thirty-two thousand crowned kings, attended by sixteen thousand gods, all his wishes fulfilled by nine treasures, constantly adorned by wreaths of the blue lotuses of the eyes of the sixty-four thousand women of his household, and in other circumstances advantageous for negligence, still he did not become negligent at all in his ancestral layman's duties. He furnished various and numerous shrines, like palaces of the gods, which had statues of the Jinas with gold and jewels. Just as he alone was lord of the earth, so of him the Arhat, god, good *sadhu*, teacher, and *dharma*^{*} consisting of *compassion* were the lords. His senses always restrained, he never abandoned control in pujas in the shrines, like kings in their pujas to him.

His death

After passing his life as a layman without self-control,¹¹² he adopted *mendicancy* fittingly at the time of death.* He lived twenty-five thousand years as prince, twenty-five thousand as governor, ten thousand in the expedition of conquest, three hundred and ninety thousand as cakravartin and fifty thousand in the vow. When he had lived for five hundred thousand years from

birth, pure-minded, recalling the five Paramesthins^s, he died, and became a chief-god, with power equal to Indra's, in Sanatkumara.

2. SANATKUMARCAKRI CHARITRA

Previous incarnations of Sanatkumara as King Vikramayasas and of Asitaksa as Nagadatta

There is here a city, Kancanapura, possessing golden *Splendor* excelling Bhogavati, Amarapuri, Lanka, et cetera. its king was Vikramayasas, whose power was excellent, the lightning of whose splendor increased the rain of the tears of his enemies' wives. There were five hundred gazelle-eyed women in his household, objects of affection, like cow-elephants of an elephant* who is lord of the herd.

At that time there was a very wealthy merchant, Nagadatta, like a treasury of wealth, in the city. Of him there was a wife, like sri of Visnu^s, possessing charm and grace, endowed with exceeding beauty, named Visnusri. they, whose affection for each other was as constant as the color of indigo, passed the time like two sarasas¹¹³ enamored of unhindered love-sport.

In the manner of the crow and the palm^B fruit,¹¹⁴ somehow she came one day into the range of vision of King Vikramayasas. When he saw her, Vikramayasas, whose wealth of discernment was stolen by Manobhu like a thief, reflected thus in his mind :

“Oh, her eyes are charming like a deer's; her abundant Hair beautiful like a peacock's tail; her lips soft and red like a ripe bimba in two parts; her breasts full and arched like pleasure-peaks of Smara^s; her arms straight and soft like young creepers; her waist extremely small, that could be clasped with one hand, like the middle of a thunderbolt; a line of hair, like a row of duckweed; a navel like a whirl-pool; her hips like a beach in the river of loveliness; her thighs like pillars of plantain^B; her feet like lotuses; and all the rest of her whose mind would it not steal? Because his mind was confused by old age, she was bestowed by the Creator unsuitably on some unfit person, like a Sakra-pillar¹¹⁵ in a cemetery. I shall take her away and place her in my own household. Let the blame for placing her unsuitably pass away from the Creator.”

With these reflections Vikramayasas, distracted by Kandarpa, took her and disgraced his glory. The king put her in his household and, very attentive, always pleased her with varied love-sports. The merchant was distracted by separation from her, as if he were possessed by a demon, as if he had eaten dhatura,¹¹⁶ as if he had

caught a disease, as if he had drunk wine, as if he had been smelled by a serpent, as if he had experienced a derangement of the three humors. Time passed, bringing pain and pleasure to the merchant separated from her and to the king united with her.

Because the king constantly delighted in Visnusri, the women of the household, angered by jealousy, used sorcery (against her). Because of the sorcery she withered away moment by moment, like a creeper from an ant at its root, and died. The king was dead, as it were, though alive, from her death^{*}; lamenting and wailing, he became like Nagadatta. He did not permit Visnusri's corpse to be thrown into the fire, saying repeatedly, "My wife is pretending silence." The ministers took counsel and deceived the king. They took Visnusri's body and threw it into the forest. "Just now you were here." Why, beloved, are you not visible? Enough of this game of disappearing, the companion of separation. For the fire of separation, knowing vulnerable points, is not joined with play. Why do you not grieve because of my grief? For we always had one *soul*. Have you gone alone to some pleasure-stream from curiosity? Or did you ascend a pleasure-mountain, or did you go to a pleasure-garden? How can you play without me? I am coming."

Talking in this way, the king wandered in various places, as if out of his senses. When three days had passed since he had eaten or drunk, the ministers feared for the king's life and showed him her body. When he had seen Visnusri's body, with its hair exceedingly disordered like a bear, with its eyes pecked out by wild herons, like a hare in the grass, with its breasts chewed by vultures eager for flesh, all its intestines pulled out by jackals, having an unlovely appearance, covered with swarms of flies like sweet rice-water, filled with ants like a dish of eggs broken by a fall, smelling of putrefaction, Vikramayasas at once became disgusted with existence and reflected:

"Oh! there is nothing whatever of value in this worthless worldly existence. For how long a time have we been deluded by the idea of value in her, alas! No one who knows the highest good, indeed, is ensnared by women with *qualities* that are purely incidental like the color of turmeric. Women covered by skin are charming outside, filled with liver, excrement, impurities, phlegm, marrow, and bone, fastened together by muscles. If there could be a transposition of the outside and inside of a woman's body, its lover would conceal (within himself) a vulture and jackal. If Kama^s wishes to conquer the world with women as a weapon, why does he, confused in mind, not take a weapon in the form of a small feather? I will root

up completely the root of *desire* for that love by which, alas! everything is transformed.”

With these reflections, disgusted with *samsara*, noble-minded, he went and took initiation at the feet of *Acharya* Suvrata. Free from interest in the body, he dried himself up by penances of one day, two days, a month, et cetera, as the sun dries up water by its rays. After practicing severe penance, in course of time he died and became a chief-god in Sanatkumara with a maximum life.

Other Previous births of Sanatkumara

Then at the end of his life he fell and was born a merchant's son, Jinadharma, in the city Ratnapura. Even from childhood, he always observed the twelvefold *dharma** of the layman, like the ocean observing its boundary. Worshipping the Tirthakaras with the eightfold puja, feeding the monks with gifts of food* free from faults, et cetera, possessing extraordinary *devotion*, favoring his coreligionists, like brothers, with gifts, he passed some time.

Now, Nagadatta, grieved by the separation from his wife, wandered in animal-births after death* because of painful meditation* (artadhyana). Wandering through births for a long time, he became a Brahman's son, Agnisarma, in the city Sinhapura. In course of time he became a three-staved *ascetic* and went to the city Ratnapura, devoted to severe penance of two months, et cetera. Harivahana was the king in that city. He was a Vaisnava and he heard that an ascetic had come. At the time for breaking his fast, he was invited by the king and went to the palace. By chance he saw Jinadharma. Then because of the hostility of a former birth, the Rsi^s, red-eyed from *anger*, spoke to King Harivahana whose hands were joined (respectfully):

“If you set a very hot dish of rice-pudding on this merchant's back and feed me, O king, then I shall eat, but not otherwise”

“I will set the dish on another man's back and feed you,” the king replied to the Rusi. He, angered, repeated, “If you set the very hot dish of rice-pudding on his back, I shall eat, O lord of kings; otherwise, I shall certainly go away with my desire unaccomplished.”

The king consented because he was a Vaisnava. What kind of discernment have men outside the Jaina teaching? At the king's command his (Jinadharma's) back was given the Brahman while he ate and he endured the heat of the dish like an elephant* a forest-fire. “This is the result of my former action, nothing else. May it be destroyed by this (result), a friend,” he reflected for a long time,

When he had eaten, the pudding-dish was pulled up from his back together with blood, flesh, fat, and serum, like an inlaid brick with mud. Jinadharmā, learned in the religion of the Jinās, went home, summoned his people, all of them, and bestowed and begged forgiveness for all faults. Jinadharmā made a puja in the shrine, went to the monks and adopted *mendicancy* according to rules. He left the city, ascended a mountain-top, made final renunciation, and practiced kayotsarga* for two weeks (facing) the east. He performed kayotsarga in the other directions also, though torn by birds, vultures, herons, et cetera, with their beaks.

Incarnation of Sanatkumara as Sakra

Enduring the pain in this way, engaged in the namaskara (to the Pancaparamesthins*), he died and became the Indra in the heaven Saudharma.

Birth of Asitaksa as Airavana

The three-staved *ascetic* died and, because of his Servant-karma, became the elephant* Airavana, the vehicle of Sakra,

When his life as Airavana was finished, the *soul* of the three-staved ascetic fell and, after wandering through births, was born as a king of Yakṣas, Asitaksa.

Incarnation as Sanatkumara His parents

Now, in Jambudvīpa in Bharata-kṣetra in the country Kurujangala, there was a city Hastinapura. There Asvasena was king, by whom the circle of the earth was covered with an army of horses; and the circle of his enemies was subdued by his rounded sword. In him, the Mt. Rohana of the jewels of virtues, there was not the least atom of a fault, like a water-worm in milk. Sri stood on his sword, as if to perform a very difficult task, with a *desire* for good fortune, thinking, "I am like straw compared with him." He experienced great delight when beggars had come and he was depressed in accordance with his desire to give when they asked for little. His chief queen was named Sahadevi, in beauty like some goddess who had come to earth.

His birth

When it had enjoyed Sakra's rank for some time, its life completed, Jinadharmā's *soul* descended from the first heaven into her womb. Sahadevi saw at once the fourteen great dreams, the elephant, et cetera, entering her mouth. At the right time she bore a son marked with all the marks, with a wealth of peerless beauty, the

color of real gold. Then the king gave him the name of Sanatkumara at a great festival which gave joy to the world,

Childhood

The child, his body fair as a piece of gold, delighting the eyes of the people like a young moon, gradually grew up. Passing from lap to lap of kings, he looked just like a *hansa* going from lotus to lotus. Even as a child, just from being seen, he stole the eyes and minds of gazelle-eyed women by his incomparable beauty. He drank in grammar with its divisions, the mother of complete knowledge, which was poured from his guru's mouth, as easily as a sip of water. He grasped completely military science and statecraft, pillars of the palace of *sovereignty*, like other pillars in the form of arms for himself. He acquired all the other arts also with ease; and gradually grew up like a spotless moon (*kalanidhi*). His body was forty-one and a half bows tall, and he attained youth from childhood like heaven from the world of mortals.

His horse carries him into the forest

He had a very intimate friend, the son of Kalindi and Sura, named Mahendrasinha, whose strength was celebrated. One day when spring had come, he went to the garden Makaranda with Kalindi's son from a *desire* to play. There Sanatkumara amused himself with his friend in various sports, like a young god in Nandana. Then the king's stud-master sent horses as gifts, which were skilled in five gaits, marked with all the marks. He gave Sanatkumara one horse*, Jaladhikallola (Ocean-wave) by name, unsteady as a wave. The prince abandoned his play and mounted the horse. Always horses and elephants are of great interest to princes. Taking the whip in one hand and the bridle in the other, with a light seat in the saddle, he started the horse by (pressure of) his thighs. It ran forward rapidly, not touching the earth with its feet, as it were, going rather in the air, as if to see the horses of the sun. Whenever the prince pulled the horse with the bridle, he ran all the more, as he had inverted training. In a moment the horse left the prince on horseback even though they were running, like a Raksasa in the form of a horse. Instantly the horse with the prince on his back became invisible to the kings, even while they looked on, like the moon to the constellations.

Search for him

Asvasena went after his son, who had been carried away by his horse* like a boat by a river's flood, with a troop of horses to bring him back. "Here he goes. The horse goes here. Here are his tracks. Here is his foam." While the people were saying this, a strong wind arose, cruel, a bellows for the whole universe, unseasonable, blinding the eyes like the night at the end of the world. The soldiers were hidden by the cruel dust from all directions like houses by walls of cloth and were not able to lift a foot as if they were transfixed by a charm. The tracks and foam, signs of the horse as it traveled, were all destroyed by a series of dust-waves. Neither low ground, nor high ground, nor level ground, nor trees, et cetera, were visible. All the people were just as if they had entered Patala. The soldiers, whose expedients were useless, became confused, like sea-faring merchants whose boats were being filled with ocean-water.

Mahendrasinha bowed to Asvasena and said: "Your Majesty, this is certainly an act of fate which has cruel acts. Otherwise, why the prince, why the horse from a distant country, why the prince's mounting it whose habits were unknown, why the carrying off the prince by the wicked horse, or why the strong wind by which the range of sight is hidden by the extraordinary dust? Nevertheless I, having conquered fate like a vassal on the border, will bring him back, searching for my friend like a master. In the caves and on the high peaks of great mountains, in forests difficult of access because of the unbroken mass of trees, in the chasms of river-banks resembling Patala, in places, without water and other dangerous places, search for the prince will be easy for me with a retinue, or even alone in some places like a spy, O lord. That is not suitable here and there for Your stay with a large army because of the inequality the entrance of an elephant* into a small road."

Mahendrasinha goes in search of the prince

Asvasena, restrained by him saying this again and again, clinging to his feet, returned in grief to his own city. At once Mahendrasinha entered the great forest with a small choice retinue, hard to restrain like an elephant. He penetrated it in every direction to hunt for Sanatkumara, (the forest) whose paths were uneven from stones thrown tip by the horns of rhinoceroses, whose pools were muddied by boars entering them because they were tormented by heat, whose thickets were echoing with the loud growls of bears, terrifying from the cries of tigers lying in thickets, filled with herds of black antelope bewildered by packs of leaping leopards, whose trees were

encircled by strong boa-constrictors who had swallowed animals, with trees whose shade was a path frequented by herds of deer, the paths to whose rivers are blocked by lions drinking water with their lioness-friends, and difficult to travel because the roads were covered with branches of trees which had been broken by rutting elephants.

His army was scattered as he wandered over the great forest which was horrible from thorny trees and wild animals, from holes and mounds. Deserted by ministers, friends, et cetera, who were completely exhausted, he gradually became solitary like a *muni* who has abandoned all association. Again he wandered alone in deep thickets and caves of the mountains, like the lord of a settlement of a wild tribe, carrying a bow. At the trumpeting of forest-elephants, at the roars of lions he ran with the idea that they were shouts of the hero Sanatkumara. Not seeing his friend there, he jumped up at the sound of a waterfall and ran to another place with the idea that it was he. For such is the course of affection. He said to the rivers, elephants, and lions, "Since that is the voice of my brother, then he is at your side. The whole can be grasped from the sight of a part."

The seasons

Not seeing his friend anywhere, he climbed tall trees and looked in all directions again, like a traveler who has lost the way. He passed the spring, alone, like the son of a poor man, like a sorrowful man among the asokas, confused among the bakulas, impatient among the saharakas, weak among the mallikas, scornful among the karnikaras, pale among the patalas, remote among the sinduvaras, trembling among the campakas, turned away from the winds of *Malaya* as well as the khalas, his ears bursting from the singing of the fifth note by the cuckoos, his burning pain unallayed even by moonlight.

He spent the hot season wandering alone, parched at every step by the dust heated by the rays of the sun which cooked the nails of his lotus-feet like a scattered fire of chaff; disregarding the burning of his feet, as if making a magic quenching of fire, on the road hard to traverse because of the ashes of forest-fires just extinguished; ignoring the heat of his body from many hot winds like flames of fire, like a mountain-ranging elephant*; and drinking the muddy, hot water of rivers, like a sick man medicines.

His heart unshaken by clouds emitting fires in the form of lightning like Raksases emitting flames from their mouths, terrifying to all; not bewildered at all, as if he wore armor, though being struck

by rain with unbroken torrents like sharp arrows; crossing without effort, like a rajahansa, here and there the forest-streams with trees uprooted by their speed, though they were difficult to cross; traversing the muddy road with ease, like a boar, he spent the rainy season, wandering in search of his friend.

Enduring the terrible heat of Citra¹¹⁷ on his head and the hot sand on his feet, as if he were living in the cavity of a fire-vessel; his mind unceasingly on clear water, lotuses, birds, hansas, et cetera, crying, "Where are you? Where are you, friend?" going among charging elephants irritated by the saptaparna which smells like *ichor*, like an elephant* that had come into the forest; carried forward by the wind fragrant with lotuses like a friend, he spent the autumn, wandering like an autumn-cloud.

The water of ponds and rivers being made into ice by the north wind like a brother of Mt. Hima; the rows of red lotuses, day-blooming white lotuses, night-blooming white lotuses, and blue lotuses in the water being consumed everywhere (by cold), incombustible even by a forest-fire; the Kiratas suffering from cold and even wishing for a forest-fire; he passed the winter, surely possessing a strong determination.

Taking steps fearlessly in old leaves, fallen knee-deep from trees, which concealed snakes and scorpions; unshaken at the roars of lions whose ears were pricked up and who had been awakened by noises painful to hear, as if they knew the weak points of the ears; satisfying his hunger only by eating fresh shoots, he passed the cool weather, though he himself was not cool because of worry about his friend.

Meeting with Sanatkumara

So a year passed while Mahendrasinha wandered over the forest in the search for Sanatkumara. One day, after he had gone some distance in the forest, he stopped and looked at the sky, his face upturned like an astrologer. Then unconfused, he heard at once the noise of birds, ducks, curlews, hansas, and cranes. Revived by a wind carrying the fragrance of lotuses, he inferred, "There is a pool here." Thinking to meet his friend, he ran like a rajahansa to the pool with tears of joy. As he ran forward, he heard a song beautiful with the gandharagrama, the sweet noise of flutes, and the delightful sound of lutes. He saw his friend, Sanatkumara, pleasing to the sight, in the midst of young women with brilliant garments and ornaments.

“Is that my dear friend? Or is it someone’s trickery? Or is it magic? Or has he come from my heart? “As he was thinking this, he heard this *elixir* for the ears recited by a bard: “O Sanatkumara, *hansa* to the pool of the Kura race, moon to the ocean of Asvasena, Manobhava to good fortune, long live! O tree, supporting creepers of the arms of Vidyadhara-women, becoming rich by the wealth from victory over the two rows of Vaitadhya, long live!”

After hearing that, he advanced into Sanatkumara’s range of vision, like an elephant*, burned by the heat, into the ocean. Falling at his lotus-feet simultaneously with a flood of tears from joy, he was embraced by Sanatkumara who had risen and raised him up. Both shed tears of joy, like clouds in the rainy season, astonished at their unexpected meeting with each other. With hair erect from joy, they sat down on costly seats watched by the Vidyadhara-princes with astonishment. Their eyes and minds were on each other and nothing else, like yogis engaged in the position of meditation on the form of the Tirthankaras. Then Mahendrasinha’s weariness was destroyed by union with Prince Sanatkumara, like disease by a divine healing herb. Wiping tears of joy from his eyes, Sanatkumara said to Mahendrasinha in a voice with a flood of nectar:

“How have you come here? And why are you alone? And how did you know I was here? And how have you spent the time? And how did my honored father live on separation from me? And why did my parents send you alone into this inaccessible place?”

Questioned thus by the prince, Mahendrasinha, his voice choked with tears, related his past adventures just as they happened. Then Sanatkumara had him fed, bathed, et cetera, by skilful Vidyadhara-women. After that, Mahendrasinha, his eyes wide open with astonishment, his hands folded respectfully, said to Sanatkumara: “Please tell me how far you were carried away by the horse* then; and what else happened to you during separation from me, beginning with that; and whence this magnificence, if this is not a secret of yours which must be concealed from me.”

At these words Sanatkumara reflected in his mind: “Nothing at all must be concealed from this friend who is like myself. Noble men are embarrassed at their experiences being related even by others, though truthfully; how can I tell my own adventures? Let it be thus.” With these reflections Asvasena’s son instructed his wife seated at his left side, “My dear Bakulamatika, knowing (all) there is to be known by means of a magic art, tell my true story to Mahendrasinha. Now sleep is making buds of my lotus-eyes.”

His previous adventures in the forest

With these words he went to the pleasure-house, wishing to sleep. Then Bakulamati said: "On that day your friend was carried away by the horse*, as you looked on. He was made to enter the great forest, which was very terrible like a secret play-ground of the god *Samavartin*. The next day as the horse went along in the fifth gait, it stopped in the middle of the day, suffering from hunger and thirst, and put out its tongue. Aryaputra¹¹⁸ got down from the horse, whose throat was filled with breath and whose feet were transfixed, as from the roof of a house about to fall. He himself cut the long girth and took the saddle and bridle from the horse. The horse reeled and fell to the ground and was at once deserted by breath as if from fear* of destruction at the same time. Then Aryaputra wandered here and there in search of water because of thirst, and did not see anyone in the forest which was like a desert. Your friend became confused because of his physical delicacy and fatigue from long travelling and from a forest-fire. After he had gone a long distance, he sat down quickly at the foot of a saptaparna and fell on the ground, his eyes closed (in a faint).

Then from the power of his merit a Yaksa, a forest-divinity, sprinkled his body with cool water like nectar. When he had become conscious, he got up, drank the water he gave him and asked him slowly, 'Who are you and where is the water from?' The Yaksa-king said, 'I am a Yaksa living here and for your sake I brought this water from Manasa,' Then Aryaputra said again, 'This intense burning in my body will not stop without a bath in Lake Manasa, 'I shall fulfill your wish,' the best of Yaksas said and put him in a plantain-bowl and took him to Lake Manasa. There he bathed Aryaputra according to rule with cool pure water, like an elephant-driver bathing an elephant.* Aryaputra's weariness, penetrating his whole body, was removed by the water with a pleasant touch like skilled shampooers.

Fight with Asitaks

The Yaksa Asitaksa, an enemy of your friend from a former birth, came there like a new Krtanta to slaughter him. "O villain, stop! You have been watched by me for a long time, like an elephant by a hungry lion. How far will you go?" Abusing him in this bragging way, he uprooted a tree and threw it he, a low fellow at Aryaputra, as easily as a stick. Your friend knocked away the falling tree with his hand and made it fall, like an elephant making fall the bellows of an elephant-driver. Then the Yaksa made the earth dark

with thick dust, as if the end of the world had suddenly taken place. He created Pisacas by magic with bodies* gray as smoke, twin-brothers of darkness, with terrifying forms. They, with faces horrible with jets of flame like living funeral pyres, uttering bursts of laughter like the noise of a falling thunderbolt, with red hair and red eyes like mountains with fires, with pendent tongues like trees with snakes in their cavities, with sharp mouths with large fangs like saws, they ran to Aryaputra, like flies to honey.

When Aryaputra saw them wandering about, distorted in shape like actors from a stage, he was not in the least terrified. He bound the bold Aryaputra, who was unterrified by the Pisacas, with magic nooses resembling nooses of untimely *Yama*. Aryaputra tore them all apart easily with a blow of his hand, like an active elephant* a bower of vines. The Yaksa, disconcerted, then struck him with blows of his hand, like a lion a mountain-plateau with blows of his tail. Aryaputra struck him with his fist, the essence of the thunderbolt, like an angry elephant-driver striking an elephant with an iron ball. The Yaksa struck Aryaputra with a very heavy hammer bound with iron, like a cloud striking a mountain with lightning. Aryaputra struck the Yaksa, who was increasing (in size), with a sandal tree which he had pulled up and the Yaksa fell to the ground, completely exhausted, like a dry tree.

The Yaksa lifted a mountain easily as a large rock and, angry, threw it on top of Aryaputra. He became Unconscious at once from the blow with the mountain, his lotus-eyes closed as if in a pool in the evening. When he had become conscious again, Aryaputra scattered the mountain, like a great wind scattering a cloud, and began to fight vigorously with his arms. Your friend hit him (the Yaksa) with the staff of his arm, like *Yama* with a rod, and broke him into little pieces. But he did not die, because he was a god. Then Asitaksa fled with speed like the wind, howling disagreeably like a pig about to die. Goddesses and Vidyadhara-women, who had been watching the spectacle of the fight, rained flowers on your friend, like Sris of the seasons themselves.

Sanatkumara's marriages

Then in the afternoon Aryaputra left Manasa with a firm mind and went a short distance like a rutting elephant. He saw Khecara-maidens who had come there from Nandana, resembling embodied life-giving herbs for Smara*. Your friend was regarded by them casting slow glances, which were like svayamvara*-wreaths, in a way delightful with emotion* and feeling. Wishing to ascertain the

true state of affairs, Aryaputra, lord of the *eloquent*, approached them with a nectar-sweet voice:

‘Of what noble men are you the daughters, ornaments of the family? And why do you adorn this forest?’ They replied: ‘Noble sir, we are the eight daughters of a king of the Vidyadharas, distinguished Bhanuvega. Our father’s excellent city is not far from here. Adorn it by reposing there like a rajahansa on a lotus.’

So answered by them politely, your friend went to their city as if to perform the evening rites, and the sun sank into the ocean. They had your friend, who was an herb for curing the wound of anxiety for a husband, conducted by the *harem*-guards to their father’s presence. Bhanuvega rose to greet him and spoke to him:

‘By good fortune, our house is pure since you, a heap of merit, have come. By your appearance alone you are known to be well-born and powerful. For the birth of the moon from the Ocean of Milk is inferred from appearance alone. Since you are a suitable husband for the maidens, I ask you to marry them, the eight of them. For a jewel is joined with gold.

Urged by him in this way, your friend married the right, who were like Sris of the directions, with proper rites at that very time. With the marriage string tied on (his wrist), he went to sleep in the pleasure-house with them; and; occupying a jeweled couch, he experienced the pleasure of sleep. Instantly Asitaksa lifted him up, when he was overcome by sleep, and threw him down somewhere else. A trick is stronger than the strong even. At the end of his sleep, your friend, seeing himself with the marriage-string on the ground, alone in the forest, thought, ‘What has happened?’ Wandering again in the forest, alone as before, he saw a seven-storied lofty palace. ‘Is this a magic display by some sorcerer?’ With these reflections, Aryaputra went to the palace. He heard there a young woman crying in a pitiful tone like an osprey, which made even the forest weep. Aryaputra, a hero in *compassion*, mounted to the palace’s seventh floor which presented the appearance of a palace of a constellation. Your friend saw there a maiden whose eyes were full of tears, miserable, her face bent down, her body fair with beauty and grace, saying again and again, ‘O Sanatkumara, belonging to the Kuru race, may you, and no one else, be my husband in another birth, at least.’

Doubtful at the thought, ‘Who is she to me?’ from hearing his own name, he went before her, like a wished-for divinity in person, and said: ‘Fair lady, who is Sanatkumara? Who are you? Why have you come here? What is your trouble because of which you weep,

recalling him?’ So addressed by him, the girl experienced joy against her will and spoke in a sweet voice as if raining nectar:

‘I am the daughter, Sunanda by name, of King Surastra, lord of Saketapura, and his queen, Candrayasas. Sanatkumara, by whose beauty Manmatha^s is humiliated, is the son of King Asvasena, the sun to the sky of the Kuru line. He, long-armed, is my husband merely in wish, since I was given to him by my parents with the pouring of water into the hand.¹¹⁹ Then a Vidyadhara’s son brought me, before the marriage was held, here from my own palace-roof, like a robber bringing another man’s property. He created this palace by magic and left me here in this very place. The Vidyadhara went somewhere. I do not know. What will happen?’

Then Aryaputra said: ‘Do not fear’, O timid-eyed lady. I myself am Sanatkumara, the Kuru, whom you well remember.’ She replied: ‘After a long time now you, like a good dream, have been made by fate to appear within my range of vision. Thank heaven, my lord!’

While they were talking in this way, the Vidyadhara, Vajravega by name, the son of Asanivega, came, red-eyed from *anger*. The Vidyadhara-boy lifted Aryaputra and made him fly up, giving the appearance of a bird by his ascent. Saying, ‘Oh! lord, lord, I am destroyed by fate,’ she fell on the ground in a *swoon*, like an old leaf. Aryaputra, angry, killed the evil Vajravega with his fist which had the strength of adamant, like killing a handful of mosquitoes. Uninjured, Aryaputra approached her bringing joy to the blue lotus-eyes, like the moon. He restored her and wisely married her at once, for she had been indicated by the best astrologers as a ‘woman-jewel.’

At once Vajravega’s sister came there, a maiden named Sandhyavali, and she was angry at her brother’s death.* Recalling the saying of astrologers, ‘Your brother’s slayer will be your husband,’ she became calm at once. Whose own *desire* is not paramount? Desiring Aryaputra, for a husband, the maid approached like a second Sri of victory engaged in a *svayamvara*.* Sunanda, joyful, gave her consent to your friend and he married the infatuated woman with a *gandharva-marriage*.¹²⁰

Battle with Asanivega

Just then two Vidyadharas came, brought a chariot and armor to Asvasena’s son and said: ‘Asanivega, lord of Vidyadharas, Vajravega’s father, has learned that he has been killed by you, like a snake by a garuda. He, concealing the sky by his army of Vidyadharas, possessing the strength of the elephants of the quarters, comes to

fight you, an ocean with the salt-water of *anger*. We are your brothers-in-law and have come to help, sent by our fathers, Candravega and Bhanuvega. Get into the chariot they sent, which resembles Indra's chariot, take that armor, and subdue the enemy's army. Know that Candravega and Bhanuvega, who have come to help with conveyances swift as the wind, are like other forms of yourself.'

Just then Candravega and Bhanuvega came with great armies, like the eastern and western oceans with great rivers. Then a noise arose from the throngs of Asanivega's soldiers, as he advanced, like that from Puskaravartaka-clouds in the sky. Just then Sandhyavali gave Aryaputra the vidya Prajnaptika. For women adhere to their husbands' party. Aryaputra armed himself and got in to the chariot, eager for battle. For the warrior-caste is fond of battle. Candravega, Bhanuvega, and other Vidyadharas, Rahu to the moon of their enemies' glory, surrounded him with their soldiers. Crying, 'Capture! capture! kill! kill!' Asanivega's soldiers advanced with great speed. On both sides the soldiers, devoid of weakness, fought like cocks, flying up repeatedly, striking angrily. Then nothing else was heard except the sound of their battle-cries; nothing else was seen except their blazing weapons.* The soldiers retreated and advanced, they gave and received blows repeatedly, expert in battle like elephants. After they had fought for a long time and the soldiers of both were exhausted, Asanivega appeared with his chariot swift as the wind. 'Ha! Ha! where is Vajravega's enemy, a new guest for the house of *Yama*?' Insulting his enemies with these words, he strung his bow. Saying, 'I am he, Vajravega's enemy, O new guest of the house of *Yama*,' Aryaputra strung his bow. Then a battle between the two very powerful men took place, arrow against arrow, causing the multitude of the sun's rays to disappear.

After Aryaputra and the king of Vidyadharas, intent on killing each other, had fought with missiles and also with clubs, et cetera, without reaching a victory, they fought with cruel divine missiles, the serpent-missile, the garuda-missile, the fire and water-missiles, checked and checking.¹²¹

The Vidyadhara-king discharged an arrow after twanging his bow and Aryaputra cut his bow string, like his life, with an arrow. Asvasena's son cut off half the arm, like half the glory, of Asanivega as he ran forward, after drawing his sword. Like an elephant* with one tusk broken, like a boar with one tusk lost, even though one arm was cut off, he ran on because of excessive *anger*. As he ran forward to strike, biting his lower lip with his teeth, my husband cut off his head with the cakra delivered to him by the vidya¹²²

Then Asvasena's Laxmi of *sovereignty* joined my husband completely. For the courageous man is the home of Sri. Asvasena's son, confident, went to Vaitadhya with Candravega and other kings of the Vidyadharas. His installation as overlord of the Vidyadharas was held by the Vidyadhara-lords who had been reduced to the rank of footmen. He, whose magnificence was unequaled, held an eight-day festival there in honor of the images of the immortal *Arhats*, like Sakra in Nandisvara.

Other marriages

One day, my father Candravega, crest-jewel of the Vidyadharas, said to Aryaputra respectfully: 'One day in the past I saw and questioned a certain *muni* whose power was unequaled, an ocean of knowledge, and he said, "The fourth cakrin, Sanatkumara, will marry your hundred daughters, Bakulamati, et cetera." By good fortune you came here, when I was occupied with the thought, "How is he to be met? How is he to be asked to marry these girls?" Be gracious. Marry these hundred maidens, O lord. For the request of the great is not vain and the speech of sages is not vain.'

Your friend, the wishing-gem of beggars, when he had been requested thus by my father, married the hundred girls, myself and others. Your friend, surrounded by Vidyadharas, passed the time pleasantly, amusing himself sometimes with pleasing concerts, sometimes with excellent plays, now with choice stories, now by looking at paintings, at times with festivals of water-sports in divine pools, at times with the pastime of gathering flowers in rows of gardens, and with other sports. Because of sport your friend came here and you were met; and the wish of a cruel fate was frustrated."

Return to Hastinapura

As Bakulamati said this, Sanatkumara came from the pleasure-house like an elephant from a pool. Attended by Vidyadharas he went then to Mt. Vaitadhya with Mahendrasinha, like Indra to Sumeru. He passed the time, endowed with great magnificence. One day, Mahendrasinha made this suitable declaration to him: "Master, my mind rejoices very greatly at this magnificence of yours. Your parents are unhappy, grieved at separation from you, recalling you constantly. Devoted to their son, I think your parents look at every one resembling them with the thought, 'That is Sanatkumara; that is Mahendra.' So be gracious. Let us go to the city Hastinapura. Give joy to your parents like the moon to the ocean."

When his friend had made this explanation, Sanatkumara, a thunderbolt to the mountain of enemies, went eagerly to the city Hastinapura at once, together with his wives and friends, attended by hundreds of Vidyadhara-lords with armies, making the sky appear to have various suns by shining aerial cars, his umbrella carried by some Vidyadharas, his *chauris* waved by some, his slippers carried by others, a palm-leaf fan and staff being held by some; his betel-box being carried by others; the road being described by some, diversions being shown by others, his virtues being praised by others some of them mounted on elephants and some on horses, some in chariots and some on foot, going through the air.

He rejoiced his parents there, *afflicted* by sorrow, and the citizens by the sight of himself, as a cloud rejoices people suffering from the heat of summer. King Asvasena, delighted at heart, established Sanatkumara in his kingdom and Mahendrasinha as his general. The king accomplished his own purpose when he had taken initiation in the presence of the elders in the *congregation** of the Tirthakrt, Sri *Dharma*.*

Installation as cakravartin. The fourteen great jewels, the cakra, et cetera, of Sanatkumara guarding the kingdom, came into existence. Following the path of the cakra he conquered then the six-part Bharataksetra and the treasures, Naisarpa, et cetera. After he had conquered Bharata in ten thousand years, he entered Hastinapura with the elephant* that had become a jewel.¹²³ By means of clairvoyant knowledge Sahasraksa saw him, noble-souled, as he entered and regarded him like himself in person because of friendship. "Because he was the Indra of Saudharm in a former birth, he is my brother"; and from affection Sakra instructed Kubera: "This best of Sakras, the cakrin, moon to the ocean of the Kuru-line, the son of King Asvasena, noble, is like my brother. Sanatkumara enters his own city today, after conquering the six parts of Bharata. Arrange his Installation as cakrin."

At once Hari^s gave a long necklace, a sasimala, an umbrella, two chauris, a crown, a pair of earrings, two garments of devadusya, a lion-throne, slippers, and a shining foot-stool to Kubera for Sanatkumara. Quickly Indra instructed others also Tilottama, Urvasi, Mena, Rambha, Tumburu,¹²⁴ and Narada in regard to the installation. Then Kubera went with them to Nagapura and told Sanatkumara Sakra's instructions. With Sanatkumara's consent Dhanada created a platform of jewels for a *yojana* which was like the slope of Mt. Rohana. Above it Dhanada made at once a divine pavilion and in the center a dais of jewels and on it he set a lion-

throne. At Dhanada's command water was brought from the Ocean of Milk by the gods, and costly perfumes, garlands, et cetera, by all the kings.

After apprising Sanatkumara, Kubera seated him on the lion-throne and gave him Sakra's presents. Sanatkumara's entourage, the *vassals*, et cetera, stood, each in its proper place, like Vajrapani's Samanikas, et cetera. then the gods consecrated him as cakravartin with pure water, just like the *consecration* of Sri Nabhi's son as king.

An auspicious* song was begun by Tumburu and others; musical instruments*, drums, et cetera, were beaten by the gods; dancers, Rambha, Urvasi, et cetera, danced; and various plays were produced by the Gandharvas. After the gods had consecrated Sanatkumara in this way, they provided him with divine garments, ointments, ornaments, and wreaths. Kubera, delighted, had Sanatkumara mount the elephant-jewel (decorated) with fragrant saffron and enter Hastinapura. After filling Hastinapura with wealth, like his own city, Kubera departed, dismissed by the cakravartin.

His *consecration*, the water-channel to the creeper of his *sovereignty*, was made by crowned kings and other vassals also. Because of his *coronation*-festival the city Hastinapura was exempted from fines, customs-duties, entrance of soldiers, et cetera, for twelve years. The cakrin protected his subjects fittingly like a father, very magnificent like Sakra, and did not oppress them by taxes, et cetera. As there was no one his equal in power, so there was no one his equal in beauty in the three worlds.

At that time Sakra, seated on his lion-throne in Sudharma, was having a play, named Saudamini, presented. The god Sangama came there from Aisana-kalpa, extinguishing the *splendor* of all the gods by the brightness of his body, astonishing the gods present in the assembly by his beauty beyond criticism, surpassing the beauty of all. When he had gone, the gods asked Sakra, "What is the reason for his extraordinary *splendor* and beauty unparalleled?" Sakra explained: "In a former birth he performed the penance *acamamla* vardhamana*.¹²⁵ Because of that this beauty and brilliance resulted." "Is there anyone else in the three worlds like him?" asked again by the gods, the Indra of Saudharma said, "There is no beauty anywhere else among gods or men like that of King Sanatkumara, the ornament of the Kuru-line."

Two gods, *Vijaya* and *Vaijayanta*, who did not believe this description of his beauty, descended to earth. In the form of Brahmans they stood at the door of the king's palace near the door-keeper for

the purpose of inspecting Sanatkumara's beauty. Sanatkumara was just then beginning his bath; all his finery had been taken off and he was *anointing* his body. The two Brahmans at the door were announced by the door-keeper and the cakravartin, acting properly, had them enter then. When they saw Sanatkumara, their minds were filled with astonishment; they shook their heads and reflected:

"The surface of his forehead surpasses the moon of the eighth night; the eyes extending to the tips of his ears overcome the beauty of the blue lotus; the lips excel the color of the ripe bimba; the ears are superior to mother-of-pearl; and the neck is victorious over Pancajanya^s; the arms cause censure of the shape of the trunk of the king of elephants; the chest is the thief of the beauty of a slab of Svarnasaila; his waist resembles the loin of a young lion. What else? The beauty of his body is not within the range of speech. Oh! there is some unchecked flood of the river of loveliness because of which we are not conscious of the ointment, like starlight because of moonlight. He looks just as Indra described, not otherwise. Verily, high-minded persons never speak falsely."

Questioned by Sanatkumara, "Why have you come here, best of Brahmans?" they replied: "O tiger among men, your beauty is sung in the world of the moving and unmoving, causing unparalleled astonishment. After learning about it at a distance, we, filled with overflowing curiosity, came to see for ourselves, O king. Your beauty is seen to be just as wonderful as we had heard it described among the people."

Sanatkumara, his lips covered with a smile, said, "How can so much beauty be in a body covered with ointment? Stay here and wait a moment, best of Brahmans, until we finish the bath. Look again at my form prepared with various embellishments, adorned with many ornaments, like gold with jewels."

Then the king, after he had bathed and put on fine garments and ornaments, presided over the assembly with great pride, like the sun over the sky. Then the two Brahmans were allowed to appear before the king and observed his beauty. Depressed, they thought: "Where have his beauty, his *splendor*, his grace gone in a moment? Verily, everything of mortals is momentary."

The king said, "Why were you delighted before when you looked at me and now suddenly gloomy-faced from sadness?" Then they said in a nectar-sweet voice: "O fortunate one, we are gods, dwelling in the heaven Saudharma. In the assembly of the gods Sakra described your beauty. We did not believe him and came here in the form of mortals to see it. We saw your beauty at first just as

described by Sakra; just now, O king, it has changed-Now this body has become completely overspread by diseases, thieves of the whole wealth of beauty, like a mirror by a breath."

After they had made this truthful answer and had quickly departed, the king saw himself lusterless like a tree consumed by frost. He thought, "Alas! this body is always the home of disease. Foolish people of little wit are infatuated with it in vain, indeed. This body is torn by manifold diseases originated within, like a tree by cruel collections of tree-worms. Even if it is pleasing to some extent outwardly, nevertheless it is like the fruit of the banyan filled with insects inside. Disease instantly spoils the body's wealth of beauty like tendrils of duckweed water of the best pool. The body relaxes, but not *desire*; beauty goes, but evil thought does not go; old age appears, not knowledge. Shame on the true constitution of people! Beauty, grace, *splendor*, body, and property everything in *samsara* is as unsteady as a drop of water on the tip of kusa grass^B. Penance only, the essence of voluntary destruction of karma, is the great fruit of creatures bodies* which *perish* today or tomorrow."

The king, in whom the feeling of disgust with existence had been produced by these reflections, wishing to adopt *mendicancy* himself, established his son in the kingdom. He went to the garden and took penance, which is most important in the giving up of everything *censurable*, from Vinayandhara with reverence. As he, observing the great vows, practicing the *uttaragunas**, wandered from village to village, his mind intent on *tranquility*, his whole kingdom followed him from the bond of deep affection, like a herd of elephants the leader of the herd. When they had attended him who was free from passions, indifferent, free from affection, free from possessions, for six months, they returned gradually.

One day, after he had fasted for two days, he entered a compound to break his fast and received and ate millet and boiled rice with goat's butter-milk.¹²⁶ From breaking his fast again in the same way after a two-day fast, his diseases increased as if from an unsatisfied pregnancy-whim. Virtuous-minded, he endured seven diseases itch, consumption, fever, asthma, want of appetite, and pain in the eyes for seven hundred years. Magic powers were acquired by him enduring all the trials hard to endure, indifferent to any expedient for relief. The seven magic powers, namely: phlegm, viprus, dried perspiration, impurity, excrement, touch, and also 'everything,' are called remedies.

Just at that time Sakra, astonished in his heart, described him to the gods: "After resigning the glory of a cakravartin like a blazing

bunch of straw, look! Sanatkumara endures penance hard to endure. For even though all the magic powers have been acquired by the greatness of his penance, indifferent to the body, he does not cure his diseases." Two gods, *Vijaya* and *Vaijayanta*, who did not believe that speech, went into his presence in the form of physicians. They said: "Illustrious sir, do you suffer from diseases? We are physicians. We cure everything by our own remedies. If you, whose body is consumed by disease, consent, we shall remove at once your aggravated diseases."

Then Sanatkumara said: "Sir doctors, people's diseases are two-fold, bodily and spiritual. *Anger, conceit, deceit, and greed* are people's spiritual diseases which produce endless pain, following into a thousand births. If you are able to cure these, then cure them, by all means; but if you cure bodily diseases, just look at this!"

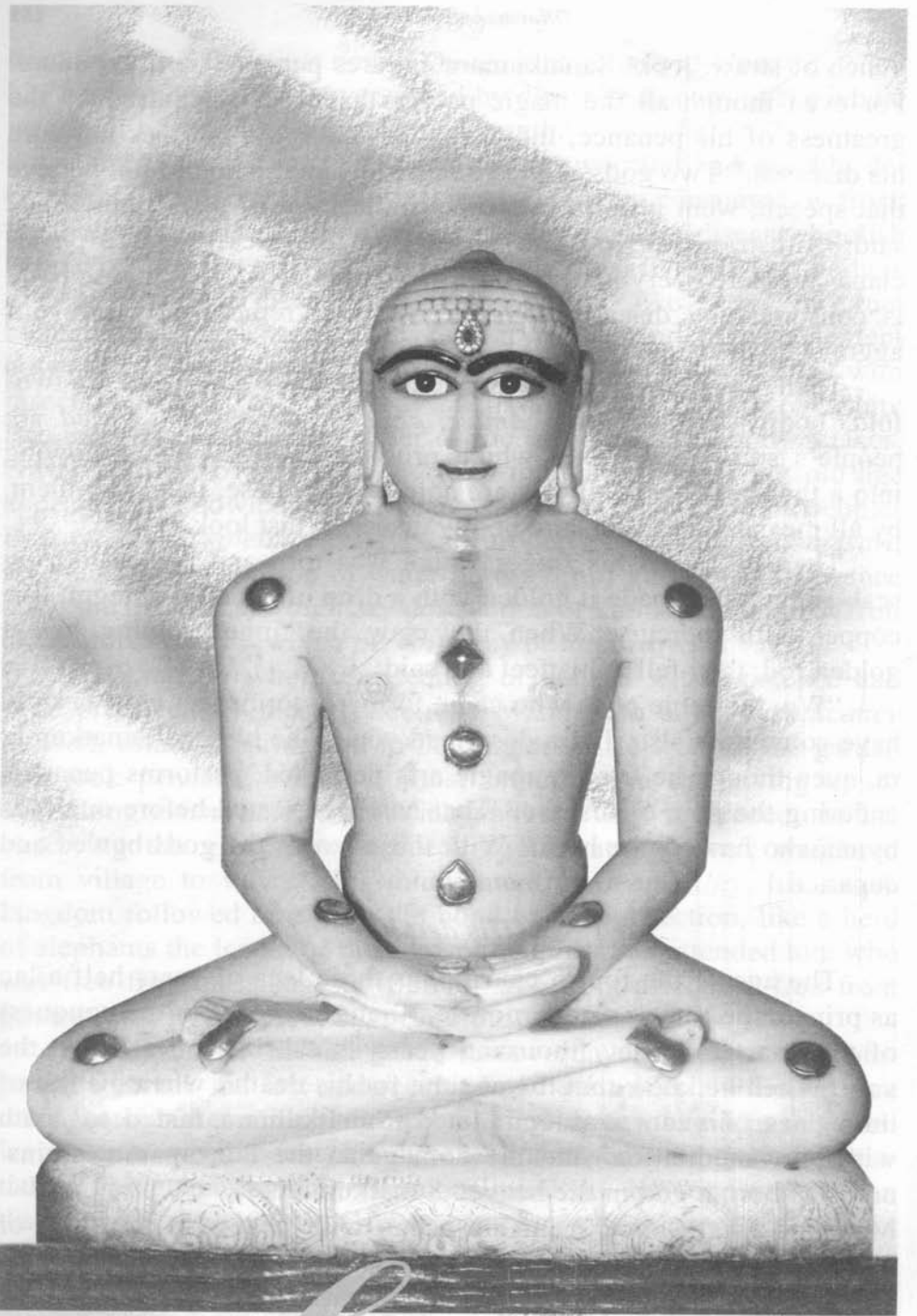
Then he raised his finger which was torn and had an oozing scab and at once made it golden with a drop of his own phlegm, like copper with mercury. When they saw the finger shining like a golden rod, they fell at his feet and said;

"We, the same gods who came formerly to inspect your beauty, have come now also. Indra described you, 'The blessed Sanatkumara, even though he has the magic arts perfected, performs penance, enduring the pain of disease.' That has been tested before our eyes by us who have come here." With these words the gods bowed and departed.

His death

The age of the fourth cakrin was three lacs of years half a lac as prince, the same as governor, ten thousand years in the conquest of the quarters, ninety thousand years as cakrin, and a lac in the vow. When he knew that it was time for his death*, when his life of three lacs of years was completed, Sanatkumara fasted to death with pure meditation* and the homage to the Pancaparamesthins* and was born a god in the heaven Sanatkumara.

May this fourth book from the ocean with jewels in the form of texts in which are described twenty-two persons five *Arhats*, five *Sirins*, five *Upendras*, five enemies of these (*Prativasudevas*) and two *Cakrins* be for your good fortune. Something from the sutras is related here, something from fiction, something from *yogapata*.¹²⁷ If there is anything false in these, may it be the wicked deeds that are false, good people.



Shree Shantinath Bhagwan

16



Shantinatha Charitra

1. Five Previous Incarnations

Om! Homage to holy Santinatha, all of whose im-purity has been extinguished, the sixteenth Arhat and the fifth cakrin.

I shall celebrate his life, which was extremely pure, the only sun for the destruction of the intense darkness of *delusion*.

Incarnation as Srisena

In this very Jambudvipa, which is a circle in shape, there is this zone Bharata which is like the seventh part of the moon. In its southern half there is a city, named Ratnapura, which resembles the city of the gods, the ornament of the middle section (of southern Bharata). In this city there was a king, named Srisena, lotus-eyed, like a blooming lotus for the dwelling of the goddess sri. Continually, he showed great respect for *dharmā* like an elder brother; and he guarded wealth and love uninjured like younger brothers. He fulfilled constantly the requests of petitioners; but, on the contrary, not those of other men's love-sick wives, as he was well-versed in proper conduct. His beauty was so apart from all comparison that he was beyond the range of even a picture by painters. While preserving his *sovereignty* first in tribute, he wor-shipped *compassion* like a wish-granting deity.

His wife, named Abhinandita, was *irreproachable* in conduct, delighting the heart by her speech, moonlight to the lotus of the eye. She did not deviate from good conduct at all, even in thought, but adorned herself with it. For outer adornment is of little importance. Even ornaments were ornamented by her when she put them on her body, but they were really a burden to her naturally fair. There was a counterpart in mirrors, and nowhere else, of her form whose limbs were overflowing loveliness and virtue. Ornamented with good *qualities*, she ornamented three families her father's, mother's, and husband's simultaneously, as if she had several forms, though only one.

The king had also a second wife, named Sikhinandita, delighting the peacock of the heart like a bank of clouds.

In the course of time, Queen Abhinandita, experiencing unbroken sensuous pleasure with her husband, conceived an embryo. She saw in a dream a sun and moon placed in her lap; and her husband said, "You will have a distinguished pair of sons." When the time was completed, Queen Abhinandita bore twin sons, not inferior to the sun and moon in brilliance. King Srisena named his two sons Indusena and Bindusena at a big festival. Cherished by nurses with great care like flowers, they grew up gradually like extra arms for the king. Then the king had them taught the sciences, grammar, et cetera, by a teacher, like their own names. They became expert in military science and also the other arts, and skilled in the entrance and exit of an army. They both attained youth which purifies the form, the dawn for the blooming of the lotus of the emotion* of love.

Story of Kapila

Now there is a very wealthy village, named Acala-grama, a head-village in the Magadhas in this Bharata. In it there was the crest-jewel of Brahmans, named Dharanijata, famous throughout the earth, knowing the four Vedas and their supplements. He had a wife, Yasobhadra, devoted to welfare, well-born, beautiful as a household Laksmi. In course of time she bore two sons, lights of the house; the elder, Nandibhuti and the younger, Sribhuti. The Brahman also had a slave-girl, Kapila, and he enjoyed pleasure with her also for a long time. Verily, the senses are difficult to subdue. To him enjoying her at will in turn, Kapila bore a son, Kapila.

The Brahman, himself, modest, taught the Vedas and their supplements with their *esoteric* meanings to his sons borne by Yasobhadra. Kapila, who was extremely intelligent, listened in silence and became thoroughly conversant with the ocean of Vedas. What does

not belong to the sphere of intelligence? With the appearance of a learned man, he left his father's house, put the double sacred cord around his neck and, saying, "I am the best of Brahmans," in a voice like beating a drum, wandered in foreign countries. What country is foreign to the learned? As he wandered gradually, he arrived at the town Ratnapura and made a display of learning, thundering like a cloud of the rainy season.

In this town there lived a teacher of all the townsmen, a depository of arts, named Satyaki, adorned with pupils who were receptacles of intelligence. Kapila went every day to Satyaki's school and solved the doubts of the students who asked questions. In astonishment Satyaki, knowing the collection of Vedic texts, questioned him from curiosity about the *esoteric* meanings, difficult to know, of the sacred books. Kapila recited them in detail to, him, observed by the trusting students with the idea that he was a teacher. Satyaki made him head of his work in the school, like a king appointing an heir-apparent. where are brilliant *qualities* not valuable? Daily, Kapila gave explanations to all the pupils and Satyaki, free from anxiety, treated him like his own son. Kapila showed extreme *devotion* to Satyaki like a father and Satyaki, elighted, thought, "What can I do for him?"

Then Satyaki's wife, named Jambuka, said : "Even if you are giving it your attention, still I remind you: You have a daughter, Satyabhama, borne by me, endowed with infinite beauty and grace like a daughter of the gods, well-bred, modest, endowed with forbearance, *humility*, sincerity. Why do you not search for a husband who attained adolescence for her? How can a man sleep whose daughter, debt, enmity, or disease is increasing in size? Yet you sleep heedlessly."

Satyaki replied: "That is very true, my dear. All this time I have not found a suitable husband for Satyabhama. This Brahman, Kapila, good-looking, foremost among the gifted, young, well-bred, is a suitable husband for Satyabhama." Jambuka agreed; and at an auspicious* moment Satyaki married Satyabhama and Kapila with suitable ceremonies. Honored by the citizens in all the city as much as Satyaki, daily he (Kapila) enjoyed pleasures with good-tempered Satyabhama. The people gave him special money, rice, et cetera, on all the festival-days, thinking, "He is more to be honored even than Satyaki." Living in this way, best of living Brahtnans, Kapila became well-endowed with money as well as good qualities.

One day during the rains he left his home at night to see a show and stayed there for a long time. When he was half-way home, it

rained very hard, causing a darkness that could be pierced by a needle. Then he stripped himself, as there was no one about, put his clothes under his arm, and dressed at the door of his house. Satyabhama thought to herself, "My husband's clothes will be wet from the rain," got other clothes, and approached him. Kapila said to his wife, "Foolish woman, my clothes are not wet from the power of a vidya. There is no need of other clothes." Satyabhama perceived that his clothes were dry and his body wet all over and thought to herself, "If he protected his clothes from the rain by the power of a vidya, why did he not protect his body? He certainly came nude. From that conduct I think my husband is low-born. Because he is very intelligent, he learned the sacred texts just by hearing with the ear." She reflected thus, and from that time she became indifferent, like a miserable woman who has been taken captive.

It happened at that time that Dharanijata became poor and, as he had heard that Kapila was rich, he came to get money from him. Kapila welcomed him by washing his feet, et cetera. An ordinary guest must be honored, how much more a guest who is a father. Then after his father had bathed and the customary rites had been performed, when it was meal-time, Kapila said to his wife, "He is my father. So, wife, prepare the best place for food" apart¹²⁸ for my father." When she had seen the different conduct of the father and son, Satya was very terrified, for she herself was well-born. Knowing by his *irreproachable* conduct that her father-in-law was well-born, she honored him like a father, like a teacher, like a god.

One day she gave him in secret the Brahman-murder-oath¹²⁹ and asked her father-in-law with great respect: "Is this son of yours of pure origin on both sides, or of a secret origin? Please tell me the truth." Then Dharanijata, noble by nature and afraid of breaking his oath, related the facts. Then dismissed by Kapila, the Brahman Dharanijata went again to his village, Acalagrama.

Satyabhama went and informed Sri Srisena as follows: "By chance this low-born man became my husband. So, now free me from him, like a cow from a tiger, like the moon from Rahu, like a sparrow from a hawk. I, a very virtuous wife, released by him, will perform good deeds. I have been deceived for so long a time because of bad conduct in former births."

Srisena summoned Kapila himself and said to him: "Let Satyabhama go for the sake of good conduct. What kind of pleasure will you have with her averse to you, as if she were another man's wife taken by force?" Kapila replied: "I cannot endure life for a moment without her. She alone is a life-giving herb to me. I will

never abandon her, my own wife. Abandoning and causing *abandonment* are suitable for courtesans." Satyabhama, angry, said, "If he does not let me go, I shall surely enter either fire or water." The king said: "Do not make her abandon life. Let your wife remain several days in my house." Kapila agreed to this; and she, given in charge to the queen by the king, continued to practice penance of many kinds.

At that time the King of Kausambi, *Bala*^s by name, very powerful, sent his daughter, Srikanta, daughter of Queen Srimati, a beautiful young woman, in great style at her choosing of Indusena, son of Srisena. Indusena and Bindusena noticed an extremely beautiful courtesan, Anantamatika, who had come in attendance on her. Saying, "She is mine," "She is mine," angered, they both went to the garden Devaramana. There the two, armed, powerful, fought like untamed bulls, because of the *desire* to enjoy the peerless beauty.

The king was not able to prevent their fight. For he had always held conciliation dear, whereas the *arrogant* must be subdued by assault. The king could not prevent their conduct being seen and, after deliberating with Abhinandita and Sikhinandita, saying, "The time has come," he smelled a lotus permeated with the poison talaputa¹³⁰ and died immediately. Then both the queens smelled the same lotus and died. High-born women do not live at all without the husband. Satyabhama, *deprived* of protection, considering only evil could come from Kapila, also smelled the lotus and went the way of death.*

Second incarnation as a twin

As these four had died from excessive *humility*, they were born as twins in the Uttarakuru-country in Jambudvipa. Srisena and Abhinandita were man and woman respectively; and Sikhinandita and Satyabhama the same. They had life-terms of three palyas*, were three gavyutis tall, and led a very pleasant life, experiencing peerless pleasure.

Former births of Indusena and Bindusena

While Indusena and Bindusena were fighting, a king of the Vi-dyadharas came in his aerial car. He stood between them, his arm upraised, like the doorkeeper of a friendly deity, restraining them, and said; "Why, princes, do you fight, wanting her for a wife, ignorant of the fact that she is your sister? Hear my story in detail.

In Mahavideha of this same Jambudvipa, on the north bank of the river *Sita* there is a very extensive province Puskalavati. In it there is a lofty mountain, named Vaitadhya, the *abode* of Vidyadhara, like a silver *diadem* of the earth. In the northern row on the mountain in the city Adityabha there is a king, named Sukundalin, like Kundalendra (Sesanaga) in *splendor*. He has a virtuous wife, Ajitasena. I am their son, named Manikundalin.

One day I went from that place through the air, like Garuda, to the city Pundarikini to worship the lord of Jinas. After I had worshipped the blessed Amitayasas, the Jinesvra, with hands placed together, I heard a sermon. At the end of the sermon, I asked the Blessed One, 'By what action did I become a Vidyadhara?' He said:

'In the very magnificent western half of Puskaravaradvipa, on the broad southern bank of the great river Sitoda, in the province Salilavati, there is a city Vitasoka, with people free from sorrow, like a svastika of the earth. Once upon a time a cakravartin lived there, named Ratnadhvaja, a Minadhvaja (Kama^s) in beauty, a Kulisadhvaja (Indra) in strength. He had two chief-wives, ornamented with good conduct. One of them was Kanakasri and the other was Hemamalini. Kanakasi bore two daughters, like intelligence and beauty, indicated by a dream of two shoots of a kalpa-tree in her lap. At a festival equal to a birth-festival the father and mother gave them the names Kanakalata and Padmalata. Hemamalini bore a daughter, delighting the family, named Padma, indicated by the sight of a lotus-tendril in a dream. They attained the collection of arts and pure youth, like the manifold sris of the three worlds brought together in one place.

Padma became disgusted with existence because of the presence of the *sadhvi* Ajitasena and adopted *mendicancy* fittingly at her feet. One time, with permission of the *sadhvi*, she performed a penance consisting of one day fasts. In this there are sixty one day fasts and two three-day fasts.¹³¹ One day when she had duly finished that severe penance, she was going outside on the highway for care of the body. She saw two powerful princes, eager for love, fighting over the courtesan Madanamanjari. When she had seen them, Padma reflected: "Oh, there is some beauty of the girl, since they are fighting on her account, see! By the power of this penance may I have such beauty in another birth." She made a *nidana** to this effect. She observed a fast at the end, died without confessing her *nidana*, and became a very powerful goddess in Saudharmakalpa.

Kanakasri wandered through existence, became you a Vidyadhara-king, named Manikundalin, because she had made gifts, et

cetera, in the last birth. Kanakalata and Padmalata, after wandering through existence, because they had practiced the *dharmā** of gifts, et cetera, many times in former births, became Indusena and Bindusena, sons of Srisena, in the city Ratnapura in Bharata in Jambudvīpa. The *soul* of Padma fell from Saudharmakalpa and became a courtesan, Anantamatika, in Kausambi the same Bharata. Now Indusena and Bindusena are fighting in the grove Devaramana over Anantamatika.'

After hearing about the former births, I came here from affection to prevent you from fighting by describing the former births. I was your mother in a former birth; this courtesan was your sister. You should know that everything in worldly existence is blossoming with *delusion* in this way. Neither father, mother, sister, brother, nor even an enemy, is recognized by people covered by the curtain of a former birth, alas! alas! Throughout life the *soul* is wound in love, hate, et cetera, originating in the body, like a spider in spider-webs. Therefore, abandoning love, hate, and delusion at a distance, resort quickly to *mendicancy*, the gate to the city of *emancipation*."

They said: "Shame! Shame! What have we, like wild animals because of delusion, undertaken for the sake of enjoying our sister? You were our mother in a former birth, but our guru in this one, since we have been kept from the wrong path by your enlightening us."

With these words, they laid aside their arms and took the vow together with four thousand kings under the guru Bharmaruci. Then they went to the fortress, Lokagra,¹³² by a very straight road, the thorns on the road in the form of their karma being burned by the fire of meditation*

Third incarnation as a god

The four twins, Srisena and the others, died and became gods in the first heaven.

Fourth incarnation as Amitatejas

Now in this same Bharata on the best of mountains, Vaitadhyā, there is a city named Rathanupuracakravala.

In it lived a lord of the Vidyadharas, Jvalanajatin, like a younger brother of Purandara*, endowed with many magic powers. His son, Arkakirti, like a full sun in brilliance, was the heir-apparent, self-chosen by the laksmi of enemies' kingdoms. He (the king) had a daughter, Svayamprabha, younger than Arkakirti, delighting the eyes of all, like the light of the moon. The first of the Vasudevas, the

son of Prajapati, the younger brother of Acala, Triprstha, lord of Potanapura, married her. Then the first Hari^s, delighted, gave Vahnijatin unbroken lordship over the two rows of Vidyadhara-cities. Arkakirti's wife was named Jyotirmala, the daughter of the Vidyadhara-king, Meghavana^s.

The *soul* of Srisena fell from Saudharmakalpa at that time and descended into Jyotirmala's womb, like a *hansa* to a lotus. Then in a dream she saw a sun of infinite brilliance, lighting up the sky, enter her mouth. At the proper time she bore a son, marked with auspicious* marks, like a very strong pillar for supporting the house of *sovereignty*. To him, possessing infinite brilliance in his form in accordance with the dream that had been seen, his parents gave the name Amitatejas.

Vahnijatin settled his kingdom on Arkakirti and became a *mendicant* under the flying rishis, Jagannandana and Abhinandana.

The soul of Satyabhama fell from Saudharma and became a daughter of Jyotirmala and Suryakirti. Because her mother saw a dream of beautiful stars while she was an embryo, her parents gave her the name Sutara.

The soul of Abhinandita fell from Saudharmakalpa and became a son of Triprstha and Svayamprabha. Because his mother saw a dream of Sri being sprinkled, while he was still in the womb, his father named him Srivijaya.

A second son of Svayamprabha was born, named Vijayabhadra, the *abode* of victory and good fortune.

The soul of Sikhinandita fell from the first heaven and became the daughter, Jyotihprabha, of Triprstha and Svayamprabha.

Kapila, who was formerly the husband of Satyabhama, after he had wandered for a long time in worldly existence in animal-birth-nuclei, et cetera, was born a famous Vidyadhara-king, named Asanighosa, in the city Camara-canca.

Arkakirti married his star-eyed daughter, Sutara, to Srivijaya, Triprstha's son. Triprstha married his fair daughter, Jyotihprabha, to Amitatejas, Arkakirti's son. Srivijaya enjoyed pleasures of the senses with Sutara and long-armed Amitatejas with Jyotihprabha.

One day, in an extensive garden, which resembled Saumanasa in beauty, outside the city Rathanupura-cakravala, the three men, Abhinandana, Jagannandana, and Agnijatin, like the three jewels knowledge, et cetera embodied, made a stop. When Arkakirti knew that his father had come, and also the two gurus of his father, he came and paid homage. Eagerness admits no delay whatever.

Then *Muni* Abhinandana delivered a sermon which resembled the sun for melting the mass of snow of strong *delusion*. From that sermon Arkakirti felt disgust with existence and, his hands placed together, said to Abhinandana, "Wait here until I come to take the vow after installing Amitatejas on my throne." "There must be no negligence." So instructed by the great sage, Arkakirti Went to his home, his mind already resolved. Again and again requesting Amitatejas persistently, he made him take the kingdom. For this is the custom of father and son. Then his ceremony of departure was held by King inherited and he adopted *mendicancy* under *Muni* Abhinandana. The royal muni, Arkakirti, governing the kingdom of *tranquility*, wandered over the earth with his gurus, Amitatejas, *resplendent*, the stool of his lotus-feet rubbed by the diadems of Vidyadhara-kings, directed the administration of the kingdom inherited from his father.

Srivijaya's story

Now, the *Bala*^s Acala, feeling disgust with existence from grief at Triprstha's death*, established Srivijaya in the kingdom and became a *mendicant*. Worshipped by kings, chosen as a husband by the Sri of victory, Srivijaya directed his ancestral kingdom.

One day, Amitatejas went to the city Potanapura, eager to see Sutara and Srivijaya. He saw the town with banners, platforms, and arches, with an empire of joy created, like a palace in Anuttara. Astonished, seeing the royal family especially delighted, he descended there from the sky, like the sun to the ocean. Seeing him at a distance, King Srivijaya rose. Honor is suitable for any guest; how much more for such a guest. The brothers-in-law embraced each other; and the king and his sister embraced each other closely, pools of nectar of strong delight. The two sat on costly lion-thrones, like the sun and moon on the eastern and western mountains.

Then Amitatejas, clear-minded, asked him: "It is not the *kau-mudi-festival*;¹³³ it is not the full moon-day of the month *Agrahayana*; it is not summer; it is not spring; it is not the birth of a son to you, king. Because of what festival is the city seen to have joy springing forth?"

Then Srivijaya related: "On the eighth day before this, a certain astrologer, acquainted with the future, came here. I questioned him respectfully, 'Have you come here to ask for something or to tell something?' and he replied clearly: 'Even if we live only by alms, king, nevertheless it is not fitting to ask anything from you now. I have come here to tell what cannot be told. When it has been told,

the remedy would be by *dharmā*, et cetera. On the seventh day from today at noon a resounding thunderbolt will fall on the lord of Potanapura,' The chief minister, very disgusted at that speech bitter as poison, said, 'What will fall on you?' The astrologer replied: 'Do not be angry at me, minister. I tell this which has been seen in the sastras, sir. I have no enemy here. On the contrary, on that day a rain of clothes, ornaments, jewels, and gold, like a stream of treasure, will fall on me.'

I said to the minister: 'Do not be angry with him, noble sir. He is a benefactor, like a spy, because he tells the truth. But, astrologer, tell where you learned the *omen*. There is no confidence in the speech of one without authentic knowledge without proof.'

The astrologer replied: 'Hear, O king. My father, Sandilya, became a *mendicant* with Prince Baladeva^s when he adopted mendicancy. After that I became a mendicant, confused by love for my father. Then I learned the whole collection of omens. Undeviating knowledge may be only from the teaching of the Jinas, not elsewhere. Profit and loss; pleasure and pain; life and death^{*}; victory and defeat: I know these eightfold omens.

After I had grown up, one day in wandering I came to an excellent town Padminikhanda. My father's sister, Hiranyalomika, lives there, and her grown daughter, Candrayasas. Formerly she had given her (in betrothal), when she was a small girl, to me still a boy. The marriage had not taken place because of the obstacle of my initiation. When I saw her, I, infatuated, abandoned the vow like a burden and married her. For how long do those *afflicted* by love have discrimination? Knowing my own good fortune and your great misfortune by omens, I came here. Do that which you know, O king.'

After saying this, he ceased speaking. The family-ministers, though intelligent, were bewildered at once in regard to the king's protection. One of the ministers said, 'There are no bolts of lightning on the ocean, surely. The master should embark on a boat and stay there seven days.' A second minister said, 'This does not seem to me a good idea. Who, pray, will ward off lightning falling there? Since there are no bolts of lightning in *avasarpini* on Vaitadhya, our lord should go to a cave on top of it and live for seven days,' A third minister said, 'I do not approve of that. For whatever event must take place necessarily will not be changed by any place whatever.

Story of Brahman boy

In this very Bharata in the city *Vijaya* there lived a good Brahman, named Rudrasoma. He had been childless but, because of great offerings with prayers, a son, Sikhin, was borne by his wife, Jvalanasikha. Once upon a time, a very cruel Raksasa came there, installed by a cruel fate, fond of human flesh. Daily he kills many humans, but eats only a little and leaves the rest like refuse. The king said to him conciliatingly: "Why do you kill many men uselessly? Even tigers, et cetera, ignorant, kill one creature, a cure for hunger. Every day you too must take one man for food.* He himself will come there in turn determined by myself." This arrangement was endorsed by the Raksasa.

The king made name-balls of the people living in his city to determine their turn. The one to whose lot the ball fell when it was drawn by hand, went forth, turned into food for the Raksasa, to protect the city. One day the ball of the Brahman's son appeared. His name inside was read like a letter from *Yama*. When his mother heard that, she made even the cattle weep, crying pathetically, "Oh, son, you are dead! You are dead!" Near her house was a large haunted house and her wailing, painful to the ears to hear, was heard by the demons. Their sympathy was aroused and they said to the Brahman's wife: "Do not cry. Be at ease. Let your son go to the Raksas. We will bring him back to your presence in front of the Raksasa. He will not transgress the law and neither will he die." Just as she said, "Good, O gods! good!" the guards seized her son and led him away like a goat. When the Raksasa receives the Brahman's son delivered by the guards, the bhuts take him away and lead him to his mother. Terrified, foreseeing dreadful events, the Brahman's wife put her son at once into a mountain-cave for protection. He was *devoured* by a vigilant python living there. Likewise, other future events would not be changed in any place.

Therefore, this is not the proper expedient. Everyone should perform penance, since karma, even though very firm,¹³⁴ is destroyed by penance.'

The fourth minister said: 'This man foretold that a bolt of lightning would fall on the lord of Potana, not on Srivijaya. Therefore someone else should be made king in the city for seven days. The thunderbolt will fall on him. Let your danger pass through him.

Then the astrologer, delighted, said to the minister: 'Your sense-knowledge is better than my knowledge of omens. Make him (king) quickly to ward off misfortune. The king should remain in a

shrine, engaged in worship of the Jinas.' I said, 'How can I consider the destruction of the innocent man who would be crowned king today? It is very painful to all creatures from Sakra to a worm to abandon life. How shall a miserable man *perish* while I look on? Our chief duty as a human being is to protect the life of other creatures. How can we kill another to save our own life?'

The ministers said: 'Your Majesty, we have indeed a twofold purpose. Calamity will pass away from the master and no man will perish. O king, install a statue of Vaisravana (Kubera) as king. All the people will Attend it, like you, for seven days. If there should be no calamity, because of the god's power, it would be a good thing; if there should be, there will not be the evil of the destruction of life I agreed, 'That is a suitable idea,' and went to the Jina's temple and remained there on a bed of darbha, observing pausadha. They conducted themselves toward Vaisravana's statue as if it were the king. For wise men go to another master even for their master's benefit. When the seventh day came, a cloud arose in the sky at noon, thundering very violently, terrible like the clouds at the end of the world. From that dreadful cloud, as if splitting the universe, a thunderbolt fell on this Yaksa who had been made king. When the bolt of lightning fell on that Yaksa, there was a rain of jewels, et cetera on the astrologer, made by the women of the household, et cetera. The best of astrologers endowed the town of Padmini-khanda with unbroken wealth and was dismissed by me. I had a new statue of Vaisravana made at once of divine jewels, since he was my brother in misfortune. So these citizens, ministers, et cetera are holding a great festival, the crest-jewel of all festivals, from joy at the allaying of my trouble."

When he had heard this story, Amitatejas joyfully honored his sister, Sutara, with gifts of clothes and ornaments. After he had passed some time with Sutara and Srivijaya, Amitatejas went to his own city.

Kapila's incarnation as Asanighosa

Then King Srivijaya went with Queen Sutara to the garden Jyotirvana with a *desire* for amusement. At that time Asanighosa, Kapila's *soul*, was flying through the air, after subduing the vidya Viprataranika, and saw Queen Sutara, his wife in a former birth, a beautiful married woman, pleasuring with her husband. Though he did not remember the relation from the former birth, from infatuation he felt a longing for her like his own wife. By the power of a vidya, he created a golden deer, captivating the eye, running before

them like a divine ball. When Queen Sutara saw it adorned with hooves and horns made of sapphire, with eyes shining like blue lotuses, throwing off gold, as it were, from the extremely yellow color of its body, adorning the sky with its leaps and the ground with its footprints, she said to her husband, "O master, bring the deer here. It might be a playmate for me." The king, so told by his wife, ran after the deer that was like a loose horse*, equal to the wind in speed. The deer, sometimes crooked, sometimes straight, like a river-stream, never stumbling, led the king far away. Sometimes visible, sometimes invisible, sometimes on the earth, sometimes in the air, it could not be caught, like an illusory divinity.

When Srivijaya had gone far away, Asanighosa gradually approached and seized the queen like a solitary goddess of the forest. Then the vidya, Pratarani, commanded by the villain, assumed the form of Sutara and cried out, "I have been bitten by a kurkutahi."¹³⁵ When he heard that, the king abandoned the deer and returned. On the part of the wise there is exertion for acquisition when there is security (of what they already have).¹³⁶ When he saw her fallen on the ground, her body powerless, the king treated her with the best amulets, charms, and herbs. All the medicine, et cetera, though seen to be reliable before, were useless for her, like benefits to a base person. Her lotus-eyes closed, the color of her face pallid, her thighs trembling, her breasts quivering, the ligaments, bones, and joints of her body and limbs relaxed, she soon died, while the king looked on.

When he saw her lifeless, the best of kings fell to the ground in a *swoon*, unconscious as if dead. Sprinkled with sandal-paste, his consciousness restored, the chief of kings cried out aloud:

"Oh! Oh! I have been robbed by fate leading you away, beautiful one. My life existed from breath having your form alone. Without you I here will fall from the weight of the burden of sorrow, like an old house *deprived* of the support of its pillars, wife. Oh! Oh! I, a fool, occupied with my wife's command, was deceived by the golden deer which attracted my wife. In my presence not even Taksaka could bite my wife, to say nothing of a kurkutahi. But fate is strong. Abandoning my life to follow my wife into the fire, I shall make up the deficit today of an evil approaching fate."

Resolute, the king adorned with her the funeral-pyre, which had been made at once, as if it were a couch in a pleasure-house. When the fire began to burn, immediately two Vidyadharas came there. One of them sprinkled the pyre with water and recited a mantra, and then Pratarani fled with a burst of laughter. "Where is the blazing fire and where is my dead wife? Who gave that loud laugh? And

what is this play of fate?" With these reflections, the king, uninjured, asked the two men of a pleasing appearance before him, "What happened?"

They bowed to the king and replied with suitable respect, "We are soldiers of the Vidyadhara-king, Amita-tejas, father and son, Sambhinnasrotas and Dipasikha. We set out of our own accord to worship the sacred places and images of the Jinas. As we were flying here, we heard this pathetic speech, painful to the ears to hear, which made even the animals prick up their ears: 'Oh! Srivijaya, lord of my life, served by kings! Oh! brother Amitatejas, the equal of the sun in *splendor*! Oh! friend Vijayabhadra, equal in strength to Balabhadra! Oh! family-deities of Triprstha always near! Save, oh, save Sutara without delay from this wicked Vidyadhara, like a *doe* from a wolf.' Learning that our master's sister was being carried off by a villain, we followed that voice, like arrows striking an object from its sound. Soon we saw Sutara, tremulous-eyed, seized by Asanighosa, like a lotus by an elephant.* Unable to overlook the master's sister being kidnapped, frowning, we said to the enemy:

Look here, Vidyadhara, wretched Asanighosa, where are you going after seizing Sutara, like an outcaste seizing a statue of a god? Villain, you die. We are going to kill you. Draw your weapon. We are soldiers of the Vidyadhara-king, Amitatejas.' Insulting him with these words, we approached with drawn swords with the intention of killing the *basest* of men, like cobras a *partridge*. Then Queen Sutara said: 'stop your fighting. Go to the grove Jyotirvana. My lord Srivijaya is there. Stop Srivijaya who has been induced to abandon his life by Pratarani who deceived him. I live only while he lives.' At her command we came here to you quickly and extinguished the fire of the funeral pyre with charmed water. The vidya Pratarani in the form of Sutara, excited, fled with loud laughter like a vampire."

Knowing that Sutara had been kidnapped, the king was depressed, the fire of separation burning more than the fire of the funeral-pyre. They said to him: "Master, do not grieve. He is not clever. He has not gone far from you like fate. Where will he go?" They bowed to the king, with knees touching the ground and, after begging him urgently, took him with themselves to Vaitadhya. Then Amitatejas, like victory embodied, at once arose with all his army to honor Srivijaya. After seating him on a suitable seat with great respect, Amitatejas eagerly asked reason for his coming. The two excellent Vidyaurged by Srivijaya, told in detail the story of Sutara's kidnapping.

Arkakirti's son, his brow wrinkled with a frown, his cheeks and eyes red with *anger*, said to the king: "How long shall Asanighosa, basest of men, live, after kidnapped Sutara, your wife and my sister, like scratching the mouth of the serpent Taksaka, like lifting up a handful of the mane of a sleeping lion?" Then Arkakirti's son himself gave Srivijaya the vidya obstructing weapons*, capturing, and also releasing. He, causing death* to enemies, sent five hundred of his sons Rasmivega, Amitavega, Ravivega, Arkakirti, Bhanuvega, Adityayasas, Bhanu^s, Citraratha, Arkaprabha, Arkaratha, Ravitejas, Prabhakara^s, Kiranavega, Sahasrakirana and others accompanied by an army with the best of heroes, Triprstha's son, to the city Camaracanca to take Sutara from Asanighosa at once. Then Triprstha's son went to Camaracanca instantly, the whole sky being covered with the Vidyadhara-army; making hundreds of comets appear, as it were, in the sky from the soldiers' weapons; making the horses of the sun neigh by the neighings of many horses; spreading another bank of clouds, as it were, in the sky by the elephants; showing portentous suns, as it were, by shining aerial cars.

Knowing that Asanighosa was versed in vidyas, Arkakirti's son went with his son, Sahasrarasmi, not inferior in power, to Mt. Himavat to subdue for himself the vidya named Mahajvala, which destroys the vidyas of enemies. There he engaged in pratima for seven days with a month's fast¹³⁶ at the very purifying feet of Rsi^s Jayanta engaged in pratima and also of Dharanendra and he began the work of subduing the vidya. Sahasrarasmi guarded his father thus occupied and a little less than a month passed while they were thus engaged.

Now King Srivijaya halted at a point outside Camara and sent a messenger to Asanighosa. The messenger spoke fearlessly to Asanighosa: "Shame on this shameless deed that you, like a crow, have done. Verily, manhood is only a pretense on the part of people lacking in courage and strength. Of such people you are the foremost, kidnapped the queen in this way. Shame on the behavior, sever witnessed before, of you wearing a beard,¹³⁷ making the vidya Pratarani appear to Srivijaya then. Do you not know at all Srivijaya, a sun in *splendor*? The tricks off such people as you are effective with a person lacking in splendor. Just as he has come here, after making the vidya powerless, so he will take away Sutara by force. So surrender her yourself, wise sir. If you surrender the queen yourself and make submission, your life will prosper. Otherwise, Kmasa (*Yama*) is ready."

Asanighosa said in a voice terrible as thunder: "Oh! it is a good thing I have seen you, messenger. I have nowhere seen such a person. If Srivijaya comes here, then what about the poor wretch? Birds go to Sumeru. Is there manliness in them? By a single atom of effort on my part he will go away, his power destroyed. The current of a river does not tolerate a temple of sand. Let him depart to his own home by the road by which he has come; but if he asks for Sutara, he will go to the home of Yama. Let him go or let him stay now, after considering the two possibilities. You go now and report to him what I say."

The messenger, thus instructed by him, quickly left his city and reported the base creature's message to Triprstha's son. When he had heard his message that was like a wind to the fire of *anger*, King Srivijaya made ready his army, though (already) ready. Knowing that Srivijaya's soldiers were eager for battle, Asanighosa instructed his sons for hospitality to battle. Asvaghosa, Sataghosa, Sahasraghosa, Mahaghosa, Bhimaghosa, *Ghana*-ghosa, and others; and their sons, Meghaghosa and the rest all with a complete army left by the gate of Camara-canca for battle.

Battle-drums of both armies sounded with a very deep noise like an autumn-cloud. The two armies began a great battle which made the sky have a hundred moons from the bobbing umbrellas that had been cut by arrows; which had many Rahunas, as it were, congealed from the cut-off heads flying up; which had falling meteors, as it were, from the falling bright arrows; which had mountains striking together from the rutting elephants striking each other; which seemed to have a twilight-cloud resting on the ground from the bloody mud; which had a throng of demons intoxicated from drinking blood like wine; which seemed to have weapons* (hurled) with muttered charms by roaring soldiers; which had a sky starred with pearls rising from the elephants' protuberances struck by arrows; which seemed to have night produced by the dust of the soldiers on all sides.

Some, completely dazed by terrible blows in attacks by clubs, were fanned by relatives who used the ends of their garments as fans. Some who were thirsty were given to drink again and again by their wives carrying jars of water, following them. Some, even while their wives looked on, were chosen by goddesses, saying eagerly, "He shall be my lord." "He shall be mine." One man, long-armed, after taking an enemy's head, dances and the enemy's corpse danced as if in rivalry with him. Another leaped from his first chariot which was broken and went to another chariot, like a monkey from one tree

to another. Another strong soldier, who had fought for a long time, whose weapons had fallen from his hand, struck an enemy with his helmet and killed him. Some, all of whose weapons had been lost, fought with their arms, like elephants with their tusks. A little less than a month passed while the two armies fought with missiles, weapons, and 'craft. The sons of Asanighosa, injured by beatings, were broken by Srivijaya's soldiers like trees by winds.

Then Asanighosa, who had strength of arm and preeminent vidyas, raising a huge club like a thunderbolt, scolding the broken princes, intending to break the enemy, plunged into the enemy's army, like a boar into a pool, like the churning-stick into the ocean. The sons of Amitatejas were quickly defeated by him. Wise men requite an action at once. Seeing Sutara's nephews defeated, King Srivijaya himself rushed into battle, saying to the enemy, "Halt! Halt!" Then the two, thundering and threatening each other, showing the power of weapons* and the power of vidyas to be such, avoiding each other's blows with great dexterity, watched by gods and asuras, long-armed, fought.

Then Srivijaya, angry, powerful, struck with a sword and divided Asanighosa as easily as a plantain-stalk. The two parts became two Asanighosas terrifying the soldiers by noise, like two banyan trees from a banyan root. When he made the two Asanighosas twofold, they! became four Asanighosas raised up. When the king divided the four, eight Asanighosas appeared on the battle-bed. So by the Asanighosas cut up by him again and again, became thousands of Asanighosas like stalks of rice. King of Potana was seen surrounded by many Asani at the same time, like Mt. Vindhya by clouds. When Srivijaya was exhausted from dividing them repeatedly, then Amitatejas came with Mahajvala who been subdued. Asanighosa's soldiers fled from the approaching Amitatejas, who was like the sun in brilliance, deer from a lion. Arkakirti's son instructed the Mahajvala, "These evil-souled enemies must not permitted to escape." The enemy, confused at once the great vidya, sought protection with Amitatejas offering protection. Like an elephant* that has scented a rutting elephant, Asanighosa fled unimpeded, when he saw Amitatejas. The great vidya, Mahajvala, was told by Amitatejas, "You must bring back this wretch, even from a distance." Then the vidya, destructive of all vidyas, followed Asanighosa like an angry fate. Fleeing from her, he did not find shelter anywhere and entered the southern half of Bharata, seeking protection.

An elephant-banner¹³⁸ had been set up then on Mt. Siman in the shrine of Lord Sri Rsabha at the place of the *samavasarana*. There the Baladeva⁵ Acala, fully conversant with the ocean of purvas,^{139*} absorbed in pure meditation*, undertook pratima for one night. Then from the destruction of ghatikarmas, the great *muni*'s omniscience arose, a mirror for the reflection of the universe. Gods and asuras came together quickly like servants, wishing to make his *omniscience*-festival. Abhinandana and Jagannandana, Vahnijatin, Trijatin, Arkakirti, and Puspa-ketu; and flying rsis, Vimalamati and others, circumambulated *Bala*⁵, bowed, and sat down.

Asanighosa, terrified by Mahajvala's appearance, immediately took refuge* with Acala, the sole pool of the nectar of *tranquility*. Mahajvala abandoned Asanighosa and returned. Even of Indra's thunderbolt there is no manifestation in a kevalin's assembly. The vidya went to Amitatejas and told him the whole story, ashamed of her own failure. When he had heard the story, Amitatejas and King Srivijaya, also, rejoiced like a peacock at thunder. After giving instructions to Marici, "Take Sutara from that city and bring her quickly," his mind filled with eagerness, Amitatejas went with his soldiers and King Srivijaya to Mt. Siman by aerial car, swift as the wind. There, after worshipping Rsabhanatha's image first, they worshipped Baladeva⁵ and sat down before him.

Now, Marici entered the city Camaracanca and went to Asanighosa's mother in his house. There he saw Sutara, like a lotus injured by cold, like a cow mired in mud, like a creeper reached by fire, like a doe caught in snare, like a digit of the moon standing in the sky, like a fish lying on a bank, like a cow-elephant captured in an elephant-trap, like a hansi that has reached a desert, fasting, grieved, repeating her husband's name alone a charm. Then he explained fully to Asanighosa's mother, "I am ordered by Amitatejas to take away Sutara." Asanighosa's mother took Sutara with her and went to Acala Swamin's assembly where Sutara's husband was. She delivered at that time Sutara to Srivijaya and Amitatejas, uninjured, just as if she had been deposited in trust. She worshipped Baladeva, a blessed omniscient, and sat down in the proper place, being in favor.

Then Asanighosa asked forgiveness of the kings of men and Vidyadharas, Srivijaya and Amitatejas, in a conciliatory speech. Then all remained in the assembly, their hostility allayed, and Acala Swamin delivered a sermon which conferred purification. At the end of the Asanighosa, his hands placed together touching forehead, declared to the great *muni*, Balabhadra:

“Sutara was not kidnapped by me, while she was her own home, like a lotus by an elephant, with evil intention. But, formerly I had gone from the city Camaracanca to the temple of the Blessed Muni Jayanta there I, reciting something like a bee, and fasting for days, had subdued the vidya Bhramari. When I on the way home, I saw Sutara here with Srivijaya in the grove Jyotirvana. For some reason love that is outside the sphere of words arose in me at the mere sight of her. I thought, ‘I cannot go without her.’ My mind is eager, as if it were completely joined (to hers). While she cannot be taken the side of powerful King Srivijaya, she cannot be taken, like the crest-jewel of Sesa. After *deluding* the king by the vidya Pratarani, I seized her, like a kite a string of pearls. I released her, *irreproachable*, into the hands of my own mother. There is not the least spot on her, not even a moon-spot. I did not even mention anything improper to her. But tell me, Blessed One, the cause of my love for her.”

Kapila's births

Then the Blessed One related the story of Satyabhama and Kapila, and of Srisena, Sikhinandita, and Abhinandita. The *muni* further related: “Srisena, Abhinandita, Sikhinandita, and *Satya* became twins after death.* After their death then the four became gods in Saudharma. After falling, Srisena became Amitatejas here; Sikhinandita's *soul* became his wife, Jyotihprabha; Abhinandita's soul became Srivijaya. Satyabhama's soul became Sutara.

Because Kapila died in painful meditation*, he wandered through many birth-nuclei. He destroyed the karma arising from painful meditation by involuntary destruction of karma, being reborn again and again in animal-and hellish-births. On the bank of the Airavati in the forest Bhutaratna, Kapila became the son, Dharmila, of the *ascetic*, Jatilakausika, who was devoted to penance, and of his wife, Pavanavega, like the union of the yoke-pin and the yoke. Cherished by the women-ascetics like a tree in the court of the hermitage, the boy Dharmila gradually grew up.

After taking initiation at the side of his father as a (Saiva) ascetic, he began foolish penance,¹⁴⁰ for that was his father's and mother's kind. In winter on nights terrible from cold he endured a stream of water from a jar with a hole in the bottom, like a mountain rock enduring a stream from a cascade. The sun over his head and blazing fires at his sides so he endures the five fires at mid-day in summer. In pools dug by himself and filled with rain-water he stood in water up to his neck and recited mantras, et cetera to Siva⁸. He dug and

had dug flanks, wells, and ponds, undeterred by the injury to water-bodied and earth-bodied souls. He took a sickle and axe like a ploughman, he himself cut darbha as fuel, having little wit like a child. He made charity-fires and lights for the road, unafraid of the sin of burning in the wood and of the fall (into the fire) of flying insects, et cetera. At the beginning of a meal he always made a gift of food* to evil-souled crows, et cetera, as if they were guests. He worshipped and honored cows like gods he, like a bull; and also trees, the banyan, the pippal^B, neem^B, et cetera. He sprinkled plants with water containing small creatures and he maintained water-centers here and there. Doing such things as these with the idea that they were *dharma**, foolish, he spent much time, living by the fruit of labor.

One day, he saw a Vidyadhara going through the air to his aerial car, like a rich man without a superior. He made a *nidana**, 'May I be like him in another birth as a result of this penance.' In course of time he died. And then he was born as you, son of the Vidyadhara-king, Indrasani, by his wife, Asuri, in the city Camaracanca. This love of yours for Sutara was from the connection in a former birth. Memory of a former birth lasts for a hundred births."

Sutara, Amitatejas, Srivijaya, and Asani experienced with existence and astonishment from hearing about former births.

"Am I capable of *emancipation* or not?" questioned Amitatejas, Blessed Balabhadra Muni replied: "In the ninth birth from this birth in this country Bharata, served by thirty-two thousand crowned kings, lord of the fourteen great jewels, master of the nine treasures, king of the country that has a girdle of the ocean and Ksudrahima-vat, served by the gods of the tirthas, Magadha, et cetera, you will be the fifth cakravartin, O long-armed one. In that birth you will become the sixteenth Arhat, named Santinatha, your feet honored by sixty-four Indras. This King Srivijaya will be your first son and also your first ganabhrt in that same birth,"

Then the kings, Srivijaya and Amitatejas, bowed to the king and adopted the twelvefold vows of the layman.

Then Asanighosa bowed to the great muni Balabhadra and, well-pleased, bent from *devotion*, spoke as follows: "O omniscient, since I have heard from your lips my own pain arising in a former birth, my mind trembles even now from intentness on that. O Blessed One, by repeated births in birth-nuclei terrible from various and numerous killings, cuttings, and piercings I have experienced many times the consequences of the painful meditation* which I made in the Kapila-birth, already described by you, as a result of

separation from my wife. Then, my evil karma destroyed by involuntary destruction, finally I attained a human state in a former birth. In that birth also by bad fortune I, an *ascetic* who had not come in contact with the religion of the Jina^s, practiced foolish penance which produced much trouble and little result, alas! alas! Because I had made a wish for a reward for that penance, I became a Vidyadhara-king in the city Camaracanra in this birth, lord. For me the course of penance with a *nidana** and of kidnapped another's wife and of the fear* caused by the great vidya Mahajvala had an auspicious* end, since you, who give release from all pain, have been found as a refuge*, Teacher of the World. I have wandered through so many births without knowing the religion of the Jinas, like a blind man who does not see an object before him. Now save me! save me! Henceforth, let not a moment pass while I am *deprived of yatidharma*.* O lord, give me initiation now as a pupil." He was accepted by Acala with the words, "That is suitable."

Approaching Amitatejas, he said respectfully: "Even though I am proud, I am not ashamed to make humble submission to you whose grandfather is this worshipful Jvalanajatin, like a flame to the fuel of karma, like *dharma** victorious before one's eyes; whose father is this Arkakirti, blessed, fortunate, who abandoned power like straw, a sun with brilliance in the form 'of penance, you who are a future cakrin and a future Arhat. This kingdom of mine in Camaracanra, these sons, Asvaghosa, et cetera, and everything else are yours. Do not think otherwise."

After this speech, he set his eldest son, Asvaghosa, on Amitatejas's lap, like a child. Then Indrasani's son in company with many kings took *mendicancy* under Acala Swamin. Srivijaya's mother, Svayamprabha, came there and also adopted mendicancy at the feet of Acala Swamin. Amitatejas, King Srivijaya, Asvaghosa, et cetera, bowed to *Bala*^s and went to their respective homes.

Srivijaya and Amitatejas spent their time holding distinguished eight-day festivals in the temples of the *Arhats*, always very magnificent like Sakra and Isana; making their wealth accomplish its purpose by giving sadhus presents which were always free from faults, acceptable, free from life; taking away pain from the *afflicted* whose minds were burned by the summer heat of a succession of anxieties, like the east wind and a cloud; meditating day and night in their conversation on the *esoteric* Chapters of the scriptures heard in the guru's presence they, the chief of the intelligent; abandoning the society of evil teachers like the shade of the vibhitaka; renouncing all sins¹⁴¹ like a wrong road; experiencing pleasures of the senses at

a suitable moment, constantly giving faultless thought to the kingdom; each one remaining in his own city, but in one place in thought.

One day Amitatejas was keeping pausadha in the pausadha-house near the temple and described the religion of the Arhats to the Vidyadharas. At that time two flying munis, like two arms of dharma, came there with the intention of worshipping the Jina's statue in the temple. When he saw them come flying, King Amitatejas rose to show them honor and worshipped them, delighted at the wished-for sight. The excellent munis circumambulated the Jina three times, worshipped, and said to Amitatejas: "Like water in a desert a human birth is hard to attain. When it has been attained, it certainly must not be passed in vain from lack of discernment. Negligence toward the religion of the Jina must not be shown at all. There is no other grantor of desires, one after the other, except the religion of the Jina."

After saying this, the two returned through the air, the sight of them desired by all, like rainy-season clouds that have rained.

Every year Srivijaya and Amitatejas held three special festivals in the temples of the holy *Arhats*. Of these, the gods held two eight-day festivals in Nandisvara and other persons in their respective shrines in Caitra and Asvina. Then Triprstha's son and Amitatejas held a superior eight-day festival in their own shrines in Caitra and Asvina. But they held a third festival a continual one in the shrine of Nabheya (Rsabha) and on the spot of *Bala's omniscience* on Mt. Siman.

One day Amitatejas was in his own palace, like the sun on Sumeru, attended by his ministers. He, to whom the matchless Jaina religion was dear, saw a *muni*, who had fasted for a month, come for alms; his entire store of flesh and blood dried up by penance, like a choice pool with its mud and water dried up by the summer season; with a network of veins visible like an ocean with high waves; his joints creaking like an old mat of bamboo^B; not horrifying, though his ribs were apparent and his belly emaciated, shining with a blameless wealth of the light of penance; a mirror of *dharmā*.* Amitatejas rose to receive him, circumambulated him three times, paid homage to the muni and presented him with pure food*, et cetera. From the power of the gift of food, et cetera to the right person the five divine things took place then and there. With righteous actions of this kind many thousands of years passed for Srivijaya and Amitatejas absorbed in happiness.

Once upon a time King Amitatejas and King Srivijaya went together to the garden Nandana to worship the eternal Arhats. After they had finished the worship of the eternal Arhats, while they wandered around from curiosity to see the grounds of the garden Nandana, they saw two excellent flying munis, great sages, named Vipulamati and Mahamati, standing on a slab of gold. After they had circumambulated and worshipped the two munis, the two excellent kings, who were laymen, listened to a sermon in their presence.

"Death* is always very close at hand. So how long can life continue for people in the world like cattle in butchers' shops? Since people, even though knowing that life is "Transitory like lightning, do not make any effort in dharma", there is, alas! widespread *delusion*. Delusion, truly the chief enemy from birth till death, cuts down dharma, which is beneficial to men, at the root. Abandoning delusion altogether, dharma must be practiced with a *desire* for the fruit of a human birth. For another human birth might be difficult."

After hearing this, they asked how much of their lives was left and the munis replied that twenty-six days were left. Knowing that their words were infallible, the king of men and the king of Vidyadharas said with great *repentance* and indifference to worldly objects: "We, careless, as if we had been asleep always, as if we had drunk wine all the time, as if we had been children forever, as if we had been in a perpetual *swoon*, as if we had always been epileptics, alas! alas! have wasted this birth which is fruitless like a jasmine^B in a forest."

The two flying munis enlightened them: "Enough of despondency. Surely *mendicancy* is suitable for you. Mendicancy taken even at the end is the cause of a multitude of good things. Verily, moon-light is a cause of joy to the night-blooming lotus even at the end of the night."

Enlightened by them in this way, Srivijaya and Amitatejas went to their own homes, eager for pious duties. In the temples they made a final eight-day festival and gave to the poor people, the people without a protector, et cetera, whatever they wanted. The kings installed their sons in their kingdoms and then took the vow under Abhinandana and Jaganandana. They observed the fast called 'pada-popagama' and at that time Srivijaya recalled his father.¹⁴² Thinking about his extreme good fortune and his own inferior fortune, he made a *nidana**: "May I be like him."

Fifth incarnation as a god

Srivijaya and Amitatejas, one having made a nidana and one not, died and became gods in the heaven Pranata. Named Manicula and Divyacula, they remained happily in the palaces Susthitavarta and Nanditavartaka. As gods immersed in an ocean of pleasure, they passed lives of twenty *sagaropamas*, absorbed in happiness, accomplishing the attainment of desires by (mere) thought.

2. SIXTH INCARANATION AS APARAJITA

Now, in this Jambudvipa in the province Ramaniya, the ornament of East Videha, on the south bank of the *Sita*, there is a city, named *Subha*, the fair *abode* of Laksmi, presenting a manifestation of the beauty of the earth, splendid with the greatest magnificence. Its king was Stimitasagara, who surpassed Meru in firmness, the ocean in depth. He had two wives, Vasundhara and Anuddhara, who wore the *yoke* of good conduct, by whom the wealth of beauty of an *Apsaras* was surpassed.

Birth of Aparajita

The *soul* of Amitatejas fell from Nanditavarta and descended into the womb of Queen Srimat Vasundhara. Comfortably asleep, Vasundhara saw the four great dreams, indicate the birth of a *Bala**, enter her mouth. As had gone far away as if from humiliation caused by great joy, the queen told the king at the same time:

"I saw a four-tusked elephant*, resembling a crystal mountain enter my mouth, like the moon entering a cloud; a bull, a spotless color as if made by weaving an autumn-cloud, high-humped, straight-tailed, bellowing; a moon, making an arrangement of ear-ornaments for the quarters, it were, by its rays streaming forth very, very far; and than a pool filled with blooming lotuses, singing, as it were, having become hundred-mouthed, with bees buzzing "Sweetly, O master, what is the fruit of these dreams? Tell me. Ordinary people are not suitable to ask about an important dream."

The king replied, "O queen, your son will be a Balabhadra, like a god in beauty, possessing extraordinary strength,"

Then Queen Vasundhara carried the embryo, like the earth a deposit, like a bamboo-shoot¹⁴³ a pearl. At the proper time Queen Vasundhara bore a son, marked with a *srivatsa**, white in color, with all the lucky body-marks. King Stimitasagara rejoiced at the birth of his son, like the ocean at the rising of the full moon. When the twelfth day had come, the father gave the name Aparajita to his son who had the brilliance of the twelve Adityas.¹⁴⁴ Looking at his son, kissing him, embracing him, setting him on his lap, the king never stopped, like a poor man in the case of money that has been obtained,

Birth of Anantavirya

Now, the *soul* of Srivijaya fell from Susthitavarta and descended into the womb of Queen Anuddhara. During the last part of the night Queen Anuddhara saw seven dreams entering her mouth as she slept. The first of these was a young lion with a saffron colored mane, his nails like digits of the moon, his tail like a chauri; Padma, seated on a lotus, being sprinkled with water from the Ocean of Milk by two elephants holding *pitchers* in their trunks; a sun, destroying dense darkness, causing day even at night, with a stream of intense brilliance; next, a pitcher filled with clear, sweet water, its mouth adorned with white lotuses, with golden bells and a *wreath* of flowers; then an ocean, crowded with various aquatic animals, shining with its burden of jewels, with waves reaching to the sky; then a heap of jewels, which had the beauty of a rainbow spread in the sky with the streams of light of five-colored jewels; and the seventh, a smokeless fire, which made the sky have shoots of flame, its appearance giving pleasure to the eyes these were the seven.

The queen arose from sleep and related the dreams to her husband. He told the fruit of the dreams, "Your son will be a Visnu^s."

At the proper time the queen bore her son, a festival for the eye, dark as the petal of a blue lotus, like the sky bearing a rain-cloud. The king gave the name Anantavirya to Anuddhara's son, who had great power, at a great festival.

Their childhood

He grew up slowly, slowly, going from lap to lap of the nurses, like a *hansa* from lotus to lotus, day and night. Crowing up gradually, he played with his elder brother like a contemporary, having a charming appearance, watched by women. The two brothers, with their fair and dark bodies* looked like autumn and rainy season-clouds that had met in one place. They learned all the sciences with ease; for knowledge comes of its own accord to such persons from former births. They did study the sciences in the teacher's presence, so that their acquisition of knowledge provided a living for the teacher. Resembling an *abode* of Sri, they reached youth, which is magic for attracting women, devoid of charms, spells, et cetera.

One day *Muni* Svayamprabha, endowed with various supernatural powers, came there and stopped in a certain garden. Now, King Stimitasagara went outside the city to ride horses in equestrian sports, being expert in the sport. After he had ridden broken and unbroken horses, a Revanta in equestrian sport, tired, he went to the grove. King Stimitasagara, his eyes motionless from delight, entered

the garden which was like Nandana brought to earth; which had a cloud reposing there, as it were, from the numerous young trees; which resembled a mountain-plateau pouring forth a cascade with its water-channels; carrying fans for travelers, as it were, with plantain-leaves; paved with emeralds, as it were, with grassy ground everywhere; with a maid's duties performed by the winds carrying perfume from the cardamon^B, the clove, the kakkola, and the laveli, creating delight.

While he rested a moment, he saw in front of him the *muni* at the foot of an asoka, engaged in meditation*, standing in pratima. *Horripilation* appeared at once from *devotion* as if from extreme cold, and the king circumambulated and paid homage to the muni. When the muni had finished his meditation, he gave the blessing "Dharmalabha." For the noble abandon their own work, even though commenced, for the benefit of others. Then Muni Svayamprabha delivered a sermon that was like visible knowledge acquired by observation of the hearer because of its various proofs.

When he had heard the sermon, the king was enlightened at once; and went home and installed Anantavirya in his kingdom. The departure-festival was held by Anantavirya and *Bala*^S; and the king went to Svayamprabha and adopted *mendicancy*. Enduring trials very hard to endure, he preserved the mula and *uttara*-gunas perfectly for a long time. Because he had mentally violated asceticism at the end, he became the Indra, Camara, lord of the Asuras, after death.*

The life of Aparajita and Anantavirya as kings

With Aparajita Anantavirya ruled the earth, possessing boundless wealth of courage, *invincible* even to the gods. One day a pure friendship arose between them and a certain Vidyadhara. For there is association of the noble only with the noble. The best of Vidyadharas gave them a powerful magic art and after instructing them, "May you be successful," went to Vaitadhya.

They had two slave-girls, Barbari and Kirati, adorned with skill in singing, dancing, et cetera. Singing and dancing more beautifully than Rambha, et cetera, they delighted the minds of Bala and Anantavirya. One day, Talanka (Aparajita) and Garudadhvaj (Anantavirya), presiding over the assembly, began to have a fine play acted by them. Just then Narada, his top-knot waving, carrying an *ascetic's* mat, bearing the triple staff, with a rosary and sacred thread, wearing a loin-cloth, fat-bellied-going through the air, white like a rajahansa, his feet in golden slippers, carrying a water-jar,

roaming about eager to see *strife* among all the people, quicksilver in instability, came to the assembly.

Rama and Visnu^s, their minds absorbed in watching the dancing of Barbarika and Kirati did not welcome the sage. Angered, Narada thought to himself: "These two did not rise to greet me, when I came, from arrogance. They considered the dance of these mere slave-girls important, indeed I but did not even look at me when I came, as if I were a low person. Now I will quickly show them, to whom slave-girls are dear, like leaders of slaves, the fruit of arrogance."

With these reflections, Narada went suddenly like the Wind to Mt. Vaitadhya to King Damitari. The Vidyadhara-king, Damitari, like Indra in his *splendor*, surrounded by hundreds of Vidyadhara-kings, at once hastily abandoned his lion-throne and slippers and rose to greet Narada When he came, while he was still far away. Damitari gave him the Hon-throne. So great is the welcome of such sages. He abandoned the lion-throne and sat down on his own mat. For such people *desire devotion* only, not material objects. Narada said to him:

"O Lord of the province with three parts, overlord of the Vidyadharas, success to you, powerful. May your empire, country, city, clan, relatives, retinue, and everything else in your house prosper always."

Damitari said: "Always I have prospered, but hence forth I shall prosper especially from your favor, *muni*. However, I ask you, have you seen anything marvelous, never seen before, as you have gone through the air at will?" Narada reflected, "Now my desire is accomplished" and, his eyes and cheeks blooming with joy, said to Damitari:

"Today I saw a marvelous thing, which does not exist even in heaven, as the result of wandering over the earth. I went to the city *Subha* today for amusement and saw King Anantavirya in his assembly. I saw a wonderful play acted before him by Barbarika and Kirati. I wander over both worlds, heaven and earth, from curiosity, and I have never seen such a marvelous play. Just as Sakra is the recipient of marvelous objects in Saudharma, so are you in this half-province. What is the use of your magic arts, of your power, of your splendor, of your command, of your kingdom, if you do not have that play brought here?"

After *Muni* Narada had accomplished his purpose by this speech, like sowing seed in the ground, he departed quickly through the air.

Arrogant from his lordship over the three-part province, King Damitari sent a messenger to Aparajita's brother. He went to the city *Subha*, bowed to Anantavirya and his elder brother and, eminent in discourse, spoke:

"Whatever remarkable object exists in this half-province, all that belongs to the overlord Damitari, without doubt. Send your two slave-girls, Barbari and Kirati, celebrated actresses, to Damitari. Slaves, et cetera, belong to him who is lord of the entire kingdom. When a house is given, is a mere horse* separated from it?"

Anantavirya said, "Go now, messenger. I shall send the slave-girls soon, after a little consideration."

The messenger, delighted at this speech of Visnu's, went quickly and reported to Damitari, "Your command is as good as done."

Now Aparajita and Sarngin both took counsel, their *anger* concealed, like fire-pits with hidden fire. "He commands us in this way because of his aerial car and his strength from the acquisition of magic arts, but he is not superior to us. The magic arts, which were given to us formerly by our Vidyadhara-friend, now we shall summon them. Then what is that miserable creature to us?"

While the two brothers were reflecting thus secretly, the magic arts, Prajnapti, et cetera, came, as if they had had an appointment. With a *splendor* equal to the brilliancy of lightning, adorned with various ornaments, wearing bright divine garments, their hands folded submissively, they said:

"We are those magic arts which you have summoned. Gained in a former birth, now we are present. We shall enter your bodies*, like divinities entering a charmed weapons.* Now command us, illustrious ones." They said, "So be it," and the magic arts shared the nature of their bodies, like rivers that of the east and west oceans. Naturally strong, they became exceedingly so from the acquisition of the magic arts, like lions with armor. They made a puja to the vidyas with charming perfumes and wreaths. People of discernment do not neglect puja to those entitled to it.

Just then the messenger, instructed by Damitari, returned in haste and said to them reproachfully:

"Sirs! Sirs! What is this revolt against the master that you, like young rhinoceroses, have undertaken from ignorance? After saying, 'We will send the slave girls they were not sent. Do you, fools, wish to die? Is he, angry, not known? Indeed, two evil spirits are present to you in the guise of slave-girls. I think, they will not go away without destroying you, root and branch. Do not give much. Give

the slave-girls now. Otherwise, the master will seize them and the *sovereignty* from you.'

Concealing his *anger*, Visnu^s, though powerful, wise, his lips blooming with the moonlight of a smile, said to him calmly:

"King Damitari must be satisfied by making gifts of valuable jewels, money, trained elephants, and horses. If Damitari is satisfied by these slave-girls, take them now and go in the evening."

The messenger, so instructed by Visnu, went to the house assigned, thinking that the messenger's art, as well as himself, had its purpose accomplished. They (the two brothers) put the weight of the kingdom on good ministers, like the weight of a house on pillars, like the weight of a cart on oxen. Saying, "What kind of a person Damitari is must be seen," from curiosity they became Barbarika and Kirati by means of a magic art. The two men-slave-girls went to the messenger and said, "We are sent now to Damitari by Aparajita and Anantavirya." The messenger, delighted, went with the slave-girls to Mt. Vaitadhya and announced to Damitari:

"Just as the Asuras do not transgress the command of Camara, the gods that of Sakra, the serpents that of *Dharana* and birds that of Garuda, so kings in this half of the province Ramaniya do not transgress your command, O you with cruel commands. In particular, Aparajita and Anantavirya, *submissive* to you, always take your command, like a *diadem*, on their heads. These slave-girls, Barbarika and Kirati, jewels of actresses, have been delivered at once by them to you as presents,"

Damitari looked at the slave-girls with a gentle glance. Merit that has been heard of, even through popular report, causes *devotion* on the part of the connoisseurs. Damitari instructed them to perform a play. Verily, the *desire* to see something new cannot endure delay. Then they, in the roles of actresses, went on the stage immediately and delivered the preliminaries with their parts, beating of the drum, et cetera. The stage-director made the stage-puja with handfuls of flowers and the troop of female singers, et cetera sat down in the proper directions. An actor recited the invocation (nandi) with a musical accompaniment suited to the invocation. At the end of the invocation he portrayed the prologue with its parts. The singers, wearing various costumes, behind the scenes sang the introductory verse with jatiragas, et cetera, introducing the characters. Then they began to act a drama, an ocean of the sentiments, charming from the combination of the elements of plot, situations, component parts of the divisions (of the play), and the divisions (sandhi).

At times there took place the representation of peace and war in Smara's kingdom with lovers' meetings, rivers of nectar of pure bliss, and with separations (of lovers), sources of various painful situations, with various devices for the union of lovers by atonement for improper acts.

Sometimes even the sophisticated townsmen were made to laugh, like the villagers, by fat men, men with projecting teeth, lame men, hunchbacks, flat-nosed men, men with disheveled hair, bald men, one-eyed men, and other deformed men; by ash-colored men; by men with buttock-bells, by musicians of the arm-pit and the nose, by dancers of the ear and brow, by imitators of the speech of other people; by people deceitful and at the same time simple-minded, such as the buffoons and boon-companions.

Even wicked men, softened by speeches off-stage, by reproaches to fate, by shedding tears, by unsuitable requests, by rolling on the ground, by lamentations, by leaps from precipices, by hanging from trees, by entering into fire and water, by swallowing poison, et cetera, by blows with weapons*, by beatings on the heart, frequently caused by the destruction of wealth and murder of the beloved, shed tears at times.

Sometimes men, though very self-possessed, were made to tremble (with *anger*) by biting the lips with the teeth, by redness of the eyes, by frowns, by palpitations of the cheeks, by rubbing together the fingers, by tearing up the ground, by drawing weapons, by drawing blood, by quick attacks, by fights, by blows, by trembling of the limbs, by shedding tears, caused by the kidnapped of women, the abuse of slave-girls, et cetera.

Men, timid by nature, had courage produced at once by dignity, resoluteness, courage, skill and by various other very excellent virtues, liberality, et cetera, originating in valor toward the enemy and in exertion in good conduct, et cetera.

The people in the audience were sometimes reduced instantly to a state of terror by dryness of the palate, throat, and lips, by glances from rolling eyes, by trembling hands, hoarseness, change in color, and shedding tears, caused by seeing manifestations of ghosts, et cetera, and by hearing sounds from them, et cetera.

Sometimes the audience was exceedingly disgusted instantly by contractions of the body, palpitations of the heart, screwing up of the nose and mouth, spitting, crushing of the lips and fingers, et cetera, caused by seeing, hearing, et cetera of bad smells, vomiting, and worms from wounds.

Sometimes the audience was astonished suddenly by the wide-opening of the eyes, by glances without winking, by the appearance of perspiration, tears, *horripilation*, by exclamations of "Well done," et cetera, caused by the sight of the supernatural, attainment of desires, exhibitions of magic, et cetera.

Sometimes the people, greedy for the enjoyment of sense-objects, were made tranquil by meditation* on the mula- and uttara-gunās*, by thinking of texts concerning the Supreme Spirit, by attendance on good gurus, by pujas to the gods, and other such things, arising from disgust with existence, fear* of worldly existence, knowledge of the Principles, et cetera.

Just as all the sentiments were portrayed by the actors, so all the spectators became composed of them. The actors looked like characters (themselves) who had come, because of dramatic actions, conveyed by expressions, et cetera, properly portrayed.

Story of Kanakasri

When the king, chief of the prudent, had seen this dramatic art, he considered the two slave-girls to be jewels in the ocean of existence. Then the king entrusted his 'daughter, named Kanakasri, to the fictitious slave-girls for instruction in acting. When they had seen the maiden, who had reached youth, whose face was like a full moon, eyes like a frightened *doe's*, lips like ripe bimbās, neck like a conch, arms like lotus-tendrils, breasts like golden *pitchers*, waist slender as the middle of a thunderbolt, navel deep as a tank, hips resembling a sandy beach, thighs like a young elephant's, shanks like a doe's, hands and feet like lotuses, whose body was immersed in the water of loveliness, endowed with sweet speech, whose body was soft as a sirisa^B, the fictitious slave-girls showed her again and again with gentle words and taught her thoroughly the dramatic art with modes of expression all of it, including the catastrophe.¹⁴⁵

In the midst of the drama the slave-girls sang at length praises of long-armed Anantavirya, because of beauty, courage, et cetera. Kanakasri asked, "Who is this superior man about whom you sing constantly, girls?" The fictitious slave-girl, Aparajita, smiled and said: "Fair lady, in this province there is a large city, *Subha*. Its king was Stimitasagara, an ocean of virtues, a sun in *splendor*. He, noble-minded, had an elder son, the sole *abode* of good breeding, Aparajita, unconquered by his enemies. Anantavirya was the younger son, but not inferior in spotless virtues, who surpasses Kandarpa in beauty, who splits the knot of insolence of his enemies. He, liberal, keeping his promises, considerate of those who have come for

protection, his arms long as the king of serpents, his chest broad as a rock, like an *abode* of Sri, like the supporting ground of the earth, the sun to the lotuses of followers, an Ocean of Milk of courtesy how can he, noble, be described by us of little wit? There is no one among gods, asuras, and men who is his equal."

When Kanakasri heard that, she was filled with waves of longing like a pond with waves blown up by the wind, just as if she saw him before her. She remained in thought, like one pierced in reality by the arrows of Smara^s in the guise of *horripilation*, motionless like a puppet.

"That kingdom is blessed, that city is blessed, those subjects are blessed, those women are blessed, of whom Anantavirya is the leader. The moon, though far away, rejoices the night-blooming lotus with its rays; the cloud, though in the sky, makes the pea-hens dance. This has happened to them, indeed, from favorableness of fate. What fate will there be for Anantavirya and me? How is he to be seen, to say nothing of becoming my husband? Even a friend is hard to find to accomplish this *desire*."

Aparajita, expert in interpretation of feelings by gestures and facial expressions, observed that she had such thoughts and said to Kanakasri: "Why are you depressed? Why do you seem wounded, as it were, young maiden, when you have heard about Aparajita's younger brother from my lips?"

Kanakasri, her face tearful, like a lotus with a mass of snow, very miserable, replied with words broken by hoarseness:

"The desire to seize the moon with the hand, to reach the sky with the feet, to cross the ocean with the arms, such, indeed, is my desire to see him. How can the lord of *Subha*, fortunate, be made to come within my range of vision by me, unfortunate? Alas! what a desire of mine!"

The elder man-actress said: "Fair lady, if you wish to see him, then enough of depression, maiden. I shall show him to you. By the power of a magic art, I shall bring Anantavirya and Aparajita here, like spring and the wind from *Malaya* to a forest."

Kanakasri said: "Everything is possible for you, since you are an attendant of these two oceans of virtue. I think fate is favorable to me, since you so speak. Some family-divinity of mine surely descended into your mouth. Carry out your speech right now, you who know the arts. For even an attendant of such people surely does not lie."

Then Aparajita and Anantavirya, Beauty and love, immediately assumed their own forms, delighted like gods. Aparajita said: "Fair

lady, does my brother Anantavirya agree with the description I gave just now, or not? His superiority in beauty, et cetera, has been described by me only to a small extent. He is not within the range of speech. Make him within the range of your vision.”

At the sight of him the daughter of Damitari was penetrated simultaneously by agitation, astonishment, shame, delight, rapture and unsteadiness. Considering herself at once the sister-in-law of Aparajita, the maiden made a veil from her upper garment. Anantavirya's body was rough from its hair on end, like a kadamba^B in flower, at the rising of a cloud in the form of love. Then the gazelle-eyed maiden abandoned her inherent pride and bashfulness, took upon herself the role of go-between, and Said to Anantavirya:

Mt. Vaitadhya on the one hand, and the city *Subha* on the other; the report on the acting of the slave-girls to my father by Narada, the demand of the slave-girls, who were yours, by my father; the coming here of you two after assuming the form of the slave-girls, the entrusting of me to you for instruction in acting; the description of your virtues, husband, by your elder brother, the sudden revelation of yourselves by you two all that which was inconceivable took place by the increase in my good fortune. Just as you were my teacher in drama, so you are my husband. Henceforth, if you do not protect from love, my death* will be on your heart has already been taken by you just by hearing about you. Now take my hand. Be gracious. Favor me. Surely even in existence, there was really no existence on my part because of the non-existence of a bridegroom like you among the young princes of the Vidyadhra-kings of the north and south rows of Mt. Vaitadhya. By good fortune you have been attained, a life-saving remedy, the only moon for the world of the living.”

Anantavirya replied: “Fair-browed lady, if you so wish, rise. Certainly we shall go to the city, *Subha*, beautiful maiden.”

Kanakasri replied: “You are my husband. But my father, wicked, *arrogant* from his power over magic arts, will cause great evil. For he is an *abode* of evil. You two are alone, unarmed, though strong.”

Anantavirya smiled and said: “Do not be afraid, timid girl. What is your father in battle with my noble brother, even with all his forces? Anyone else who, wishing to fight, follows, we will send to death.* Be unafraid, my dear.”

Thus addressed by Anantavirya, possessing strength of arm himself, Kanakasri set out like Sri in person choosing her husband.

Anantavirya, with arms raised like a palace with flags, said in a very loud voice, deep as thunder:

“Sir captains of fortresses! Sir generals, ministers, princes, *vassals*, and soldiers, all of you! And all other adherents of Damitari, be attentive! Hear my speech. I here, Anantavirya, accompanied by Aparajita, am taking the daughter of Damitari to my house. No censure is to be made, such as, ‘she has been taken secretly.’ Do not disregard this. Consider your own strength, carrying weapons.”

After he had made this proclamation, Anantavirya with his wife and Aparajita set out through the air in an aerial car made by magic.

When Damitari heard of that, saying, “Who is this miserable creature, belonging to earth, wishing to die?” he instructed his soldiers: “Quickly kill or capture this low person and his brother. Then bring back my daughter. Let evil conduct bear fruit in him.” So instructed by him, the soldiers, clearly of violent disposition, ran forward with weapons raised, like elephants with raised tusks. The divine jewels, the plough, bow, et cetera, then appeared to Aparajita and Anantavirya. Many Damitaris, the soldiers of Damitari, first attacked simultaneously with weapons, like clouds with streams of water. They trembled like deer at the effortless fighting of the two man-tigers undisturbed by *anger*. But when Damitari heard that they were in flight, angered, he set out, making the sky look like a grove with high trees with his weapons.

“Villain, fight! fight!” “Stop! stop!” “Come! come!” “Hurl your weapon! hurl it!” “You shall die! You shall die!” “I will spare your life. Give up the master’s daughter.”

When Kanakasri heard these remarks, and similar ones, of the soldiers, which were terrifying from their great *conceit* and bitter to the ear, she became distressed, whispering, “Husband, husband.” Anantavirya said to her: “Why are you needlessly terrified by your father’s noise in the air, which is like the croaking of a frog, foolish girl? Do you see Damitari and his army being terrified or killed by me, like Mainaka by Vajrin.”

After comforting Kanakasri in this way, Sarangadhara, like a lion that has been threatened, turned with Aparajita to battle. Damitari’s soldiers, destroyers of enemies, surrounded Sarngin by the crores, like moths a light. Then Anantavirya, a Meru in firmness, angry, created at once an army twice as large as his army by magic art. Damitari’s soldiers began then to fight with it, their bodies* wet with the mud of blood, like mountains with red colored minerals.

“May he be my husband whose headless trunk dances.” “I am eager for him as a husband who advances threaded on a lance.”

"When will he sport with me, who dyes (in blood) the one fighting with him?" "He is my husband who takes the lance which is entering his mouth in his teeth." "He is my lord who mounts the elephant's boss." "I am the servant of him who rights with his helmet when his weapon is broken." "He shall be my lover who is armed with an elephant's tusk which has been pulled out." Such passionate remarks were made by goddesses in the air.

Damitari's soldiers, *arrogant* from power over magic arts also, were not broken at all in battle, like bhadra-elephants. Then Hari^s blew Pancajanya^s like an actor in the representation of a battle-play, which filled the space between heaven and earth with noise. Dazed by the sound of the conch of Visnu^s, conqueror of the world, the enemy fell, foaming at the mouth like epileptics. Then King Damitari himself mounted his chariot and fought with Anantavirya with divine weapons^t and missiles. When he realized that Sarngin was hard to conquer, Kanakasri's father recalled the cakra which was like a firm friend in time of need. Filled with hundreds of flames, it fell into Damitari's hand quickly, like a submarine fire in the ocean.

Damitari said: "Villain, if you stay, you will die. Go at once. When you have released my daughter, you are released, scoundrel! "

Anantavirya replied, "I shall go when I have taken your cakra and your life, as well as your daughter. Not before."

Answered in this way, Damitari, blazing with *anger* like a fire, whirled the cakra and hurled it at Aparajita's brother. Hari fell, dazed by the blow from the hub of the cakra. Fanned by Aparajita, he soon got up, as if he had been asleep. That very cakra, remaining near, was taken by Sarngapani. Though it had a hundred spokes, it seemed to have a thousand in his hand. The Ardhacakradhara smiled and said to the Pratyardhacakrin, "You are free, because you are Kanakasri's father. Go now, sir! "

Damitari said to him: "Why are you armed with my weapon, villain, like a rich debtor with the money of the creditor? Hurl the cakra! Hurl it! And hurl now your valor into the ocean of my strength, Anantavirya, or turn into a clod."

Anantavirya, so addressed, resembling Antaka (*Yama*) angered, hurled the cakra, and cut Damitari's head, like a lotus. The gods, delighted at his strength, rained five-colored flowers above Anantavirya, and said:

"All you Vidyadhara-kings, listen attentively. Anantavirya is Visnu; and Aparajita is Bala^s. Approach his feet; turn from the field of battle with one whose rising is to be worshipped, like the moon, and like the sun."

Then all the Vidyadhara-kings went with bowed heads to Baladeva^s and Vasudeva^s for asylum giving protection. Hari^s set out in a chariot for the capital, *Subha*, with the Vidyadhara-kings, his elder brother, and his wife. As Hari went near Mt. Kanaka, the Vidyadharas said to him: "Do not show disrespect to the holy *Arhats* here. There are many shrines of the Jinas on Mt. Kanaka. After Your Honor has worshipped them properly, go from here."

Sarngabhrat and his retinue got out of their chariots and worshipped the shrines which make the eyes cool. Looking at the mountain with curiosity, he saw *Muni* Kirtidhara at one side engaged in pratima with a fast extending over a year. Hari rejoiced because he saw him, whose *omniscience* arose just at that time from the destruction of the ghatikarmas and for whom a festival was held by the gods. After they had circumambulated three times, had paid homage to him, and had sat down with folded hands, Hari and his retinue listened to a sermon by him. At the end Kanakasri asked the muni, "Why did the killing of my father and separation from my relatives take place?" The muni related:

Previous incarnation of Kanakasri

"There is a flourishing village, Sankhapura, in east Bharata in the continent Dhatakikhanda. A woman lived there, named Sridatta, *afflicted* with poverty, who earned a living by working in other people's houses. She spent the whole day in threshing, grinding, carrying water, sweeping the house, smearing the house (with cow-dung), et cetera. She took her food after the whole day had passed. Verily, her lot was a miserable one, like the sight of an owl.

One day in her wandering she came to a mountain, Sripurvata by name, which resembled the mountain of the gods (Meru) in beauty. There she saw a great muni, named Satyayasas, seated on a clean rock, purified by the three controls, undefeated by trials hard to resist like ghouls, with the five kinds of carefulness unbroken, with an immeasurable wealth of penance, free from worldly interest, free from affection, tranquil, who regarded gold and a clod as the same, engaged in pure meditation*, motionless as a mountain-peak. When she saw him like a kalpa-tree, delighted, she bowed to him. He gave her the blessing 'Dharmalabha a pregnancy-whim of the tree of *emancipation*.

Sridatta said to him: 'Judging from such a miserable condition (as mine), I did not practice *dharma*' at all in a former birth. To me constantly consumed by painful work like a mountain burned by summer heat, your speech "Dharmalabha" was like rain. Even if I,

unfortunate, am not suitable for it, nevertheless this speech of yours is unerring. Give me some instruction for good fortune. Do something so that I shall not be so (ill-fated) again in another birth. With a protector like you, why should not the thing desired take place, protector?’

After hearing this speech of hers and considering the inability, he instructed her to perform the penance called *dharma-cakravala*.¹⁴⁶ ‘You, absorbed in worship of gurus and *Arhats*, must perform two three-day (fasts) and thirty-seven *caturthas*. From the power of that penance another birth like this will not happen to you again, like offspring a hen-crow.’¹⁴⁷

She gave attention to his speech, bowed to the best *munis*, went to her own village, and performed the penance. From its power she obtained sweet food* when she broke her fast, such as she had never obtained before even in a dream, a prelude to the play of good fortune. from that time she received two and three times as much pay for her work in the houses of the rich and also good clothes. So Sridatta got to have a little money and made it to the gods and gurus according to her ability.

One day an old place in the wall of her house, struck *et cetera*, fell down and she found gold, *et cetera*. At the completion of her penance she made a great finishing ceremony with *pujas* in the shrines, gifts to monks and nuns, *et cetera*. On the fast-breaking day at the end of penance, when she looked around the country, she saw *Rsi*^s *Suvrata* who had fasted for a month. Considering fortunate, she gave him herself pure food, *et cetera*, bowed to him, and asked about the religion of the *Arhats*. The *muni* replied to her: ‘It is not our rule for a sermon to be delivered anywhere by the ones who have gone for alms, lady. If you wish to hear religious instruction, come at the right time to my place when I have gone there, lady.’ With these words he went away.

People of the city and Sridatta went to pay homage to the *muni* who had broken his fast and was studying. After they had paid homage to him and had seated themselves in proper places, he delivered a sermon in a gracious voice.

Sermon

‘A being, wandering through the eighty-four lacs types of species of birth-nuclei in worldly existence, attains a human birth by chance, like a blind man reaching a desired place. The religion taught by the Omniscient, very difficult to obtain, is the foremost among all religious in it (*samsara*), like the moon among heavenly

bodies.* So, efforts together with right-belief must be made for it alone by means of which a *soul* in worldly existence crosses the ocean of existence easily.'

Sridatta bowed at Suvrata's feet and accepted the religion taught by the Omniscient together with right-belief. After they had paid homage to *Muni* Suvrata all the people of the city and Sridatta, delighted, went to their own houses. For some time she practiced that religion; then a doubt arose in her mind from the development of her karma. 'I do not know whether or not I shall obtain the fruit which is said to be the highest fruit of the religion of the Jinas.' Because Sridatta felt such a doubt even with the instruction of such a guru, then the inevitable consequences were hard to prevent.

One day when she had started out to pay homage to Satyayasas, she saw a pair of Vidyadharas in an aerial car in the sky. Confused by their beauty she went to her own house and died without confessing or repenting the doubt.

Now there is a mountain, Vaitadhya, in the province Ramaniya which is the ornament of East Videha in this very Jambudvipa. On it there is a city, Sivamandira, the *abode* of happiness, which is like a twin of Sakra's city. Its king was named Kanakapujya, whose feet were worshipped by powerful Vidyadhara-kings. I was the son, Kirtidhara, of his wife Vayuvega. My wife was named Anilavega, the head of my *harem*. Once upon a time she saw three dreams while she was asleep in the night. An elephant* as white as Kailasa, a fine bull roaring like a cloud, a pitcher which resembled a treasure-pitcher these were the three dreams in succession. At the end of the night the chief-queen, whose face was blooming then like a lotus, related these dreams to me. I said, 'You will have a son who will be master of a three-part territory, with half the power of a cakravartin,' At the proper time the queen bore a son, who resembled a god, complete with all favorable marks, like a mine bearing a jewel. Because I had been especially victorious over my enemies while he was in the womb, I named him Damitari. Gradually he grew up he absorbed the arts, and attained youth purified by beauty.

One day the Lord, the Jina^s, causing *tranquility*; the noble-minded Santi,¹⁴⁸ wandering to another place in the province, victorious, stopped in a *samavasarana*. After I had paid homage to him, I sat down and listened to a sermon. I became disgusted with existence at once and established Damitari in the kingdom. Then I adopted *mendicancy* at sri Santi's feet and at that time undertook two kinds of discipline, *grahana* and *asevana*.¹⁴⁹ I performed *pratima* for a year on the mountain here and just now *omniscience* arose

from the destruction of the ghati-karmas. Damitari became a king, a powerful Prativisnu, to whom the cakra had appeared, who had conquered the three-part territory. The *soul* of Sridatta became you, his daughter Kanakasri, by Damitari's wife Madira. Because she died without confessing and repenting her doubt, you have experienced this separation from relatives and the killing of your father because of that sin. Verily, a stain on religion, even though small, causes endless pain. Even a little poison, which has been swallowed, is sufficient to destroy life. You must not act so again that such a thing will happen again, but right-belief free of the five faults must be adopted."

Then Kanakasri, at once feeling quick disgust with existence, declared to Cakradharin and Langaladharin:

"If such misfortune is experienced because of even a little sin, enough for me of the pleasures of love, mines for the production of sin. Just as a boat sinks in water from even a small crack, so a person sinks in misfortunes from even a small sin. At that time when I was timid from poverty and was practicing such penance, for some reason there was doubt. Alas for my wretched fate! Now that I have obtained power and am enjoying pleasures, of what importance is a mere doubt since there may be other faults? So be gracious and consent to my taking the vow. I am afraid of this Raksasa of existence devoted to such trickery."

With eyes wide-open in astonishment, they said: "From the guru's favor this may take place without hindrance. However, let us go now to the city *Subha*, very intelligent lady, that we may make your departure-festival with great magnificence. You should take the vow, which resembles a boat for crossing the ocean of existence, there before the Jina Svayamprabha, sinless lady."

She agreed and after bowing with *devotion* to the sage they took her and went to the city *Subha*. In front of it they saw the son Anantasena fighting with men sent for battle by Damitari. When Sirin saw Anantavirya's son surrounded by them like a boar by dogs, whirling his plow, he ran forward angrily. Damitari's soldiers ran away in all directions, unable to withstand *Bala*^s, like balls of cotton unable to withstand a wind. Janardana^s and his retinue entered his city; and was installed by kings as ardhacakrin on an auspicious* day.

The Jina^s Svayamprabha came there one day, as he wandered over the earth, and stopped in a *samavasarana*. Then the door-keepers said to Anantavirya, "Today you are very fortunate because of the coming of Svayamprabhanatha." He gave them twelve and a

half crores of silver and with his elder brother and Kanakasri went to pay homage to the Master. The Blessed Svayamprabha, from a *desire* to benefit persons capable of *emancipation*, delivered a sermon in speech conforming to all dialects.

Kanakasri said, "After taking leave of Sarngin at home, I shall come for initiation. Be compassionate, Teacher of the World." The Tirthakrt said, "Negligence must not be shown"; and Kanakasri, Hari^s, and Sirin went to their house. She took leave of Hari and, after he had held the departure-ceremony with great magnificence, she went there and adopted *mendicancy* under the lord. She performed penance the ekavali, muktavali, kanakavali, bhadra, sarvatobhadra, et cetera. One day when the fuel of the ghatikarmas had been consumed by the fire of pure meditation*, her spotless *omniscience* arose. After she had gradually destroyed the karmas prolonging life (bhavopagrahin), Kanakasri reached the place which has no rebirth.

Story of Sumati

Enjoying manifold pleasures, Sarngadhara and Siridhara passed the time, immersed in bliss like gods. Baladeva^s had a wife, Virata, and a daughter, Sumati, originated in her womb. Even from childhood, she followed the religion taught by the Omniscient, knowing the Principles, *jiva*, *ajiva*, et cetera, rich in the performance of penance. Observing the twelve lay-vows unbroken, she was always occupied with pujas to the *Arhats* and service to gurus.

One day at the end of a day's fast, she was seated for her fast-breaking meal. Just as she looked at the door, a sage came. She gave him food* put in a dish, as if the religion with three controls and five kinds of carefulness had come in person. Then the five divine things, the rain of treasure, et cetera, took place. Verily, a gift to the noble should be multiplied by a crores of crores. Then the sage went elsewhere, wandering from that place. For there is no stopping in one place for sadhus free from worldly attachment, like the wind.

When they heard of the rain of treasure, *Bala* and Sarngin came and both pricked up their ears in astonishment when they saw it. Saying, "Her behavior has produced miracles," they considered, "Who is a suitable husband for her?" After they had taken counsel with the minister Ihananda, they held the festival of her svayamvara.* At Vasudeva's command the lords of the Vidyadharas and the kings also, who lived in the half of the province, came to the svayamvara. Upendra's servants erected a pavilion with a thousand pillars of jewels, an ornament of the earth, which resembled the council-hall of Indra. In it they made jeweled lion-thrones which

presented the appearance of a row of jewels in the serpent-king's hood. At Vasudeva's command the kings and the Vidyadhara-princes, the equals of Mara^s in beauty, seated themselves on the thrones. Dressed in divine garments, wearing jeweled ornaments, with various artificial decorations and much fragrant ointment, adorned with a white umbrella resembling the moon over her head, attended by friends of her own age, the path being shown by a woman door-keeper with a golden staff, carrying the bridegroom's *wreath*, Balabhadra's daughter, Sumati, adorned the pavilion, like Sri the ocean, the Vidyadharas and kings being present, like gods.

The gazelle-eyed maiden looked at the svayamvara-pavilion with a charming glance, throwing a wreath of blue lotuses, as it were. Just then an aerial car, made of jewels, adorned with pillars of gems, suspended in the sky like the disc of the sun, occupied by a deity seated on a jeweled lion-throne, appeared suddenly above the pavilion. The girl, the kings, and the lords of the Vidyadharas looked at it with eyes wide-open from great astonishment. While they were looking, the goddess got out of the aerial car and sat down on the lion-throne in the pavilion. Raising her right hand, she said to the maiden Sumati:

"Young lady, Dhanasri, wake up! Wake up! Remember your former birth. In the half of Puskaravaradvipa, in the middle section of East Bharata, there is an extensive rich city, Srinandanapura. In it there was a king, named Mahendra, like Mahendra (Indra), always zealous day and night in protecting people seeking protection. The king's chief-queen, dearer than life, was named Anantamati, the receptacle of infinite virtues.

One day when she was sleeping comfortably, she saw in a dream in the last part of the night two fragrant, shining garlands on her own lap. When she told the dream, the king explained: 'You will certainly have two faultless daughters.' At the right time two daughters were born; I, the elder, named Kanakasri, and you, named Dhanasri. The two grew up with mutual affection and attained youth with the collection of arts. Playing here and there as they liked, they went one day to Mt. Giriparvata, a place for recreation on holidays. Gathering sweet fruit and fragrant flowers, they wandered there like divinities of forest and mountain. They observed *Muni* Nandanagiri, wholly tranquil, in a secluded place. After they had seen him, the two innocent girls circumambulated the muni three times and paid homage with *devotion*. Muni Nandana gave the blessing 'Dharma-labha' and delivered a sermon rejoicing their hearts. After hearing the sermon, their hands folded submissively, both said, 'If we are at

all suitable persons, give us instruction in dharma.” After considering their suitability, the blessed muni gave them instruction in the twelvefold dharma and they accepted it. They paid homage to the great muni and went to their own house; and always observed dharma carefully.

One day they went out of curiosity to an asoka-grove filled with pleasure-peaks, streams, tanks, and numerous kinds of trees. While they were playing there different games on a river-bank, a young Khecara, Viranga, the lord of Tripura, kidnapped them. His noble-hearted wife, *Vajra-syamalika*, made him release them, like a lion a pair of does. The girls fell instantly from the sky, like goddesses banished to earth by a curse, on a patch of bamboo^B on a river-bank in a terrible forest. Knowing that the accident was fatal, they observed a fast, with pure meditation*, engaged in the namaskara. I, Kanakasri, became the chief-queen, Navamika, of the lord of Saudharma, after death*, sister. You, Dhanasri, became the chief-queen of Dhanada, after death. Then when you fell, you became the daughter, Sumati, of Sirin. There was an agreement between us at that time that the second one must come and enlighten the one, who fell first, about the *Arhats' dharma*. I have come, your sister, to enlighten you. learn the Jain dharma, a boat for crossing the ocean of existence. Remember the eight-day festivals to the eternal Arhats in the continent Nandisvara and the festivals at the birth-bath, et cetera, of the living Arhats, each in its proper place, and the words of their teaching experienced by yourself in a former birth. Why do you forget them because of this sleep of another birth? So take *mendicancy*, which is like a dear friend of *emancipation*, the fruit of the tree of a human birth, not easy to win even by gods.”

After saying this, Sakra's chief-queen got into her aerial car and went away, lighting up the sky above, like lightning.

Then Sumati, whose memory of former births was aroused by that speech at once fell to the ground in a *swoon*, as if from fear* of existence. Sprinkled with sandal-water, fanned by the breezes of fans, she regained consciousness and got up, as if at the end of the night. Her hands folded submissively, she said, “Oh! you high-born kings, I, remembering my former births, make a request. Pardon me that you have been summoned here on my account. I want to adopt mendicancy, the herb for the disease of wandering through births.”

The kings replied, “Very well, blameless girl. You are pardoned by us. May your wish be unhindered.” Sirin and Sarngin, delighted, held her departure-festival, the crest-jewel of all festivals, with great magnificence. The chief-queens of Sakra and Kubera came and

worshipped her. For such persons must be honored by Vasava^s even. Together with seven hundred maidens she adopted *mendicancy*, a stream for the tree of *emancipation*, at the lotus-feet of *Arya Suvrata*. She accepted twofold discipline and practiced many kinds of penance. Pervaded by *desire* for emancipation, she was the bee in meditation* on the lotus of the *soul*. After some time, when she had mounted the ladder of destruction (of karma), *omniscience* arose, like a messenger of the Sri of emancipation. After she had enlightened souls capable of emancipation and had destroyed the karmas prolonging existence, Sumati reached an imperishable *abode*.

Death of Anantavirya

Aparajita and Anantavirya, possessing right belief, guarded the kingdom, united like the Asvins. At the end of a life of eighty-four lacs of purvas* Janardana^s went to the first hell because of nikacita karma. As a hell-inhabitant there, for forty-two thousand years he experienced many kinds of pain. There is no escape from karma that has been earned. Camara, Visnu's father in a former birth came there and quieted the pain. Verily, affection for offspring is powerful. Anantavirya's soul, desiring emancipation completely, endured the pain, recalling his acts by means of clairvoyant knowledge.

Death of Aparajita

Because of grief for his brother, Balabhadra bestowed the earth on his son and took the vow at the feet of Ganadhara Jayandhara. Sixteen thousand kings became mendicants, following him. For great fruit is obtained by persons attached to the great.

Seventh incarnation as a god

He practiced penance for a long time, enduring trials, fasted at the end, died, and became Indra in Acyuta.

Later births of Anantavirya

When Anantavirya's soul had consumed the fruit of its evil acts, it came out of hell, enlightened, like gold ore out of a fire. In the city Gaganavallabha in the north row on Vaitadhya in Bharataketra in this same Jambudvipa he became the son, Meghanada, of the noble Vidyadhara-king, Meghavahana, by his wife Meghamalini. Meghavahana established him in the kingdom, when he had gradually attained youth, and performed his own duties for the next world. lord of the two rows on Vaitadhya, he became gradually the sole *resplendent* one, like the sun and heaven to earth.

One day he divided a hundred and ten territories among his sons and gave them to them, and went to Mt. Mandara by means of the magic art Prajnapti. There he worshipped in the shrine of the eternal Arhats¹⁵⁰ in the garden Nandana and just then the gods living in the heavens descended to earth there. When the Indra of Acyuta saw him, he enlightened him like a guru from affection for his brother in a former birth, saying, "Abandon worldly existence." Then the great *muni*, Amaraguru by name, approached, like the accomplishment of the Vidyadhara-lord's desires embodied. Meghanada took the vow at his feet, and observed penance with self-restraint, free from negligence.

One day he climbed the mountain Nandanapurvata and stood in meditation*, having undertaken pratima for a night. His enemy in a former birth, the son of Asvagriva, who had reached a demon-birth after wandering through many births for a long time, saw him standing in this way. Angered, because of ancient enmity he made attacks on the great muni naturally resolute, like a buffalo attacking a great tree. He was not able to move him at all from his meditation. Is a mountain shaken at all by the blow of an elephant's tusk? Astonished, the Asura went away, gloomy-faced; and Muni Meghanada completed his meditation. Unshaken by attacks and trials, he *practiced severe penance for a long time, fasted at the end, died, and attained the rank of a Samanika in Acyuta.*

3. EIGHTH INCARNATION AS VAJRAYUDHA

In this very Jambudvīpa in the East Videhas the province Mangalavati is located on the south bank of the *Sita*. In it is the broad city Ratnasancaya, like a bride of the ocean (ratnakara), because of its resemblance to heaps of jewels. Its king was Ksemankara, causing the acquisition and security of wealth, powerful as the wind. His wife was Ratnamala, spotless as a *wreath* of jewels, delicate as a wreath of flowers.

Aparajita's *soul*, the Indra of Acyuta, fell from Acyuta and developed in her womb, like a pearl in a pearl-oyster. The queen, comfortably asleep, saw during the last part of the night fourteen great dreams and also a fifteenth, a thunderbolt. When she awakened she related the dreams to her husband and he explained, "You will have a hero-son, a cakrin, like Vajrin (Indra)."

At the right time she bore a son, pure, with a pleasing form, with superior strength like a sixth Lokapala. Because the queen had seen a thunderbolt in a dream, while he was in embryo, his father gave him the name Vajrayudha. He, having an extraordinary body, grew up gradually, protected every day from people's evil-eye by a blooming garland. He, a traveler across the ocean of all the arts, attained youth alone confusing the heart of gods, asuras, men, and women. With the ribbon placed around his wrist, he married a princess, Laksmivati, like Laksmi embodied.

Anantavirya's soul fell from the heaven Acyuta and entered Laksmivati's womb like rain from the sky entering the earth. At the right time she bore a son indicated by favorable dreams, complete with all the favorable marks, like a sun in *splendor*. On an auspicious day the parents named him Sahasrayudha with a festival superior to the birth-festival. He grew up gradually filled with the collection of arts, like the moon with digits, and attained youth. He, Makaradhvaja in beauty of form, married Princess Kanakasri, who surpassed sri in beauty. A son, Satabali, like the wind in strength, with all the male lucky marks, was borne by her to him.

One time King Ksemankara presided over the council with sons, grandsons, great-grandsons, friends, ministers, and *vassals*. At that time there was a conversation of the gods in Aisanakalpa to this effect, "(All) the people with firm right-belief on earth are inferior to Vajrayudha." A god, Citracula, who did not believe that speech, went to Ksemankara's assembly, wearing a crown of various jewels

and dangling earrings, his mind confused by wrong-belief, having become an unbeliever, evil-minded, wishing to make a test.

While various conversations were taking place there, the god, rejecting the light of belief, said resolutely: "There is no virtue, no vice, no *soul*, no other world. People suffer in vain from the idea that these exist."

Vajrayudha, possessing sincere belief, said: "Oh! an *inconsistency* on your part is apparent. What speech is this, *eloquent* sir? While you employ clairvoyant knowledge, consider carefully. For that power of yours is the fruit of the practice of *dharma** in a former birth of your own. In a former birth you were a mortal; now you are an immortal. If there is no soul, then explain how this happens. In this world you attained a mortal state; in the other world a divine state. So the other world is apparent, like this world, O wise man."

Enlightened in this way by Ksemankara's son, Citracula said: "That was well-done, very well-done by you. I, falling into the ocean of existence, was lifted by you, compassionate. And yet, what is to be said of one whose father is a Tirthankara* before our eyes? For a long time I have had wrong belief. I saw you by good fortune, even through malice. Give me the jewel of right-belief. The sight of the noble is not barren."

Vajrayudha, the best of the intelligent, knowing his character, taught him right-belief. For he was the son of the Omniscient.¹⁵¹ Citracula said again: "Prince, from today I obey your orders. Ask something now." The prince replied, "I ask this from you: Henceforth have firm right-belief." The god said: "This request of yours is for my benefit. So tell me some service that I may be free from debt to you. This is my service." With these words he gave divine ornaments to his teacher Vajrayudha who was free from *desire* like a god.

Citracula went to the council of the Indra of Isana and said, "Vajrayudha was fittingly praised by you as having right-belief." Saying, "He, noble, will be a blessed Arhat," the lord of Isana, weaponless, praised Vajrayudha. So Vajrayudha remained immersed in pleasure, magnificent as a god, with various discourses and charming amusements.

Spring festival

One day at spring-time a courtesan, Sudarsana*, carrying a bouquet of spring-flowers, announced to Vajrayudha:

"Spring, the friend of the sports of young people, the best friend of the victories of Minaketu (Kama*), blooms today with sole

dominion, master. Young wives who have recently attained youth, engaged in swinging in swings, are asked their husbands' names by their women-friends holding switches.¹⁵² Even high-spirited women gather flowers themselves now, tie them together themselves, worship Puspastra (Kama^s) themselves, abandon pride themselves, become messengers themselves in this matter. Hail to this power of Spring! Noise like that of *bards* to awaken King Smara^s asleep is made by cries of cuckoos and humming of bees. Young men here wear ear-ornaments of flowers, necklaces of flowers, amulets and bracelets of flowers, like a heresy devoted to Puspesu. Queen Laksmivati informs you, Your Majesty, through me that Spring (Vasanta), resembling Vasantasakha (Kama), is present. Today we wish to see the fresh beauty of Spring by going to the garden Suranipata which is like Nandana."

The prince said, "Very well," to her speech and went immediately with his retinue to the garden, the *abode* of Ananga^s. Seven hundred queens, laksmivati, et cetera, follow the prince, like stars the moon. With the women of his household the prince, sometimes straightening up, sometimes bending, like a yogi^s entering a fissure, wandered over the garden which had only one umbrella, as it were, from the spreading shade-trees, which was like an empire of pure fragrance from its blossoming trees, with its water-basins muddy from the particles of falling pollen, the surface of its ground touched by the branches bending with the weight of fruit. Tired by this wandering over the garden and his wives being tired, he went to the tank Priyadarsana for water-sports. The prince and his wives entered the beautiful tank, which was like a tank in Nandisvaradvipa, to destroy fatigue. Then Vajrayudha began water-sports with his wives there, like an elephant* in a mountain-stream. No difference could be seen between drops of mist and the pearls of necklaces which were lifted up by slaps in the water-sports. The meeting of the faces of the women of the *harem* with the golden lotuses was like that of friends after a long time. Puspayudha then had a weapon of water, I think, from the handfuls of water, the syringes, the mouthfuls of water of the women. The dangling braids of hair of the fair women looked like fish prepared for a banner by Minadhvaja (Kama). Tired out by the games in the water, the fair-bodied women, resting on the bank, looked like water-goddesses. The eyes of the fair-browed ones became red from blows by masses of water as if in competition with lotuses that had become rivals. The water became fragrant with the musk-ointment of the gazelle-eyed women, like the water of a forest-stream from the *ichor* of rutting elephants. So Prince Va-

jayudha, his mind completely intent on water-sports, was not a fit subject for fear* on the part of his enemies.

The *soul* of Damitari, his enemy in a former birth, attained the rank of a god, after wandering through births for a long time, and came there at that time, named Vidyuddanstra. When Vidyuddanstra saw Vajrayudha, grinding his teeth, reflecting angrily, "Oh! where will he go alive?" he lifted up a mountain and threw it over the tank to crush the prince and his retinue like a handful of chick-peas. The rogue of an Asura bound Vajrayudha below by his feet, like an elephant-keeper an elephant*, with magic nooses resembling the noose of Varuna.¹⁵³ Vajrayudha shattered the mountain with his fist, like Vajrin with a thunderbolt, and broke the nooses like a web of lotus-stalks. Then the prince and his ladies left the tank, his body uninjured, long-armed, like Sesahi leaving Patala.

Then Sakra, going on a pilgrimage to Nandisvara, after bowing to the Jinas arising in Videha, saw him leaving the tank. Thinking, "In this birth he is a cakrin; in a future birth he will be an Arhat," Purandara^s worshipped him. For reverence is due a future (Arhat) as well as a past one. "You are fortunate. You will be the sixteenth Tirthakrt, Santi, in Bharataksetra in Jambudvipa," Hari^s said and went away. After Vajrayudha had engaged in numerous sports as he liked, he went to his city with the women of his household and his attendants.

Ksemankara's omniscience

Then Ksemankara, enlightened by the Lokantika-gods, wishing to become a *mendicant*, established Vajrayudha in his kingdom. After he had given gifts for a year, the Lord adopted *mendicancy* and practiced severe penance, observing manifold resolutions. The Lord's *omniscience* arose from the destruction of the destructive karmas and the Indras celebrated the omniscience-festival. Occupying a *samavasarana*, the Omniscient delivered a sermon to Vajrin, Vajrayudha, and others seated in the proper places. After hearing the sermon many people became mendicants. Vajradhara, Vajrayudha, and the others went to their respective abodes.

Conquest as Cakravartin

Just then the superintendent of the *armory* joyfully announced to Vajrayudha in a loud voice, "The cakra-jewel has appeared in the armory." Then Vajrayudha made a very great puja to the cakra and his thirteen¹⁵⁴ other jewels appeared. Following the cakra-jewel, he conquered Mt. Vaitadhya and the six-part province Mangalavati. He

made Prince Sahasrayudha heir-apparent, supporting the earth, like a second form of himself.

Story of Santimati

One day he was presiding over the council-hall, surrounded by kings, *vassals*, ministers, and generals like Hari^s by Samanikas. Just then a young Vidyadhara fell from the sky to the ground, his whole body trembling like a tree struck by an elephant*, and went for protection to King Vajrayudha affording protection, like Mainaka to the ocean. Behind him came a Vidyadhara-woman carrying sword and shield, having favorable lines (on hands and feet), with a beautiful body, like a vidyadevi embodied. She said to the cakrin, "Your Majesty, send away this rogue, so I can show him soon the fruit of wickedness." Behind her came in *anger* a Vidyadhara, carrying a thick club in his hand, frowning terribly, like a messenger of *Yama*. He said to Vajrayudha:

"Hear his wicked behavior, on account of which I have come with the intention of killing him. There is a mountain Vaitadhya in the province Sukaccha, the ornament of Videhaksetra in this same Jambudvipa. On top of the mountain is situated a city as crest-jewel of the row of cities, Suklapura, like a tax on the wealth of the heavens. There lived a Vidyadhara-king Sukladanta, and his wife, Yasodhara, maintaining the glory of two families. I am their son, Pavanavega, and I attained youth and acquired the collection of arts gradually.

On the same Vaitadhya lived King Diptacula in the city Kinna-ragita, the ornament of the north row. His wife Candrakirti bore a daughter, Sukanta, with all the auspicious* marks, whom I married. We had a daughter, Santimati, shining with beauty and good conduct, who is before you. She was subduing the great magic art, the blessed Prajnaptika, properly on Mt. Manisagara. Busy in subduing the magic art, she was carried up in the air by that Vidyadhara and just at that time the magic art became *submissive* to her. Put to flight by her at once and not finding a refuge* any place, the wretch, the *basest* of Khecaras, has reached your feet. After taking an offering for a puja to the vidya Prajnapti, I came and did not see my daughter on the mountain. Then I learned (what had happened) from Abhogi-ni¹⁵⁵ and came here, master. Surrender this man, a mine of vices, O punisher of the wicked. I will split him with this club like a coconut and make him reach the *abode* of Yama."

Cakrin Vajrayudha knew (the facts) from clairvoyant knowledge and said: "Listen! Hear the connection of these people in a former birth.

Previous births of Santimati and Ajitasena

Vindhyadatta was king in the city Vindhyapura in Airavata in this same Jambudvipa. He had a son, Nalinaketu, with all the male auspicious* marks, by his wife, Sulaksana. In that same city there was the crest-jewel of traders, Dharmamitra, like the sun to the lotuses of friends. His wife, Sridatta, bore a son, Datta; and Datta had a wife, Prabhankara, of divine form.

One day in spring he went to play in a garden with his wife, like Makaradhvaja with *Rati*. The king's son, Nalinaketu, came at that time, saw Prabhankara, and was Struck by Smara's^s arrows. 'Oh! her beauty is to be praised and he who sports with her is to be praised, also,' thinking to himself, *afflicted* with love, he kidnapped her. Nalinaketu, like Minaketu, sported with her at will constantly in pleasure-gardens, rivers, tanks, et cetera. Datta, tormented by the fire of separation from her, wandered like a crazy man in every direction in the garden, thinking of Prabhankara. As he was wandering there, he saw the best of munis, Sumanas, the sight of whom is a *collyrium** of nectar for the eye. At that time the *omniscience* of *Muni* Sumanas appeared, day for the destruction of the darkness of ignorance, from the destruction of the ghati-karmas. The gods celebrated the omniscience-festival and Datta worshipped the muni's lotus-feet. After he had drunk nectar in the form of the muni's sermon, Datta abandoned at once the misery of his former pain. His passions suppressed, devoted to liberality-*dharma** constantly, engaged in pure meditation*, he passed the maximum human life* and was born in the best city, Svarnatilaka, on Mt. Vaitadhyā in the best province Sukaccha in East Videha in Jambudvipa as the son of the Vidyadhara-king, named Mahendravikrama, by his wife Anilavega. His father gave him the name Ajitasena and duly gave him magic arts. For they are their principal wealth. When he was grown, he married Vidyadhara-girls and sported with them, wandering through the air, on mountains, in forests, et cetera.

Vindhyadatta died in the city Vindhyapura and Nalinaketu became king, eminent like Tarksyaketu (Visnu^s). He enjoyed sense-pleasures with Prabhankara, the kidnapped wife of Datta, like a lustful god. One day he went to the top of the palace with Prabhankara, like a *vaimanika* to a shining heavenly palace with a goddess. Suddenly he saw lofty clouds with the shape of peaks of high

mountains, thieves of the luster of antimony like the elephants of the quarters wandering around, with the circuit of the quarters terrified by thunder, in the sky lighted up by lightning and having a rainbow, and he rejoiced. He saw them being blown by a strong wind here and there in the sky, like boats, as if they had been produced by magic. When Nalinaketu had seen the originating and dispersal of the clouds in this way in half a minute, from disgust with existence he reflected: 'Just as these clouds arose in the sky in a moment and also perished in a moment, such is happiness in worldly existence. A man is young, old, rich, poor, master, footman, healthy, sick, even in one birth. Alas! everything in existence is transitory.'

After these reflections, he established his son in his kingdom immediately and adopted *mendicancy* under Tirthankara^s Ksemankara. In the course of time his *omniscience* arose from the destruction of ghatikarmas by severe penance and meditation.* Destroying instantly the four karmas prolonging existence also, the sage Nalinaketu went to the eternal *abode*.

Queen Prabhankara, upright and fair by nature, practiced the moon-penance¹⁵⁶ at the side of the *sadhvi* Suvrata. As the fruit of that penance, even without right-belief, et cetera, after death* she became your daughter Santimati. Datta's *soul* became the Vidyadhara, Ajita-sena, and he kidnapped her because of his former love. Do not be angry. Abandon *persistence* (in *anger*) and forgive him completely like a brother. For passions of infinite duration lead to hell, nowhere else."

The three were freed from hostility by Vajrayudha's speech and pardoned each other, sharing haste in the *desire* for emancipation.

The *Cakrabhart* spoke again: "You three will soon adopt mendicancy under Ksemankara. Santimati, however, will practice the ratnavali-penance and, after death*, will become the Indra Isana. At that very time, Pavanavega and Ajitasena, your omniscience will take place from destruction of the ghatikarmas. Isana will come and will hold your omniscience-festival with great magnificence and make a puja to his own body.¹⁵⁷ In the course of time, the Indra Isana will fall, become a mortal, become omniscient, and attain *emancipation*."

When they had heard the Cakrin's speech showing knowledge of the three periods of time, all the councilors were wide-eyed with astonishment. King Pavanavega, his daughter, Santimati, and the Vidyadhara, Ajitasena, bowed to him and said:

"You are our father, master, teacher, god, lord of the World. Who else would protect us intent on killing each other? After killing

each other just now, we would have gone to hell, if your speech had not been a bar to its door for us. So, master, consent now that we, afraid of existence, should go to lord Jina^s Ksemankara for protection.”

After making this announcement, they received permission from the Cakravartin; and went and became mendicants under Tirthankara^s Ksemankara. They, gentlest -minded, practiced severe penance for a long time, as if from fear^{*} of *abandonment* by their *emaciated* bodies.^{158*} Santimati died and became lord of Isana and just then the *omniscience* of the other two took place. The Indra Isana came, held their omniscience-festival, and worshipped his own body. Then Isana fell and reached *emancipation* in another birth. The other two went to eternal bliss at the end of their life in this birth.

Story of Kanakasakti

Cakrin Vajrayudha with Sahasrayudha directed the earth like Sahasraksa with Jayanta¹⁵⁹ the sky. One time Sahasrayudha's wife, Jayana, saw in a dream at night a golden spear with projecting rays. She related this to her husband at daybreak and he said, “You will surely have a son of great power, O queen.” At that very time she carried an embryo very difficult to carry; and at the right time she bore a jewel of a son, like the soil bearing grain.^{*} As a result of the dream seen by Queen Jayana the father gave the boy the name Kanakasakti. When he had gradually passed through childhood and was in his first youth, he married properly in the city Sumandira Merumalin's daughter, borne by Queen Malla, endowed with beauty and grace, Kanakamala.

Now in the excellent city Masakyasara, preeminent in wealth, there was a king, Ajitasena. He had a daughter, Vasantasena, by Queen Priyasena, and she was the best friend of Kanakamala. Vasantasena's father, not finding a suitable husband, sent his daughter, choosing her husband herself, to Kanakasakti. Then Kanakasakti married her properly and her cousin, the son of her father's sister, was angry with her because of the marriage.

One time Kanakasakti was wandering in a garden and saw a man flying up and falling like a cock. Kanakasakti said to him, “Why do you fly up and fall like a bird, sir? If it is not a secret, tell me.” The man said: “Even a secret must be told to noble men like you. The telling is a virtue. I am a Vidyadhara. I came in the first place from Mt. Vaitadhya on some business. On the way back, I alighted in this garden. I remained here a moment, looking at its

beauty. When, wishing to fly, I recalled the vidya for going through the air, I forgot one line of the vidya, just at that time. So I fly up and fall down like a bird whose wing is tied.”

The prince said, “If it is proper to recite the vidya before another, recite it, noble sir.”

He said, “A vidya is not recited before ordinary men. It is to be given to noble persons like you, to say nothing of being recited.” The Vidyadhara recited the vidya lacking one line; and the prince, having an understanding in accordance with the line, recited the line. The Vidyadhara, whose power from the vidya was restored, gave the prince vidyas. The *discerning* acknowledge favors. Then the Vidyadhara went away and the prince subdued the vidyas properly and became a super-Vidyadhara. The cousin who was angry at Vasantasena was not able to injure Kanakasakti at all. After he (the cousin) had rejected food*, drink, et cetera and had died from shame, he became a god, Himacula.

Kanakasakti, accompanied by Vasantasena and Kanakamala, wandered over the earth like a wind from the power of the vidya. One day, going wherever he liked, he went to Mt. Himavat and there he saw a flying *muni*, Vipulamati. He honored him with *devotion*, him who was the color of heated gold, like the brilliance of penance embodied, *emaciated*, by whom Love had been conquered. After he had received the blessing “Dharmalabha,” he and the queens listened to a sermon that was rain for the forest-fire of existence. Enlightened, Kanakasakti then left both the queens also, as well as the Sri of *sovereignty*, at home and became a *mendicant*, noble-minded.

The queens also, desiring *emancipation*, discerning, pure-hearted, took the vow under *Arya Vimalamati*. In his wandering Kanakasakti went to Mt. Siddhipada and stood in pratima on a rock for a night, resolute. When the god Himacula, evil-hearted, had seen him motionless as a pillar, he began to make attacks on him. The Vidyadharas angrily frightened away the wretch of a god who was making attacks on him. People are on the side of the good. When he had completed the pratima, he, a mountain of heaps of penance, went in his wandering to the city Ratnasancaya. In a grove there, named Suranipata, the muni observed a one-night pratima, like an unshakable mountain. As soon as he had ascended the ksapakasreni, brilliant *omniscience* arose from the destruction of ghatikarmas. The gods came and held the omniscience-festival and, when Himacula saw that, terrified, he went to him (Kanakasakti) for protection.

Vajrayudha celebrated the sage's festival properly and, after hearing a sermon from him, went to his own city.

Initiation of Vajrayudha

One day Lord Ksemankara, attended by gods, asuras, and kings by the crores, stopped there in a *samavasarana*. Servants came and announced to Vajrayudha that the Master, Lord Jina^s Ksemankara, had stopped in a *samavasarana*. He gave them twelve and a half crores of gold and went with his retinue to Tirthankara^s Ksemankara. After he had circumambulated him three times and had bowed to him with *devotion*, he seated himself behind Sakra and listened to the sermon.

At the end of the sermon Cakrin Vajrayudha bowed to the Lord and said: "Master, I am afraid of the ocean of existence difficult to be crossed. Wait here to give me initiation, Lord, until I come, after establishing Sahasrayudha in his *sovereignty*." The king, told by the Master, "Negligence must not be shown," went to the city and installed Sahasrayudha in his kingdom. When his departure-festival had been held by Sahasrayudha, he got into the *palanquin* and went to Jina Ksemankara. Accompanied by four thousand queens and crowned kings and seven hundred sons, he took the vow. Devoted to manifold resolutions, enduring trials, Rsi^s Vajrayudha went in his wandering to Mt. Siddhi^s. With the idea, "I will endure attacks," he, pure-minded, observed pratima for a year on the pillar, Virocana.

Now Asvagriva's sons, Manikumbha and Maniketu, after they had wandered through the forest of existence for a long time, performed foolish penance once upon a time, were born as asuras, came there just then in the independent wandering they had begun and saw the great sage. Then they began to attack the *muni*, like buffaloes a tree, because of hostility in his birth as Amitatejas. Becoming lions, they scratched his body on both sides with nails sharp as blades of adamant. Then, having become elephants, they beat him like an antavedi, with blows with their trunks, with blows with their tusks, with blows with their feet hard to endure. Again, becoming serpents, they hung on the sage's sides, firmly bound, like the traces of a cart. Taking a sharp knife resembling their own teeth, becoming Raksasas, they attacked the muni. While they were attacking the muni in these various ways, the wives of Bidaujas went to worship the Arhat. The goddesses Rambha, Tilottama, et cetera, saw the gods making attacks on the muni.

"Oh, wretches! What are you doing to the best of munis!" saying, they descended quickly from the sky. When they saw them

descending, the alarmed gods trembled. How long do owls remain in sunlight? The goddesses, Rambha, et cetera, performed with *devotion* a play before the best of munis like Indra. Considering themselves purified, after they had paid homage to the great *muni*, the goddesses with their retinues returned to their separate places. After he had completed his pratima lasting a year the great sage wandered over the earth with unequaled vows and restrictions.

King Sahasrayudha, adorned with rows of kings, enjoyed the Sri of *sovereignty* like a princess whom he had married.

One day the ganadhara Pihitasrava, surrounded by various groups of munis, stopped in his city. Sahasrayudha, filled with devotion, came and paid homage to the great muni and listened to his sermon that was like nectar to the ear. Knowing instantly that *samsara* was worthless like magic, the king at once placed his son Satabali on his throne. He himself became a *mendicant* under Pihitasrava and wandered over the earth, after taking twofold discipline.

One day in his wandering Muni Sahasrayudha joined the royal sage Vajrayudha, like *Budha* (Mercury) the Moon. Father and son, united, always devoted to penance and meditation*, enduring trials, indifferent to their own bodies*, rich in forbearance, wandering through cities, villages, forests, et cetera, not stopping, passed a long time happily like a day. Then the munis ascended the mountain Isatpragbhara and observed the fast padapopagama.

Ninth incarnation as a god

Abandoning their bodies* at the end of life the great munis attained at once the wonderful rank of Ahamindra in the third Graiveyaka, a place of extreme magnificence, and remained for the maximum duration of twenty-five sagaras.

4. TENTH INCARNATION AS MEGHARATHA

In the center of the middle division of the broad province, Puskalavati, in the East Videhas of this Jambudvipa near the river *Sita* there is a city Pundarikini, like a lotus in a pool, a unique depository of wealth. Its king was Ghanaratha, whose enemies' wishes were broken, chief of great warriors, like Vasava^s on earth. Of him there were two wives, Priyamati and Manorama, like Ganga^s and Sindhu of the ocean. Vajrayudha's *soul* fell from Graiveyaka and descended into the womb of Queen Priyamati. Then in the last part of the night she saw in a dream a cloud, raining, thundering, wreathed with lightning, enter her mouth. At dawn she told the king about the dream and he explained it, "You will have a son like a cloud for taking pain away from the earth."

Sahasrayudha's soul fell from Graiveyaka and descended into Queen Manorama's womb. She saw in a dream a chariot, wreathed with golden bells, with a banner, with iron fellies, enter her mouth. When this dream was told to him, the king explained it, "You will have a son, chief of warriors, queen."

At the right time both sons were born in succession, like the sun and moon that had attained other forms. On an auspicious^{*} day the king named Priyamati's son Megharatha in accordance with her dream. He gave the second son the name Drdharatha in accordance with the queen's dream. Megharatha and Drdharatha, possessing firm brotherly feeling, gradually grew up, like Sirin and Sarngadhara. They gradually attained youth, the royal *abode* of Love, a charm for young women, the source of maximum beauty.

Then the minister of King Nihatasatru, the king of Sumandirapura, came, bowed to Ghanaratha and declared:

"Your fame, endowed with different virtues, brilliant as a jasmine^B, whom does it not rejoice, like the moon's rays, lord? Nihatasatru, a friend to you, though remote, wishes special affection, having come nearer through an alliance. King Nihatasatru has three daughters, placed as mistresses of the women of each of the three worlds, as it were. Nihatasatru wishes to give two to Megharatha and one to Drdharatha. May you be friends."

King Ghanaratha said in a voice deep as thunder: "Now let our friendship be strengthened by that alliance. Friendships of the noble increase by alliances like mountain-rivers by streams always joining."

The minister said: "Majesty, summon the best astrologer and tell me the auspicious* moment for auspicious rites. Send forth the princes equal to Mara^s in beauty. Let my master be favored in the guise of marriage with his daughters, master."

After he had determined on an auspicious time through the astrologer and had agreed to the coming of the princes, the king dismissed the minister. The minister, delighted, went quickly to Sumandirapura and delighted King Nihatasa^{tr}u by his report on this.

Ghanaratha sent Megharatha, accompanied by Drdharatha, like love accompanied by Spring, to Sumandirapura. Surrounded by vassal-kings, ministers, generals, and armies, the princes set out unhindered like the streams of rivers. After they had advanced by safe marches, they camped on the border of King Surendradatta's territory, oceans for maintaining the boundary. A messenger, who had been instructed by King Surendradatta, approached and said to Megharatha arrogantly:

"Our master, Surendradatta, powerful as Surendra, says: 'Do not go into my territory. Leave my border and go by another road. Travel on a road occupied by lions is not for the welfare of deer.'"

Megharatha, best of speakers, smiled and said: "This road is the direct one for us. Why should it be abandoned? For rivers fill caves, root up trees, and dig up high dry places, but do not abandon the road. We shall go by the same straight road. Let your master, not straight, show his power, indeed!"

The messenger went at once and reported all that Megharatha had said to King Surendradatta. When Surendradatta had heard it, he had the war-drum beaten, his face red as heated copper, like an elephant* that had heard the elephant-call. His many armies elephant-drivers, cavalry, foot-soldiers, and charioteers came seeking battle. King Surendradatta, instantly deafening the world by the vehement slaps of the soldiers, the loud noise of twanging bows, neighings, creakings, and trumpetings of the horses, chariots, and elephants, by the grunts of the camels, the harsh cries of the mules, the brays of the donkeys, and the sounds of battle-drums, approached Megharatha at once with the *desire* to make him a guest in battle by an attack with a complete army. Megharatha, and also Drdharatha, mounted the chariot Jaitra for battle, like the sun for the destruction of darkness. The soldiers of the two armies, like missile-clouds, lifted up and rained darts, spears, discs, javelins, staves, clubs, and arrows (of reed and iron), mouse-tail arrows, iron arrows, et cetera, balls of stone and balls of iron with their hands and machines. Then a continuous fight with swords on the part of

the two armies took place, hindering the Khecara-women from seeing the fight. Missiles were broken by missiles, chariots were divided by chariots in that battle, like sea-monsters by sea-monsters in the ocean. The princes' army was broken instantly by the enemy with unstumbling advances, like a forest by winds.

Then the princes, angered, having unique strength of arm, plunged into the enemy's army, like elephants into a pool. The soldiers of the enemy stood in the front for contact with them who were like agitated oceans dark with waves of missiles. His army being disturbed by them like a cane-patch by elephants, Surendradatta ran forward for battle, together with the yuvaraj. Surendradatta fought with Sri Megharatha and his son, the yuvaraj, with Drdharatha. They cut each other's weapons* and restrained each other's missiles, and looked like four Lokapalas on the battle-field.

Giving slaps (in challenge), threatening each other, they wrestled, expert in wrestling-holds, like serpents in coils. The four, very powerful, instantly had the appearance in this battle of the Gajadanta Mountains with peaks in the form of their arms raised horizontally. Both were bound like forest-elephants by the princes Megharatha and Drdharatha who had exhausted them in a moment. After they had proclaimed their command in this territory like their own country, the princes, delighted, went to Sumandirapura.

Nihatasaṭru came to meet the princes. Respectful greeting of other guests must be made; how much more of such as these. The king embraced them and kissed them on the top of the head, experiencing unique bliss like an Ahamindra. At an auspicious* time the king married properly his elder daughters, Priyamitra and Manorama, to Megharatha. Drdharatha, whose lotus-feet were cleansed by the king, married the third daughter, the youngest, Sumati. When the weddings had been properly celebrated with great magnificence, dismissed respectfully by the king, they went toward their own city. After they had restored in the same way Surendradatta and his yuvaraj to their own kingdom, they went to their own city.

They, long-armed, enjoyed pleasures with their wives like Indra and Upendra who had met in one place because of affection. Megharatha's wives bore two sons in turn, Priyamitra Nandisena and Manorama Meghasena.

Drdharatha's wife, Sumati, bore a son, Rathasena, the sole Rohana of the jewels of agreeable *qualities*.

Story of the cocks

One day while King Ghanaratha, surrounded by his wives, sons, and grandsons like the leader of an elephant-herd, was occupied with various amusements comfortably in the women's apartments, a courtesan, Susena, holding a cock, asserted:

"Your Majesty, this cock of mine is a crest-jewel among his own kind. He has never been beaten by any one's cock. If this cock is beaten by any one's cock, I will pay a lac of dinars on a wager. If anyone else has a cock, let him take up my challenge, lord."

Queen Manorama said, "Let my cock fight here with that cock on that wager, Your Majesty." The king agreed and Queen Manorama at once had a servant-girl bring her cock, named Vajratunda. The two were set down on the ground and attacked each other, dancing with various steps like foot-soldiers in an exhibition. They flew up and fell down, they advanced and retreated, they gave and took blows mutually. The crests, though red, of these two fine cocks became red from blood produced by cruel blows with bills and feet. like armed men in the form of birds, the cocks dug sharp claws in each other's body frequently. Every moment, someone with the idea of victory said, "The queen's wins!" "Susena's wins!" Neither one won. While they were fighting so, Ghanaratha said, "Neither one of these two will conquer the other." Megharatha said, "Why do you think that there will not be defeat of one and victory of one of these two fighting so?"

King Ghanaratha, possessing three kinds of knowledge, said: "Hear the complete story of their former births.

Former births of the cocks

There is a city Ratnapura, a heap of various jewels, in the province Airavata in this same Jambudvīpa. Two merchants lived there, great friends of each other, Dhanavasū the one, and Datta the other. Their *desire* for wealth not being allayed, desirous as thirsty catakas,¹⁶⁰ they filled carts, wagons, et cetera, with various kinds of merchandise. Always together, they wandered through villages, mines, cities, capital villages, et cetera, for trade, like fathers of poverty. They, like Paramadharmikas,¹⁶¹ drove their oxen when they were thirsty, hungry, tired, weak, crippled, lean, suffering from cold, heat, and thirst, with excessive loads, by means of ox-goads, blows with clubs, and twisting their tails. They cut the oxen's swollen backs with knives, and they pierced again the nose-skin when the former hole was split. They did not turn loose the oxen at the right time because of their wish for haste and they themselves ate as they

went along, intolerant of delay. They deceived the people with false weights, false measures, false coins, and false descriptions of articles. They deceived everyone, like crafty jackals, and fought each other from *desire* for one object. The two men, their minds always deluded by false belief, pitiless, overcome by greed, did not even make mention of *dharma*.^{*} So, painful meditation^{*} being experienced, they acquired an elephant-birth. For an animal-birth is the result of painful meditation. One day at the tirtha Srinadi, subject to love and hate, they quarreled together, fought, and died.

They were born as elephants on the bank of Svarnakula in the same Airavata, named Tamrakalasa and Kancanakalasa. They gradually grew up and with *ichor* dripping seven-fold, they wandered on the bank of the river, tearing down trees. One day as they, lords of herds, wandered, each with his own herd, they saw each other like reflections of their own images. They both ran at each other quickly to kill each other, with blazing *anger* from the *anger* of the former birth, like mountains with blazing forest-fires. For a long time the two elephants made tusk against tusk, trunk against trunk, and died at the same time, as if for a fight in another birth.

Nandimitra, rich in many buffaloes, lived in Ayodhya in Bharataketra in Jambudvipa. They became two fine buffaloes in his herd, very dear to him. They grew up large-bodied like young elephants. Dhanasena and Nandisena, sons of King Satrunjaya and Devananda, saw the buffaloes. The two buffaloes, *arrogant* as buffaloes of Krtanta, were made to fight by the sons of the king of Ayodhya out of curiosity.

After they had fought a long time, they died, and became strong-bodied rams, Kala and Mahakala. Meeting by chance in the same place they fought because of former hostility, died, and were born as these cocks with equal strength. One was not conquered by the other. Now as before one will not be conquered by the other.”

Megharatha said: “These cocks fought, arranged by Vidyadharas, not only because they were imbued with former hostility.” Incited by King Ghanaratha by a raised brow, Megharatha, his hands folded submissively, explained at length.

Story of the Vidyadharas

“In the city Svarnanaman in the north row on Vaitadhya in Bharataketra in this very Jambudvipa there was a king, Garudavega, with the strength of Garuda; and he had a blameless wife, Dhrtisena. She bore two sons Candratilaka and Suryatilaka, *heralded* by the sight in a dream of a sun and moon placed on her lap. One day,

when they had grown up, they went to the peak of Meru and payed homage to the statues of the holy eternal *Arhats*. Wandering about from curiosity they saw the flying *ascetic*, Sagaracandra, standing on a gold slab in Nandana. They bowed to the *muni*, circumambulated him, and listened before him to a sermon, their hands folded submissively.

At the end of the sermon, after they had bowed to the muni, they said: 'By good fortune you were met like a torch by us *afflicted* by the darkness of ignorance. Tell us all our former births, Blessed One. The knowledge of persons like you is for the benefit of others, like the sunrise.'

Story of Abhayaghosa

The muni related: 'In the continent named Dhatakikhanda in East Airavata there is a city named Vajrapura. Here there was a king, Abhayaghosa, a proclamation of fearlessness to the distressed. His wife was named Suvarnatilaka. Two sons were born to them, *Vijaya* and *Vaijayanta*, and they gradually acquired the collection of arts and attained youth.

Now, in this Airavata in the city Svarnadruma there was a king, Sankha, with virtues shining as a conch. He had a daughter by Queen Prthvi, named Prthvisena, *heralded* by the sight of a *wreath* of flowers placed on (the queen's) lap in a dream. She gradually attained youth and acquired the collection of arts which nourish a high degree of beauty and distinguished cleverness. Thinking, "He is a suitable bridegroom for her," King Sankha gave the maiden to Abhayaghosa. The best of kings dallied with his bride Prthvisena, like Ramapati with Rama.

One day in spring a slave-girl, carrying spring flowers, came near King Abhayaghosa. Queen Svarnatilaka saw her and said to the king, "The garden Sadrtuka has been adorned by Spring. Now let us go with a suitable retinue to embrace the newly arrived Laksmi of spring, husband." Just then Prthvisena approached the king and handed him a bouquet worth a crores. The king, open-eyed, looked at it and accepted it quickly; went to the garden with a suitable retinue, and played there.

Prthvisena, having received permission, wandered there apart, saw the Muni Dantamathana of distinguished learning. Delighted, she honored the muni, feeling intense *devotion*, and listened to a sermon producing disgust with existence. Immediately taking leave of the king, afraid of birth, she adopted *mendicancy* before Danta-

mathana. King Abhayaghosa went to his own house, praising the remarkable conduct of Queen Prthvisena.

One day Abhayaghosa, seated on his lion-throne on the roof of his palace, like a sun at rest, saw the best of Jinas, Ananta, with the sign of a Tirthakrt,¹⁶² wandering as an ordinary *ascetic*, enter the gate. Rising hastily and taking suitable food*, he approached the Blessed One with a bow. The Blessed One broke his fast with the alms he gave and the gods rained the five things, a stream of treasure, et cetera. After he had broken his fast, the Blessed One went elsewhere. For the Jinas, like other munis, do not stay anywhere, while they are ordinary ascetics.

One day after his *omniscience* had appeared, Tirthakrt Ananta came in his wandering to the town Vajrapura and stopped there. Abhayaghosa came and circumambulated him three times with devotion, praised him, and listened to a sermon destroying birth. At the end of the sermon the king bowed to the Blessed One and said:

“You have come here, like a kalpa-tree, because of people’s merit. Your actions are only for the benefit of others. O master, so you are requested: Wait a moment, you who are respected by everyone, an ocean of *compassion*, until I return for initiation at your lotus-feet, after I have imposed the entire burden of the kingdom on my son.”

The king, told by the Master, “You must not be negligent,” went to his house and spoke to his sons respectively: “Son *Vijaya*, take the kingdom you have inherited. *Vaijayanta*, do you act as his yuvaraj. I shall become a *mendicant*. I shall go to the Jina^s, that I may not come again into this abyss of existence.” They said: “Father, just as you are terrified of existence, so are we terrified of existence. Surely we are your sons. We also shall become mendicants. For these are two results of mendicancy: service to you in this world and attainment of *emancipation* in the next.”

Saying, “Very well, sons,” the bountiful king gave his kingdom, though very great, to someone else. Abhayaghosa went with his sons and adopted mendicancy before Jina Ananta, while the holy *congregation** looked on. The three practiced severe penance, and the king acquired the family and body-making karma of an Arhat by means of the twenty *sthanakas*. The three died in the course of time and went to Acyuta and became gods with the maximum life of twenty-two sagaras.

Now there is a city Pundarikini in the province Puskalavati, the ornament of East Videha in this Jambudvipa. Its king was Heman-gada and his wife was Vajramalini, like Saci of Vajrin. Then

Abhayaghosa fell and descended into her womb, his rank of Arhat indicated by fourteen great dreams. When the time was completed, Vajramalini bore a son; and Vajrin, et cetera, made his birth-bath. Right now he, Ghanaratha by name, protects the earth, a Tirthakrt. *Vijaya* and *Vaijayanta* became you two *Vidyadharas*.’

After they had heard this account of their former births, delighted, they bowed to the *muni* and came here with *devotion* to see you, their father in a former birth. They arranged the meeting of the cocks, which was a means of seeing you, from curiosity, Master. Now, after they have gone to the guru Bhogavardhana and have become mendicants, their karma destroyed, they will attain an imperishable *abode*.”

When they had heard this, the *Vidyadharas* appeared, considering themselves sons as before, bowed to Ghanaratha, and went home.

When the two cocks had heard this, they reflected, “Alas! this worldly existence, being such, is worthless, the cause of pain. What did we as merchants acquire in a human birth, by which it would happen again, to say nothing of anything else? For human birth is hard to acquire. At that time people were deceived daily by us by various means like hunters greedy for a mouthful, alas! alas! After we had deceived people for a long time by false measures, weights, et cetera, not satisfied, we quarreled with each other. Reaching painful meditation*, we died fighting each other; and we got the result of that in many animal-births.”

After these reflections, they bowed to the king and said in their own language, “Majesty, tell us. What now shall we do for the benefit of our *souls*?”

Knowing by clairvoyant knowledge, King Ghanaratha said, “Let Arhat, god, teacher, *sadhu*, religion, *compassion* for living things be yours.” The cocks agreed to what Ghanaratha said, fasted, and both died. After death* they became powerful chiefs of the Bhutas, named Tamracula and Svarnacula, in the forest Bhutaratna. Knowing their former birth from clairvoyant knowledge, they created an aerial car and went to Megharatha, their benefactor in a former birth. They bowed to Megharatha with *devotion* and said:

“We have become lords of the *Vyantar*as now by your favor. We became mortals, elephants, buffaloes, rams, and after that cocks, with a maximum life in these, by our own acts. In our life as cocks, we ate countless worms daily. What fate would we have attained, if you had not been a refuge*, lord? Be gracious. Favor us. Get into the

aerial car and look at the whole world, even though you already know it by (clairvoyant) knowledge.”

So urged by them, an ocean of the milk of courtesy, Megharatha got into the aerial car with his attendants. The car flew up and advanced according to wish; and they pointed out the things to be seen and instructed him.

“This is the crest of Mt. Meru, forty yojanas high, made of cat’s-eye, making the sky have shoots of durva from its rays. These rocks, the shape of a half-moon, in each one of the directions, marked with a lion-throne, are pure from the water of the *Arhats’* birth-baths. These are the lofty temples of the eternal Arhats and this is Pandaka with trees and flowers attaining their object in their worship. Those are the six mountain-ranges bounding the zones, their surface marked by the fourteen great rivers, and those are the six lakes on them. Those peaks are the Vaitadhyas, rich with the wealth of the Vidyadharas, resembling walls of stone as boundaries for the halves of their respective zones. Those are the eternal shrines on their peaks provided with statues of the holy eternal Arhats. This is the wall around Jambudvipa, circular in shape, the pleasure-ground of the Vidyadharas with its lofty lattice-windows.

This ocean is Lavanoda, the *abode* of a multitude of sea-monsters; and this is Dhatakikhandadvipa surrounded by Kaloda. These are two small Mt. Merus marked with the stones for the Arhat’s bath; and these are the two Isvakara Mountains purified by the eternal Arhats. That is the half of Puskaradvipa which resembles Dhatakikhand. This is the mountain *Manusottara*. Beyond that there is no land for mortals.”

After they had pointed out the world with such explanations, they led Megharatha back to the city Pundarikini. After they had left the prince in the palace, bowed respectfully, and made a rain of jewels, they went to their own dwelling.

Then one day Ghanaratha, though self-enlightened, was enlightened by the Lokantika-gods who came and said, “Found a *congregation*.” After he had installed Megharatha as King and Drdharatha as yuvaraj, and had given gifts for a year, Ghanaratha took initiation. When his *omniscience* had arisen, enlightening *souls* capable of *emancipation*, Tirthankara^s Ghanaratha wandered over the earth.

Story of Sinharatha

The footstool of his lotus-feet rubbed by the crowns of throngs of kings, King Megharatha ruled over the earth, with Drdharatha. One day King Megharatha himself went to the garden Devaramana

at the people's request with the intention of amusing himself. Under an asoka tree he and his wife Priyamitra began to have a harmonious concert performed. Just then Bhutas by the thousand appeared before the king with the wish to perform an unprecedented concert. Some with very large bellies resembled Lambodara;¹⁶³ some with very lean ones looked as if they supported the lower regions;¹⁶⁴ others with rough feet hanging down looked as if they were mounted on palm^B-trees; others with long arms looked like trees with pythons; some were ornamented with snakes and some with ichneumons; some were dressed in leopard-skins and some in tiger-skins; some were smeared with ashes and some with red ointment; some had wreaths of owls and some of vultures; some were garlanded with moles and some with lizards; some wore garlands of skulls and some carried skeletons. Some gave bursts of laughter and some raised a tumult; some neighed and others trumpeted; some gave slaps with their hands and some clapped their hands; some made musical instruments* from their faces and others of their arm-pits. Splitting the earth, as it were, bursting the heavens, as it were, they began an acrobatic dance extraordinary in its use of dance-steps.

While they were dancing an acrobatic dance for the king's pleasure an aerial car appeared in the air. A man of noble appearance was seen in it, accompanied by a young woman, like Manobhava by *Rati*. Then Queen Priyamitra spoke to the king, "Who is he? And who is she? And whence and why have they come here, lord?"

Then Megharatha related: "In this Jambudvīpa in Bharata in the northern row on Vaitadhya there is a fine city Alaka. A Vidyadhara-king, Vidyudratha, and his agreeable wife, Manasavega, lived there. He had a son by her, the tree of whose arm was blooming with power, named Sinharatha, because of a dream of a chariot with lions for steeds. He married a maiden, Vegavati, belonging to an eminent family, suitable to himself, like the Moon marrying Rohini. King Vidyudratha made him yuvaraj. For that is a suitable thing for kings to do when the son has reached military age. Sinharatha, devoted to pleasures, happily amused himself as he liked in pleasure-spots, gardens, tanks, et cetera, like a lion in a forest.

One day Vidyudratha, knowing that everything in *samsara* has the inherent uncertainty of lightning, felt extreme disgust with existence. After he had installed Sinharatha on the throne, King Vidyudratha at once undertook restraint of everything *censurable* in the presence of a guru. Having attained supreme *desire* for *emancipation* by self-control and vows, having destroyed eight karmas by meditation*, he became emancipated.

King Sinharatha, resembling the Sun in rising *splendor*, acquired the cakrinship of the Vidyadharas hard to acquire. One time at night, sleepless like a yogi^s, he meditated, 'My birth is in vain like that of a jasmine^B in a forest. I have not seen and have not worshipped the *Arhats* in a *samavasarana*, omniscient lords, boats for crossing the ocean of samsara. Therefore I shall purify myself by seeing the Lord Jina^s in person. For the sight of him even one time is like a *cow* of plenty in a lucky dream.'

With these reflections, he went with his wife to the city Khadgapura in the province Sutra on the north on the north bank of Sitoda in the West Videhas in the continent Dhatakikhanda and saw the Arhat Amitavahana. After bowing to the Blessed One, the king listened to an important sermon resembling a boat on the ocean of; existence. When he had heard the sermon, a mass of water for the fire of pain, and had bowed to the Arhat, he went to his own city. As he was going above here there was a stumbling in his gait, like that of a boat in ocean filled with beds of strong reeds.

'My gait has been hindered by someone.' To find out he cast down his eyes and saw me standing here. In a fit of *anger* he approached to lift me up and this wretch was seized by me with the left hand. He gave a harsh cry like an elephant* seized by a lion and his wife and attendants came to me for protection. Then I released him and, after he had been released, he created various figures before me and gave this concert."

Again Priyamitra said, "My dear, what did he do in a former birth because of which this every great magnificence is his?"

Megharatha said: "In the East Bharata of the half of there is a great city, Sanghapura by name. There a son of a noble family, Rajyagupta, very poor, who always made his living by working for other people. He had a wife, Sankhika, devoted to him and devoted religiously, and both of them worked in other people's houses.

One day for the sake of fruit they went together to the big mountain Sanghagiri covered with various trees. Wandering over this for the wild fruit, they saw a *muni*, Sarvagupta, delivering a sermon. Approaching him seated in an assembly of Vidyadharas, they bowed to him with *devotion* and sat down before him. The great muni explained *dharma** to them especially. For the great are especially tender to the poor.

At the end of the sermon they bowed to him and said: 'That you have been seen, Lord, is merit for us, though sinful. You are beneficent to everyone of your own accord; nevertheless, we, miserable, ask you: command some penance for us, O you worthy of worship

by the world.' In accordance with what was suitable for them, Muni Sarvagupta ordered for them the penance named 'dvatrinsatkalyanaka.' They agreed, went home, and performed the penance consisting of two three-day and thirty-two one-day fasts.¹⁶⁵ At the time for breaking their fasts, they looked at the door and searched for some muni as a guest. They saw the *sadhu* Dhrtidhara entering and they both gave him devotedly food*, water, et cetera.

One day Muni Sarvagupta came there again in his wandering and they listened to dharma at his side. They, devoted to discernment, adopted *mendicancy*, the fruit of the wish-granting tree of human birth, before Muni Sarvagupta. The Rsi⁸ Rajyagupta observed the severe penance, acamamlavardhamana¹⁶⁶ at the order of his guru. At the end he fasted, after resorting to the fourfold refuge*, died, and was born in Brahmaloka with a life-term of ten sagaras.

Falling from Brahmaloka he became the Vidyadhara-lord Sinharatha, the son of King Vidyudratha. His wife, Sankhika, practiced manifold penances and became a god in Brahmaloka. After she had fallen, she became his wife. Now, after going to his own city and establishing his son in his kingdom, he, wise, will take initiation from my father. After he has destroyed the eight karmas by penance, meditation*, et cetera, with *omniscience* arisen, he will attain *emancipation*."

After he had heard this narrative and had bowed to Megharatha with devotion, Sinharatha went to his own city and established his son on the throne. His mind subdued, he adopted mendicancy at the feet of holy Ghanaratha Swamin, practiced penance, and attained emancipation.

Story of the dove and hawk

King Megharatha then entered the city Pundarikini with his retinue from the garden Devaramana. One day Megharatha, observing pausadha in the pausadha-house, began to explain the dharma taught by the Jinas to the wise. Just then a dove, trembling from fear*, sad-eyed as if about to die, fell on his lap. The king said, "Do not fear; do not fear," to the bird asking for safety in human speech. Thus addressed, the dove remained comfortably on the lap of the king, an ocean of *compassion*, like a child on his father's lap. Saying, "This is my food." Turn him loose quickly, king," a hawk came following him, like a garuda a snake. The king said to the hawk: "I will not hand him over to you. For it is not the ethics of warriors that one seeking protection should be given up. Furthermore, this is not fitting for you, intelligent: the preservation of your own life by the

destruction of another's. Just as you suffer pain if even a tail-feather is pulled out, just so does someone else, to say nothing of being killed. Your satisfaction from eating him will be only momentary; but the bird's whole life will be destroyed. Creatures go to hell and endure unbearable pain from the killing of creatures with five senses and eating their flesh. How could a *discriminating* creature, even if hungry, kill a living creature to produce extreme pain on the one hand and pleasure for a moment on the other hand? Your hunger can be appeased by other food surely. The fire of bile which can be extinguished by sugar, can it not also be extinguished by milk?¹⁶⁷ Pains arising in hell arrived at because of the murder of living creatures cannot be extinguished by any means except endurance. Then give up the killing of living creatures and practice one system of ethics by which you will undoubtedly attain happiness in birth after birth."

The hawk replied to the king in human speech: "This dove came to you for protection from fear* of me. I am suffering from hunger. To whom shall I go for protection? Tell me. For the great, rich in compassion, are favorable to all. Protect me also, O king, just as you protect him. The breath of me, suffering from hunger, is leaving. Consideration of right and wrong is for persons in comfort. Does not even a righteous person commit a crime when he is hungry? enough of talk about ethics. This one that has become my food should be surrendered. What kind of ethics is it when one is protected and another killed? I would not be satisfied by other food, O king. I am an eater of quivering flesh of creatures recently killed by myself."

The king said to him, "I will give you my own flesh, weighing it with the dove. Be satisfied. Do not die."

The hawk said, "Very well," and the king put the dove in the scales on one side and his own flesh on the other side, cutting it off again and again. As the king threw in his own flesh, as he continued to cut it off, so the dove kept increasing in weight. When the king saw that the dove kept increasing in weight, he himself got on the scales with unequalled courage. Seeing the king on the scales, all his retinue, crying, "Ha! Ha!" got on the scales of doubt. The *vassals*, ministers, et cetera, said to the king: "What have you, unfavorable to us, undertaken, lord? The whole world must be protected by that body. How can you abandon it for the protection of one mere bird? Moreover, he is some god or demon practicing sorcery. There is no such weight of a mere bird."

While they were saying this, a god with crown, earrings, and *wreath*, like a heap of *splendor*, appeared. The god said to the king: "You are unique among men; you are not to be shaken from humanity, like a house from its own site. The Indra of Isana described you in the council and I, not tolerating that, came to test you. I saw these two birds ready to fight because of enmity in a former birth and I superintended and arranged this. Pardon this."

After telling this and restoring the king, the god went to heaven. The vassal-kings and others asked the king in astonishment: "What were the hawk and dove in a former birth and what is the cause of their enmity, and who was this god in a former birth?"

The king related: "There is a city Padminikhanda, like a multitude of lotuses of Sri, the ornament of Airavataksetra in Jambudvipa. Sagaradatta lived there, resembling the ocean in wealth, and he had an *irreproachable* wife, Vijayasena. They had two sons, Dhana and Nandana, and they reached youth, gradually growing up. The two of them passed the time, wandering about in various sports, *arrogant* from their father's wealth.

One day they bowed to Sagaradatta and said, 'Father, Command us to go to a foreign country to trade.' Their father, pleased, gave them his permission immediately. For manliness on the part of the son is a delight of first rank to the father. Taking merchandise of many kinds, they set out with a caravan; and came in course of time to a large city, Nagapura. Doing business there they obtained a certain choice jewel of great value, like two dogs one piece of food.* They fought each other on the bank of the river Sankha on account of the jewel, angered, like untamed bulls. While they were fighting, they fell into a deep pool of the river and died at once. Whose *greed* does not lead to death? After death the two brothers were born as these two birds and became enemies in this birth because of enmity in the former birth.

Furthermore, Stimitasagara was king in the city *Subha* on the south bank of the *Sita* in the province Ramaniyaka, the ornament of East Videha in this Jambudvipa and I was his son, Aparajita, in the fifth birth before this. Then I was Baladeva^s and my younger brother, Anantavirya, was Vasudeva^s. He is Drdharatha now. At that time long-armed Damitari was Prativisnu and was killed by me in a fight about his daughter Kanakasri. After he had wandered in the forest of existence, he became the son of the *ascetic* Somaprabha on the bank of the river Nikrti at the foot of Mt. Astapada in Bharata in Jambudvipa. He practiced foolish penance and became a god, Surupa. This

god, intolerant of the praise bestowed on me by the Indra of Isana came and made this test of me.”

After they had heard this speech of the king, the hawk and dove, recalling their former births, at once fell to the ground in a *swoon*. They regained consciousness again, like persons rousing from sleep, from fanning and sprinkling made by the king’s servants. They said to the king in their own speech: “It is well that you have made us know that the crime of a former birth is the cause of such a birth,¹⁶⁸ O master. Not only was a human-birth lost when we fought then over the jewel because we had become exceedingly greedy. Now a birth in hell was at hand, but we were headed off from that by you, like a blind man from a well, O master. Henceforth, protect, protect us from the wrong road, O master. Teach us the right road by which we may obtain an auspicious* rank.”

The king, an ocean with waves of clairvoyant knowledge, knew their suitability and ordered a fast at the proper time. They observed the fast, died with pure thoughts, and were born as chief-gods among the Bhavanavasins.

After he had completed pausadha, King Megharatha continued to protect the earth properly, like embodied law. One day as the king recalled the story of the dove and hawk, he attained extreme disgust with existence, the seed of the tree of *tranquility*. He fasted for three days and remained in pratima to endure attacks and trials, his body motionless as a mountain-peak. At that time the Indra of Isana, seated in the women’s apartments, said, “Reverence to you, Blessed One,” and bowed. His queens asked, “To whom, lord, was this reverence with extreme *devotion* shown by you who are entitled to reverence from the world?”

The Indra of Isana replied: “The son of Arhat Ghanaratha, King Megharatha by name, who has fasted for three days and is engaged in pure meditation*, is standing in meditation in the city Pundarikini, like a white lotus in a pool. He is a future Tirthankara*, an ornament of Bharataksetra. When I, being here, saw him, I bowed to him. Troops of gods and demons, even with their Indras, cannot shake him, resolute, from that meditation, to say nothing of mortals, et cetera.”

Two queens of the Indra of Isana, Surupa and Atirupika, could not endure the praise of the king and went to disturb him. They created young women, waves of the water of loveliness, like a living *citadel* or victorious weapon of Minalaksman (Kama*). They undertook agreeable attacks (on him) by various manifestations, life-giving medicines of Smara*. One displayed her shoulder, the *abode*

of the root of love, under the pretext of binding her braid of hair falsely disarranged; another showed her hips, her garment half-fallen, that were like a mirror with its cover removed. One lifted her eyebrow repeatedly, like raising a weapon of Smara, pretending to talk with her women friends. One, impassioned, sang a composition of erotic episodes, charming with the *gandharagrama*, rich with transformations of mouth and eye. A beautiful girl talked about the stories of the *kamasastra* again and again, devoted to the topic of erotic sport experienced by herself. Another drew postures* invented by passion, conforming with the humor of temperaments, the bilious humor,¹⁶⁹ et cetera. One asked for talk; another for a touch of the hand; another for a favor of a glance; another for an embrace. So these fictitious goddesses practiced thus many kinds of the arts until dawn. Then the two queens dispersed these fictitious forms that had been useless against the king like blows of a chisel on adamant. Remorseful, the queens of Isana begged forgiveness of Megharatha, bowed to him, and went to their own abode.

The king, delighted, completed his pratima and fast and, recalling again and again the events of the night, reached extreme *desire* for *emancipation*. When the chief-queen, Priyamitra, saw her husband in such a condition, she also attained desire for emancipation. For good wives follow the path of the husband. Then one day Arhat Ghanaratha came there in his wandering and stopped (in a *samavasarana*) in the north-east. Agents reported to the king the Master's arrival. He gave them a gratuity and went with his younger brother to the Lord. The Lord delivered a sermon in a speech penetrating for a *yojana*, conforming to every dialect, with *gramaragas*. At the end of the sermon the king bowed to the Jina^s and said: "You are zealous in protecting everyone. Lord, protect me. You know everything. You are the benefactor of everyone, Lord of the World. Nevertheless, I make a request. Who is not eager for his own benefit, Master? Wait for me, Lord, until I have established the heir on the throne and come here to take initiation."

"There must be no negligence." So instructed by the Arhat himself, Megharatha went home and said to his younger brother, "Take the burden of the earth, son, that I may become a *mendicant*. I am wearied from this wandering in existence, like a traveler." Then Drdharatha said, his hands folded submissively: "Truly this *samsara*, which is painful, must be abandoned by the *discerning*. But why do you desert me, lord, in this *samsara* being such, hard to cross like a boundless ocean, by imposing the burden of the earth on me? Until today you have considered me like yourself. Why do you make a

distinction now? Be gracious, lord. Save me also, as well as yourself. Today I shall become a mendicant with you at our father's feet. Give the earth to someone else, master."

Then Megharatha gave the kingdom to his own son, Meghasena, and the rank of heir-apparent to Rathasena, Drdharatha's son. When the departure-festival had been held by Meghasena, King Megharatha went to the Blessed One with Drdharatha, seven hundred of his sons, and four thousand kings, and undertook abstinence from all *censurable* activities. Enduring trials and attacks very hard to endure, having the three controls, the five kinds of carefulness, free from *desire* even in the body, engaged in manifold vows and penance, accompanied by Drdharatha, knowing eleven Angas, he wandered over the earth.

By means of the twenty pure *sthanakas*, *devotion* to the Arhat, et cetera, he acquired the name- and family-karma of an Arhat, hard to acquire.

After he had practiced the severe penance called *sinhanikhridita* and had preserved his asceticism unbroken for a lac of purvas*, the noble *muni* Megharatha, firm as a mountain, ascended Mt. Amaratilaka and observed a fast according to rules.

Eleventh incarnation as a god

His life completed, Megharatha went to the palace *Sarvarthasiddhi*; and his brother also, after some time had elapsed, observed a fast and, pure in heart, reached that same *abode* (*Sarvarthasiddhi*), which is next to *emancipation*.¹⁷⁰

5. TWELFTH INCARNATION AS SANTI

There is a magnificent city, Hastinapura, in the country of the Kurus in the zone Bharata in Jambudvipa. The golden *finials* on the tops of its palaces have the appearance of a garden of mallows that are always up.

Around it gleams a circular *moat* with pure, pellucid water, like a mirror of the wall. Glossy trees on the banks of the canals in its gardens look like clouds that have descended to take water. At night the moon reflected in the jeweled roofs of its houses is licked by cats with the idea that it is a ball of curds. The long spirals of smoke from aloes burning in its shrines become petticoats, produced without effort, for the Khecaris. Jeweled garlands are observed there, suspended on the row of shops, that are like the wealth of jewels brought from all the oceans. The shadows of banners on the floors of its shrines, moving to and fro, look like serpents guarding the treasury of religion. Its dwellings with floors of sapphire show a resemblance to pleasure-pools filled with water.

His parents

The king in this city was Visvasena, moon to the ocean of the Ikshvaku-family, a festival for the eyes, by the moonlight of whose glory the earth was brightened. He was a house of adamant for those seeking protection, a wishing-tree for beggars, a friendly meeting-place of the goddesses *sri* and *Vac*. His boundless accumulation of glory, like another ocean, absorbed the fame of enemies, like the ocean long rivers. When all the enemies had been subdued by the power of him, the only king, weapons* were unused, like goods that had been stored away. He put his foot on the throats of those fighting and his hand on the backs of those seeking protection, as if impartial to both. His sword, drawn from its scabbard on the battlefield, became itself a treasury for the *Sri* of victory who had come. Law was his brother; fame his sweetheart; pure virtues his friends; majesty his footman. So there was a retinue originating in his body. He, enjoying an exalted rank, bestowing delight on the world, had a wife, named *Acira*, like the lightning of a cloud. Just as the queen was the crest-jewel of women, so good conduct was chief among her virtues, courtesy, et cetera. The first among good wives, day and night she put her husband inside her heart as an ornament, like a pearl-necklace on the outside. At the sight of her beauty, even

goddesses seemed created, as it were, from particles left over from her creation. She, honored by the world, purified the earth by her footsteps as she walked, like the Jahnavi by its stream. Her neck bent from modesty, she always looked at the ground alone, as if from affection at the thought, "It must be protected by my husband." All the virtues of women shone in a high degree in her, like species of flowers in the row of gardens in Saumanasa. Some time passed for King Visvasena and Queen Acira absorbed in the pleasure of *sovereignty*, rejoicing, like Indra and Indrani.

Birth

Now Megharatha's *soul*, immersed in pleasure, completed its life in Sarvarthasiddha, the best palace in Anuttara. On the seventh day of the dark half of Nabhasya, the moon being in Bharani, he fell and descended into the womb of Queen Acira. During the last part of the night, while the queen was comfortably asleep, the fourteen great dreams were seen entering her mouth in succession. An elephant*, asking permission to enter her mouth, as it were, by the sound of the bees intoxicated by the fragrance of flowing *ichor*; a bull spotless as a crag of Kailasa that had become alive, stealing the beauty of an erect white lotus by the color of its body; a lion, *resplendent* with its tail held aloft, a brother to a red lotus in bud on an erect stalk; Mahalaksmi, being sprinkled by elephants at her sides, with a divine form, like another form of herself (Acira); a large *wreath* entwined from divine five-colored flowers, resembling a rainbow, an ornament for the Sri of the sky; a full moon with an unbroken circle of light, with a spotless ground like a silver mirror of the heavens; a sun, showing the *splendor* of day even when it was night, the sole bulb for the sprouting of shoots in the form of rays; a tall flagstaff, like the sole house of the dance with its dancing pennants, the *abode* of rest for the eyes; a wide full pitcher, the mouth covered with blooming lotuses filled with fragrance, like a seat of the goddess Sri; a fine pool filled with water, like another Lake Padma, fair with fragrant blooming lotuses; an ocean, boundless, raising its hands in the form of waves, as if wishing to embrace the bank of clouds in the sky; a palace, without a duplicate, resembling a heavenly palace with *finials* of various jewels and a row of pennants; a heap of jewels, like a heap of the materials for creation of the heavenly bodies*, the sun, et cetera, covering the surface of the sky with its broad rays of light; a smokeless fire, devouring the mass of darkness with lofty flames like many tongues.

The queen arose from sleep and related the dreams to King Visvasena, and he interpreted them as follows, "You will have a son, chief-queen, of superior *qualities*, distinguished, able to protect the three worlds, according to these dreams."

The astrologers, questioned at daylight, said, "Your son will be either a cakrin or dharmacakrin, according to these dreams." The king rewarded the interpreters of the dreams and dismissed them; and the queen, like the earth, carried a jewel of a son.

At that time there were many unfavorable conditions, which had originated earlier, in the country of the Kurus, causing distress, disease, *pestilence*, et cetera. The people, knowing means, employed various means to allay them; but they did not subside at all, like submarine fire from water. But merely from the Blessed One becoming an embryo in Queen Acira, these unfavorable conditions subsided. For the power of the Arhat has no limit.

Then in nine months, seven and a half days, on the thirteenth day of the dark half of Jyestha, the moon being in Bharani, the planets* being in *exaltation*, Acira bore a son, marked with a deer, gold color, like the east bearing the (deer-marked) moon. Then for a moment there was a light in the three worlds and comfort, never experienced before, to the hell-inhabitants.

Birth-rites

Then the seats of the Dikkumaris shook. They knew of the Arhat's birth by clairvoyant knowledge and rejoiced. Then the eight Dikkumaris from the Lower World came to the Arhat's house, bowed to the Jinendra and the Jinendra's mother according to rule. After introducing themselves to the queen and saying, "Do not be afraid," they cleared away the dust for a *yojana* with a whirlwind. Not too near and not too far from the Jinendra and his mother, they stood singing their virtues, like professional singers. The eight Dikdevis came from the Upper World, after the same ceremonies, created water, sprinkled the ground and stood singing in the same way. The eight goddesses came from east Rucaka, holding mirrors, bowed to the Jina^s and the Jina's mother, and stood in the east, singing. Eight goddesses came from south Rucaka, carrying golden vases, bowed to the Arhat and his mother, and stood in the south, singing. Eight goddesses came from west Rucaka, bowed to the Jina and Acira and stood in the west, singing their virtues, holding fans. Eight goddesses came from north Rucaka, bowed to them, and stood in the north, singing their virtues, holding *chauris*. Four Dikkumari-kas came from the intermediate points, bowed as before and stood,

singing, in the intermediate points, holding lamps.* The four living in the center of Rucakadvipa came, bowed to them, and cut the Jinendra's navel-cord, except for four fingers' length. After they had dug a hole, they deposited it there, like depositing money, filled the hole with jewels and diamonds, and paved a seat (over it) with durva. They created plantain-houses of four rooms in the east, north, and south of the birth-house. They conducted the Arhat and Queen Acira to the southern plantain-house and seated them on the jeweled lion-throne in the midst of the four rooms. They anointed them both with divine fragrant oils and rubbed them with fragrant substances. The goddesses led them to the eastern plantain-house, seated them on the lion-throne, and bathed them with perfumed water, flower-juices, and pure water. They put divine garments and ornaments on the two, led them to the northern plantain-house and seated them on the lion-throne. They had gosirsa-sandal brought by the Abhiyogikas from Mt. Ksudrahima, burned it, and fastened amulets on both of them. Saying aloud, "May you have a life as long as that of a mountain," they struck together jeweled stone balls near the Jina's ears. They conducted the Jina and his mother to the birth-house, placed them on the bed, and stood singing the Blessed One's virtues.

Birth-bath

Then Vajrabhrt knew of the Jina's birth by the shaking of his throne and came there with his retinue by his aerial car Palaka. "Reverence to you, bearer of a jewel in the womb," saying, Sakra gave a sleeping-charm to the queen and laid down another figure of the Arhat. Then he became fivefold, as if by means of four mirrors, and with one of these he took the Lord in his hands. Carrying chauris with two forms and a shining umbrella with one, twirling the thunderbolt beautifully with one in front, he proceeded. In a moment Sakra reached the rock Atipandukambala on Meru's peak and sat down on the lion-throne with the Lord on his lap. Then the sixty-three Indras, Acyuta and others, came to that mountain, as if they had an appointment, because of the shaking of their thrones. Acyuta bathed the Lord with *pitchers* filled with water brought from the oceans, rivers, ponds, et cetera. Then the sixty-two other Indras, holding pitchers, bathed the sixteenth Tirthankara^s and his mother. Then Isana became five forms and with one form took the Lord, and with three the *chauris*, et cetera, and with the other stood in front, holding a trident. At the four sides of the Lord Sakra created instantly four crystal bulls like spotless light of the heavens. Hari^s bathed the Master with the water that had come from the tips of their horns

as clear as if it had come from a fountain. Hari dried the Lord with devadusya, anointed him with gosirsa-sandal, and adorned him with divine ornaments and garlands. After he had waved the light in front of the Master properly, he began a purifying hymn of praise in a voice choking with joy.

Stuti

“Blessed One, reverence to you, benefactor of all the world, wonderfully magnificent, the only shade-tree on the road of the desert of *samsara*. The sight of you, dawn for the night of accumulated sins, has been attained by me by good fortune, Supreme Lord. The eyes are blessed by which you have been seen, Lord of the World. The hands of those people are blessed by whom contact with you has been experienced. One time you were a magnificent cakravartin of the Vidyadharas; once a god of high rank; once a Baladeva^s.

Once you were the Indra of Acyuta; once a knowledgeable¹⁷¹ *cakrabhrt*; and once an Ahamindra, the ornament of Graiveyaka. One time you were a noble king with clairvoyant knowledge; and once an Ahamindra, the ornament of Sarvarthasiddha, In what birth were you not superior, Supreme Lord? Now the songs of praise are completed by your birth as Tirthakrt; I am not capable of telling your virtues. However, I shall tell my own purpose. May my devotion to your lotus-feet exist in every birth.”

After this hymn of praise, Vajrabhrt took again the Lord from Isana, went quickly, and deposited him at Queen Acira’s side, according to custom. Hari^s fastened up high a sridamagandaka to amuse the Master’s eyes, and deposited two garments of devadusya and a pair of earrings on the pillow. Then Maghavan, whose words are not in vain, had proclaimed by the gods: “Whoever, evil-minded, of gods, demons, or mortals, shall think anything unfavorable to the Arhat and the Arhat’s mother, his head shall burst into seven pieces, like the clusters of blossoms^B of the arjaka^B.”

Vaisravana, at Pakasasana’s command; made a great shower of jewels and gold in the city Hastinapura; Hari took the sleeping-charm away from the queen, like the sun from the day-blooming lotus, and the Arhat’s image at once. Hari appointed five Apsarases as nurses for the Arhat; and then the other Vasavas went to Nandisvara. All, delighted, held an eight-day festival to the images of the eternal *Arhats* properly and went to their respective places.

Then the queen, when sleep had gone away, saw her son with divine ornaments and garments, divine unguents, and a flood of

light. The queen's attendants, excited by joy and eagerness, went and told the king about the birth of a son and the actions of the Dikkumaris, et cetera. Then, delighted, the king gave them a gratuity and held his son's birth-festival with great magnificence. Because unfavorable conditions had subsided while he was in the womb, the king, delighted, gave the name Santi to his son. Sucking his own thumb which had nectar injected by Sakra, when hungry, the Lord gradually grew up, tended by nurses.

Although mature in knowledge from birth, he engaged in various childish amusements. Everything suitable to the time is proper. Gods, very much afraid of disrespect, made the Lord play, wishing to make themselves important by means of mudpies with the Master. The Lord did not defeat them too easily in games, foot-races, et cetera. For the noble are followers of *compassion*, even when another emotion* is strong. So the Lord, playing in various games, the playhouse of Sri, forty bows tall, attained youth.

The king married princesses to Santi. For the very powerful are not satiated with wedding-festivals of their sons. At the end of twenty-five thousand years the king installed Santi on the throne, but he himself attended to religious duties. The son of Visvasena protected the earth properly. For the incarnation of the great is for the sake of the protection of all. The son of Acira enjoyed himself with his wives. For the to-be-enjoyed-karma, even of Arhats, which has pleasure as its fruit must be experienced. Queen Yasomati was at the head of all his female household. She saw in a dream a cakra entering her mouth, like a sun entering a cloud.

Birth of Cakrayudha

Then, after it had completed its life, Rsi^s Drdharatha's *soul* descended into the womb from the palace Sarvartha. At that very time Queen Yasomati arose from sleep and related her dream to Lord Santinatha. Possessing the three kinds of knowledge, Santinatha explained: "In another birth I had a younger brother, Drdharatha. Now he has fallen from the palace Sarvartha and descended into your womb. At the right time you will give birth to a son," The queen, delighted at hearing that correct speech of her husband, like the thunder of a cloud at dawn, conceived the embryo at the same time. At the right time Queen Yasomati bore a son, pure, with all the favorable marks, like a wonderful image of her husband. Because Yasomati saw a cakra in a dream while he was in the womb, his father gave him the name Cakrayudha. Cherished by nurses, the best tilaka of the world of men, Cakrayudha gradually grew up, like a

young elephant.* Cakrayudha in time attained young manhood bewitching the eyes of throngs of young women, the play-ground of *Ananga*^s. His father married him to many princesses with beautiful forms like Sris who had held svayamvaras.*

Twenty-five thousand years passed while srimat Santinatha directed the kingdom. Then the cakra, brilliant with a great light, was in Santi's *armory*, like a god on the spontaneous birth-couch. The Master had an eight-day festival celebrated for the cakra. For even people entitled to honor make a puja to the one entitled to honor by custom. The cakra left the armory, like the sun leaving the ocean, facing the east, the face of the Sri of an expedition of conquest. The king, by whose soldiers the earth was covered, followed it presided over by a thousand Yaksas like its spokes. Every day the cakra stopped after it had gone a *yojana*; and the Lord stopped also, making a camp twelve yojanas in extent. Thus advancing daily without interruptions, the son of Visvasena arrived at the tirtha Magadha, the ornament of the Eastern Ocean.

Strong-shouldered Santi established at once on its bank a camp whose center could not be reached, like the ocean. Wishing to conquer without any injury being inflicted, the Lord sat on an excellent lion-throne, facing Magadhatirtha. Then the lion-throne of the Lord of Magadha, who was at a distance of twelve yojanas, shook at once, as if it had a broken leg. Then the Lord of Magadha thought to himself:

"What unprecedented occurrence is this, indeed, that my throne shook! Is the time of my falling now at hand? Or has someone, unable to endure my *splendor*, shaken my throne?" With such doubts springing up, by employing clairvoyant knowledge, he knew that Santi, the cakrin and dharmacakrin, had come. The Lord of Magadhatirtha thought again: "Like a child I thought that from ignorance, alas! The Lord, the sixteenth Tirthakara and the fifth cakrin, seated thus, permeated with *compassion*, is a match for me. Who am I, compared with the Lord of the World whose arm is able to protect or destroy the three worlds, like a moth compared with the sun? What sort of *devotion* shall I, being such, show him whom the Indras, Acyuta, et cetera, approach like footmen? Nevertheless, I shall honor the Lord of the World who has come here himself, with my own wealth, like honoring the moon with the fringed end of a garment."¹⁷²

With these reflections the Lord of Magadhatirtha took large gifts and approached Santinatha. Standing in the air, he bowed to the Lord and said: "By good fortune. Lord of the Three Worlds, you

have received me, a mere footman. I am bearing your commands as your guardian of the east quarter, to be commanded by you day and night like the governor of a fort, Master.”

With these words, bowing, he delivered divine ornaments and garments with *devotion*, like the Lord's chamberlain. Sri Santi honored and dismissed the god. Then the cakra-jewel set out toward the south. The Lord, whose advance was unchecked, following the path of the cakra, with unfathomable power of the arm, came to the bank of the Southern Ocean. The Lord of the World sat on a jeweled lion-throne on the bank of the ocean, concentrating on Varadaman without harshness. The Lord of Varadaman knew by clairvoyance that the Lord had come, and he came, having adopted the means of gifts to protect against destruction. After bowing to the Lord and accepting service to him, he handed over the gifts, divine ornaments, et cetera. The Lord of the World talked to him graciously and dismissed him. The cakra-jewel set out for the western quarter.

The Lord made his camp on the shore of the Western Ocean covered with areca trees bound with an abundant growth of betel vines. The Lord of Prabhasa, whose throne had shaken, came and honored Sri Santi seated on a lion-throne, and accepted his command. The cakra set out by a north-western path in the direction of Sindhu Devi and Lord Santi also, following its path. The Master placed his camp, which resembled a moving city, on the southern bank of the Sindhu near the house of Sindhu. Seated on a lion-throne and concentrating on Sindhu, the Master remained facing her, like a yogi^s engaged in attracting someone. Sindhu Devi knew by clairvoyance that the Master had come and approached him devotedly at once with gifts that had been collected. She bowed to Santi Swamin and said, her hands folded in submission, “In this place I am the executor of your commands, like your army.” With these words, bowed in devotion, she delivered to the Lord of the World gold, jewels, a bathing-stool, *pitchers*, ornaments, et cetera.

Then the cakra set out and Cakrin Santi also with his army in the north-east direction and reached the ground at the foot of Vaitadhya. The god of Mt. Vaitadhya delivered presents to Sri Santi Swamin and made submission.

Following the path of the cakra the Master went near the cave Tamsira and quickly reduced to submission the god Krtamala. At Sri Santi's command the general crossed the river Sindhu by the skin-jewel and conquered the southern division of the Sindhu. Then the general opened Tamsira, striking the double doors with the staff-jewel which had unerring power. Mounted on the elephant-jewel, his

great power full-grown, the Master entered the cave with his army, like a lion. The son of Visvasena set the gem-jewel on the elephant's right boss to destroy darkness, like the sun on the eastern mountain. Taking the *cowrie* in his hand the Lord advanced, drawing forty-nine circles on both sides (of the cave) in turn. Then the Master had the carpenter-jewel make a bridge across the rivers Unmagna and Nimagna which were on the road inside the cave. Santinatha and his army crossed the rivers, though hard to cross, by the bridge. Everything is simple for the powerful. The north door of the cave opened immediately of its own accord by the Master's power, like a lotus-calyx at dawn from the sun. He left the cave by the door with his army. Everywhere the path of the powerful, like that of streams, is unstumbling.

When the Mlecchas had seen the Cakrin and his army issue from the cave, collected together, they said with laughter: "Ho! Who is this who has come now, seeker of the unsought, into our country, like an elephant* into a forest controlled by prides of lions? Foot-soldiers, jumping up as they like, thinking themselves real soldiers, their bodies* gray with dust like donkeys, who are they? Who are these mounted on elephants like monkeys in trees? And who are these on horses like water-birds on waves? And why are these men mounted in chariots, as if they were lame? And what is this piece of iron¹⁷³ that is like a portable fire-place on wheels? Alas for the unconsidered action of these stupid men, which was undertaken by them together, like a quarrel by jackals!¹⁷⁴ However, enough of looking at them. For an enemy must be regarded as poison. We shall kill them, like ravens destroying grasshoppers."

After speaking so to each other, they advanced, carrying many kinds of weapons*, to fight with the *vanguard* of Cakrin Santi. They struck down the elephants, like ant-hills, with iron clubs; they crushed the chariots, like earthen jars and dishes, with dubs. Some pierced the horses with arrows and spears and made them like porcupines; some staked down the foot-soldiers with spikes, like ghosts with charms. So the ill-behaved Kiratas, jumping up like monkeys, killing in various ways, spreading a great tumult, giving slaps and shouting in turn, broke down the cakravartin's *vanguard* like a forest.

Because of the destruction of the soldiers that had taken place, Sri Santi's general, terrifying, blazing like a fire from an *oblation*, armed like Krtanta, taking the sword-jewel in his hand, mounted the horse-jewel and dashed forward against the Kiratas. These three jewels, the general, the horse, and the sword combined, looked like

three fires in one place. The king of horses, moving like Garuda, splitting open the earth, as it were, ran forward equal (in speed) to the general's thought. The Kiratas, cavalry and infantry, were not able to stand before (the attack), like trees in the current of a river. Some jumped into chasms; some hid in thickets; some went to the mountains; some fled into water. Some abandoned their weapons*; others left their clothes; some remained motionless as if dead, rolled on the ground. Of some the arms fell, like branches of trees; heads fell like fruit and hands like petals. Of some the teeth dropped, of others the feet, and of some the skulls cracked like empty dishes. When the general traversed the ocean of battle with the horse-jewel, what did not take place for the destruction of enemies like sea-monsters?

So the Kiratas, thus perceived by him, all fled in every direction immediately, like cotton blown up by the wind. After they had gone many yojanas, they met in one place and took counsel, pained by *anger* and shame.

"Alas! What is this unexpected thing that has happened to us, that someone has crossed Vaitadhya and come here? He, like no one else, covered our land with his excessive army, like the high-waved ocean. A mere foot-soldier of his, someone alone, this extraordinary soldier defeated us long considering ourselves excellent soldiers. We are ashamed of each other, whose arms were formerly swollen with courage. Henceforth, we are not able to show our faces. Now shall we enter a blazing fire, or shall we jump from a high *precipice* to die? Shall we swallow a large amount of poison? Or shall we hang like swings, tying ourselves to the tops of trees? Shall we split our bellies with knives, like old pieces of cloth, or cut our tongues to pieces with our teeth, like pieces of cucumber? By some method or other death* is our refuge.* What self-respecting, person is able to live crushed by defeat? If there is any means for us to defeat our enemies, let us summon our family-deities, the Meghamukhas. Family-deities are the refuge of persons, all of whose resources are lost, whose wealth of manliness is lost, crushed by enemies."

Deciding on this, all went to the bank of the Sindhu, as if eager to immerse themselves in the water, because they were burned by, the *splendor* of the cakrin. Wretched, nude, all lying supine, they remained like gamblers whose money has been taken. Together, thus situated, they fasted three days for the favor of the Payomucs. For gods are won over by *devotion*. Then the gods, the Abdamukhas, appeared at the end of the fast, standing in the air, and said, "Do not be afraid, children. Tell us your trouble" The Mlecchas said, "Some

cakrin is killing us. From fear* of him we have fled here, like a flight of crows. Protect us, blessed Abdas. You alone are our protection. When one is bewildered and miserable, generally a friend is a refuge.”

The gods, the Meghasyas, said to the Mlecchas, “Now we shall destroy your enemies by a very cold death* by inundating them.”

Then the Abdas began to make the earth have one ocean, as it were, with streams of water like iron pestles on Santi’s army. Seeing his own camp inundated with water, the fifth *Cakrabhrt* touched the skin-jewel with his hand. At once the skin-jewel grew to twelve yojanas in size and floated just like a ball of sea-foam on a mass of duck-weed. At Sri Santi’s command the whole army got on the skin-jewel like a boat as steady as if nailed down. After he had touched the umbrella-jewel, like the skin, and had made it twelve yojanas in size, Santi stretched it over his army. On the umbrella’s handle, like a lamp in a window, the crest-jewel of mortals set the gem-jewel to destroy darkness. Grain*, sowed there at dawn, ready at noon, was eaten by the soldiers. This power belonged to the steward-jewel. Cakrabhrt Santi remained so with his army for seven days, like a sea-trader, in this ocean with one expanse of water.

Then his servant-gods, angered, carrying swords, said to the gods, the Meghamukhakumaras: “See here! What is this that has been undertaken? Acting without reflection, do you not know your own power and another’s power, your minds destroyed? On the one hand is Suvarna-sikharin, its peak touching the sky; on the other hand, ant-hills, knee-high, made of earth and sand. Here a sun giving light to the world; there, young fire-flies. Here a garuda, the *abode* of power; there, worthless grasshoppers. On the one hand, the king of Nagas, supporting the earth; on the other hand, the miserable venomless water-snakes. Here, Svayambhuramana, an ocean; there, house-streams. Here the Cakradhara and Tirthakrt praised by the three worlds; there, you miserable creatures to be conquered by such as us. Therefore, go! Go quickly! Henceforth, we, Sri Santi’s servants, will not tolerate your transgression*, look you!”

The Meghamukhas, addressed angrily by them in these words, went to the Mlecchas and enlightened them, “Santi alone is your protection.” Instructed by the Meghamukhas, the Mlecchas, sighing somewhat, became quiet like elephants whose *ichor* is gone. The Kiratas came, making the Lord presents of various vehicles and manifold ornaments, valuable garments, and heaps of gold and silver, seeking protection, wiping the ground by rolling on it with their bodies.* Handing over the presents to Santi, bowing, they said:

“We have always been unsubdued, Master, like forest-bulls. Pardon that we, ignorant, impetuously committed an offense against you, Master, when you came here. Be gracious to us. Henceforth, you are our master by whom the earth has been conquered. Command us. We shall remain subject to you. What more can we say?”

The Lord accepted (their presents) and favored the Mlecchas, who continued talking in this way; and had the north district of the Sindhu conquered by the general. Covering the ground between the Ganga^s and the Sindhu with unbroken ranks of soldiers, he went then with his large army to Mt. Ksudrahima. The god of Himavat honored Cakrin Santi with gosirsa-sandal, with water from Lake Padma and other water, and with jewels. The Lord went to Mt. Rusabhakuta, took the *cowrie*, and wrote the words, “Santi, the Cakrin,” according to custom. Then mounting his chariot, Santi, whose enemies’ courage had been subdued, turned, and gradually came to the ground at the foot of Mt. Vaitadhya.

There the cakravartin was entertained by the Vidyadhara-kings belonging to the two rows for happiness in this world and the next. Then he went to the bank of the Ganga and subdued Ganga (the goddess) himself, and had the north district of the Ganga conquered by the general. Then the Lord hastened to the cave named Khanda-prapata and reduced the god Natyamala to submission. The general opened the cave with the staff-jewel and Cakrabhrtsanti entered, following the cakra-jewel. As before, Santi dispelled darkness in the cave with the gem-jewel and circles made by the cowrie, like lamps* in a house. With his army he crossed the rivers Unmagna and Nimagna easily by the bridge. Nothing is difficult for the powerful. Accompanied by his army, the Lord left the cave, like a lion, by the south door which opened itself.

The Lord established his camp on the Ganga’s broad sandy beach crowded with horses moving to and fro like waves of the Ganga. The nine treasures Naisarpa, et cetera, living at the mouth of the Ganga came there and made submission to Santi. The Lord had the general conquer the Ganga’s southern district, which was filled with Mlecchas, like a mere village, at will. Then the Lord returned, having conquered six-part Bharata like six groups of enemies, in eight hundred years.

Reducing the distance day by day by unbroken marches, the man-elephant* went to Hastinapura, the *abode* of Sri. Watched by townsmen and villagers eager like unwinking gods, Santinatha went to his own house. Cakrin Santi’s *coronation* as cakravartin was made by gods, crowned kings, and others. The coronation-festival

lasted for twelve years in Hastinapura, accompanied by remission of fines, custom-duties, and entrance of soldiers. Then he was adorned separately by the thousand attendant Yaksas, the fourteen jewels, and the nine treasures. He was surrounded by the sixty-four thousand women of his household; and ornamented with eighty four lacs of elephants, chariots, and horses. He was lord of ninety six crores of villages and foot-soldiers, of thirty-two thousand kings as well as realms. He was served by three hundred and sixty-three cooks and had the earth adorned by the eighteen guilds* and sub-guilds. He was protector of seventy-two thousand large cities and ruler of ninety-nine thousand towns accessible both by land and sea. He was supreme lord of forty-eight thousand towns approached by land only or water only, and of twenty-four thousand poor towns as well as isolated towns. He was lord of twenty thousand mines of jewels, et cetera, and ruler of sixteen thousand towns with earthen walls. The lord was protector of fourteen thousand granaries and fifty-six island settlements. He was chief of forty-nine poor kingdoms and he enjoyed the rest of six-part Bharata also. Amusing himself with singing, dances by girls, dances by men, dramatic modes of conveying pleasures, gathering flowers, water-sports, et cetera, he spent twenty-five thousand years less eight hundred years from the time he became cakravartin.

Founding the congregation

At that time the thrones of the Lokantika-gods in Brahmaloaka shook, as if swung by someone. The gods, Sarasvatas, et cetera, bewildered, thinking "What is this?" employed clairvoyant knowledge and, understanding completely, said to each other: "Listen! The time has come for the initiation of Arhat Santi in the southern half of Bharata in Jambudvipa. The thrones, with consciousness produced, as it were, by his power, announce to us the action suitable at the time of initiation. Even if the Blessed One himself knows by the three kinds of knowledge, nevertheless it is customary that we remind him that it is time for the vow."

After talking with each other to this effect and getting in their aerial cars, the Sarasvatas, et cetera, approached Santinatha. After circumambulating Santinatha three times and bowing to him, their hands folded submissively, they said, "Master, found a *congregation*." After saying this and paying homage to him, the Laukantikas went to heaven,

Initiation

The Master gave gifts for a year, the money being supplied by the Jrmbhakas. The Lord of the World settled the kingdom on his son Cakrayudha, who resembled himself, wishing to acquire the *sovereignty* of self-control, himself. The ceremony of the Lord's initiation, as for his *coronation* as cakrin, was held by the gods, the Indras, et cetera, and by kings, Cakrayudha, et cetera. The Lord of the World got into the *palanquin*, named Sarvartha, provided with a lion-throne. Men carried it first. Then gods carried it on the east side, asuras on the south, Sauparneyas on the west, and Nagas on the north.

The Lord, the son of Acira, went to Sahasramravana, which dyed red the sky with trumpet-flowers¹⁷⁵ like twilight-clouds; adorned with sirisas¹⁷⁶ horripilated, as it were, from union with the Sri of the hot season; filled with jasmines^B like drops of perspiration; marked with the golden pods of the screw-pine, like bows of Smara^s; distinguished by dhatakis¹⁷⁷ with rows of buzzing bees excited by fresh buds, like singers of the Laksmi of the hot season; laughing, as it were, at the infirm Sri of Madhu¹⁷⁸ with date-palms with a wealth of blossoms^B resembling the breasts of the Sri of the forest; made twofold by the unbroken rows of the tails of parrots excited by the fruit of the bean; charming with a wealth of petals of the swallowwort; with townspeople engaged in the pleasure of water-sports in the tank.

Then the Lord of the World descended from the palanquin and discarded his jewels, ornaments, wreaths, et cetera, as well as the kingdom. In the afternoon of the fourteenth day of the dark half of Jyestha, (the moon) being in Bharani, after fasting for two days and making the namaskara to the Siddhas, the Lord and a thousand kings adopted *mendicancy*. Just then he attained mind-reading knowledge. On the next day the Lord broke his fast with rice-pudding in King Sumitra's house in Mandirapura. The gods made the five things, rain of treasure, et cetera, on him; and Sumitra in turn made a jeweled platform over the Master's footprints. Never sitting, never lying, disinterested, free from worldly connections, the receptacle of the mula- and uttaragunas*, the Lord wandered over the earth.

Omniscience

At the end of a year the Supreme Lord went in his wandering to Sahasramravana in the city Hastinapura. The Lord's ghatikarmas broke as he was engaged in pure meditation* under a toon tree, observing a two-day fast. On the ninth day of the bright half of

Pausa, the moon being in Bharani, Santinatha's brilliant *omniscience* arose.

The samavasarana

Knowing the Lord's omniscience by the shaking of their thrones, the Indras and the other gods came to the place purified by the Master. The gods, like sweepers, took away dust, sticks, grass, et cetera, for a *yojana* by means of whirlwinds. They rained fragrant water to settle the dust and divine five-colored flowers knee-deep. They paved the ground with gold slabs beautifully joined and made charming arches in the east and other directions. They made a jeweled platform in the center, fair with four ornamental gates, and erected three walls of silver, gold, and jewels, respectively. They created the caitya-tree, one hundred and eighty bows high, in the interior within the highest wall, the wall of jewels. Beneath it the gods made a dais not to be duplicated and on it they made a lion-throne in the east. Radiant with the thirty-four *attributes*,¹⁷⁹ the Blessed One entered the *samavasarana* by the east door. The Teacher of the World circumambulated the caitya-tree and said, "Reverence to the *congregation*." For that is the custom of the Jinendras. The Lord sat down on the eastern lion-throne, facing the east, and the gods created three images of him in the other directions. The throng of gods, asuras, and men entered by the proper doors and stood in the proper places, looking at the Lord's face. The animals stood within the middle wall, free from hostility, and all the (animal) vehicles were within the lowest wall.

Then the gardeners of Sahasramravana, their eyes opened wide from joy, came and announced to King Cakrayudha, "Today you prosper with good fortune, Your Majesty, since now Santi Swamin's omniscience has arisen while he was occupying Sahasramravana." Delighted at hearing this, King Cakrayudha at once gave them a gratuity and went to the Master. After circumambulating Santinatha and bowing to him, King Cakrayudha sat down respectfully behind Sakra. After bowing again to the Master, Sakra and Cakrayudha began a hymn of praise in a voice choking with joy:

Stuti

"Lord of the World, today the world has entered a state of happiness through you, a sun of knowledge, causing a festival of happiness (bright weather). Your kalyana-festivals, wishing-gems of happiness, become visible to such as us because of accumulated merit, Teacher of the World. The waves of water of the sight of you

wash clean the minds smeared with the impurities of the passions, et cetera, of all creatures, Lord of the World. Because you acquired Tirthakrtkarna formerly when you were striving to destroy karma, so your indifference to your own interests is a kindness to others. This *samavasarana* of yours is a refuge*, like a great fortress, to men in the world terrified by terrible *samsara*, Lord. You know the entire mind of all and are a benefactor to all. Nothing at all needs to be asked; nevertheless, I do ask you: May you not desert my mind, as you desert villages, mines, cities et cetera, every moment, as you wander over the earth. O Blessed One, by your favor may time pass for me whose mind has become a bee for meditation* on your lotus-feet,”

After this hymn of praise, Sakra and Cakrayudha became silent and Blessed Sri Santinatha began a sermon,

Sermon on the senses

‘This *samsara*, consisting of four conditions of existence, is surely always the cause of a series of many painful things, alas! The passions: *anger*, *conceit*, *deceit*, and *greed*, are its special supports, like four pillars of a great house. When the passions are destroyed, *samsara* itself is destroyed. A tree is dried up when its roots are dried up. No one is able to conquer the passions without conquering the senses. The Scum on metal of gold is not destroyed without a blazing flame. A creature is led instantly into the forest of hell by unsubdued senses that have dragged him, like unbroken horses running wild on the wrong road. A creature who has been conquered by the senses is defeated by the passions. Who cannot tear down a wall whose bricks have already been taken away by heroes? People’s unsubdued senses are productive of destruction of the family, downfall, capture, and death.* Who is not oppressed by the senses unrestrained by their own good? Even those who know the meaning of the *sastras* behave like fools. What displays more clearly the contemptibility of the senses than the fact that Bharata hurled a weapon at his brother Bahubalin? The victory of Bahubalin and the defeat of Bharata all that was the consequence of the senses conquered and unconquered.

That they fought, weapon against weapon, even in the last birth by that the power of the miserable senses is grasped.

Let men who are like animals be punished by their cruelly behaved senses; it is amazing that men who know the past, whose *deluding* karmas are suppressed, are punished (by their senses).¹⁸⁰ Gods, demons, and men, completely conquered by their senses,

wretched, commit disgusting acts, alas! They eat what should not be eaten, they drink what should not be drunk; they go where they should not go people, subject to their senses. Devoid of conduct suitable for a family, beaten by the senses devoid of *compassion*, they commit the low acts of courtesans and slaves. Whatever the course of conduct is of men whose minds are blind from *delusion* toward others' property and others' wives, that is the consequence of wide-awake senses. Loss of a hand, foot, or sense-organ, and death* are attained by persons because of subjection to the senses. What more is to be said? Persons who require respect from others, when they themselves have been conquered by the senses, are laughed at by the *discriminating* with their hands over their mouths. All creatures whatever in this world, from an Indra to a worm, are conquered by the senses, with the sole exception of the man free from passion.

The elephant*, his trunk extended for the enjoyment of touching the female, immediately reaches a state of misery from being tied to an elephant-post. The miserable fish, wandering in deep water, swallowing the prey that enters its throat, surely falls into the fisherman's hand. The bee, longing for fragrance, lighting on the cheek of a rutting elephant, dies from a slap of the flap of the ear. The moth, confused by the sight of the flame resembling a piece of gold, falling in the fire from eagerness, receives death.* The deer, wild to listen to a beautiful song, becomes the target of the hunter, whose bow is drawn back to his ear. If one sense-object alone serves to cause death*, how can five at the same time not serve to cause death*? The noble person should conquer the senses by purity of mind without which men's bodily *austerities* with vows and lesser vows are useless.

Since the group of senses if unconquered is *afflicted* with pains, one should conquer the senses to obtain freedom from all pain. Refraining from action always is not a victory over the senses. Action of those free from love and hate, that is victory. It is not possible for the senses to avoid contact with a sense-object that has come near them, but the wise person would avoid love and hate for it. The senses of those always practicing self-control are repressed or not repressed. They are not repressed in regard to beneficial objects. They are repressed in regard to unbeneficial objects. Subdued sense-organs lead to *emancipation*; but unsubdued ones lead to worldly existence. Therefore, knowing this distinction, one should do what is fitting.

Disregarding pleasure and lack of pleasures in the soft touch of cotton, et cetera, and the harsh touch of a stone, et cetera, one would be a victor over the sense of touch. Omitting completely like and dislike in the sweet taste of food*, et cetera, or its opposite, one would be victorious over the sense of taste. If a pleasant odor, or the contrary, has reached the vicinity of the nose, the sense of smell must be conquered by one knowing the modifications of objects. If one has seen a beautiful form, or the opposite, one would conquer the sense of sight by abandoning delight and disgust. By overcoming pleasure and disgust in the sound pleasant to hear of the lute, et cetera, and unpleasant to hear of the donkey, camel, et cetera, one would be victorious over the sense of hearing. There is no sense-object here that is (inherently) beautiful or the opposite. That which is not enjoyed by the senses, does it not serve for comfort? Attractive sense-objects become unattractive; unattractive ones become attractive. So why should one be excited or disgusted by the senses? If the sense-object itself should be fundamentally pleasing or hateful, then surely there would be no desirability nor undesirability of inclinations, in reality. A person, whose senses have been subdued by purity of mind and then whose passions have been destroyed, soon reaches emancipation which has imperishable delight.”

Initiation of Cakrayudha

After listening to this sermon that was like a rain of nectar for the ears, Cakrayudha, with the *desire* for emancipation, announced to the Blessed One: “Master, I am terrified of this worldly existence, the sole *abode* of trouble. There is no pride in being a human being in it on the part of the *discerning*, even though powerful. Just as in the case of a burning house or a cracking boat, its owner would take some valuables and go elsewhere, so in existence terrible with birth, old age, death*, et cetera, taking the *soul* alone, I have resorted to you as a refuge.* Master, do not disregard me falling into the ocean of existence. Today give me initiation, a boat for its crossing.”

The Master said, “This is fitting for you *discerning*,” and Cakrayudha settled the kingdom on his son who was of military age. Accompanied by thirty-five kings the Master’s son took *mendicancy* in the presence of the *congregation** under the Master. The Lord instructed the thirty-six ganabhrts, Cakrayudha, et cetera, about the ‘three-phrases*,’ origination, perishing, and permanence. They composed the twelve angas in accordance with the ‘three-phrases*’

and the Master gave them permission for exposition and for the *ganas*.

Many men and women adopted mendicancy under the Master at that time and some laymanship accompanied by right belief. At the end of the first watch the Supreme Lord arose and rested on the dais, the ornament of the middle wall. Seated on the Master's foot-stool while the congregation* remained there, Cakrayudha, the head of the *ganadharas*, delivered a sermon. He stopped preaching at the end of the second watch; and the gods, et cetera, went to their respective places after they had bowed to the Master.

Sasanadevatas

Originating in that congregation*, the Yaksha Garuda, black, whose vehicle was an elephant*, boar-faced, whose two right hands held a citron^B and a lotus^B, whose two left hands held an *ichneumon* and a rosary, became Sri Santi Swamin's messenger-deity. Originating in that congregation*, Nirvani, fair-bodied, with a lotus-seat, her two right hands holding a book and a blue lotus, her two left ones a water-jar and lotus, also became the messenger-deity of the Lord of the World.

The Blessed One, with them always nearby, devoted to others, wandered over the earth to enlighten the *souls* capable of *emancipation*. One day he came to the city Hastinapura as he wandered, and the Blessed One, the depository of *compassion*, stopped in a *sama-vasarana*. The lord of the city, Kurucandra, accompanied by people of the city and country, approached the Master, like the moon approaching the sun on the night of the new moon.¹⁸¹ While the fourfold congregation* remained in their proper places, the Lord delivered a sermon causing disgust with worldly existence.

Story of Kurucandra

At the end of the sermon Kurucandra bowed to the Lord and said: "By what act in a former birth, Master, did I acquire this kingdom? By what act in a former birth, Master, are the five wonderful things, fruit, et cetera,¹⁸² offered to me daily as a present? Thinking 'I shall give these to my friends,' I do not enjoy them myself and I do not give them to anyone else. Because of what act is that, Blessed One?"

The Lord explained: "This *sovereignty* and this gift of five things daily are yours because of a gift to a *sadhu*. The not-giving and the not-enjoying of these are because of the universality of merit. Wealth belongs to many. It is certainly not to be enjoyed by

one. Then you have the thought 'I shall give to my friends.' For people's thoughts are in accordance with their former acts.

In this very Jambudvipa in this same zone Bharata in the country Kosala in the city Sripura there were four merchants' sons of the same age, like full brothers, Sudhana, Dhanapati, Dhanada, Dhanesvara. Once upon a time the four together set out for Ratnadvipa to seek a fortune. Their provisions were carried by Dronaka. They entered a large forest and had almost crossed it, when their provisions, though abundant, were almost consumed. Then they saw a *muni* standing in pratima and they reflected a moment, 'We should give him something.' They said to Dronaka, the bearer of their supplies, 'Good sir, give something to the sage, Drona.' With faith superior to theirs, he gave food to the muni; and then karma with great pleasure as its fruit was produced by that act.

They went to Ratnadvipa, engaged in business, accumulated wealth, and returned to their native city. They always prospered from that very seed of merit. For grain* stays alive from the rain of Svati that has been once received. However, Dhanesvara and Dhanapati were a little deceitful; and Dronaka, of them all, had especially pure conduct. Dronaka died first at the end of his life and became you, the son of the Lord of Hastinapura, from the power of the gift. Because a moon was seen entering your mother's mouth, in a dream, your parents gave you the name Kurucandra. Sudhana and Dhanada both died and became merchants' sons, the former in Kampilya and the latter in Krttikapura. Vasantadeva was the name of the first and Kamapala of the second. In course of time Dhanapati and Dhanesvara died. Both of them became merchants' daughters, Madira and Kesara, one in Sankhapura and the other in Jayanti. The four gradually grew up, passing childhood, and reached fresh youth.

One day Vasantadeva went from Kampilya to Jayanti on business and made money. Once on the festival of the moon of the eighth night he went by chance to the garden Ratinandana and saw there Kesara. She looked at Vasantadeva with a friendly glance. Affection toward each other, which originated in a former birth, became apparent. Vasantadeva asked a merchant's son, Priyankara, who lived in Jayanti, 'Who is she? And whose daughter is she?' He explained, 'she is a maiden, the daughter of Sheth Pancanandin, sister of Jayantideva, named Kesara.'

Vasantadeva began a friendship with Jayantideva, a reason for coming and going between the houses of both of them. One day Vasantadeva was invited by Jayantideva to his house. For the pregnancy-whim of the tree of friendship is of that kind. There

Vasantadeva saw Kesara, moonlight to the lotus of the eye, worshipping Kusumayudha with flowers. Vasantadeva, accepting a *wreath* of flowers from the lotus-hand of Jayantideva, was looked at by her with affection. With the thought, 'That is a favorable *omen*,' there was great joy of both. Their pleasing behavior toward each other had pleasing results for both. An actress, Priyankara, observed the inclination of the two. For another's heart is easily observed by those who understand the interpretation of sentiment by outward signs and by the expression of the face.

Kesara's brother then made a puja to Vasantadeva like Vasanta (Spring) to Vasantasakha (friend of Spring, Kamadeva). Priyankara said to her, 'Kesara, your brother is honoring him. You do what is suitable Kesara, experiencing shame, fear', and joy simultaneously, said, 'You alone know. Do what is fitting for him Priyankara took a cluster of flowers from the priyangu tree^B in the courtyard, kakkola, et cetera, and said to Vasanta, 'My mistress gives you these flowers and fruits, suitable for a gift to a lover, gathered by her own fingers.' Delighted at the thought, 'I am beloved by her,' Vasantadeva took the flowers and fruit in his hand. He gave her a signet-ring and said, 'say to her, "This was a good thing that you did. What is suitable for lovers must always be done."'

Priyankara went and told Kesara his speech which was like a sprinkle for making the bulb of strong affection shoot up. Asleep in the last watch of the night, Kesara saw herself in a dream being married to Vasantadeva. At that time Vasantadeva married her in a dream. The seeing of these dreams by both of them was better than a wedding. Kesara related her dream to Priyankara at once, her hair standing up from joy, having confidence in it alone. The family-priest, who was nearby to see to his own business, said, 'It will happen just so.' 'Vasantadeva will be your husband according to the dream and the omen. Let the knot of the omen be tied,' Priyankara said to her. Priyankara went and told Vasantadeva the dream. Because of its agreement with his own dream he considered the matter settled. Priyankara said, 'The *soul* of my mistress is suitable for you. You should arrange everything pertaining to the wedding without hesitation.'

Vasantadeva said: 'That must be arranged entirely according to custom. Generally action that is wrought by man falls down some place.' Vasantadeva, knowing what should be done, after talking to her like fate embodied and rewarding her, dismissed her.

So some time passed, which seemed like a hundred years to them, drinking the nectar of talking to each other daily. One day

while Vasantadeva was resting in his own house, he heard an auspicious* drum in Pancanandin's house. He received the news from his servants whom he sent, 'Kesara has been given in marriage by Pancanandin to Varadatta, the son of the Sheth Sudatta, living in Kanyakubja. The drum has been beaten for the festival.'

When he heard this, he swooned as if struck with a hammer. Then Priyankara consoled him quickly: 'Kesara sends you a message: "Do not be disturbed. After hearing the plan of the elder members of the family, I intend to marry my sweetheart. Without knowing my wishes, the elders wish to do such a thing. They may wish to do it, but I shall not do such a thing. You alone shall be my husband or my death* will surely be. This must be recognized, lord, nothing else. For the word of well-born women is not false."'

Vasanta, delighted, said, 'The sight of the dream was like this. And certainly the promise of well-born women is not in vain. I promise this: I shall marry Kesara or I shall go by some means to the house of *Yama*.'

Thus assured and dismissed, she went to Kesara and Kesara rejoiced at her lover's speech when it was told to her. Some time passed unpleasantly for them, like the night for cakravakas, while they thought about some means of union with each other. While their purpose had not yet been accomplished but they were devising plans, the procession of the bridegroom's friends came for Kesara's wedding the next day.

When Vasantadeva heard that, he left the city and went to a garden, hastening like the wind. Vasantadeva thought, 'she, married to another, will surely *perish*, like a gourd¹⁸³ at the sight of a finger. Troubled for a long time by her parents who are ignorant of a suitable union, without hope of marrying me, yet unmarried, she will die. Therefore, by dying before she does I shall have my grief allayed. Who will hear of the death* of his sweetheart like a blister on a burned man?'

After these reflections, after putting a noose around his neck, Vasanta tied himself like a quiver to the top of an asoka. When the noose had just been tied, a man ran up from an *arbor*, saying, 'Do not do anything rash, sir! Do not!' Climbing the asoka, he cut the knot of the noose and said, 'Why has a distressing thing of this kind taken place?' Vasanta said, 'Why are you disturbed by this appearance of me, *afflicted* by fate, resembling an indravaruna, sir? Why did you, by cutting the noose, put an obstacle in my way when I wished to die, which would have ended grief at separation from my sweetheart?'

Then Vasanta told him, when he enquired, the story of his sweetheart. For grief generally subsides from being told. The man said: 'Even if this is the case, nevertheless it is not fitting for a *discerning* man to give up life. Stratagems, rather, to obtain the desired objectives are fitting. In this affair of yours, they exist. So do not die like an animal. Even in an affair in which there is no stratagem (available), it is not suitable to die. A dead man does not obtain it; he goes to the state of existence suitable to his karma. I live wandering about, because the desired object could not be attained because of the lack of a stratagem. For a living man sees fair things.

I am a resident of Krttikapura, named Kamapala. I went away with a *desire* to see foreign countries, intoxicated by youth. In my wandering I came to a large city, Sankhapura, and went to see a festival to the Yaksha Sankhapala. There I saw a girl in a mango-arbor, whose appearance was entirely beautiful, like a girl in Smara's^s *harem*. I, in love, stood there a long time, as if bound by such snares and she looked at me lovingly. She, above reproach, gave me *betel through a friend, which was the cause of love as well as redness of lips*. As I was thinking, "As I have accepted the betel and wish to do something in return, what is suitable for me?" a very powerful rogue-elephant* pulled up his tying-post, broke his leg-chains to pieces, and ran off. Abandoned by the elephant-keepers unable to remedy things at a distance, watched by the mahouts exceedingly bewildered as he ran, thrusting aside the helpless elephant-drivers carrying goads, the elephant reached the mango-arbor in a moment. All the attendants of the maiden fled. Generally when fear* is present, one's self is more important than everything else. As the elephant charged, she was not able to run, but stood on the spot, trembling, like a *doe* before a lion. When the elephant had almost seized the girl with its trunk, I hit him at the base of the tail with a club. Leaving the girl, he turned like a serpent touched on the tail. I escaped the elephant, took the girl, and went elsewhere. I put her down in a place free from danger, but she, by whom *deceit* was barred, did not put me out of her heart. Her attendants came there again and, when they knew that Madira had been saved, they praised me, like *bards*.

She was led back to this mango-arbor by her friends and by chance elephant-spray fell, carried by the wind. Again they all ran here and there, terrified. She went somewhere; and I do not know where. I wander about in the hope of seeing her. Without seeing her for a long time I came here, desolate. Even though I have no plan, I do not die, but live. Look at me. But there are, indeed, means of

reaching Kesara. I am talking to you as a friend with equal grief. Do not die from ignorance. You say the wedding is tomorrow. Today, because it is the custom, Kesara alone will worship Smara^s with *Rati*. Then, let us, entering Smara's temple secretly, remain quietly, like worshippers, friend. When she has entered it, I shall seize her clothing and go, disguised like her, to her house, deceiving her attendants. When I have gone, take her and go wherever you like. So your wish will be accomplished unbroken.'

Delighted by this speech, Vasanta said, 'In this plan there are acquisition and enjoyment for me, but I see trouble for you.' Just then an old Brahman woman sneezed, like a tutelary deity, and Kamapala said: 'There will be no trouble for me. On the contrary, prosperity will come to me devoted to this business of yours. For destiny becomes favorable to the noble.' Just then an old Brahman, delighted, said with reference to his own affairs, 'so it is. There is no doubt.' After tying the *omen-knot*¹⁸⁴ and agreeing to his plan, Vasantadeva entered the city with his friend. After they had eaten, et cetera, they left the house in the evening, went to Smara's temple and stood behind Smara. As they stood there, they heard the auspicious^s sound of a drum with delight at the thought, 'Kesara is coming now.' She came there, reciting again and again the charm called 'meeting with the lover,' a charm which is effective merely from recitation. She descended from the *palanquin*, like a goddess from an aerial car, and took a puja of gold from Priyankara's hand. Then she entered Smara's temple alone and shut the door with her own hands, because that is the custom.

After throwing flowers, leaves, and money on the floor for the sake of Manmatha^s, her hands folded submissively, she spoke with her heart subdued by love:

'You are in the heart of all. You dwell there always. Therefore you know their inclinations, blessed Makaradhvaja. Is this fitting for you, lord, knowing the inclination of everyone, that you unite me by force with an unloved husband? My mind does not delight in any one except Vasantadeva. Another husband is for my death^s, like a poison-maiden for that of a husband. May Vasantadeva be my husband in another birth. You have been worshipped for a long time. This is the last worship.'

After saying this, she hung herself to the arched doorway and, at the same time, Vasanta ran and unfastened the noose. The lotus-eyed girl said with astonishment, shame, and fear, 'Where did this man come from?' and was told by Vasantadeva: 'dear, I am the very Vasantadeva, your husband for whom you were asking Manobhava

in another life. I have entered here secretly, planning to seize you, at the plan of this disinterested noble friend, slender maiden. Give him your costume so that he can go to your house, wearing your clothes, like you, and deceive your attendants. When he has managed with your attendants, we shall go to a foreign place that suits us, dark-haired maiden.'

So instructed, she handed her own costume to Kamapala and Vasanta stood behind Kamadeva. Kamapala worshipped Kamadeva with flowers, et cetera, and put on Kesara's clothes, his face covered with a veil. He opened the door and, leaning on Priyankara, got into the *palanquin* which was carried by bearers. Undetected by the servants, he went to Pancanandin's house. Even Brahma does not penetrate a well-planned trick. He was assisted from the conveyance by Priyankara, led to the bridal house, and seated on a gold and cane seat. Priyankara, a benefactor, went away, after instructing him, 'Kesara, continue to recite the charm meeting with a lover'. He, intelligent, appreciated the real meaning of that speech and recalled again and again the charm called 'union of Kama^s and Rati.'

Kesara's maternal uncle's daughter, Madira, a resident of Sankhapura, came there, invited to the wedding-procession. Seating herself before him,¹⁸⁵ sighing a little, she said, 'Kesara, why are you troubled about the success of matters subject to fate? I, living in Sankhapura, heard about your wished-for meeting with Vasantadeva, fair lady. I know from my own experience the pain of separation from a sweetheart. Therefore, I shall tell you to console you, friend. Just as an unfavorable fate does something undesired, so a favorable fate does something desired from force of circumstances. Moreover, friend, you are fortunate who had the sight of and conversation with your sweetheart, et cetera, many times. Hear my miserable story difficult to hear, friend. I went with attendants to the festival of Sankhapala. There beneath an asoka I saw a young man, a thief of the wealth of the mind, like Manmatha^s before my eyes. I sent him betel by the hand of a friend. I was saved by him from a rogue-elephant* like death.* Again my attendants and I have been terrified by fear* of the elephant. Again running away, I did not see him who had gone away somewhere. From that time I have scarcely lived, miserable, a receptacle of unhappiness all the time, like a monkey stung by a bee. Up to today I have seen him, charming, only in a dream. If he will be visible in person by the favor of fate! I have told my secret to diminish your pain. For one in pain is consoled, seeing someone else in pain. Enough of that pain, friend. For destiny itself

being favorable, there will be a meeting with your sweetheart. Be of good courage, faint-hearted girl.'

Then Kamapala took off the veil and said: 'I am the one, your sweetheart, whom you saw earlier at the Yaksa's festival. From the kindness of fate just now a meeting of Vasantadeva and Kesara has taken place, like ours. Enough of wasting time in talking. Put aside submission to fear. Show me a door to leave by, maiden with *irreproachable* understanding.'

After saying this, he went with Madira herself through a back door shown by Madira into the garden of the house. Then Kamapala with his sweetheart joined Vasantadeva and Kesara who had come earlier to this city. Because of their former affection they make constantly the wonderful gift of five things, king. Know that these people are they. You are able to enjoy it (the gift) with them, your friends, king. For so long a time, you did not enjoy it, since you did not know they were your friends."

After hearing the Lord's words, the memory of former births, a brilliant torch of former affection, arose immediately in the king and in them. Then King Kurucandra bowed to the Blessed One and led them affectionately, like brothers, to his own house. The gods bowed to the Lord and went to their respective abodes. The Blessed One went elsewhere, favoring the earth.

Congregation

Sixty-two thousand ascetics, observing perpetual chastity, sixty-one thousand and six hundred nuns, eight hundred noble persons who knew the fourteen *purvas**, and also three thousand having clairvoyant knowledge, four thousand having mind-reading knowledge, and forty-three hundred with *omniscience*, six thousand with the art of transformation, and twenty-four hundred disputants, two hundred and ninety thousand laymen, three hundred and ninety-three thousand laywomen constituted the retinue of the Lord wandering for twenty-five thousand years less one year from the time of *omniscience*.

His emancipation

Knowing that it was time for his emancipation, the Lord went to Mt. Sammeta and began a fast with nine hundred munis. At the end of the month, on the thirteenth of the dark half of Jyestha, the moon being in Bharani, the Master attained *emancipation* with the munis. The Lord's age was a lac of years, as he was prince, governor, *cakrabhrt*, and in the vow for a quarter of a lac each. The emancipa-

tion of Sri Santi Swamin was three sagaras, less a palya* less a fourth, after the emancipation of Sri Dharmanatha. The emancipation-festival of Jina^s Santi was held there by the gods, the Indras, et cetera. In time Cakrayudha, the ganadhara, acquired omniscience. After wandering over the earth to enlighten the *souls* capable of emancipation for a long time, he made final renunciation and at the end of his life attained emancipation together with many monks at the tirtha Kotisila.

Glory to the life, courageous and illustrious, with firm *tranquility*, of Santi, who showed facility even in the business of conquering the six-part earth, who took the vow after abandoning *sovereignty* like straw, whose glory was spread by his being a cakrin and especially by his being a Tirthankara^s.



Kuntunatha Charitra

May the teaching of victorious Kunthu Swamin, which resembles the current of a river for destroying the stones dense *delusion*, prevail. I narrate (herewith) the purifying biography of Kunthu, master of the three worlds, resembles Mt. Manthana in stirring the ocean of worldly existence.

Previous Incarnations

In this very Jambudvipa, in the East Videhas, in the Avarta which surpassed heaven in beauty, in capital, Khadgi, King Sinhavaha was the receptacle of virtues, the crest of the leaders in justice. He was like a mountain of justice, like an axe to crime, like the family-home of law, like the native land of intelligence. His good counsel, as well as his mind, was difficult for even the experts to penetrate; the excellence of his army and treasure was like that of Sakra; his energy was like that of Hari^s. He himself, like the ocean, did not cross the boundary of propriety; powerful, he held the world also within the bounds of propriety. The sound of his bow was like a charm for attracting Sris; like a charm for destroying enemies; like a charm for protecting the earth. He ruled the earth for justice only, but not for wealth. It is always an attendant result for those devoted to *dharma**. Experiencing pleasures without *devotion* to them, like an *ascetic* consuming food*, he, the foremost of those knowing the Principles, passed some time.

One day, feeling extreme disgust with existence, he went to Acharay Samvara, and took initiation, which was like the boundary of the ocean. Observing strict vows, he acquired the *body-making*

karma of a Tirthakrt by means of the *sthanakas*, devotion to the *Arhats*, et cetera. In the course of time he died, possessing right belief and engaged in concentrated meditation*, and became a god in the palace Sarvarthasiddha.

His parents

Now in Bharataksetra in this same continent Jambudvipa there is a great city Hastinapura. In its shrines *dharma**, constantly rejoicing, dances ardently, as it were, in the guise of white banners. In its houses with the ground of the court-yards paved with jewels the very word 'mud' (kardama) occurred only in yaksakardama¹⁸⁶. Rutting elephants gave blows with their tusks at their own reflections in its wall made of jewels with the idea that they were other elephants. In the royal palaces, in the houses of the people, in the gateways, and other places all that was filled with images of the Arhats like the sky with planets.*

Sura, like a new sun in brilliance, was king in this city, like Dhanevara in Alaka. Dharma alone dwelt constantly in his heart like a second *soul*; but wealth and love remained outside like a body. Of him who had subdued the quarters by his *splendor* the weapons* became only ornaments of the arm, like armlets and bracelets. He did not become angry at anyone and he protected the earth. The moon lights up everything without harshness.

His wife was Sri, like Sridevi of Hari^s, the *embodiment* of beauty, grace, and virtue, endowed with spotless conduct. She, fair-faced, dripping nectar in her speech, looked like a stream of nectar, or like a goddess of the moon. She, whose body was faultless, moved and spoke very slowly, the wife of him, like a hansi of a rajahansa. King Sura, absorbed in unhindered happiness, enjoyed pleasures with the queen, like a god in a heavenly palace.

Birth-rites

Now Sinhavaha's soul completed its life of thirty-three sagaras in the palace Sarvarthasiddha. His soul fell on the ninth day of the dark half of Sravana, the moon being in Krttika, and descended into Sri's womb. A white, four-tusked elephant*; a bull the color of the night-blooming lotus;¹⁸⁷ a lion with a high mane; Laksmi, beautiful from sprinkling; a five-coloured *wreath* of flowers; a full moon; a shining sun; a flag-staff with a banner; a full golden pitcher; a pool filled with lotuses; an ocean with high waves; a palace made of jewels; a lofty heap of jewels; a smokeless fire she saw these fourteen dreams. At dawn the King explained the dreams described

by the queen, "According to these dreams your son will be a *Ca-krabhrt* and a Tirthakrt."

Then in nine months, seven and a half days, on the fourteenth day of the dark half of Radha, the moon being in Krttika, the planets* being exalted, Queen Sri bore a son marked with a goat, golden, complete with all the favorable marks. For a moment there was comfort to the hell-inhabitants and light in the three worlds. Then the thrones of Sakra and the other Indras shook. The fifty-six Dikkumaris approached instantly like servants, at the shaking of their thrones, and performed the birth-rites. Sakra became five-fold and took the Lord to Mt. Meru, and the sixty-three Indras bathed him with water from the sacred places. Sakra set the Lord on Isana's lap and bathed him then, made a puja, et cetera, and began to praise him aloud.

Stuti

"Today the waters of the oceans, Ksiroda, et cetera the lotuses and water of the lakes, Padma, et cetera, the herbs of the mountains, Ksudrahimavat, et cetera, the flowers of the gardens, Bhadrāsala, et cetera, sandal from the ground at the foot of *Malaya*, et cetera, have their purpose accomplished by means of bathing you, Lord of the World. The power of all of the gods has its purpose accomplished by celebrating the festival of your birth-kalyana, god. Today Meru, adorned by you, like a palace by a statue, has become the most important mountain; today it has become a sacred place. Today eyes have become eyes; hands have become hands by seeing and touching you, Lord of the Earth. Today our inborn clairvoyance was fruitful since we made your birth-festival after knowing your birth, O Jina^s. Just as you were on my heart today at the time of your bath, may you be within my heart for a long time, Lord."

After praising the Lord of the World in these words, Purandara^s took him quickly, went to Hastinapura and put him at Queen Sri's side.

Life as king and cakrin

His son's birth-festival was celebrated also by king Sura; or rather, the world had a continual festival because a Tirthanatha had arisen. Because the queen had seen a heap of jewels, called 'kunthu,' while he was in the womb, his father gave the Master the name Kunthu. Sucking nectar put in his thumb by Sakra^s, the Blessed One gradually grew up, thirty-five bows tall. At his father's command he

married princesses at the proper time. It is not possible to destroy pleasure-karma otherwise.

When twenty-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty years had passed since his birth, the Lord took the kingdom at his father's command. When an equal number of years had passed with the Lord as ruler, the cakra-jewel appeared in his *armory*. The son of Sura, the object of worship by the world, worshipped the cakra-jewel. For the noble always show courtesy even to servants. Following the cakra-jewel the Lord conquered in turn the lord of Magadha and the lords of Varadaman and Prabhasa. He himself conquered the goddess of the Sindhu and Krtamalaka, the prince of Mt. Vaitadhya, and had the district of the Sindhu conquered by the general. The Lord entered and left Tamisra, the door having been opened by the general, and had the Mlecchas named Apatas conquered. The second district of the Sindhu was subdued by the general and the Master went and conquered the prince of Ksudrahimavat. Saying, "It is the custom," the Lord wrote his own name on Rsabhakuta and then, following the cakra-jewel, he returned from the place. The Lord went to Vaitadhya and was worshipped by the lords of the Vidyadharas belonging to the two rows with many kinds of presents. The Lord himself conquered the goddess of the Ganga^s and Nityamala, and had the district of the Ganga filled with Mlecchas conquered by the general. The Lord and his retinue entered by the cave Khanda-prapata opened by the general and left Vaitadhya. The nine treasures, Naisarpa, et cetera, living at the mouth of the Ganga, submitted to the Lord voluntarily. The Lord had the second district of the Ganga conquered by the general. So Bharataksetra was conquered in six hundred years. Then Sri Kunthu, the requirements of a *cakrabhrt* having been completed, attended by men and gods, returned to Hastinapura. The Lord's *coronation* as emperor was celebrated by gods and men and a festival took place in the city for twelve years. Twenty-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty years passed while Sri Kunthu Swamin had power as cakravartin.

Initiation

Reminded by the Lokantikas, "Found a *congregation*," the Lord gave gifts for a year and the kingdom to his son. The Master, whose departure-festival was held by kings and gods, went to Sahasramravana, seated in the *palanquin Vijaya*. The Lord entered the garden which was delightful from the south wind, like a young man, kissing the shoots of the campakas, shaking the branches of the mangoes, making the vasantikas dance, delighting the nirgundis,

embracing the lavalis, touching the new jasmines^B, making open the trumpet-flowers, approaching the lotuses, going near the asoka-shoots, favoring the plantains; which was made beautiful by women engaged in swinging; with rich young people from the city occupied in the sport of gathering flowers; giving a welcome, as it were, from the sweet cries of the excited cuckoos and the humming of bees.

The Lord got out of the *palanquin*, abandoned his ornaments, et cetera, and became a *mendicant* together with a thousand kings, while observing a two-day fast, on the fifth day of the black half of Vaisakha in the afternoon, (the moon being) in the Krttikas. He attained the fourth knowledge called 'mind-reading.' On the next day the Master broke his fast with rice-pudding in the house of King Vyaghrasinha in the city Cakrapura. The five things, the stream of treasure, et cetera, were made there by the gods; but a platform of jewels was made by Vyaghrasinha on the place of the Lord's feet.

His omniscience

Free from attachment, unhindered like the wind, the Lord wandered over the earth for sixteen years as an ordinary *ascetic*. One day in his wandering the Lord came to Sahasramravana and stood in pratima under a tilaka tree, observing a two-day fast. The Lord's *omniscience* appeared from the destruction of the destructive karmas on the third day of the bright half of Caitra, the moon being in Krttika. The four classes of gods with their Indras came immediately and made a *samavasarana* adorned with three walls. Setting his feet on golden lotuses moved by the gods, the Lord entered the samavasarana by the east door. There the Teacher of the World, the Dharma-cakrin, circumambulated the caitya-tree which was four hundred and twenty bows high. Saying "Reverence to the *congregation*," the Master sat down, facing the east, on the eastern lion-throne on a dais beneath it (the tree). By his power the Vyantaras at once created such images of the Master in the other directions. The holy fourfold congregation stood the proper places, and the animals within the middle wall, and the vehicles within the lowest one. When the scion of the Kurus¹⁸⁸ knew that the Lord was in the samavasarana, he came, bowed, and sat down with folded hands behind Sakra^S. After bowing to the Master again, the Indra of Saudharma and the scion of the Kurus began a hymn of praise, carrying joy in their hearts.

Stuti

'We praise you, teacher of fourfold *dharma*', four-bodied four-faced, lord of the fourth object of mankind (moksa). You took off

the fourteen jewels because of from attachment; you put on the *irreproachable* three jewels, Lord of the World. You win the heart of everyone; yet you are free from affection. You, the color of heated gold, resembling the moon, are meditated on. Though free from interest, you are powerful. Though you are meditated on (by others), you are the *abode* of meditation.* Though surrounded by crores of gods, you possess solitude.¹⁸⁹ You show love for everyone, yet you are free from love yourself. Though poor, you are for the supreme wealth of the world. Homage to you, protector, whose power is undiscernible, whose form is unknown, Blessed One, the seventeenth Arhat. Reverence to you, Lord, is an inconceivable wishing-gem, of men; how much more meditation with the mind and praise with the voice. May I always continue reverence, praise, and meditation with you as an object, Lord Enough of other wishes.”

After this hymn of praise the Lord of the Gods and the King of the Kurus stopped, and the Blessed One, Sri Kunthunatha, delivered a sermon.

Sermon on purity of mind

“This ocean of births, terrifying from its eighty-four lacs of birth-nuclei, is certainly the source of great pain. Purity of mind, powerful from victory over the waves of the senses, is a vessel for crossing the ocean, sufficient for the *discerning*. Purity of mind alone is an unextinguished light, showing the path to nirvana³, handed down by the wise. When purity of mind exists, virtues even though non-existent, become existent; if it does not exist, even though they are existent, they become non-existent. Therefore it alone must be practiced by intelligent persons. Whoever practice penance for the purpose of *emancipation* without cultivating purity of mind, they are trying to swim the ocean after giving up a boat. To an *ascetic* who has become devoid of purity of mind always, meditation is useless, like a mirror to a person *deprived* of eyes. A wavering mind, like a wind, tosses somewhere else persons practicing penance, wishing to go to emancipation.

The Raksas of the mind, wandering unchecked fearlessly, makes the three worlds fall into the whirlpool of worldly existence. Whoever puts faith in yoga, if his mind is unrestrained, is an object of ridicule, like a lame man wishing to go on foot to a village. The karmas are blocked completely in one whose mind is restrained; in one whose mind is unrestrained they advance. This monkey of the mind is eager to wander about everywhere. He must be restrained resolutely by persons wishing their *emancipation*. Therefore, by all

means purity of mind must be practiced by the one seeking emancipation. What is the use of other physical punishments, such as penance, study, self-control? Victory over love and hate is made by purity of mind alone, by means of which the *soul* remains in its true form without stain."

After hearing the Lord's sermon many persons became mendicants and there were thirty-five ganabhrts, Svayambhu, et cetera. At the end of the first watch he ceased preaching and Svayambhu, occupying the Master's foot-stool, delivered a sermon. At the end of the second watch he ended his sermon; and the gods, et cetera, bowed to Sri Kunthu and went to their respective abodes.

Sasanadevatas

Originating in the *congregation*, the Yaksha Gandharva, with a *hansa* for a vehicle, dark, with one right arm in the boon-granting position and one holding a noose, with left arms holding a citron^B and a goad, became the messenger-deity of Sri Kunthunatha. Originating in that congregation, the goddess *Bala*^s, fair-bodied, with a peacock for a, with right arms holding a citron and a trident, with left arms holding a musandhi¹⁹⁰ and a lotus, always near became the ford's messenger-deity.

His congregation

Then the Teacher of the World, never deserted by them, wandered elsewhere from that place for the benefit of souls capable of emancipation. Sixty thousand monks, the same number plus six hundred nuns, six hundred and seventy who knew the fourteen *purvas*^{*}, twenty-five hundred who had clairvoyant knowledge, thirty-three hundred and forty who had mind-reading knowledge, thirty-two hundred omniscients, forty-nine hundred who possessed the art of transformation, two thousand disputants, one lacs and nine hundred and twenty laymen, and three lacs and eighty-one thousand laywomen composed the ford's retinue as he wandered from the time of his *omniscience*.

His emancipation

When twenty-three thousand, seven hundred and thirty-four years had passed from the time of his *omniscience*, knowing that it was time for his *emancipation*, the Lord went to Mt. Sammeta and began a fast with a thousand munis, At the end of a month, on the first day of the black half of Radha, the moon being in the Krttikas, the Master and the munis attained an eternal *abode*. The Lord's life was

ninety-five thousand years, equally divided as prince, king, emperor, and *muni*. Kunthunatha's emancipation took place half a *palyopama** after Sri Santinatha's emancipation. The emancipation-festival of the Supreme Lord was held by the Indras and the gods; and the teeth, et cetera, were taken to their respective abodes to be worshipped properly.



Aranatha Charitra

May the Lord Jina^s Ara, the tilaka of the Iksvaku family, who is the beautiful color of gorocana,^{191B} the *hansa* in the pool of the fourth division of time, grant protection. I shall relate the brilliant life of the holy Lord Jina Ara, a moon for the delight of the night-blooming lotus of the worlds, supreme lord.

Previous incarnations

In city Susuna in the broad province Vatsa on the north bank of the river *Sita* in the East Videhas of this very Jambudvipa, there was a king Dhanapati, unlimited in wealth of heroism, rich in glory and *dharma** Binding, beating, breaking of limbs, punishment, et cetera of no one took place, while he, the essence of command, ruled the earth. Because the people were free from quarrels with each other and were friendly with each other, the whole earth was like a monastic retreat. The dharma taught by the Jina played ardently, like a hansa, in the choice pool of his mind filled with the water of *compassion*. Then disgusted with valueless worldly existence, knowing the (comparative) value of everything, he became a *mendicant* in the presence of *Muni* Samvara, having undertaken the blocking of karma (samvara). Guarding his vows strictly, practicing severe penance, wise, he wandered over the earth, observing many restrictions. A merchant's son, Jinadasa, fed the great muni with faith when he broke a four-month fast. Though an enemy of karma, Muni Dhanapati acquired the *body-making-karma* of a Tirthakrt by the sthanas, *devotion* to the *Arhats*, et cetera.

In the course of time he died, his mind concentrated in meditation*, and became a powerful god in the ninth Graiveyaka.

His parents

Now, there is a very magnificent city, Hastinapura, in Bharataketra in this Jambudvīpa. Kings who have come there for the sake of service act like subjects; but subjects, having divine vehicles and finery, act like kings. The circular *moat* around it looks like a line given at his order by the Creator, in order to make beauty permanent. Numerous gold, crystal, and sapphire shrines there resemble peaks of Mts. Meru, Kailasa, and Anjana. There Sudarsana^s, whose appearance was fair like the moon, was chief of kings, like Vratrahan of the gods. *Dharma**, attendance on whom was never abandoned neither on the throne nor on the couch, neither in the city nor outside, was like a friend of his. Since his prestige, resembling an *efficacious* charm, spread, his fourfold collection of soldiers was merely for effect. Daily, elephants that were presents from kings laid the dust in his courtyard with heavy streams of *ichor*.

His wife was named Devi, the chief-queen, like some goddess who had come, the crest-jewel of the *harem*. Of course, she did not show anger, even affectionately, toward her husband and, noble by nature, she did not feel jealous of her co-wives. Her husband's favor, her beauty, et cetera did not cause her to be proud; nevertheless she was the crest-jewel among women.¹⁹² A likeness of her, whose body was *irreproachable*, a stream of loveliness, was seen in mirrors, nowhere else. Enjoying pleasures, the chief of kings, Powerful and Sudarsana passed some time like a god.

His birth

Now Dhanapati's *soul* in Graiveyaka, immersed in pure bliss, completed its life. It fell on the second day of the bright half of Phalguna, the moon being in Revati, Had descended into the womb of the chief-queen Devi comfortably asleep, in the last part of the night the fourteen great dreams indicating the birth of a tirthankar. The embryo, possessing three kinds of knowledge, grew secretly, not causing her any pain, increasing the beauty of her body. On the tenth day of the bright of Marga in Revati, she bore a son, the color of gold, with a nandyavarta, with all the marks. The Dikkumaris performed the birth-rites and the Vasavas gave the bath on Meru. After he was born, made a puja, waved the light, et cetera, Sudharma began to praise the Master.

Stuti

“Reverence to you, the eighteenth Arhat of whom the eighteen faults¹⁹³ are destroyed, to be meditated upon by those the eighteen kinds of chastity, Lord. Just like three kinds of knowledge were at home in you from womb, so were all of these three worlds, Tirthanatha. The world has been overpowered for a long time by the robbers love, hate, et cetera, who gave a sleeping-charm of *delusion*. Now rescue it, Master. Like a chariot on the road by the weary, like a river by sufferers from thirst, like the shade of a tree by persons burned by the sun, like a raft by drowning persons, like a cure by the sick, like a light by those blind from darkness, like the sun by sufferers from cold, like a guide by persons lost on the road, like a by persons afraid of tigers, you have been found now as a lord by us bereaved of a lord for a long time, Tirthanatha. Obtaining you as a lord, gods, asuras, and men come from their respective places joyfully as at the new moon. Lord, I do not ask anything else from you, but I ask this: May you always be my lord in birth after birth.”

Life before initiation

After this hymn of praise, the Vasava^s of Saudharma took the Lord, went to Ibhapura (Hastinapura), and put him at Queen Devi's side. King Sudarsana^s celebrated his son's birth-festival and named him Ara because Devi had seen a spoke of a wheel (ara) in a dream. Allowed to play with playthings by goddesses who were in the form of nurses and gods who had become friends, the Lord gradually grew up. At the proper time, Aranatha, thirty bows tall, married princesses, because of respect for his father's command. When twenty-one thousand years had passed since his birth, the Supreme Lord took the burden of the kingdom at his father's command.

When the same amount of time had passed with the Lord as king, the cakra-jewel which moves in the air appeared in the *armory*. Following the cakra with the thirteen other jewels, Lord Ara conquered Bharata in four hundred years.

Initiation

When the same amount of time had passed with the Master as kakrin, he was told by the Lokantikas, “Found a *congregation*.” After giving gifts for a year, he gave the kingdom to his son Aravinda and went to Sahasramravana in the *palanquin* Vaijayanti. The Jina^s, whose mark is a nandyavarta, entered the garden whose trees were occupied by cuckoos as silent as monks vowed to silence; whose! travelers were halted by the songs of milk-maids in the

purple cane-plantation; made into a refuge* by peacocks whose tails had been shed, as if ashamed at the sight of the wealth of hair of the sporting women from the city; with bees excited by the fragrance of the blossoms^B of the punnaga; the sky made tawny by the fruit of the jujube¹⁹⁴ and orange; adorned on all sides with the opening buds on the tips of the lavalī, phalīnī, jasmine^B, macukunda, like smiles of the winter season, with the face of the sky darkened by the pollen of the lodh flowers. After descending from Vaijayanti, on the eleventh day in the bright half of Marga, the moon being in Pausna, in the last division of the day, the Lord became a *mendicant* together with a thousand kings, observing a two-day fast; and at that same time mind-reading knowledge arose. On the next day the Master broke his fast with rice-pudding at the house of King Aparajita in the city Rajapura. The five things, the stream of treasure, et cetera, were made by the gods and a jeweled platform was made by the king over the Master's footprints.

Omniscience

The Lord wandered over the earth for three years as an ordinary *ascetic*, never seated, never lying down, observing many restrictions. One day, as he wandered, the Lord came again to Sahasramravana and stood in pratima under a mango tree. The Lord's *omniscience* arose from the destruction of the destructive karmas on the twelfth day of the bright half of Karttika, the moon being in Revatī. At once the gods made a *samavasarana* and the Teacher of the World entered by the east door. The Lord circumambulated the caitya-tree, which was three hundred and sixty bows tall, and said, "Reverence to the *congregation*." The Lord sat down on the eastern lion-throne, facing the east, and the Vyantaras created images in the other directions. The *venerable* congregation occupied the proper places. When he knew that the Lord was in the *samavasarana*, the scion of the Kurus came there. After bowing to the Blessed One, he sat down behind sakra^s and then Sakra and the scion of the Kurus began a hymn of praise.

Stuti

"Hail! Lord of the Three Worlds. Hail! Sole friend to everyone. Hail! Ocean of *Compassion*. Hail! Thou adorned with supernatural powers! Always there is illumination of the universe by the unfailing rays of the sun; there is removal of heat from the universe by the moonlight of the moon; there is enlivening of the world by the waters of the rainy season-cloud, refreshing of the world by the

blowing of the wind. Just as there is no ulterior motive in this, so hail to your practices for the benefit of the three worlds, Supreme Lord. The world was dark or blind; but now it has been made light or to have eyes by you. Henceforth, the road will be free from hells, Lord, and existence in animal-births will be very slight. The heavens will be near people, like the interior of border-villages, and *emancipation* will be not too far away. While you are wandering over this earth for the benefit of all, what happiness will not be, even though inconceivable?"

After this hymn of praise, the Indra of Saudharma and the King of the Kurus paused and the Blessed Aranatha delivered a sermon.

Sermon on raga and dvesa

"Moksa is the chief of the four objects of existence, the ocean of pure bliss. Meditation* is the best way to accomplish that and it is subject to the mind. The mind of yogis here, who make it subject to the *soul*, is made subject to other things by love, et cetera that have conquered it. After love, et cetera, have gained possession of a mind, though guarded, even a little, they disturb it again and again, like Pisacas. People who are led by a mind whose knowledge has been destroyed by the darkness of love, et cetera, fall into hell like a blind man, led by a blind man, into a well. Passion (*rati*) for and joy (*priti*) in objects, et cetera, are called love (*raga*); the wise call dislike (*arati*) and discontent (*apriti*) with these same objects hate (*dvesa*). These two, very powerful, a bond for all people, are known as the root and bulb of the tree of all pains. Who would be open-eyed with astonishment in happiness, who would be pitiable in sorrow, who would fail to reach *emancipation*, if there were no love and hate here? There would be no hate without love and no love without hate. In the avoidance of one of these, both would be abandoned. The faults, sexual love, et cetera, are servants of love; false belief, arrogance, et cetera are attendants of hate. *Delusion* (*moha*) is their father, their seed, their leader, their supreme lord, not to be separated from them, the grandfather of all faults.¹⁹⁵ It must therefore be guarded against. So these three are faults. Henceforth there is no other fault. Because of these all creatures wander in the ocean of existence. The soul, pure as crystal by its own nature, shares the same nature with these (faults) that have become *attributes*. Alas! the universe is without a king since people's wealth of knowledge, though in its own form, is stolen by these (faults), robbers before their eyes. Whatever creatures among the *nigodas*,¹⁹⁶ or whoever have *emancipation* near, their army, untouched by

compassion, falls on them all. Why is their hostility for emancipation, or rather for those wishing it, because of which the union of the two is prevented from taking place? Just as a *muni* is not afraid of tigers, rogue-elephants, water, and fire, so he fears very much love, et cetera, which injure the two worlds. Alas! the road which is used by yogis is very narrow, at the side of which love and hate, a lion and tiger, lurk. Victory over the enemies, love and hate, must, be won through *tranquility* by men free from slackness, eager for emancipation.”

Many people became mendicants from the Lord's sermon and there were thirty-three ganabhrts, Kumbha, et cetera. At the end of the first watch the Lord ceased to preach; and the ganabhrt Kumbha, occupying his footstool, delivered a sermon. He also ceased preaching at the end of the second watch. Sakra^s and the others bowed to the Lord and went to their respective homes.

Sasanadevatas

Yaksendra, six-faced, three-eyed, dark, with a conch for a vehicle, his six right arms holding a citron^B, an arrow, a sword, a hammer, a noose, and bestowing fearlessness, his six left arms holding an *ichneumon*, a bow, and shield, a trident, a goad, and a rosary; a goddess Dharini, blue-bodied, with a lotus-seat, with two right arms holding a citron and a blue lotus, with two left arms holding a red lotus and a rosary, became the Lord's messenger-deities, always near at hand

With them always in close attendance the Blessed One wandered over the earth and one day stopped in a *samavasarana* in the town Padminikhanda. When Lord Ara had stopped after delivering a sermon, Kumbha, like the Master, preached a sermon destroying all doubt.

Story of Virabhadra

A certain dwarf who had come to hear *dharma*^{*} sat down, and then Sheth¹⁹⁷ Sagaradatta bowed to Kumbha and said:

“Blessed One, by the nature of existence all creatures are *afflicted* by pain. I am especially afflicted since there is not an atom of comfort. By my wife Jinamati I had a daughter, Priyadarsana, who excelled goddesses in beauty. She attained an unusual skill in the arts and reached adolescence distinguished by a wealth of beauty and cleverness. I was troubled because I did not see a suitable husband for her and Jinamati asked me, ‘Why are you anxious, husband?’ ‘I am worried, fair lady, because I do not find anywhere a

suitable husband for your daughter, though I am searching for him.' Jinamati said, 'sheth, you must find the best husband, someone for whom we will feel no regret, husband' I said, 'Fate is in control in this case. For everyone desires his own good. No one desires little for himself.'

After this conversation I went to the bazaar and saw Rsabhadatta, a wealthy trader who had come from Tamralipti. Because of the same religion, we had friendly conversation about business-news, like old friends. One day he came to my house for some reason and looked at my daughter Priyadarsana for a long time. He asked me, 'Whose daughter is she?' and I replied, 'She is my daughter. Why do you look at her for a long time?' Rsabhadatta said: 'sheth, I have a son, named Virabhadra, grown-up, well-behaved. He surpasses Kandarpa in beauty, *Kavi* (Sukra) in skill in poetry, Vacaspati in eloquence, Vardhaki in skill in crafts, Huhu in song, Tumburu on the lute, Bharata in drama, Narada in sports. He changes his form like a god by the use of pills, et cetera. What is the use of saying more? There is no art which he does not know as well as the Creator. I have not seen anywhere a girl suitable for him, but this girl whom I have seen after a long time is suitable for him.'

I said: 'This daughter of mine is very expert in the arts. For a long time I have been worried about a suitable husband. By a favorable fate this meeting of ours was a good thing. At last let our children be united as bride and groom.'

Delighted at finding a suitable daughter-in-law he went to his own city and sent Virabhadra with a large procession of friends. When I saw Virabhadra, I felt great satisfaction because I saw that his beauty and virtues agreed with his father's description. On an auspicious* day Virabhadra married my daughter Priyadarsana accompanied by blessings and auspicious songs of high-born women. He stayed for a few days and then went to his own city with his wife. For wise persons do not stay long in the house of their parents-in-law.

One day I heard that Virabhadra had deserted my daughter in the last watch of the night, while she was asleep, and had gone somewhere alone. A certain dwarf brought me the news just now, but he did not explain clearly. Explain it to me clearly, Lord."

Thus informed by Sagaradatta, the blessed Kumbha, the chief ganadhara, an ocean of *compassion*, said:

"Your son-in-law thought during the night: 'I am versed in the arts and many charms have been acquired. The uses of divine pills are known, the source of astonishment, and much skill in all the

crafts has been gained. All this is without result from lack of any demonstration at all, since I am restrained here by *embarrassment* in the presence of my elders. Alas! I am a contemptible man, like a frog in a well, if I remain. I will go to other places and show my own merits.' With these reflections he got up, but again he thought, 'If my wife is pretending sleep, that would be an obstacle to my going.' Then he aroused his wife for sport, and she said, 'I have a headache. Why do you disturb me, husband?' He asked, 'Whose fault is it that you have a headache?' She said, 'Your fault.' 'Why?' he asked, and she replied, 'Because of this clever talk of yours at this time.' He said, 'Do not be angry with me, dear. I will not do such a thing again.'

Talking to her this way with a purpose, he made love to her ardently and she went to sleep, *fatigued* by love, not knowing his deceitful speech. Thinking, 'she is really asleep,' he left her and, his garments *girded* firmly, Virabhadra left his own house, like a hero. By means of a pill he made himself dark-complexioned. For the form becomes different from a change in color, like poetry from a change in letters. He wandered at will in villages, cities, et cetera, like a Vidyadhara, showing his superiority in all the arts and crafts. Priyadarsana took leave of her parents-in-law and went to her father's house. For living elsewhere is not suitable for high-born women without husbands.

One day Virabhadra went in his wandering to the city Ratnapura, ruled over by King Ratnakara, in Sinhaladvipa. He sat down in the shop of Sheth Sankha, who had a wealth of virtues fair as a conch, and was asked, 'Where are you from, sir?' Virabhadra replied, 'I left my own home in Tamralipti in anger and came here in the course of wandering, father.' Sheth Sankha said: 'Going to a foreign country like that was not well done by you, a delicate youth, son-That crooked act of yours was made straight by fate, since you have come uninjured here into my presence, son.'

With these words Sheth Sankha took him to his house like his own son, had him bathed and fed and said to him affectionately: 'You alone are a son to me to whom no son was born. Having become master, enjoy and give my wealth. Amusing yourself, magnificent as a god, give satisfaction to my eyes. For wealth is easy to acquire, son, but a son to enjoy it is difficult to acquire.' Virabhadra, said politely: 'Though I left my father's house, I came to a father's house. I submit to your command I am your disciple always. For one's own son is the son of evil,¹⁹⁸ but I am a son in religion.'

Then he dwelt pleasantly in the house of Sheth Sankha, making the townsmen show open astonishment at his skill in arts and crafts.

King Ratnakara had a daughter, the only fair one of the universe, Anangasundari by name, who hated men. Vinayavati, the sole *abode* of good-breeding, the daughter of Sheth Sankha, went to visit her daily. One day Virabhadra asked her with brotherly affection, 'Where are you going, sister?' and Vinayavati told him how it was. 'With what amusements does your friend pass the time, sister?' Virabhadra asked and she replied, 'With the lute, et cetera.' He said, 'I am going with you,' and she said, 'Admittance is not allowed to any man, not even a boy. How will you get it?' 'I shall assume a woman's appearance completely.' She agreed and he immediately put on women's clothes, like an actor. He went with her and when asked by Anangasundari, 'Who is this girl with you, friend?' she said, 'It is my sister.'

Then Anangasundari began to paint a swan grieved at separation (from her mate) on a tablet with lovely new paints. Virabhadra said to her, 'You began to paint her grieved by separation, but her eye, et cetera are not right.' Anangasundari said, 'You paint it,' and gave the tablet and paints to Virabhadra. Virabhadra painted such a swan immediately and handed it to her. After examining it, she said, 'Indeed, skill in painting shows the inner' emotions. Just so, her eye is shedding tear-drops. The face is sickly looking; the bill is holding a lotus-stalk feebly; the neck is languid; the wings are unable to rise. This desolate appearance clearly describes her condition grieved by the separation, even though it is not described itself. Why, friend, did you not bring her, so skilled in the arts, for so long? Why did you put her in a house and keep her like a secret?'

Virabhadra said, 'My sister did not bring me from fear* of our elders. There is no other reason.' Anangasundari said, 'In future you must come every day with your sister. What is her name, fair lady?' Virabhadra said quickly, 'My name is Viramati.' The princess said again, 'Do you know other arts also?' Vinayavati said, 'You will soon know, yourself. There is no confidence in wonderful accomplishments described by others.' Anangasundari, delighted, said, 'Very well,' and, after entertaining Vinayavati, dismissed her together with him (Virabhadra).

Virabhadra laid aside his women's clothing at the house and went back to the shop to join the merchant, restrained by *devotion* to his father. Then the sheth said to him affectionately, 'son, where have you been all this time? I have been embarrassed to reply to

men asking for you here.' Virabhadra said, 'Father, I have gone to the garden.' The sheth replied, 'If that is so, you did a good thing.'

On the next day he, a depository of arts, went there in the same way, and saw Anangasundari playing the lute, Virabhadra said to her, 'This string does not have the proper tone, because there is a human hair fastened to it fair lady.' 'How do you know that?' He replied, 'I know from observation of the performance of the melody you began.' Then she handed the lute to Virabhadra and he, knowing the truth, unfastened the string immediately. He drew out a human hair from its center, like an arrow from the heart, and showed it to her, astonishing her. Then he replaced the string and fastened it again on the neck, and played the lute, surpassing Tumburu in skill. He produced notes with very clear intervals in a stream and tanas and kutatanas and distinct vyanjanadhatukas. Employing a kind of playing, he developed on the lute a melody with soft sounds and loud sounds, nectar to the ears. Anangasundari and her retinue, experiencing great joy, stood as if painted in a picture. Does, too, are to be caught by song. When she had heard the song of the lute, the princess reflected, 'such an accomplished person is hard for even the gods to find. Moreover, my birth is useless without her. A statue, though complete, is beautiful only with a *wreath* of flowers.'

He showed her his skill in other arts, seizing a proper occasion, a thief of the wealth of her mind. Virabhadra perceived that Anangasundari was in love with him and one day said to Sheth Sankha secretly: 'Following Vinayavati, I have gone every day to Anangasundari, disguised as a woman. Do not fear' that I shall do anything that will be a discredit to you; rather, there will be honor. If the king wishes to give you his daughter for me, you must not consent at first. There is honor, when there is great insistence. The sheth said, 'You will know best, superior in intelligence, but one thing we will say: 'Your own welfare must be observed.' Virabhadra replied, 'Do not worry, father. Soon you will see your son's creditable conduct with successful results.' 'son, you know best,' and the sheth was silent.

Then there was a rumor in King Ratnakara's council: 'A young man from Tamralipti has come to the house of Sheth Sankha. He distinguishes himself daily in the city by various arts. Because he comes from a foreign country, his family is not known, but his appearance indicates that he comes from a well-born family.' Then the king thought: 'This young man is like Manmatha^s in beauty, of good habits, of good appearance, an ocean of arts, intelligent. If he,

suitable, pleases my daughter as a husband, there is no fault on the part of the Creator arranging a suitable alliance.'

Virabhadra said to Anangasundari privately, 'Why are you averse to pleasure in such entirety, friend?' Anangasundari replied: 'Who does not like pleasure? However, a husband suitable for myself, well-born, is hard to find. Better a gem by itself than set in a glass ring; better a river without water than one filled with sea-monsters; better a house entirely empty than one filled with thieves; better a garden without trees than one with poisonous trees; better a woman unmarried, though young and beautiful, than one mortified by an ignorant, low-born husband For so long a time I have not seen a suitable husband, friend. Why should I be an object of ridicule by choosing a husband with few attainments?'

Virabhadra said: 'Do not say, "There is no husband, superior, suitable for me." This earth is full of jewels. Shall I find a suitable husband for you this very day? Otherwise pleasure will not please you, you with *fastidious* taste.' Anangasundari said: 'Do you tear out my tongue by giving hope or are you lying? If you are speaking the truth, show me a suitable husband that my arts, youth, beauty, et cetera may be satisfied.'

After this speech of hers, Virabhadra disclosed his own form and she said: 'I am, indeed, *submissive* to you. You are my husband' He said: 'Very well. There must be no gossip. In future I shall not come here. You must inform the king, so he will say urgently to Sheth Sankha, "Anangasundari should be given to Virabhadra." She agreed and Virabhadra went to his own house. She summoned her mother at once and said: 'For so long I have been only a source of worry to my parents, like an arrow in the breast, from lack of a suitable husband, mother. I have discovered a husband, suitable because of his own arts, beauty, et cetera Virabhadra, the son of Sheth Sankha. Give me to him this very day. Then inform my father that he may ask Sheth Sankha for him for me.' Delighted at this speech, the queen went and said to the king: 'Fortunately you are to be congratulated today on finding a suitable husband for your daughter. The son of Sheth Sankha, a young man named Virabhadra, has been discovered by Anangasundari herself as a husband suitable for her.' The king said: 'To me considering this matter, you have come with this news like a wishing-gem or like a *cow* of plenty. Indeed, our daughter showed perseverance and cleverness in discovering a husband, since such a husband was chosen after she had waited so long.'

Summoned at once by the king, Sheth Sankha, accompanied by many merchant-princes, came there and bowed to the king. Then the king said to Sheth Sankha: 'A certain young man has come to your house from Tamralipti. He is reported to be proficient in the ocean of all the arts, possessing unique beauty and grace, and eligible from the number of good *qualities*.' Sankha said, 'Your Majesty, the people know his merits.' The king asked, 'Is he subject to your command or not?' Sheth Sankha said, 'Master, why do you say this? To him alone all the people are subject, won by his merits.' The king replied, 'Take Anangasundari for him this very day, sheth. At last, let the union of these two suited to each other take place.' The sheth said, 'You are our master. We are your subjects to be protected. Alliance and friendship are desirable between equals only.' The king commanded, 'Do you refuse me indirectly? Obey my command without hesitation. Go and prepare at once.'

Respecting the king's command, Sankha went home and told Virabhadra all the king's command. Then Anangasundari's and Virabhadra's wedding was celebrated with great magnificence at an auspicious* moment on an auspicious day. Their delight in each other increased from day to day. It should be very great on the part of husband and wife who are chosen by themselves. Teaching her the Jain doctrine, Virabhadra made her a laywoman. May the union of the good in this world result in joy in the next world also. He himself painted an image of the Arhat and the fourfold *congregation** on canvas, gave it to her, and enlightened her.

One day, Virabhadra thought, 'she appears devoted to me. But there is no certainty of the stability of women fickle by nature. Very well. I shall find out her true disposition. After these reflections, agreeable from cunning, he said to Anangasundari: 'Dearest, nothing is dearer to me than you. Nevertheless, I am going to leave you to go to my own country. Since my parents, pained by the long separation from me, are very unhappy, I shall go and comfort them. You stay here, fair lady. I shall return quickly. I cannot endure to stay any place else without you.'

Turning pale, she said: 'That is well-said by you, at the mere hearing of which my life wishes to depart. It is evident that you are hard-hearted, since you are able to say that. I were like you, I would be able to hear it.'

At this reply Virabhadra said, 'Do not be angry, dear. I have thought of this means of taking you along.'

Then Virabhadra asked the king persistently for permission to go to his own country with Anangasundari. Reluctantly the king

allowed Virabhadra to leave with his wife. For whom is separation from a daughter and son-in-law generally not hard to bear? Then they set out by water, embarked on a ship. Travel by land- or sea-routes is the same for the bold. The boat started, propelled by a favorable wind, like an arrow shot from the bow, like a bird started from the nest. When the ship had covered a certain distance, a great wind blew, like the wind at the end of the world. The sea rose as if at the end of the world, very terrifying, and lifted the boat, like an elephant* lifting a bundle of straw. After being lifted up repeatedly and tossing about for three days, it split on a rock, like a crushed bird's-egg. At the time the ship split, Anangasundari reached one of its planks. There is no death* of one whose life-period is unbroken. Tossed up and down by the waves like a hansi, after five nights Anangasundari reached a shore covered with woods. Because of separation from her relatives and going to a foreign country, because of separation from her husband, the destruction of the ship, the loss of money, the pounding by waves, miserable from hunger and thirst, like a water-animal out of water, she had fallen as if unconscious and was seen by a young *ascetic* compassionate by nature with a sympathetic eye.

He lifted her up and led her like a sister to the hermitage. 'stay here without fear', daughter,' the abbot said to her. Cared for by the ascetics for several days she recovered and remained as if in her father's house. The abbot reflected, 'If she remains here, she will certainly destroy the concentration of the ascetics because of her extraordinary beauty.' Then the old ascetic said to her: 'Child, there is a town Padminikhanda not far from here. People, for the most part good and wealthy, live there. If you stay there, you will have the greatest degree of comfort. Certainly you will meet your husband there. So go there, child, with some old ascetics.'

At this command of the abbot, she went to Padminikhanda, like a hansi to a lotus-bed, escorted by elderly ascetics. Saying, 'It is not permitted us to enter the city,' the ascetics left her outside the city and returned home-Making the sky bloom with lotuses, as it were, by her glances; looking in all directions like a *doe* lost from the herd, she saw a head-*sadhvi*, Suvrata, like her own mother, surrounded by nuns, coming for care of the body. She remembered, 'These have been shown to me by my husband, painted on a canvas with his own hand, above reproach, worshipped by the world.' Remembering this, she approached quickly and paid homage to Suvrata and the nuns in accordance with the rule learned before. 'Praise the shrines of Sinhaladvipa by my voice, mother,' she said to

the *sadhvi* Suvrata, her hands folded together. Suvrata said to her, 'Have you come from Sinhaladvipa? And why are you alone? For there is not a good appearance without attendants.' 'I shall tell everything when I am safe,' she said; and the head-sadhvi Suvrata went with her to her rest-house quickly. Paying homage to the nuns with extraordinary *devotion*, she was seen there by your daughter Priyadarsana. Questioned by Suvrata and Priyadarsana, she told her story up to the sight of Suvrata. Priyadarsana said to her, 'Everything, the arts, et cetera, fits Virabhadra, fair lady. What complexion was he?' 'Dark.' Priyadarsana said, 'The complexion alone does not fit my husband Virabhadra, high-born lady.' The head-sadhvi said, 'Priyadarsana here is your sister in religion. Devoted to the practice of religion, stay with her, child.' So advised by Suvrata, Anangasundari stayed there, with great affection shown her by Priyadarsana.

Now, Virabhadra also clung to a plank when the ship was broken and was pounded by the waves. On the seventh day he was seen by a Vidyadhara-chief, named Rativallabha, and was taken to the top of Vaitadhya. Childless himself, he presented him to his wife, Madana-manjuka, as a son, with great joy. Questioned by them, he told the story of his own and his wife's fall into the ocean from the beginning, and said, 'Father, I was snatched from the ocean, like the mouth of *Yama*, by you; but I do not know how Anangasundari fares.' Rativallabha found out by means of the vidya Abhogini and told him, 'Your two wives, Anangasundari and Priyadarsana, are in the rest-house of Suvrata in the city Padminikhanda, practicing *dharma** like sisters.'

At the good news about both his wives, he breathes as if sprinkled with nectar on his body. At the very time that he was taken out of the ocean, he removed the pill that had made him dark and had resumed his natural fair color. Rativallabha married his daughter, Ratnaprabha, borne by Vajravegavati, to him. He announced there that his name was Buddhadasa and enjoyed mundane happiness with Ratnaprabha.

One day he saw Vidyadharas going in a crowd and asked his wife, 'Where are they going in a hurry?' She replied, 'These Vidyadharas are hurrying to make a pilgrimage to the eternal *Arhats* on this mountain.'

After hearing this, he, a layman, named Buddhadasa, wise, climbed the peak of Mt. Vaitadhya with her. There he paid homage to the statues of the eternal *Arhats* devotedly; and Ratnaprabha danced, sang, et cetera before the god. He said, 'This god is new to

me, since I live in Sinhaladvipa and Buddha is our family-deity, my dear.' She replied, 'Lord, for that reason only you say, "This god is new to me." For this lord is god of gods, omniscient, by whom the faults, love, et cetera have been conquered, worshipped by the three worlds, telling facts as they are, god, Arhat, supreme lord. Buddha, Brahma, et cetera are not gods, causing people to fall into the whirlpool of the ocean of existence, wearing rosaries, et cetera, indicating their own *delusion*, et cetera.' As the two amused themselves daily with various amusements, immersed in an ocean of pleasure, a certain length of time passed.

One day during the last part of the night he said, 'Dear Ratnaprabha, after a long time we are going to amuse ourselves pleasantly today in the southern half of Bharata.' She agreed and the two, she and he, went to Suvrata's rest-house in Padminikhanda by means of a vidya. Stopping at the door of the rest-house, Virabhadra said to her, 'You stay right here until I return, after sipping water.' With these words he went a short distance and stayed in the same place, like a king's spy, for her protection. Alone, separated from her husband like a cakravaki, after a moment she began to cry aloud. Such is the nature of women. Hearing the pitiful sound, the head-sadhvi, a river of *compassion*, herself opened the doors and saw her. The head-sadhvi said: 'Child, who are you and where are you from? How is it you are alone and why are you crying?' She bowed and said: 'I came here with my husband from Vaitadhya. My husband went just now to sip water and delays a long time. He cannot endure an hour without me. I fear* the reason for his delay and hence I am much distressed, noble mother. My mind is like an *ichneumon* on hot ground on his account. Now I can' not hold on to life.' Suvrata said to her compassionately, 'Do not be afraid, devoted wife. Remain comfortably here in the rest-house until your husband comes.' Thus advised by the head-sadhvi she entered the rest-house.

When Virabhadra had seen his wife enter the place, he went away. Assuming the form of a dwarf at will, he wandered about the city for amusement, and fascinated the citizens' minds, showing various arts. He delighted King Isanacandra exceedingly. For even one art would fascinate the mind, to say nothing of all the arts.

Ratnaprabha was asked by Anangasundari and Priyadarsana, 'Who is your husband and what is he like?' She said, 'My husband is a native of Sinhala, fair, a depository of all the arts, named Buddhadasa, a Smara^s in beauty.' Priyadarsana said, 'My husband agrees with that description exactly, except the living in Sinhala and

the name Buddhadasa.’ Anangasundari said, ‘The color, the living in Sinhala, and the name Buddhadasa differ from my husband’

They remained in the hermitage like three sisters, devoted to penance and study, not receiving any news of their husbands. The fictitious dwarf saw his three wives daily and was delighted with their surpassing good behavior.

One day there was a rumor in King Isanacandra’s council that in this city’ in the rest-house of the *sadhvi* Suvrata there were three young women, beautiful, noble, purifying the earth like three jewels. Best among good wives, moving on the path suitable for a good family, no man is able to make them speak. The fictitious dwarf said, ‘I shall make them speak in turn. See my ability in this difficult task also.’ Attended by ministers and royal servants and accompanied by some citizens also, he went to the head-sadhvi’s rest-house. Stopping at the door of the rest-house, he instructed his companions, ‘There you must ask, “Tell some story.”’ ‘With a small retinue he entered the rest-house and paid homage to Suvrata and the other nuns with spotless vows. The fictitious dwarf went away and sat down in the door-pavilion. The three (wives) came with the nuns from curiosity to see him.

The dwarf said, ‘Until time to go to the king, we shall stay here, our minds charmed by amusement.’ A royal servant said, ‘Tell us some interesting story.’ The dwarf said, ‘shall I tell you a *katha* or *vruttaka*?’ Questioned about the difference between a *katha* and a *vruttaka* the dwarf said, ‘A *vruttaka* is one’s own experiences; a *katha* is the adventures of men of former times.’ ‘Tell a *vruttaka*.’ The dwarf related:

‘Here in Bharata there is a large city Tamralipti. A merchant, Rsabhadatta, with very excellent *qualities*, lives there. One day he went to the town Padminikhanda on business. There he saw Sagara-datta’s daughter, Priyadarsana, and married her to his son, Virabhadra. With her Virabhadra experienced mundane happiness. Once upon a time, during the night he aroused her pretending to be asleep. “Do not disturb me. I have a headache.” “Whose fault is that?” “Your fault,” she said. Questioned by him about his fault, she said, “Why at such a time is there this artful talk on your part, husband?” Saying, “I shall not do so again,” he caressed her; and leaving her, when she had really fallen asleep, her husband went to a foreign country.’

After the dwarf had related this, he got up hurriedly, saying, ‘Now the time for my attendance in the palace is passing.’ As he got up, he was asked further by Priyadarsana eagerly, ‘Tell where

Virabhadra has gone. Surely you know, dwarf.' The dwarf replied, 'I do not talk with another man's wife, always afraid of a blemish on my own family.' She said, 'Indeed, is your conduct suitable for a good family? To answer politely, certainly that is the first characteristic of a well-born man.' 'I shall tell you tomorrow.' Saying this, the dwarf went away. This story was told the king by his servants and he was astonished.

The next day he (the dwarf) went to the *sadhvi's* rest-house in the same way and told a story to them very eager.

'He left the city, turned dark by a pill and, wandering through many countries, reached Sinhaladvipa. There he sat down in Sheth Sankha's shop in Ratnapura and, when he had learned his story, the sheth took him to his own house. He was accepted as a son by the best of merchants and remained comfortably in that city, causing astonishment by his arts. He went in women's attire with Vinayavati, the merchant's daughter, to the house of princess Anangasundari. His character being made known gradually, he married her whose mind was fascinated by his arts, bestowed by her father, and enjoyed pleasures with her for a long time. As he was going with her to the city Tamralipti, by chance the boat was broken up in that same ocean. Now I am going, for it is time for attendance on the king, For without service the livelihood of servants perishes.' Then Anangasundari said to him with importunity, 'sir, where is Virabhadra now? Explain fully.' Saying, 'I shall tell you tomorrow,' he went to the palace. The king's agents told this story also to the king.

On the third day the dwarf came there and related: 'By chance Virabhadra reached a plank. Then a Vidyadhara, named Rativallabha, came, saw him, and took him to his own house on Mt. Vaitadhya. Just as he was taken out of the ocean, he removed the pill that made him dark and became fair as when in Tamralipti. When asked, he, very dear to Rativallabha, said that he lived in Sinhala and was named Buddhadasa. At his instructions he married his daughter Ratnaprabha and continued amusing himself pleasantly in pleasure-groves, et cetera. With her he came here one day to sport, left her here under the pretext of sipping water, and went elsewhere. Now I am going.' And he got up, after saying this. Ratnaprabha asked, 'Where is Buddhadasa now?' 'I shall tell more tomorrow,' saying, he got up and went away. The three women were greatly pleased at the concurrence of their husbands as one. The dwarf is your son-in-law, Sheth Sagara. The husband of the three, he caused a separation as a joke."

Bowing to the best of ganabharts, the dwarf said, "It happened just as it was seen by your eye of knowledge, not otherwise."

Kumbha, the chief-ganabhart, stopped preaching at the end of the second watch. Such is the length of the sermon. After bowing to Ganadhara Kumbha, Sheth Sagaradatta, delighted, went with the dwarf to the rest-house. When the three noticed the dwarf approaching, they went to meet him immediately. Who is not pleased at receiving news about a husband?

Sagaradatta said, "He is the husband of the three of you." They asked, "How is that?" and he related the whole affair. The three and the head-sadhvi, also, were amazed. Going inside, the dwarf laid aside his character of dwarf. First he became such as he was when Anangasundari saw him. Next, he laid aside his dark color and assumed a fair color. Recognized by all the women, surrounded by them eager, he was asked by the sadhvi, "Why did you do this?" He replied, "Madam, I left home for a joke; and for a joke the desertion of these three was disregarded by me."

The sadhvi Suvrata. spoke this true speech: "At a distance, in a foreign country, in a forest, on a mountain, even on the ocean, or in any other unpleasant place, wherever the righteous go, there they obtain measureless pleasure just as if at home. The teaching of the *Arhats* is, 'Pleasures are the consequence of gifts to suitable persons.' To whom did he give? We shall ask the Jinesvara's Ara." The chief-sadhvi, Sagaradatta, and Virabhadra with his wives went to Ara Swamin and bowed properly. Suvrata asked the Supreme Lord, "What did Virabhadra do in a former birth that had pleasure as its fruit?" He explained: "In my next to the last birth,¹⁹⁹ as a merchant's son named Jinadasa, he gave me alms with *devotion* in the city Ratnapura at the end of a four-month fast as I was wandering over the earth observing the vows, after abandoning a powerful kingdom in the East Videhas. From that good deed he became a god in Brahmaloka. Then he fell and was born in Kampilya in Airavata in Jambudvipa, enjoying great wealth. There also he practiced layman's duties, being very powerful. After death* he became a god in Acyuta and then he fell and became who he is now. By merit added to merit he enjoys pleasures in this birth. Merit attends upon men everywhere."

After explaining this and enlightening many persons, the Blessed One went elsewhere, wandering, destroying the world's *delusion*. After enjoying pleasures for a long time, Virabhadra became a *mendicant* in course of time and, seated in the chariot of firm merit, went to heaven.

His congregation

Fifty thousand noble monks, sixty thousand nuns with strict vows, six hundred and ten who knew the fourteen purvas*, twenty-six hundred who had clairvoyant knowledge, twenty-five hundred and fifty-one who had mind-reading knowledge, twenty-eight hundred who were omniscient, seventy-three hundred who had the art of transformation, sixteen hundred disputants, two hundred thousand, less sixteen thousand, laymen, and three hundred and seventy-two thousand laywomen constituted the retinue of the Lord wandering over the earth for twenty-one thousand years, less three years, from the time of his *omniscience*.

Knowing that it was time for his *emancipation* the Master went to Sammeta with a thousand munis and commenced a fast. At the end of a month on the twelfth day of the bright half of Marga, the moon being in Pausna, the Master and the munis went to the eternal *abode*.

The Lord lived for eighty-four thousand years, equally divided as prince, king, cakrin, and *muni*. The emancipation of Sri Ara Jinesvara^s took place a fourth of a palya* less one thousand crores of years after the emancipation of Sri Kunthu. The Indras came, held with *devotion* the emancipation-festival of Aranatha who had attained emancipation with the munis, and cremated the bodies* at the same time.

1. ANANDAPURSAPUNDRIKABALI CHARITRA

Now the lives of the sixth *Bala*^s and the sixth Sangrin and of the Prativisnu Bali in the *congregation*^{*} of Aranatha are narrated.

Previous births of the three

In the city Vijayapura Sudarsana^s was king, fair as the moon, giving joy to the world. After hearing Jain doctrine from *Muni* Damadhara, his mind being disgusted with existence, he became a *mendicant*, practiced penance, and became a god in Sahasrar.

Also here in Bharataketra in the city Potana, Priyamiṭra was king, who resembled the rising of the sun for lotuses in the form of friends. Suketu²⁰⁰ kidnapped his wife and he, disgusted with existence from that humiliation, became a mendicant at Muni Vasubhuti's side. *Afflicted* with grief at his wife's kidnapping, he practiced severe penance and made a *nidana*^{*} for killing his wife's kidnaper. He fasted and died without confessing the *nidana* and was born a powerful god in the heaven Mahendra.

Birth of Bali

Now in the city Arinjaya on Mt. Vaitadhya there was a well-known Vidyadhara-king, Meghanada, to whom power over the two rows (of cities) had been given by Cakrin Subhuma. He was the father of Padmasri, the wife of the same *cakrabhrt*. Suketu's *soul*, after it had wandered through existence was born as the Prativisnu Bali in Meghanada's family in this same city. He, with a life-term of fifty thousand years, black, twenty-six bows tall, became the ruler of three parts (of Bharata).

Birth of Ananda

In the southern half of Bharata in Jambudvipa there is a city Cakrapura, the ornament of the earth. Its king was Mahasiras, by whom, like another lokapala, the important heads of kings had been made to bow. Of him, whose conduct was remarkable, the crest-jewel of kings, the intelligence was adorned with discernment like his Sri with power. There is no art which was not apparent in him, like the species of lives in the ocean Svayambhu-ramana.²⁰¹ While he was ruling the earth, there were no reports of thieves; only he himself stole the minds of the noble. Causing joy in the one and

fear* in the other, he did not leave the heart of the noble nor of the wicked.

His wife was named Vaijayanti, surpassing even Apsarases in beauty; and his second wife was Laksmivati, like Laksmi.

The god, King Sudarsana, fell from Sahasrara and descended into the womb of the chief-queen Vaijayanti. Queen Vaijayanti, delighted by the four dreams indicating the birth of a *Bala*^s, conceived the best of embryos. When the time was completed, she bore a son, spotless as a full moon, twenty-nine bows tall, named Ananda.

Birth of Purusapundarika

Priyamitra's *soul* fell from the fourth heaven and descended into the womb of the chief-queen Laksmivati. Delighted by the seven great dreams indicating the birth of an Upendra (Vasudeva)^s, Queen Laksmivati carried the embryo. At the right time she bore a son, twenty-nine bows tall, dark, named Purusapundarika.

The two brothers increased in size along with their father's wishes, always carrying banners with the garuda and palm tree^{202B} and wearing dark blue and yellow garments. Shaking the earth, as it were, they walked easily. The nurses were not able to lift them even when they were children. Gradually they attained youth purifying the eyes and they became skilled in the ocean of all the arts.

Fight with Bali

Upendrasena, lord of the city Rajendra, gave his daughter Padmavati to the Visnu^s Pundarika. Having heard that she excelled the wife of *Ananga*^s in beauty, Prativisnu Bali came there to kidnap her. Then Ananda and Pundarika attacked Bali puffed up with pride in his strength of arm, despising the strength of the world. Weapons*, the bow, plough, et cetera, were delivered immediately to the two of them by gods like attendants at an *armory*. Their army was destroyed by the stronger forces of Bali and they (Bali's forces) gave lion's-roars announcing their master's victory. Ananda and Pundarika rushed in their chariots to the business of righting, delighted. For a battle-field is a source of joy to heroes. Then Pundarika blew *Pancajanya*^s loudly and the enemy-army disappeared from the battle-field like a group of sea-monsters from the ocean. Sangrin twanged the bow, like an echo of the conch, as it were, and the miserable remnant of the enemy disappeared at its loud sound. Bali himself approached to fight, exceedingly strong, raining arrows constantly like a cloud streams of water. Visnu destroyed his arrows and he

destroyed Visnu's arrows. So, angry again at the destruction of his arrows, Bali took the cakra. "Villain, you do not exist!" saying, powerful Bali whirled the cakra and hurled it at Visnu Pundarika. Dazed for a moment by the blow of its hub which struck with a slap, Visnu recovered consciousness instantly and took the cakra himself. Saying, "Villain, you do not exist!" Janardana^s whirled the cakra and cut off Bali's head.

Then, accompanied by Ananda, Visnu^s made an expedition of conquest, destroying hostile kings, and became an ardhaçakrin. Visnu lifted a great stone, Kotisila, as easily as an anklet (tulakoti). When he had passed the sixty-five thousand years of his life, he went to the sixth hell because of his harsh karma. Pundarika spent two hundred and fifty years as prince, the same number as king, sixty in the expedition of conquest, sixty-four thousand, four hundred and forty as ardhaçakrin.

Ananda, whose life-term was eighty-five thousand years, alone, joyless without his brother, passed the time with difficulty. He took initiation from Sumitra because of strong disgust with existence from separation from his brother. Seeking spiritual knowledge, he attained *omniscience* and arrived at the eternal *abode*, the abode of joy.

2. SUBHUMACAKRAVARTI CHARITRA

The life of the eighth Cakrin, Subhuma, in the *congregation** of Tirthakrt Ara will be related in its turn.

Previous births

There was a king, named Bhupala, who observed the vows of a ksatriya, in the city Visala in this same Bharataksetra. One day he was defeated in a battle by many enemies who had united. For a crowd is very strong. Defeated by his enemies, his face blackened by the disgrace, he became a *mendicant* under Muni Sambhuta. As a result of penance he made a *nidana** which had as its object the enjoyment of army and treasure, fasted to death*, and became a god in Mahasukra.

Story of Jamadagni and Parasurama

Now, Rsabhanatha had a son Kuru, after whom Kurudesu was named. He had a son *Hastin*^s, after whom Hastinapura was named, the native land of Tirthakrts and cakrins. Anantavirya, belonging to this line, was king there, long-armed. Now, in the town Vasantapura in Bharataksetra there was a youth, Agnika, whose family had perished completely. One day he left that place for another country and, wandering about without a caravan, he came to a hermitage. The abbot, Jana, received Agni like a son and he received the name of Jamadagni among the people. Practicing severe penance, like a visible fire, because of his *splendor* hard to bear he became known throughout the world.

Then a god, a layman in a former birth, Vaisvanara by name, and Dhanvantari, devoted to (Brahman) ascetics, had an argument. One said, "The religion of the *Arhats* is authority"; the other said that of the ascetics. They made an agreement in this dispute, "Whoever is the most obscure among the followers of the Arhats and whoever is most distinguished among ascetics must be tested by us to see which one excels in good *qualities*."

Just at that time holy Padmaratha, adorned by a new religion,²⁰³ set out from the city Mithila over the world. As he went to Campa to take initiation from Vasupujya, he, a *yati*^s by nature, was observed on the road by the two gods. Though hungry and thirsty, the king refused food* and drink offered by them with a *desire* to test him. For the resolute do not depart from the truth. The gods made pain

for the king's tender lotus-feet with pebbles and thorns cruel as saws. Nevertheless, he walked beautifully on such a road, as if it had a surface of cotton, with his feet dripping with blood. They sang, danced, et cetera to disturb the king; but that was in vain against him like a divine weapon against a relative. They assumed the forms of siddhaputras²⁰⁴ and appeared before him. "Sir, now life is long and you are young. Enjoy its pleasures at will. What sense is there in *austerities* in youth? Who, even though energetic, would perform the duties of night at dawn? When youth has been passed, the cause of weakness of the body, you should undertake penance, like a second old age, dear sir."

The king said, "If life is long, there will be much merit. The lotus-stalk grows according to the measure of water. The penance which is practiced in youth when the senses are fickle, that is penance. He is called a hero who is a hero on the battle-field with cruel weapons." "Saying, Good! Good!" to him who was not shaken from the truth, they went to test Jamadagni, the most distinguished of the ascetics. They saw him with the ground touched by his spreading matted hair like a banyan-tree, the extremities of his feet covered with ants, subdued. The two gods made by magic a nest in the mass of creepers of his beard at once, assumed the form of a pair of sparrows, and stayed. The cock said to the hen, "I am going to Mt. Himavat." She scorned him, saying, "You will not come back, devoted to another." "If I do not come back, wife, I am guilty of the sin of a cow-killer." The hen said again to the cock who had made this promise, "If you would swear with the words, 'I am guilty of the sin of this sage,' I would let you go there, husband May your journey be happy."

Hearing this speech, Jamadagni was angered and seized the two birds with his hands. Then he said, "What kind of sin, like darkness in the sun, is in me performing difficult penance?"

Then the cock-sparrow said to the sage: "Do not be angry. Your penance is useless. Have you not heard the sacred saying that there is no progress of the *soul* of a sonless man?" Thinking, "That is true," the *muni* reflected, "My penance is strung in water since I have no wife nor son."

Seeing him disturbed, thinking, "I have been deceived by the ascetics," Dhanvantari became a (Jain) layman. Who is not convinced by proof? Then the two gods became invisible, and Jamadagni went to the city Nemikakostaka. Wishing to win a girl, like Hara Gauri, he went to King Jitasatru who had many daughters. The

king rose to greet him and, his hands folded, asked, "Why have you come? Tell what can I do?"

The *muni* said, "I have come for a girl," and the king said, "Take the one who is willing from a hundred girls." He went to the maidens' quarters and said to the king's daughters, "Someone of you be my wife." They made a spitting noise and said, "Are you not ashamed to say this, you whose hair is matted, who are gray, *emaciated*, living by alms?"

Muni Jamadagni, angry, like a wind made the girls hunch-backed like the wooden part of bows that have been strung. Then he saw a daughter of the king playing in sand-piles in the courtyard and he called her 'Renuka.' He showed her a citron^B, saying, "Do you want it?" She stretched out a hand indicating the taking of the hand (in marriage). The muni held her to his breast, like a poor man money, and the king gave her to him properly, with cows, et cetera. From the bond of affection he restored his wife's sisters, the ninety-nine girls, by the power of penance. Alas for the waste of penance of the foolish! The muni took her to the hermitage and affectionately reared her whose appearance was simple and gentle, trembling-eyed like a *doe*. While the *ascetic* counted the days on his fingers, she attained youth, the beautiful pleasure-grove of Kandarpa. Making a blazing fire a witness, Muni Jamadagni married her properly, like Bhutesa (Siva^S) Parvati.

At the time for conception he said to her, "I will prepare an oblation that a son may be born, fortunate, head of the Brahmans." She said, "My sister is the wife of King Anantavirya in Hastinapura. Prepare an *oblation* belonging to Ksatriyas for her." He prepared an oblation suitable for Brahmans for his wife, and another suitable for Ksatriyas for her sister to eat to obtain a son. She reflected, "Though I became a forest-doe, may my son not be like me," and ate the Ksatriya-oblation. She gave the Brahman-oblation to her sister. Sons were born to both, Rama to Renuka. and Krtavirya to her sister.

One day a Vidyadhara came there, suffering from dysentery. He had forgotten his magic art for going through the air because of the pain from the dysentery. He was cured by Rama, like a brother, by medicines, et cetera and gave the magic art of the axe (*parasari*) to Rama who had attended him. Going into a cane-field, Rama subjugated the magic art and from that time was known as Parasurama.

One day Renuka took leave of her husband and, eager for her sister, went to Hastinapura. Nothing is at a distance for affection. Caressing the tremulous-eyed Renuka with the thought, "She is my wife's sister," Anantavirya enjoyed her. Surely love is unchecked.

The king experienced a wealth of pleasure and happiness at will with the sage's wife, like Purandara^s with Ahalya.²⁰⁵ A son was born to Renuka from Anantavirya, as to Mamata, wife of Utathya, from *Brhaspati*. The *muni* took Renuka with that son home. For people infatuated with women generally see no fault. Parasurama, angered, killed her and her son, like a vine that had borne fruit at the wrong time, with the axe. When the news was told to Anantavirya by her sister, it kindled anger, like wind a fire. Then King Anantavirya, whose strength of arm was irresistible, went to Jamadagni's hermitage and destroyed it, like a mad elephant.* After terrifying the ascetics and taking the cows, et cetera, he returned, marching very, very slowly like a lion. When Parasurama had heard the confusion of the terrified ascetics and had learned the story, angered, he ran like Death* visible to the eye. The son of Jamadagni, eager for battle with troops of soldiers, cut him (Anantavirya) to pieces, like a piece of wood, with the sharp axe.

Krtavirya, powerful, though he was young, was established in his kingdom by the ministers. His chief-queen was starry-eyed Tara and they enjoyed pleasures unhindered, like gods.

Birth of Subhuma

King Bhupala's *soul* completed its life-term, fell from Mahasura, and descended into Tara's womb. One day Krtavirya heard his father's story from his mother and went and killed Jamadagni, like a snake that had been pointed out. Rama was angered at his father's murder, went quickly to Hastinapura and killed Krtavirya. What is at a great distance from *Yama*? The son of Jamadagni established himself in the kingdom. For *sovereignty* is dependent on power. Succession and lack of succession are not authority. Krtavirya's queen left the city conquered by Rama, though she was pregnant, and went to a hermitage of ascetics, like a *doe* from a forest that is scented with tigers. The compassionate ascetics put her, like a deposit, in an underground room, and protected her from cruel Parasurama. A son, who had been indicated by the fourteen great dreams, was born to her. Because he took ground easily, he was named Subhuma.

Death of Rama

Wherever there was a Ksatriya, there Parasurama's axe blazed like the fire of anger embodied. One day Rama went to that hermitage and the axe blazed, indicating a Ksatriya like smoke a fire. The ascetics were questioned by Rama, "Is a Ksatriya here?" and they

replied, "We are Ksatriyas who became ascetics." Because of his anger Rama made the earth clear of Ksatriyas seven times, like a forest-fire clearing a mountain-slope of grass. Rama filled a dish with the crushed teeth of the Ksatriyas, giving the appearance of a full dish of *Yama* whose *desire* had been fulfilled.

One day Rama asked the astrologers, "From what source will my slaying come?" For always people engaged in hostilities fear* death* from an enemy. They said, "Your slaying will come from him who, occupying the lion-throne here, eats the teeth made into a rice-pudding." Rama had an asylum built, quite open, and had a lion-throne set in the front part, and the dish in front of it.

Then Subhuma, golden, twenty-eight bows tall, attained marvelous growth in the hermitage like a tree in a court-yard. One day the Vidyadhara, Meghanada, asked the astrologers, "To whom should my daughter Padmasri be given?" They designated Subhuma as the very best husband for her. He gave the girl to him and became a follower of him alone. The sole protector (of the earth), Subhuma, like a frog in a well, asked his mother, "Is the world just so large or is there more of it?" His mother explained: "The world is endless, son. This hermitage is only a fly-speck on the world. There is in the world a city, named Hastinapura. Your father Krtavirya, was a long-armed king there. Rama killed your father and took possession of the kingdom himself. He made the earth free of Ksatriyas and we stay here from fear.*" Then Subhuma, blazing like Bhauma,²⁰⁶ went to Hastinapura, hostile and angry. The brilliance of a Ksatriya is hard to bear. He, fair-armed, went to the asylum, sat down on the lion-throne like a lion, and ate the teeth which had become rice-pudding. The Brahmans who were guardians there arose for battle and were killed by Meghanada, like deer by a tiger. Then Rama, his teeth and hair sparkling, biting his lips with his teeth, came there, as if drawn by Yama's noose, in anger. The axe was hurled furiously by Rama at Subhuma. It was extinguished immediately in him, like a spark in water. Because of the lack of a weapon, Subhuma scooped up the dish of teeth. It became a cakra instantly. What cannot result from a wealth of merit? Then he, the eighth cakravartin, cut off Parasurama's head, like cutting off a lotus.

Conquest of Bharata

As Rama had made the earth free of Ksatriyas seven times, so he (Subhuma) made it free of Brahmans twenty-one times. Making new rivers flow with the blood of the masses of destroyed kings, elephants, horses, infantry, he conquered the east first. With the

ground adorned with the trunks of many soldiers cut down, he crossed the south like another regent of the southern quarter (*Yama*). Making the ocean's shore bristle with soldiers' bones like oyster-shells, he conquered the west. A Mt. Mandara in strength, the cave in Vaitadhya having been opened easily, he entered the north part of Bharata to conquer the Mlecchas. With the surface of the ground spread with a mass of blood spurting up, he destroyed the Mlecchas there, like an elephant* sugar-cane. *Cakrabhrt* Subhuma gave the rank of lord of the Vidyadharas of the two rows on Mt. Vaitadhya to Meghanada.

Death of Subhuma

Having a life of sixty thousand years, roaming in every direction, killing soldiers, he subdued the six-part earth. *Extirpating* the living in this way, his *soul* always blazing with the fire of constant cruel meditation*, Subhuma died in the course of time and went to the seventh hell. He was prince for five thousand years, king for the same time, spent five hundred years in conquest, and was *cakrabhrt* for half a lac less five hundred years.

3. DATTA NANDANA PRAHALADA CHARITRA

In Ara's *congregation** there were the Visnu^s, the Bala^s, and the Pratyardhacakrin Datta, Nandana, and Prahlada, respectively. Their history is narrated (herewith).

Previous births of Nandana

There is a city Susima, the ornament of East Videha of this Jambudvipa and there was a king there, Vasundhara. After he had guarded the earth for a long time, he took the vow under *Muni* Sudharma, and went to Brahmaloaka after death.*

Previous births of Datta

Now in this southern half of Bharata in Jambudvipa there was a king, Mandaradhira, in the city Silapura. He had a son, powerful, long-armed, an ocean of the jewels of good *qualities*, named Lalitmitra, the sun to the lotuses of friends. The minister Khala²⁰⁷ affirmed, "He is *arrogant*," rejected him, and established the king's brother as heir-apparent. Then Lalitmitra, disgusted with existence from this humiliation, became a *mendicant* under Muni Ghosasena. Practicing *austerities*, evilly-disposed, he made a *nidana**: "By this penance may I be able to kill the minister Khala." He died without confessing the *nidana* and became a powerful god in the heaven Saudharma.

Birth of Prahlada

After the minister Khala had wandered through the forest of births for a long time, he was born as the Prativisnu Prahlada, a lord of Vidyadharas, in the city Sinhapura, the tilaka of the north row on Mt. Vaitadhya in this Jambudvipa.

Birth of Nandana and Datta

Now in this southern half of Bharata in Jambudvipa there is a city Varanasi sought by the Ganga^s like a friend. Its king was Agnisinha of the Ikshvaku family, like a fire in brilliance, like a lion in strength. The *hansa* of his glory did not cease flying around in the world constantly with constancy and energy like wings. After seeing the bow bent by him with ease on the battlefield, hostile kings bowed as if bearing his command Tied to the very strong pillar of

his arm, like a cow-elephant, by his firm virtues, Sri became motionless.

He had two wives, Jayanti and Sesavati, surpassing all the women of the world in beauty. The god, King Vasundhara, fell from the fifth heaven and descended into the womb of the chief-queen Jayanti. At the proper time a son, whose incarnation as a Rama had been indicated by four dreams, named Nandana, a joy to the world, was borne by her.

Lalita fell from Saudharma and became the son of Sesavati, whose incarnation as a Kṛṣṇa^s had been indicated by seven dreams, named Datta. The two of them, twenty-six bows tall, fair and dark like Kṣiroda and Kaloda, grew to manhood. Wearing dark blue and yellow garments, with palm tree^B and garuda-banners, they acted as if they were the same age, though they were elder and younger.

Fight with Prahlada

One day the Prativisnu, lord of half of Bharata, heard about a fine elephant* that resembled Airavana and asked them for it. When this choice elephant was not given by Nandana and Datta, Prahlada became angry at once like an insulted lion. Viṣṇu^s and Prativisnu attacked each other, angered like forest-elephants, with their full army-strength. When their army had been reduced to a miserable condition at once by Prahlada, Sirin and Sangrin went into battle in chariots, Datta blew Pañcajanya^s, the best destroyer of an enemy's force, and twanged his bow, a drum of pre-eminent victory. Prahlada, making the heavens resound with the sounds of the bow, ran up, strong-armed, like *Dandapani* (*Yama*) enraged. Both Hari^s and Pratihari discharged arrows angrily. Both, eager for victory over each other, destroyed each other's arrows. Both, expert in destruction, destroyed each other's club, hammer, staff, and other weapons.* Prahlada whirled the cakṛa, which was filled with a hundred flames like the sun with meteors at the end of the world, in the air and hurled it at Hari. Hari took the same cakṛa, which had been useless and was standing near him, hurled it at Prahlada and cut off his head. Likewise he conquered the half of Bharata by making an expedition of conquest. Then he lifted Kṛtisila and became an ardhacakṛin.

There were two hundred years of Sarhgin Datta as prince, fifty years each as governor and in the expedition of conquest. After he had passed fifty-six thousand years, Datta went to the fifth hell because of his karma.

After the death* of Sangrin Datta, Halayudha, whose age was sixty-five thousand years, passed the time with difficulty. Intensely disgusted with existence by the death of his brother and meditation* on existence, Nandana took initiation, adorned by the world. He observed severe vows without transgression*; and after that he went to a dwelling in the place of *emancipation*.



Mallinatha Charitra

May Mallinatha's words, spotless as a wreath of jasmine^B, eagerly sipped by the bees of people capable of *emancipation*, prevail. Now we shall narrate Sri Malli Swamin's life, wonderful, like a stream of nectar for the ears of the listeners.

Incarnation as Mahabala

In this same continent, Jambudvipa, there is a city Vitasoka in the province Salilavati in the West Videhas. *Bala*^s was its king, like a large army in strength, an elephant* for rooting up the forest of a hostile army, like a god in appearance. A son, named Mahabala, having complete power, indicated by the dream of a lion, was borne to the king by his wife Dharini. When he was grown, Mahabala married on one day five hundred princesses, Kamalasri and others. He had childhood-friends, Acala, *Dharana*, Purana, Vasu, Vaisravana, and Abhicandra. One day King Bala listened to religion in the presence of munis who had come to the garden Indrakubja in the northeast direction outside the city. He was permeated with disgust with existence, established Mahabala in the kingdom, became a *mendicant*, and attained emancipation.

A son, indicated by a dream of a lion, Balabhadra, was borne to Mahabala by the chief-queen, Kamalasri. After he had grown up in course of time, Mahabala made him his heir-apparent like another form of himself.

With his six childhood-friends King Mahabala listened to the religion of the *Arhats* because of friendship from the same nature. One day he said to his friends, "Listen ! I am afraid of existence.

I am going to become a *mendicant*. What will be your course in the future?" They said, "As we have enjoyed together worldly pleasures, so we shall enjoy together the bliss of *emancipation* in future." Then Mahabala installed Balabhadra on the throne; and each one of the friends installed his son on his throne. Then powerful Mahabala and his six friends became mendicants at the feet of *Muni* Varadharma. The seven noble men made an agreement, "Whatever penance one of us performs, the rest of us must do."

So they, this agreement having been made, equally eager for the fourth object of existence, practiced equal penance, one-day fasts, et cetera.

From a *desire* for superior results Mahabala deceived them, making excuses such as, "Today my head hurts; today my stomach hurts; today I am not hungry," et cetera, did not eat on the day to break-fast, and performed superior penance. Because of penance mixed with deceit, he acquired woman-inclination-karma²⁰⁸ and also the *body-making-karma* of a Tirthakrt because of the sthanas, *devotion* to the *Arhats*, et cetera.

Incarnation as a god

When the seven were eighty-four lacs of purvas* old and had preserved their vows for eighty-four thousand years, at the end of their lives they performed the twofold *samlekhana*, took a vow to fast, died, and were born as gods in the heavenly palace Vaijayaṇṭa.

Her parents

Now in Jambudvīpa in the southern half of Bharata there is a city Mithila, whose inhabitants are unshaken in *dharma*.* Its palaces with golden *finials* resemble the eastern mountain with the sun risen above it. When people had seen this city made of all the jewels, they believed in other cities, Alaka, et cetera, made of jewels which appeared in stories. The gods, now in heaven, now in the city; now in the city, now in heaven, were delighted constantly with its charming young women.

Its king was Kumbha, a pitcher of the nectar of the Ocean of Milk in the form of the Ikṣvaku-family, the *abode* of Lakṣmi, like a pitcher of treasure. He alone was the resort of the sris like the ocean of rivers; he was the source of good behavior like Rohaṇa of jewels. Intelligent, he knew both the sciences and weapons*; he took toll from the earth and gave it to the unfortunate. He, wise, had agreed for glory but not for wealth; a liberality in money but not in frontiers; a *devotion* to *dharma* but not to dice, et cetera.

His chief-queen was named Prabhavati, who surpassed the moon in beauty of face, like Saci the queen of Vajrin. She alone was the ornament of the earth and virtue was her ornament; armlets, anklets, et cetera were merely for the sake of formality. Purifying the whole earth by her spotless wifeness, the source of happiness, she shone like a living tirtha. King Kumbha enjoyed pleasures with the queen always fascinating, like the Moon with a Daksayani.²⁰⁹

Her birth

Its life completed, Mahabala's *jiva* fell from Vaijayanta on the fourth day of the bright half of Phalguna, (the moon) in the constellation Asvayuj. It descended into Queen Prabhavati's womb, the *splendor* of an Arhat being indicated by the fourteen dreams. In the third month that it was in the womb, the queen had a pregnancy whim to sleep on garlands, and it was granted by the gods. At the full time, on the eleventh day of the bright half of Marga in the constellation Asvayuj, she bore a daughter because of the female-birth karma produced by deceit in a former birth, the marvelous nineteenth Arhat, marked with a water-jar, dark blue in color, with all the favorable marks. The Dikkumaris came and performed the birth rites; the Indras conducted her to the top of Meru and bathed her in turn. After the bath Sakra^s *anointed* and worshipped her himself, waved the light, and recited a hymn of praise with intense devotion.

Stuti

"Reverence to you, depository of the three kinds of knowledge, chief of the three worlds; reverence to the nineteenth Arhat. By good fortune I am favored with the sight of you, after a long time. For, O Arhat, a god is not seen by people with ordinary merit. Today the divinity of the gods has its purpose accomplished after a long time by the sight of the birth-festival of you, the god of gods. Do you, O you who are wise in equal favor to the Lord of Acyuta at one time and to a mere mortal at another time, protect us falling into existence. You shine brilliantly, set like a sapphire in this Mt. Meru which has become a golden crown of the earth. You are born for the *emancipation* of a desireless person just by the remembrance (of you). For what are you asked by one who has seen and praised you? From that the fruit is exceedingly great. All good works on one hand, the sight of you on the other hand; because of the magical results obtained, a second (sight) is superfluous. Not in the rank of Indra, not in the rank of Ahamindra, I think not even in *emancipa-*

tion can there be such happiness as that of the man falling at your lotus-feet."

Childhood

After this ardent hymn of praise to the nineteenth Arhat, Sakra^s took her to Mithila and laid her down near her mother. Because her mother had a pregnancy-whim to sleep on garlands, while she was still in embryo, the king gave her the name Malli.²¹⁰ Tended daily by five nurses appointed by Indra, she gradually grew up like a flower.

Reincarnations of her six former friends Acala

Now Acala's *jiva* fell from Vaijayanta and became King Pratibuddhi in Saketa in Bharata. His wife, the crest-jewel of the women of all harems, was named Padmavati, like Padma in person in beauty. Now in this city in the northeast in a Naga-temple there were Naga-statues that fulfilled requests. One day Queen Padmavati asked the king for permission for a procession of them and Pratibuddhi gave her his consent. After procuring flowers, et cetera, Pratibuddhi himself went with her to the temple of the chief Naga-statue on the day of the procession. Looking at the bower of flowers,²¹¹ the cluster of flowers, and his wife also, Pratibuddhi said to Svabuddhi, his chief-minister, "You have gone to many royal palaces on my service. Have you seen such a jewel of a woman or such a cluster of flowers?"

Svabuddhi replied: "When I went to King Kumbha at your command, I saw his daughter Malli. On the birthday of her, first among woman-jewels, a cluster of flowers, such as is not found in heaven, was prepared. A cakrin's woman-jewel; *Rati*, the wife of Smara^s; goddesses, Saci, et cetera, are like straw compared with her. Whoever has once seen the daughter of King Kumbha, would not forget her beauty like a taste of nectar. No woman, neither of mortals nor gods, is the equal of Malli. Indeed, her unique beauty is not within the sphere of words."

Because of the affection of the former birth Pratibuddhi sent at once his messenger to ask for her in marriage from King Kumbha.

Dharana

Now, Dharana's *jiva* fell from Vaijayanta and became a king, named Candracchaya, in the city Catnpa. There was a Jain layman, Arhannaya, living in this city, who made ocean-voyages, embarked on a boat, for commerce. Then Sakra praised him in his assembly, saying, "There is no other layman equal to Arhannaya." Then a god

who was jealous went to the ocean and created instantly a calamitous wind and mass of clouds. At once the sailors, trembling from fear* of the boat's destruction, sought favors from their favorite deities. But Arhannaya thought, "If I am to die from this calamity, I should fast," and, having made the rejection of all worldly interests, he remained absorbed in meditation.* The god assumed the form of a Raksas and, standing in the air, said to Arhannaya: "Give up the religion of the *Arhats* and obey my command Otherwise, I shall break the boat like a potsherd and make you and your attendants food* for sea-animals."

As he remained unshaken from his religion notwithstanding, the god was astonished, asked his pardon, and told about Sakra's praise. He gave him two pairs of beautiful earrings, destroyed the terrible clouds, wind, et cetera and departed.

In course of time Arhannaya disembarked from the ocean on dry land and went to Mithila with all his merchandise. Arhannaya, knowing what was proper, noble-minded, made a gift of one pair of earrings to King Kumbha. King Kumbha gave it at once to his daughter Malli and, urbane, entertained Arhannaya and dismissed him. After he had sold and bought merchandise, he went to Campa with untroubled mind and gave the second pair of earrings to Candracchaya. The king asked him, "O merchant, where did you get this pair of earrings?" He told the story of the acquisition of the earrings without any deceit, just as it was. In connection with the gift of the other similar pair of earrings, he described in detail the exceeding beauty of Malli. "If her face is raised, let the moon depart vanquished by it; if there is light from her body, enough of emeralds²¹²; if there is a stream of her loveliness, there is no need of the water of the Jahnavi; if there is her beauty of form, do not speak of goddesses. Your Majesty, men's eyes are useless if she is not seen by them. What use are hansas that do not see at all the blooming lotus-bed?" Because of affection from the former birth, King Candracchaya sent his chief-messenger to Kumbha to ask Malli in marriage.

Purana

Now Purana's *soul* fell from Vaijayanta and became a king, named Rukmin, in Sravasti. By his wife Dharani he had a daughter Subahu, endowed with remarkable beauty like a serpent-maiden. Because of the king's affection, he had a special bathing ceremony²¹³ made carefully by her attendants in the four months' (rainy season). One day when she had been bathed especially by her

attendants and had put on divine ornaments, she went to pay her respects to her father. Her father seated her on his lap and said to the eunuch, "Has such a bathing-ceremony of a girl been seen anywhere?" He replied: "When I went at your command to Mithila, I saw a better one on the birthday of Malli, the daughter of Kumbha. Her beauty, my lord, whose equal has not been seen, is incomprehensible even when described, but my word must be taken for it. After I have seen this jewel of a woman, never seen before, my tongue has taken a vow of silence in describing other women. Compared with her, other women are faded like left-over flowers. What value have mango-shoots compared with the shoot of a wishing-tree?" After hearing this, because of affection that was created, King Rukmin at once sent a messenger to Kumbha to seek Malli.

Vasu

Now Vasu's *jiva* fell from Vaijayanta and became King Sankha in Varanasi. One day Malli's pair of divine earrings was broken and his goldsmiths were ordered by the king to mend it. "Your Majesty, we cannot mend this divine article," they said, and the king in a rage expelled them from the city. They went to Varanasi and told King Sankha the whole story as the cause of their exile. They described to the king Malli's marvelous beauty, which was connected with the business of the earrings, which they had seen entirely uninjured. The moon became a subject of comparison with her face, the bimba with her lips, the conch with her neck, the lotus-stalk with her arm, the middle part of a thunderbolt with her waist, an elephant's trunk with her thigh, a river's whirlpool with her navel, a mirror with her hip, a deer's leg with her leg, a lotus with her hand and foot (all of) which had been the objects of comparison²¹⁴ in the case of others. As a result of the bond of former affection and the hearing of her beauty, Sankha sent a messenger to seek Malli from Kumbha.

Vaisravana

Vaisravana's *jiva* fell from Vaijayanta and became King Adinatsatru in Hastinapura. Now Malli's younger brother, named Malla, had a picture-gallery painted by painters out of curiosity. Among them one excellent painter had the art of painting the body as it was from the sight of one part, creating amazement by his painting. After he had seen Malli's toe through the screen, he painted her figure just as it was with all the limbs and minor parts.

Malla went there to play, saw Malli in the picture and, thinking that it was Malli in person, left hurriedly in *embarrassment*. Questioned by the nurse, "What is it?" the prince said, "My sister Malli is present. How then can I play here?" The nurse investigated carefully and said, "She must be recognized not as Malli herself, but in a picture. So do not go away." Prince Malla, angered, banished the painter of the picture, after cutting off the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. He went to Hastinapura, told the story to King Adinasatru, and described Malli as follows:

"There is no beautiful woman, a digit of the moon of the sky of the whole world, except Malli, never was, and never will be. A man, who would look at another girl after seeing her, would look at a piece of glass after seeing a fine sapphire. She alone is first of women, like the Jahnvi of rivers, because of her beauty, grace, gait, and other gestures."

After giving this description of her, the best of painters pulled out the painting and showed her in the picture. After seeing her, astonished and eager from his former affection, he sent his agent to King Kumbha to ask for her.

Abhicandra

Now Abhicandra's *jiva* fell from Vaijayanta and became King Jitasatru in Kampilya. He had a thousand wives, of whom Dharini was first, like a band of Apsarases drawn from heaven by merit. Now a clever *mendicant sadhvi*,²¹⁵ Coksa, came to Mithila and told in the houses of kings and lords: "*Dharma*" always has a root in liberality, also arises from sprinkling with the waters of sacred places, and is the source of heaven and *emancipation*.

Our words to this effect are true." So making the people of the cities and the country progress in this religion, she came one day in her wandering to the house presided over by Malli. Carrying the triple staff, wearing reddish garments, after sprinkling the ground with water from the water-jar with darbha grass,²¹⁶ she sat down on her mat.

She explained (her) dharma as it was to Malli, as she had to other people; but Malli, having the three kinds of knowledge, said: "Liberality alone does not lead to dharma. If it did, the feeding of cats, cocks, et cetera would be for its sake. How can purity be from sprinklings with water from sacred places which are rooted in destruction of life? Does a smear of blood become clean by being washed with blood? Dharma has its root in discernment; there is

none of one lacking in discernment. Penance on his part results merely in torment of the body without a doubt."

Spoken to in this way by Malli, Coksa was ashamed, her face downcast. By whom can a proper speech by a superior be resisted? She was reviled by slave-girls, et cetera saying, "How long have you deceived the world by your false teaching, O heretic?"

Coksa reflected: "Since I have been abused as they liked by her, *arrogant* because of royal prestige, and by her attendants following their mistress's wish, I will cast her among many co-wives by my own wit, to pay the debt of their hostility."

She went away, her mind inflamed with anger, and went to King Jitasatru in Kampilya. She was received by the king with great respect; after she had bestowed a blessing, auspicious* in speech, she sat down on her mat. She was honored with *devotion* by the king and the women of his family; and there also she explained *dharma** as caused by liberality and sprinkling with holy water. The king said:

"Blessed lady, you have wandered over the whole earth independently. So I ask you: Have you seen before anywhere else such a fine group of women as this of mine, Coksa?"

Coksa said, smiling: "O king, do you think these women of yours of any importance, like a frog in a well thinking the well big? In the city of Mithila there is Malli, King Kumbha's daughter, a jewel of a maiden, the crest-jewel of gazelle-eyed women. Such beauty is not seen in goddesses and Naga-maidens as there is in her mere finger. The beauty of her figure is extraordinary; her beauty-is extraordinary; her wealth of grace is extraordinary. What else is to be said?" Because of this speech of hers and his former affection, Jitasatru sent a messenger at once to King Kumbha to ask for her.

The device of the statue

Seeing the thought of the six kings, her friends in a former birth, by means of clairvoyant-knowledge, Malli had made a golden statue of herself and installed it on a beautiful jeweled platform in an interior room in a palace in a grove of asokas. The statue had lips of ruby, hair of sapphire, and eyes of sapphire and crystal, hands and feet of coral, a stomach with a hollow tube to the palate, a hole in the palate covered with a golden lotus, and exceedingly beautiful limbs. Kumbha's daughter had six doors with double doors and *lattices* made in the, front wall of the statue's private room. She had six little private rooms made in front of the doors and one door in the wall behind the statue. Daily she threw a ball of all the foods

into the statue's palate, covered it with the golden lotus, and then ate.

Now the messengers of the six kings arrived simultaneously before the King of Mithila. The first messenger said: "The lord of Saketa, whose lotus-feet are rubbed by the heads of many *vassals*, long-armed, very brave, a Makaradhvaja (Kama^s) in beauty, a moon in gentleness, a sun in *splendor*, *Brhaspati* in wisdom, King Prati-buddha asks to marry your *irreproachable* daughter Malli. The maiden must surely be given to someone by her father. You can make him your kinsman by giving her to him."

The second messenger said: "The king of Campa, young, whose arms are like a *yoke*, broad-shouldered, fair-eyed, well-bred, clever, faithful to his word, powerful in battle, learned in all the sciences and practiced in weapons*, like the moon in light, King Candracchaya seeks Malli from you. Be pleased to give her to him."

The third messenger said: "The king of Sravasti, the wishing-gem of mortals and the crest-jewel of warriors, the refuge* of those seeking protection, the best among the heroic, the play-house of the sris of victory, the garden of the trees of virtues, King Rukmin seeks your daughter. Arrange the union of the suitable, O king, You know what is suitable."

The fourth messenger said: "The lord of Kasi, by whom Punyajanesvara (Kubera) is surpassed in wonderful power, *eloquent*, Kandarpa in beauty, destroyer of the insolence of enemies, a traveler on the path of good conduct, Pakasasana in command, his glory as brilliant as a fragment of a conch, King Sankha asks you for your daughter. Give your consent, O king."

The fifth messenger said: "The lord of Hastinapura, Hastimalla in strength, light-handed, long-armed, successful in many battles, broad-chested, intelligent, young, a shoot of the creeper of glory, the only Rohana of the jewels of virtues, the support of the poor and protectorless, King Adinasatru seeks your daughter Malli. Give her, King of Videha."

The sixth messenger said: "The lord of Kampilya, unshakable by enemies like a mountain by elephants; adorned by many armies like an ocean by rivers, by generals with *invincible* powers, like Sunasira, King Jitasatru, all of whose enemies have been conquered, asks through my speech for your daughter. Give her without hesitation."

King Kumbha said: "Who are they, insolent, seekers of death*, foolish villainous kings! Even the gods, Sakra^s et cetera, are not suitable to marry this jewel of a maiden of mine, the crest-jewel of

the three worlds. The wish of your malicious lords is made in vain. So go, base messengers! Leave my city."

Thus humiliated by the king, they went to their respective masters quickly and told his words, a wind to the fire of anger. The six kings, having been equally insulted, sent messengers to each other and decided on an attack on Kumbha. The six advanced, like the mountain-ranges of the zones in strength, covering the earth with soldiers, and arrived at Mithila. Expert in blocking the places of entrance and exit, they *besieged* it, having surrounded it like serpents a sandal tree.²¹⁷

In a few days Kumbha was distressed by the siege and, when he was torn by anxiety, Malli approached. She asked, "Why do you seem so alarmed, father?" and King Kumbha told her the cause of his alarm. Malli said, "Father, inform each one of the six through spies, 'I shall give Malli to you.' At evening they must be brought in succession, concealed by a white garment, to the private rooms in front of my statue." The king did so and they came so, and they saw the statue of Malli through the *lattices* in the doors.

"Ah! She, beautiful, lovely-eyed, was won by my merit," the kings reflected lovingly, thinking that it was Malli. Malli entered by the door back of the statue, screened by the statue, and took off the lotus which covered the palate. Immediately there arose the odor of the *putrid* food* that had been thrown in formerly, unbearable as the odor of filth, hurting the nostrils intensely. It entered their private rooms through the lattices in the doors, splitting the noses of the six kings, as it were. Covering their noses with their garments, they turned away from the odor, like cowards from enemies.

"Well, sirs, why are your backs turned?" asked by Malli, they replied, "We cannot bear that terrible smell," Malli said: "That is a golden statue. Such an odor comes from the throwing of food into it every day. What shall we say of that which originates in the womb from the semen and blood of the parents; afterwards becomes an embryo, then a fetus; then nourished by a liquid from food and milk made by the mother, plunged in the hell of the *placenta*, made to live in the excrement of the body? What is the value, even small, of the body originating in this way, the store-house of filth, itself characterized by chyle, blood, flesh, fat, bone, marrow, and semen,²¹⁸ the sole channel of urine, a bag of skin for phlegm, having an evil odor, resembling a city-sewer? In this case the means of the funeral pyre, fragrant camphor, et cetera, become dirt, like a rain of nectar becoming salt in saline soil. How can *discerning* people show the least *devotion* to this body disgusting inside and outside? Do

you, foolish, not recall the penance that you performed with me as mendicants in the third birth (before this)?”²¹⁹

To the kings considering Malli’s words, the memory of the birth arose. What may not result from the favor of the Arhat?²²⁰ Then Malli opened the latticed doors and the six, enlightened, approached her and said:

“We recall that in a former birth we seven friends practiced severe penance together by agreement. It is well that we have been enlightened by you; it is well that we have been saved from hell. Henceforth, teach what is right. You are our guru, lord.”

“At the right time you must become mendicants,” saying, Malli dismissed the six kings and they went to their respective cities.

Founding of congregation

Told by the Laukantikas, “Found a *congregation*,” Malli gave gifts for a year with money supplied by the Jrmbhakas. When she was one hundred years old, twenty-five bows tall, her departure-festival being held by King Kumbha, Indras, et cetera, Malli got into the jeweled *palanquin*, named Jayanti, and went to the best garden, Sahasramravana. The Teacher of the World entered the garden which was adorned with fields of dark sugar-cane²²¹ in some places, like the rising dark half of the moon; in some places with fields of white sugar-cane, like the bright half of the moon being up; marked with the ripe fruit of orange trees like rubies, shining with marjoram all over as if paved with sapphires, with well-water being sipped and banyan trees being frequented by travelers suffering from cold, because of (their) warmth like a woman’s breast, adorned with blooming jasmines^B like the laughter of the Laksmi of winter.²²²

After a three-day fast lord Malli became a *mendicant* with proper ceremony with a thousand men suitable for an outside retinue and three hundred women suitable for inside attendants on the eleventh day of the bright half of Marga in the afternoon, the constellation being Asvayuj. Malli’s mind-reading knowledge arose just then, and on the same day *omniscience* arose at the foot of an asoka. The *samavasarana* was made by the gods, Sakra^s, et cetera, adorned with a caitya-tree three hundred bows high. Malli entered by the east door, circumambulated the caitya-tree, and said, “Reverence to the congregation.” She sat on the eastern lion-throne, facing the east, and the Vyantara-gods made images in the other directions at once. The holy fourfold congregation stood in the proper places, and Kumbha and the six kings sat down behind Sakra. The king of the gods (Sakra) and King Kumbha bowed to the

Teacher of the World and praised her joyfully, their *souls* cleansed by faith.

Stuti

“By good fortune the rays from the nails of your feet are like tilakas of protection on the foreheads of those bowing (before you), terrified of existence. Because of celibacy from birth, there was initiation on your part even at birth. I think even your birth resembled the repetition of vows. Of what use is heaven where there is no sight of you? This earth is better, purified by the sight of you. Your *samavasarana* is a *citadel* for men, gods, and animals terrified of the enemy of existence, a place of refuge*, Lord. Other actions, except bowing at your feet, are bad actions by which karma alone is produced, the cause of continuing in existence. Other meditations, except the meditation* on you, are evil meditations by which the soul is firmly bound like a spider by its own web. Stories, except the story of your virtues, are poor stories, by which one comes to disaster, like a *partridge* by talking. May there be *cessation* of birth by the power of attendance on your lotus-feet, Teacher of the World; or may there be *devotion* to you in existence after existence.”

After this hymn of praise, the Indra of the gods and the king of mortals became silent and Sri Malli delivered a sermon to the *congregation** eager to hear.

Sermon on samya

“The boundless ocean of worldly existence grows of itself very much from love, et cetera, like the ocean from the day of full moon. The dirt of love and hate is destroyed at once for men who plunge into the water of *tranquility* which produces great joy. Men who have adopted tranquility destroy karma in half a moment which they would not destroy by severe penance in crores of births. The *muni*, who has complete understanding of the soul comprehended, divides karma and the soul, which are joined, by the splinter of tranquility. When the destruction of the darkness of love, et cetera has been made by the rays of tranquility, yogis see the true nature of the supreme soul in themselves.

By the power of the muni who possesses tranquility even for his own sake, creatures who have always been hostile to each other become affectionate. Tranquility is said to exist on the part of one whose mind is not confused by intelligent and unintelligent behavior intent upon the condition of being loved or not loved. It is the highest *tranquility* when the state of mind is unaltered if the hands

are *anointed* with sandal or cut with a knife. He is immersed in tranquility whose mind does not distinguish between a friend who praises and one blind with anger who reviles.

Nothing is sacrificed; no prayers are whispered; nothing is given; *emancipation* is bought without money, indeed", by tranquility alone. Enough of love, et cetera attracted with effort, made to suffer, served. Tranquility, which is to be won without effort, gentle, producing bliss must be followed. Heaven and emancipation may be denied by rejecting invisible objects. Even an atheist does not deny the delight of tranquility which is visible. Is there bewilderment at the nectar popular in poetical works? The nectar that is visible, look you! the elixir of tranquility, must be drunk. Even the monks, who are averse to the flavors of things to be eaten, to be licked, to be sucked,²²³ to be drunk, frequently drink the nectar of tranquility voluntarily. He is lord of tranquility to whom a serpent falling on his neck is not a matter for displeasure, nor a *wreath* a matter of pleasure. There is nothing abstruse and no other summary of a teacher, Tranquility alone is the cure for the disease of existence for those of simple, pure intelligence. There are very cruel acts of yogis with suppressed passions since they destroy the categories of love, et cetera, with the weapon of tranquility. Let this supreme power of tranquility be admitted: its drinkers reach an immortal *abode* in half a minute. Hail to powerful tranquility. If it is present, the three jewels bear fruit; if absent, they do not bear fruit. Even in a multitude of calamities, even when death* is present, there is no better expedient suited to that time than tranquility. Therefore, tranquility, the only seed of the tree of emancipation, giving wonderful delight here, must be striven for by the one seeking victory over love and hate."

From that sermon the six other kings became mendicants, and then Kumbha and others became laymen. There were twenty-eight ganabhrts, Bhisaj and others, and at the end of the Blessed One's sermon the ganabhart delivered a sermon. On the next day in the same grove Lord Malli broke her fast with rice-pudding from King Visvasena. The gods, Indra and the others, and the kings, Kumbha and the others, bowed at Malli's feet and went to their respective abodes.

Sasanadevatas

The Yaksa Kubera, originating in the *congregation**, the color of the rainbow, four faced, with an elephant* for a vehicle, with four right arms, one in boon-granting position, one holding an axe and

one a trident, one bestowing fearlessness; with four left arms holding a citron^B, a spear, a hammer, and a rosary; and Vairotya, originating in the *congregation**, black-bodied, with a lotus for a seat, adorned with two right arms in boon-granting position and holding a rosary, with her two left arms holding a citron and a spear, became the two messenger-deities of the Arhat, Sri Malli.

The congregation

From that place the Lord wandered elsewhere over the earth in villages, mines, cities, et cetera to enlighten *souls* capable of *emancipation*. Forty thousand noble ascetics, fifty-five thousand nuns practicing penance, six hundred and sixty-eight who knew the fourteen purvas*, twenty-two hundred who possessed clairvoyant knowledge, seventeen hundred and fifty with mind-reading knowledge, twenty-two hundred omniscients, twenty-nine hundred with the art of transformation, fourteen hundred with the art of disputation, one hundred and eighty-three thousand laymen, three hundred and seventy thousand laywomen constituted the lord's retinue as she wandered over the earth for fifty-five thousand years less one hundred years.

Her emancipation

Malli went to Mt. Sammeta and undertook a fast with five hundred nuns and monks each. At the end of a month on the tenth day of the bright half of Phalguna in the constellation Yamya, she reached emancipation with the nuns and monks. Lord Malli, the Jina^s, lived for fifty-five thousand years as a maiden and in observance of the vows. Sri Jina Malli's emancipation took place a thousand crores of years after the emancipation of Aranatha. The Indras and gods by the crores came from all sides at that time and celebrated properly Lord Sri Malli's emancipation-festival.

Munisuvratanatha Charitra

May the waves of the Ocean of Milk of knowledge, by which the earth has been purified, the color of teeth, be victorious in the teaching of Munisuvratanatha. Lord Munisuvrata's life will be narrated, spotless, coming from Sarasvati, as it were, for the increase of knowledge of the wise.

Incarnations as Surasrestha and a god

In this same Jambudvipa in the East Videhas in the province Bharata, there is a broad city Campa. Here Surasrestha was king, like the chief of the gods, long-armed, having extraordinary power. He was a fourfold hero: a protector of the poor, eager in battle, resembling a kalpa tree in granting wishes, the head of the Jaina religion. He showed skill in weapons* at the times of military exercises, to be sure, but not on battle-fields, subduing kings by his commands. Even munis, observing silence, destroyed their silence, describing his virtues, reverence, et cetera, day and night.

One day he, wise, paid homage devotedly to *Muni* Nandana, giving joy to the heart, who had stopped in a garden. After hearing his sermon, he attained meditation* on disgust with existence, a flood for the mud of *delusion*. He became a *mendicant* at the feet of the same muni and observed the vow properly, a crest-jewel of the noble. He acquired body-making karma of a Tirthakrt by the sthanas, *devotion* to the *Arhats*, et cetera and became a chief-god in Pranata after his death.*

Incarnation as Suvrata Origin of the Harivansa

After falling from there he became an Arhat in the Harivansa. Hence the origin of the line is told first. It is as follows: In the zone Bharata of Jambudvipa there is the city Kausambi, ornament of the country Vatsa. Its king was Sumukha, by whose glories like fragrant sandal-paste the face of the heavens was adorned. His command was not to be transgressed by kings, like a jungle by serpents, and his power became unique like that of Vajrapani. He was conciliating those suitable for conciliation like a tender-hearted father, bestowing gifts on those to be won by gifts, like a sorcerer on spirits, making a division among the crafty, like a loadstone in iron, carrying a staff for the guilty, like another *Dandapani* (*Yama*).²²⁴

One day when the spring season, a kinsman of Love, had arrived, the king started for the garden, eager for sport. As he went along on his elephant*, he saw the lotus-eyed wife, Vanamala, of the weaver, Vira. Seeing her with swelling, high breasts, with arms soft as lotus-eyed, with a waist small as a thunderbolt, with hips like a broad sandy beach, with a navel deep as the whirlpool in a river, with thighs like an elephant's trunk, with hands and feet reddish like a young red lotus, with arched brows, holding with her left hand the garment falling from her hips and with her right hand the upper garment falling from her breasts, the king was instantly distracted by love and, slowing his elephant's gait, reflected:

"Is she an *Apsaras* fallen from the sky because of someone's curse, or is she a forest-Laksmi herself, or the Sri of spring herself, or *Rati* separated from Smara^s, or a Naga-maiden come to earth, or a jewel of a woman made by the Creator from curiosity?"

With these reflections the king made his elephant roam about in the same place and did not go forward, as if waiting for someone. The minister, wishing to know his intention, said to the king, "Master, the whole company has arrived. Why is there a delay now?" Collecting his thoughts with difficulty at this speech of the minister, the king went to the large garden, Yamunodvarta. But the king took no pleasure in a grove of mangoes very beautiful with clusters of blossoms^B, nor in a grove of asokas with an abundance of dancing young shoots, not in a cluster of medlars filled with bees, nor in a thicket of plantains whose leaves had become fans, nor in a grove of karnikaras whose blossoms were earrings for the Sri of spring, nor in anything else, his mind carried away by thoughts of

her. Minister Sumati, knowing his heart, but pretending not to know it, said to the king thus depressed in mind:

“Is there some *perturbation* or has fear* been caused by enemies? There could not be a third cause of confusion on the part of kings. There could not be fear of enemies on your part by whose power the world has been subdued. If there is some perturbation and if it must not be kept secret, tell me.”

The king said: “Enemies were reduced to subjection by you whose power is without trickery. My arms are witnesses. Even in some perturbation of the mind, you would surely have a remedy. That is my opinion. So why should I not tell you? As I was coming along just now, I saw on the road a woman, the thief of the wealth of beauty of all women. My mind, wounded by love, was seized by her. For that reason I am depressed. Make a suitable scheme in this matter, minister.”

The minister said, “I know her, lord. She is the wife of a weaver, Vira, named Vanamala. I will get her for you very quickly, lord, but the master should go to his house with his retinue.” At these words the king got into his *palanquin*, distraught like a sick man, and went to his own *abode*, thinking of Vanamala. Then Sumati sent a *mendicant sadhvi*,⁶¹ Atreyika, who was skilled in various schemes, to Vanamala. Atreyika went immediately to Vanamala’s house, was honored by her, and said with a blessing, “Child, why are you pale today like a lotus at the coming of winter? Why are your cheeks pale like digits of the moon in the daytime? Why do you keep on meditating, casting vacant glances? Formerly you told me everything. Why do you not tell me your trouble?”

Vanamala sighed and said, with folded hands: “What story, consisting of longing for an object hard to obtain, shall I tell? On the one hand, a she-ass, on the other hand, the king of steeds, noble Uccaisravas; on one hand, a young jackal, on the other, a young lion; here, a miserable hen-sparrow, there, the king of birds; here, I, a weaver-woman, there, a lover hard to win. Even of those a union might take place some way or other by the will of the Creator; but his union with me lowborn would never take place even in a dream.”

Atreyika said, “I will accomplish your wish. What cannot be accomplished by the virtuous who know charms and spells?” Vanamala said, “Today I saw the king on the road, seated on an elephant*, like Manmatha* in person. From the sight of him, which was like a stream of sandal, a powerful fever of love shot up in my body. A union with him, like the crest-jewel of Taksaka as a remedy for fever, is hard for wretched me to obtain. What shall I do, Blessed

Lady?" Atreyi said, "Shall I drag down a god, a demon, the moon, the sun, or a Vidyadhara? What talk of charms in this case? I will cause your union with the king at dawn, innocent girl, or I will enter a blazing fire. Have confidence."

After comforting Vanamala in this way, the *mendicant sadhvi* went away and told the minister Sumati that the king's business was as good as done. The minister told the king this and comforted him. Generally the hope of winning the beloved is a source of delight. At dawn Atreyika went to Vanamala's house and said: "King Sumukha has been made affectionately disposed toward you by me. Get up, child. Now let us go to the king's house. Sport with the king as you like, like a queen." Vanamala went with her to the king's house, and the infatuated king placed her in the *harem*. Wandering with her in pleasure-gardens, rivers, tanks, peaks, et cetera, King Sumukha experienced blissful pleasure.

Now the weaver, Vira, separated from Vanamala, wandered about as if possessed by a demon, as if crazy, as if intoxicated. His body gray with dust like a piece of an old rag, his hair disordered, the hair on his body and his nails long, attended by boys of the town with loud tumult, crying: "Vanamala, Vanamala, where are you? Let me see you. Why have you deserted me, innocent, alone, suddenly? Or rather, you have deserted me as a joke. It is not right for so long a time. Or have you been kidnapped by a Raksas, a Yaksa, a Vidyadhara or someone greedy for beauty?" at the junctions of three roads and four roads in the city, he passed the time, wretched like a poor man.

One day, crying aloud in this way, he went to the palace-courtyard, surrounded by crowds of children like a monkey. Covered with garlands made from the flowers left from sacrifices, looking like a pisaca, he was surrounded immediately by the king's servants eager to see a spectacle. King Sumukha heard the noise of outcries mixed with the noise of loud clappings from the people following him. Wishing to know "What is this?" King Sumukha went with Vanamala to the courtyard of his own palace. When they saw him so changed in appearance, dirty, vacant-minded, being abused by the people, tormented by dust, crying out "Vanamala, Vanamala, where are you?" Vanamala and the king thought: "Alas! We, badly behaved like butchers, have committed this cruel act. Oh! he, unsuspecting, was deceived. I think in future no other crime will be pre-eminent, for we are foremost among the preeminently wicked. We are more debased than traitors even, since we made this wretched man have a living death." Shame, shame on this lust for

sense-objects on the part of people with dull discrimination. Even in hell there is no place for us because of that crime. They are fortunate, who, high-minded, their senses always subdued, abandon pleasures of the senses which are the cause of pain in the end. The ones who listen to and practice the religion of the Jinas day and night, who benefit everyone, they are to be praised.”

As they were blaming themselves and praising those devoted to *dharma**, a stroke of lightning struck them and killed them. Because of the development of their mutual affection and of their pure meditation*, after death* they became twins in Harivarsa. Their parents named them Hari^s and Harini and they were never separated day or night, husband and wife as in the former birth. Their wishes were fulfilled by the ten wishing-trees and they remained there happily, enjoying themselves like gods.

When Vanamala and the king were killed by the stroke of lightning, the weaver Vira performed severe ‘Fool’s penance.’ After death* he became a god of the rank *kilbisaka*²²⁵ in the heaven Saudharma, and he saw his own former birth by clairvoyance, and also Hari and Harini. Red-eyed from anger at once, terrible with frowns like *Yama*, wishing to destroy them, he went to Harivarsa. The god reflected: “Here they are inviolable and after death* will certainly go to heaven from the power of the country. I shall take these enemies of a former birth to another place which will *bestow* death even unseasonably through the *persistence* of misfortunes.”

Thus resolving, the god took them both with wishing-trees to the city Campa in this Bharata. Just then the king in this city, Candrakirti, belonging to the Ikshvaku family, had died without a son. Then the ministers began to search on all sides for a man suitable to be king, like yogis searching for the *soul*. The god, astonishing all the people by his divine magnificence, standing in the air like a mass of light, said, “Listen! royal counselors, ministers, *vassals*, etc. Your king has died without a son and so you are seeking a king. As if inspired by your merit, I have brought here this very day a twin, suitable to rule, named Hari, from Harivarsa. This is his wife, Harini, born at the same time. I have brought these wishing-trees to provide them with food.* Therefore let him be your king, marked with the *srivatsa**, fish, pitcher, thunderbolt, and goad, lotus-eyed. The unimpaired fruit of the wishing-trees, the flesh of cattle and birds, and wine must be given to the twins for food.”

Saying, “So be it,” they bowed to the god, put the couple in a chariot, and took them to the palace. Then the *vassals*, et cetera, installed Hari on the throne accompanied by auspicious* songs by

priests, *bards*, and musicians. By his own power the god made their life of short duration, their height a hundred bows, and then went away, his purpose accomplished. Hari^s was king at the time of Sitala Swamin's *congregation** and from that time the Harivansa has been on earth, named from him.

King Hari subdued the earth girdled by the ocean, and married many royal maidens resembling Sris. When some time had passed, a broad-chested son, named Prthvipati, was born to Hari and Harini. Hari, who had accumulated sin, died with Harini, and their son, Prthvipati, became king. After guarding the kingdom for a long time, he put his son Mahagiri on the throne, practiced severe penance, and went to heaven. Mahagiri in turn put his son Himagiri on the throne, practiced penance, and went to an imperishable *abode*. Then Himagiri put his eldest son Vasugiri on the throne, became a *mendicant*, and reached *emancipation*. Vasugiri put his son Giri in his place, adopted *mendicancy*, and went to emancipation, his karma destroyed. Giri put his son Mitragiri on the throne, became a mendicant, and went to heaven. So in succession there were numberless kings in the Harivansa. Some reached emancipation and some heaven as a result of penance.

His parents

Now in this same Bharataksetra there is a city Rajagrha, the ornament of Magadha, like a svastika of the earth. There heaps of pearls from necklaces broken by *amorousness* of young people are swept up by the sweepers in each house at dawn. In every house there are horses; in every house charity; in every house picture galleries, in every house theaters. Like a pond for the maralas, like a garland of flowers for the bees, there was always service for the noble munis also.

Its king was Sumitra, like a spotless pearl of the Harivansa, a sun in dazzling brilliance. The punisher of the wicked, the husband of the sris of victory, the priest of his family, the guide of all kings, he bore the weight of the earth like a ninth elephant* of the quarters, like an eighth mountain-range, like a second serpent Sesā. Whatever virtues there are generosity, firmness, dignity, etc., they were visible in him like signs at the coming of the Jina^s. Padmavati was his wife, like the goddess Padma of Hari, by whom the earth was purified. The king's glory was adorned by her, the source of joy for the eyes of all the world, like the sky by a digit of the moon. By her own fragrant virtues, good conduct, et cetera, she perfumed the king's heart, like perfuming a cloth with fragrant powder. Even *Brhaspati*

could not enumerate her collection of virtues like the groups of stars in the sky. Sumitra, lord of the earth, enjoyed pleasures with her, who was like the earth that had become alive, from affection.

His birth

Now the god Surasrestha, immersed in an ocean of bliss, completed his life in Pranata. He fell and descended into the womb of Queen Padmavati on the full moon of Sravana, the moon being in Sravana. Then the queen, comfortably asleep, saw the fourteen great dreams, which indicate the birth of a Tirthakrt, during the last part of the night.

On the eighth day of the dark half of Jyestha, the constellation being Sravana, at the proper time she bore a son, black as a tamala^B, marked with a tortoise. After the birth-rites had been performed with *devotion* by the Dikkumaris, the twentieth Arhat was taken to Meru by Bidaujas. The sixty-three Indras gave the birth-bath to the Teacher of the World seated on Sakra's lap with pure water from the sacred places. Sakra^s also gave the bath, made a puja, et cetera to the Lord of the World seated on Isana's lap and began a hymn of praise.

Stuti

"Lotus of the best pool of the present *avasarpini*, by good fortune you have been found by us, like bees, after a long time. Today the best fruit of voice, mind, and body has come to me from praise, meditation*, worship, et cetera of you, O god. Just as my devotion to you becomes strong, Lord, so former karma becomes light. This birth would be purposeless for us lacking in self-control, if the sight of you did not take place, Master. This is dependent on merit. Our senses have accomplished their purpose by touching you, by praising you, by smelling the flowers left from sacrifices to you, by the sight of you, by hearing your virtues sung. This peak of Meru shines with you, the color of sapphire, giving delight to the eyes like a rainy season cloud. You omnipresent, though being in Bharatavarsa, appear to us wherever we are since you are recalled to destroy pain. At the time of falling from heaven, may the memory of your feet be present to me so that it may exist in a future birth from the purifying ceremony of the former birth."

After he had praised the twentieth Arhat in these terms, Vajrabhrt took him, and put him down by Queen Padmavati's side according to custom.

Life before initiation

King Sumitra held his son's birth-festival at dawn, delighting the people by releases from prison and by gifts, et cetera. While he was still in the womb, his mother observed the vows like a *muni*, so his father gave him the name Munisuvrata. Though his *soul* was purified by the three kinds of knowledge, pretending lack of knowledge to the people by childish play, the Lord gradually grew up. When he had become a young man, twenty bows tall, he married princesses, Prabhavati, and others. Then Queen Prabhavati bore a son, named Suvrata, to Lord Munisuvrata, like the east the moon. When seven and a half thousand years had passed, the Lord assumed the burden of the kingdom imposed by his father. The Lord spent fifteen thousand years directing the earth and knew from his knowledge that "Karma which results in pleasure must be consumed."

Initiation

Reminded by the Laukantikas, "Found a *congregation*", Master," the Supreme Lord gave gifts for a year. Munisuvrata set his son Suvrata, whose supreme wealth was the military code of ethics, the bee to the lotus of law, on the throne. His departure-festival was celebrated by the gods and King Suvrata and he entered a *palanquin*, Aparajita, which required a thousand to carry it. The Lord of the Three Worlds went to a garden, named Nilaguha, which was adorned with mango trees which had teeth, as it were, from the bursting forth of new buds; and which had tongues, as it were, from the shooting up of twigs; summoning the approaching beauty of spring, as it were, by the frequent rustlings of old leaves scattered here and there by the wind; occupied by jasmines^B humiliated, as it were, unable to endure seeing the irresistible wealth of blossoms^B of the sinduvaras; giving delight with the perfume of the blooming wormwood, possessing a wealth of coolness.

In the afternoon of the twelfth day of the bright half of Phalguna, (the moon being) in Sravana, the Lord adopted *mendicancy* with a thousand kings, observing a two-day fast. On the next day the Blessed Munisuvrata broke his fast with rice-pudding in King Brahmadatta's house in Rajagrha. The gods made the five things, the stream of treasure, et cetera, and King Brahma made a jeweled platform where the Master stood. Free from attachment, free from self-interest, enduring all trials, the Lord wandered for eleven months as an ordinary *ascetic*.

Omniscience

In his wandering the Lord came again to the garden Nilaguha and stood in pratima under a campaka tree^B. On the twelfth day of the dark half of Phalguna, the moon being in Sravana, the Lord's *omniscience* arose from the destruction of the ghatikarmas. A *samavasarana* was made by the gods, Sakra^S and others, and an asoka tree two hundred and forty bows tall. The Master entered there, circumambulated the caitya-tree, said, "Reverence to the *congregation*," and sat down on the eastern throne. The Vyantaras made images of him in the other directions and the holy fourfold community remained in the proper places. Then Suvrata learned that the Master was in the samavasarana, came, bowed to the Master, and sat down behind Sakra. After bowing again to the Master, with folded hands touching their foreheads Sakra and Suvrata recited this hymn of praise filled with *devotion*.

Stuti

"This power comes from just the sight of your feet: that such as I am able to describe your virtues. At the time of the sermon we honor your *cow* of merit which is the mother here of the calf of a chapter of sacred knowledge. People become virtuous at once from understanding your virtues, just as a vessel becomes oily from contact with an oily object. Whoever abandon other tasks and listen to your teaching, they become free at once from former acts. This world is armored by the protective spell of your name. Henceforth, it will not be *devoured* by Pisacas of sin, O god. No one has fear*, Lord, since you bestowed fearlessness on everyone; but I have fear arising from separation from you when I go to my own place. Not only do outer enemies, blind from eternal hostility, become calm in your presence, but also inner enemies, Master. May the recollection of your name alone, a cow of plenty for granting desires in this world and the next, be present to me wherever I am."

When Sakra and Suvrata had become silent after this hymn of praise, the Master delivered a sermon for the enlightenment of all.

Sermon on yatidharma and householders' dharma

"An intelligent person should take dharma*, the most valuable part, from this valueless ocean of existence, like a fine jewel from the Salt Ocean. Self-control, *truthfulness*, purity, chastity, poverty, *austerities*, forbearance, humility, sincerity, freedom from greed it has these ten divisions. One who is free from *desire* even in his body, free from interest even in himself, always indifferent to the

one showing him reverence or to the one doing him an injury, able to bear attacks and trials to a great extent, his mind penetrated constantly by the mental attitudes, friendliness, et cetera, forbearing, reverent, his senses subdued, eager for the instruction of the guru, endowed with the virtues of good birth, et cetera, he is capable of *yatidharma*.* The roots of right belief are the five lesser vows, the three *meritorious* vows, and the four disciplinary steps. This is the *dharma** of householders. One whose wealth has been lawfully acquired; who praises cultured behavior; whose marriage is with those of another gotra with the same family customs; afraid of evil; observing the established customs of the country; *censuring* no one, especially kings, et cetera; whose house does not have many outside doors,²²⁶ and is situated in a place not too public and not too private, with good neighbours; who associates with respectable people; honors his father and mother; abandons a place *afflicted* by calamities; does not engage in disapproved actions;²²⁷ makes expenditure according to his income; and dresses according to his means; is endowed with the eight *qualities* of intelligence; listens daily to dharma; stops eating in case of indigestion; eats at the right time from habit; gains the three objects in life without interference with each other; entertains properly an unexpected guest, respectable or poor; is never obstinate; has a partiality for good qualities; avoids conduct unsuitable to the country and time; knows his own strength and weakness; honors those who observe good usage and those advanced in knowledge; supports those who should be supported; is far-seeing; has special knowledge;²²⁸ is grateful for benefits; is popular with people; is modest; compassionate; gentle; eager to benefit others; devoted to the destruction of the six internal enemies*; whose senses are under control, is suitable for householder's dharma. In this worldly existence lay-dharma must be practiced by a man who wishes consciousness as the fruit, but is not capable of *yatidharma*.*" After hearing the Lord's sermon many people became mendicants and some became laymen. For the *Arhats*' teaching is never in vain. The Master had eighteen *ganadharas*, Indra, et cetera. After the Lord had finished his sermon, Indra delivered one. When he also had finished preaching, every one, Vajrabhrt, Suvrata, et cetera, paid homage to the Jinesvara^a and went to his own house.

Sasanadevatas

Originating in that *congregation**, the Yaksa Varuna, three-eyed, four-faced, white, with matted hair, with a bull for a vehicle, with four right arms holding a citron^B, club, arrow, and spear, and

four left arms holding an *ichneumon*, rosary, bow, and axe; and Naradatta, likewise originated, fair, placed on a throne, shining with two right arms, one in boon-granting position and one holding a rosary, with two left arms holding a citron and a trident, became the two messenger-deities of Suvrata Swamin.

With these two nearby, the Lord wandered over the earth and one time stopped in the large city Bhrgukaccha. King Jitasatru mounted his high-bred horse*, went to pay homage to the Lord, and listened to a sermon. King Jitasatru's horse also listened to the Master's sermon, his hair erect, motionless, his ears pricked up. At the right time the ganabhart asked the Supreme Lord, "Master, who adopted *dharma** in this *samavasarana*?" The Master replied, "No one here adopted dharma except King Jitasatru's high-bred horse." Jitasatru, astonished, asked the Teacher of the World, "Who is this horse, Lord, who adopted dharma?" The Blessed One related the story:

Story of the horse

"Once upon a time there was a merchant, a layman, Jinadharmā by name, in the city Padminikhanda. He had a friend, Sagaradatta, the head of the whole city, who went with him every day to the shrines because of a tendency to right-belief. One day he heard from the sadhus, 'Whoever has statues of the *Arhats* made, he will obtain dharma, which destroys worldly existence, in another birth.' After hearing this, Sagaradatta had a golden statue of the Arhat made and had it installed by the sadhus with great magnificence.

Outside the city there was a lofty temple of Siva^s, which he had had built formerly, and he went there on the winter solstice. Jars of congealed ghi had been stored there before and the priests of Siva began to drag them out in a hurry to eat the ghi. Ants had formed clusters beneath the jars and many of them stuck to the jars and fell in the path. Seeing them crushed by the priests as they walked, Sagara began to remove them with his garment from *compassion*. One of the priests said, 'say! have you been taught by the white mendicants?'²²⁹ and crushed the ants with kicks. The merchant Sagaradatta was embarrassed at once and then looked at their acharay's face for instructions from him. He too being indifferent to their sin, Sagara thought: 'Alas! these men are pitiless. How can they, cruel, be worshipped with the idea they are gurus, when they make themselves fall into an evil state of existence by performing sacrifices?' With these reflections, Sagara performed the rites at the insistence (of the acharay), died without right-belief being found,

possessing liberality and good conduct naturally, devoted to the care of wealth gained by large enterprises, and was born as this high-bred horse* of yours. I came here to enlighten him. From the power of the Jina's statue he had made in the former birth, he was enlightened at once by hearing our teaching."

When the Blessed One had related this story, the horse was praised by the people many times and was set free by the king who asked his forgiveness. From that time the city Bhrgukaccha became a sacred place, named Asvavabodha, famous among the people, very pure.

After he had finished his sermon, wishing to benefit the world, the lord stopped one day in his wandering in Hastinapura. In this city Jitasatru was king and there was a Jain layman, Kartika, a merchant, the head of a thousand merchants. There was in the city a Vaisnavite *ascetic*, wearing reddish garments, who fasted for a month at a time and was much worshipped by the citizens. At each fast-breaking he was invited by the people with great *devotion*, but not by the merchant Kartika whose supreme treasure was right-belief. Devoted to searching for a weakness in the merchant, like a demon, he was invited one day by King Jitasatru for his fast-breaking. The ascetic said, "If Kartika waits on me, then I shall eat at your house, O king." The king said "Very well," went to Kartika's house and asked him, "You must wait on this holy man, good sir." "Master, it is not fitting for us to do this among heretics, but this must be done at your command," he agreed.

"If I had become a *mendicant* before, I would not do this," reflecting in distress, the merchant went to the palace. The ascetic showed contempt for Kartika while he was waiting on him by frequent pointing with his finger. The merchant was penetrated with disgust with the world from this unwilling service and together with a thousand merchants became a mendicant under the Master. Knowing the twelve Angas, Kartika kept the vow for twelve years completely, died, and was born as the Indra of Saudharma. The ascetic died also and because of abhiyogyakarma became the elephant* Airavana, his vehicle. When he saw Sakra^s, angry, he began to run away; Sakra restrained him forcibly and mounted him. For he was lord. Then he made two heads and Vasava^s became twofold, so there were as many Vasavas as there were heads. Running away again, jealous from the former birth, he was quickly made *submissive* by Vajrin striking him with the thunderbolt.

The congregation

Seven and a half thousand years, less eleven months, passed as Suvrata Swamin wandered over the earth after his *omniscience*. Thirty thousand noble ascetics, fifty thousand nuns practicing penance, five hundred wise men who knew the fourteen Purvas*, eighteen hundred endowed with clairvoyance, fifteen hundred who had mind-reading knowledge, eighteen hundred who were omniscient, two thousand who had the art of transformation, twelve hundred disputants, one hundred and seventy-two thousand laymen, three hundred and fifty thousand laywomen were the Lord's retinue as he wandered.

His emancipation

At the time of nirvana^s Sri Munisuvrata went to Sammeta and commenced a fast with a thousand munis. At the end of a month on the ninth day of the dark half of Jyestha, (the moon being) in the constellation Sravana, the Master attained *emancipation* with the munis. Seventy-five hundred years as prince and in the vows each, fifteen thousand in the kingdom so Lord Suvrata was thirty thousand years old. The emancipation of sri Munisuvrata took place fifty-four lacs of years after the emancipation of Sri Malli Swamin. The Indras and the gods, very reverential, came and celebrated properly the great emancipation-festival of Munisuvrata who had gone to an eternal *abode* with the munis.

1. MAHAPADMACARI CHARITRA

Now, while the Jinendra Munisuvrata was wandering, Cakrin Mahapadma was born, and his biography is narrated (herewith).

Previous birth

There is a city Srinagara in the province Sukaccha, ornament of East Videha in this Jambudvipa. There King Prajapala, devoted to the care of his subjects, was a cloud for the scattering of the hansas of the glory of other kings.²³⁰ One day, when he saw a sudden flash of lightning, disgusted with existence, he took the vows in the presence of *Muni* Samadhigupta. For a long time he kept the vows like the blade of a sword and, after he died, was born as the Indra of Acyuta. For even a little penance is not fruitless.

Birth of elder brother

Now in Bharataksetra of Jambudvipa there is a city Hastinapura which resembles a city of the gods. Its king was named Padmottara, who belonged to the Iksvaku-family, like a lotus in the great lake Padma, the *abode* of Padma. His chief-queen was named Jvala who had shining virtues, the ornament of the *harem*, surpassing goddesses in beauty. Her first son, indicated by a dream of a lion, was born like a young god in beauty, named Visnukumara.

Birth of Mahapadma

Prajapala's *jiva* completed its life, fell from Acyuta, and descended into Queen Jvala's womb. A son, indicated by fourteen great dreams, was borne by Queen Jvala, named Mahapadma, the abode of all the Sris. The two brothers grew up gradually and acquired all the arts through a teacher. King Padmottara knew, "He wishes to be a conqueror," and wisely gave Mahapadma the rank of heir-apparent.

Story of Namuci and Visnukumara

Now in the city Ujjayini Srivarman was king and he had a well-known minister, named Namuci. One day, Acharay Suvrata, initiated by Munisuvrata, came to this city in his wandering and made a halt. King Srivarman, occupying the top of his palace, saw the people going from the city with great magnificence to pay homage to him. The king, whose mind was transparent, asked Namuci,

"Where are the townspeople going with great magnificence when there is no religious procession?" He replied, "Some ascetics have come to a garden outside. They are going in haste to honor them with *devotion*." "We also shall go," the king said, and Namuci answered, "If you wish to hear *dharma*, I myself will teach it." The king said again, "We shall go there, certainly." The minister said: "The master must occupy an impartial position. I shall silence them all and defeat them in debate, for the learning of the heretics is spreading even among the common people."

After this speech the king, the minister, and all the royal household went to Acharay Suvrata, with various thoughts. Speaking as they liked, they asked the munis about *dharma*, but the munis remained silent at their loud speeches. Then Namuci, angered, blaming the teaching of the *Arhats*, said to the suri, "Look! Do you know anything worthwhile?" Acharay Suvrata said to the minister though rude, "If your tongue itches, then we shall talk about something." Then a disciple said to Acharay Suvrata: "It is not fitting for you yourself to talk with this man thinking himself learned. I shall defeat him in debate. - Do you look on, having become only a spectator. Let him, a learned Brahman, speak, I shall demolish his argument thoroughly."

The Doctor Namuci, his voice harsh from anger, said: "Impure heretics, always outside of the three Vedas, you are not fit to live in our realm. That is my thesis. What is said by you in reply?"

The disciple replied: "They know sexual pleasure to be impurity. One devoted to it, he to be sure is a heretic, outside the three Vedas. In the three Vedas this is the meaning: a water-jar, a mortar, a grindstone, a fireplace, a broom these five means of slaughter lead to sin on the part of householders. The ones who make use of these instruments of slaughter, they certainly are outside the Vedas. How are we, *deprived* of these five means, outside the Vedas? For us free from sin, living among sinful people like Mlecchas of the lowest castes is not suitable."

Contradicted in this way by the disciple with good arguments, the minister went to his own place, and the king, and the king's attendants. During the night the minister got up, furious like a Raksasa, blazing, as it were, with excessive anger, and went to kill him. He was transfixed by a charm at once by the messenger-goddess,²³¹ like a serpent charmed by a snake-charmer, and was seen by the astonished people at daylight. When the king and many people had seen the miracle and had listened to *dharma*, they became quiet like elephants free from rut.

Because of the humiliation Namuci went to Hastinapura. For a foreign country is the place for proud persons who have been humiliated. The heir-apparent, Mahapadma, made him his own minister. For when the minister of Another king approaches, kings are eager.

Now, King Sinhabala lived on the border, very strong because he occupied a fortress, like a Raksasa occupying the sky. He attacked Mahapadma's kingdom repeatedly and entered his own fortress again, and no one was able to capture him. Then Mahapadma, angry, said to the minister Namuci, "Do you not know any means of any kind of capturing Sinhabala?" He replied, "How shall I utter the words, 'I know,' Your Majesty? The reproach, 'He shouts defiance at home,' is easily gained by those boasting at home. After I have employed a device, I shall show it to the master by results alone. Even the learned are timid about explaining their plans."

Immediately instructed by Mahapadma with delighted heart, he went to the fortress (of Sinhabala), unstumbling like the wind. By a clever plan he broke into the fortress, captured Sinhabala, like a lion a deer, and went to Mahapadma. Filled with joy, Mahapadma said, "Choose a boon," and the minister Namuci said, "I shall take a boon at the proper time." His object accomplished, Mahapadma looked after his duties as heir-apparent with Namuci as minister very well.

Mahapadma's adventures in voluntary exile

Then a chariot for the Arhat's statue was made by Jvala, Mahapadma's mother, like a karniratha,²³² for crossing the ocean of births. The mother of a co-wife, a wrong-believer, named Laksmi, had made a chariot for Brahma, wishing to do something in opposition to her. Laksmi asked the king, "Let Brahma's chariot go through the city first and then the Arhat's chariot." Jvala said to the king, "If the Jain chariot does not make the first procession in the city, then I shall fast." Beset by doubts, the king stopped the procession of both chariots. What other course was there for an impartial person? Then, much troubled by his mother's grief, Mahapadma left Hastinapura at night while the people were asleep. As he went along at random, his face upturned, he came to a large forest and, wandering in it, he saw a hermitage. Being hospitably entertained by the ascetics who enjoyed the arrival of guests, Mahapadma decided to stay there like his own house.

Now King Janamejaya in Campa was *besieged* by King Kala, fought with him, and perished. The city was breached and the women of the *harem* scattered like deer in a forest-fire, confused

about directions. Nagavati, the wife of the King of Campa, fled with her daughter Madanavali and came to that hermitage. Padma and Madanavali, missiles of love for each other, saw each other and love developed immediately. Knowing that she had fallen in love, her mother said: "Daughter, do not do anything rash. Remember the speech of the astrologer. You were told by the astrologer, 'You will be the chief-queen of the lord of six-part Bharata.' Then do not fall in love with just any man. Be restrained. At the right time the cakrin will marry you."

Afraid of misfortune to her, the head of the hermitage said to Padma, "Son, go back where you came from. Peace be with you, good sir."

Hearing (what had been said), the prince thought, "There cannot be two cakrins at the same time. I alone am a future cakrin here. So she will be my wife." With these reflections, Mahapadma left the hermitage and came to the town Sindhusadana in his wandering. At that time the women of the town were engaged in various sports in a garden outside at a spring-festival, occupied with the commands of Kandarpa. Hearing the tumult of their sport, King Mahasena's elephant* pulled up his post like a piece of a plantain tree.^{233B} Throwing off the two riders at once like dust clinging to a bed, not enduring the touch of the wind even on his body, his hair erect, freed from the elephant-drivers unable to do anything from a distance, he went instantly to the vicinity of the townswomen. They could not run away but stood rooted to the spot from terror and screamed very loud like maralis seized by a crocodile. Seeing them screaming, Padma ran toward him from *compassion* and scolded him, "Oh! Rogue-elephant, *arrogant* from *ichor*, look this way." The rogue-elephant turned facing the prince, angrily, shaking the earth as if hollow with blows from his feet. "To protect us some noble man has thrown himself in front of the elephant like *Yama's* face," the women said. Just as soon as the rogue-elephant came near him, facing him, Padma tossed up a piece of cloth. A trick is advantageous sometimes. The elephant tore the clothing repeatedly with the idea that it was the prince. Anger alone (leads) to blindness. How much more when augmented by pride.²³⁴

Then the people of the town collected because of the loud tumult and King Mahasena with *vassals* and generals. Mahasena said to Padma: "Go away quickly, brave man. What is the use of inopportune death* from this enraged elephant?" Padma said: "That is a proper thing for you to say, O king, but it would be a source of shame to me if I abandoned something I had undertaken. Watch this

rogue-elephant being checked by me, made *submissive* as if it had been tame from birth. Do not be timid from kindness." The elephant, whose head was lowered to tear up the garment, was struck by the prince with the thunderbolt of his fist. When the elephant rose up to seize the prince, he mounted him with a leap as quick as lightning. Moving about on the front and sides in different positions, the frog-position, et cetera, he harassed him. By slaps on the boss, blows on the neck, and kicks on the back he was bewildered by Padma. The people watched him in astonishment, saying "Well done!" and the king described his heroism like a brother. The first among elephant-drivers, the prince made the elephant* walk about and made him furnish amusement, as he liked, as easily as if he were a young elephant. He turned the elephant over to another driver and holding to a girth, putting his foot on another, he dismounted.

The king conjectured, "He is from a high family, judging by his strength and beauty," and led him to his own house. The king married his hundred daughters to him. For such a bridegroom, come to the house, is gained by merit alone. Even though he was enjoying pleasures with them day and night, the memory of Madanavali was like a constant wound in the prince.

One day as he was sleeping at night on a couch, like a *hansa* on a lotus, he was kidnapped by the Vidyadhari, Vegavati, swift as the wind. Saying, "Why did you kidnap me, wretched girl, destroyer of sleep?" the prince raised his fist like a ball of adamant. She said: "Do not be angry, powerful one. Listen patiently. There is a city named Surodaya on Mt. Vaitadhya. Its king is *Indradhanus*, lord of Vidyadharas. His wife is named Srikanta, and they have a daughter Jayacandra. Because no suitable husband had been found, Jayacandra became a man-hater. For women without husbands are dead while alive. I painted on canvas the pictures of the kings in Bharataketra and showed them to her but none pleased her.

One day I had painted your picture and showed it to her and quickly a home was made in her heart at will by Love. Formerly hating men, then she hated life, thinking you a husband hard to win. 'Either Padma, the son of Padmottara, becomes my husband or death is my refuge', she vowed to me. I told her parents that she was in love with you, and they were instantly delighted at the *desire* for a suitable husband I, Vegavati, possessing a great vidya, was sent by them to bring you, lord. To console her in love with you, I said: 'Fair maiden, be at ease. I shall go there today. I shall bring you Mahapadma, sun to the lotus of the heart, or I shall enter the fire. Control your grief.' Comforting her with these words, I came here

and am taking you, a depository of nectar, for her comfort. You are conferring a benefit. Do not be angry. Then, permitted by him, she took him to Surodaya with speed almost equal to the chariots of the Abhiyogya-gods. Honored at dawn like the sun by the lord of Surodaya, he married Jayacandra like the moon marrying Rohini.

Two sons of Jayacandra's maternal uncle, Gangadhara and Mahidhara, possessing great vidyas, insolent from pride in their vidyas and from pride in their arms, heard of her marriage and at once became very angry. For the desire for one object is the cause of great hostility. The heroes came together to Surodaya with all their army to fight Jayacandra's husband Padma, with a retinue of Vidyadharas, his strength of arm irresistible, left the city, eager for battle without trickery. Terrifying some, striking some down, beating some, he overcame easily the enemy-soldiers, like a lion elephants. When the Vidyadhara-lords, Gangadhara and Mahidhara, had seen their armies destroyed, they fled to save their lives.

Then the jewels, the cakra, et cetera, having appeared, the son of Padmottara, powerful, conquered six-part Bharataksetra. The magnificence of the cakrin was complete except for the woman-jewel, like the fullness of the fourteenth day of the bright half of the moon except for one digit. Recalling the woman-jewel, Madanavali, whom he had seen before, Padma went again to the hermitage as if in sport. The hermits entertained him and King Janamejaya,²³⁵ who had come there in his wandering, gave him Madanavali.

Return as cakravartin

With the complete magnificence of a cakradharin he went to Hastinapura and, extremely delighted, bowed as before to his delighted parents. After hearing their son's adventures which were like nectar to their ears, his parents expanded like watered trees.

Then Acharay Suvrata, initiated by Munisuvrata, came there in his wandering and made a stop. King Padmottara went with his retinue, bowed to him, and listened to his preaching, the mother of disgust with worldly existence. The king said to the acharay, "Wait here, Master, until I come for initiation after I have installed my son on the throne." "Do not show negligence," told by the suri, the king paid homage to his feet and entered his own town. After summoning the chief men, his ministers, *vassals*, et cetera, King Padmottara said to Visnukumara:

"Worldly existence is an ocean of pain and activity of the body increases it, as the *desire* for something unsuitable on the part of a sick man increases the disease. To me falling into existence, lord

Suvrata has come here by my merit, like a man offering an arm to a blind man who has gone near a well. So today, let Visnukumara be installed on the throne. I am going to take the vow under Suvrata, certainly."

Visnu^s replied, "I have no use for the throne, father. I shall become a *mendicant* after you. I shall travel by your path." Then the king summoned Padma and spoke to him urgently, "Child, take the throne, so we may become mendicants." His hands folded in submission, Padma said: "That is not fitting, father, while my elder brother, Visnukumara, the same as a father, is living. Visnu, competent in the world, should be installed on the throne, but I shall become his heir-apparent, like a footman." The king said, "He does not wish the kingdom, though asked to take it, but he wishes to become a mendicant with me."

Then Padma became silent and was inaugurated as king by King Padmottara at the same time he was inaugurated as cakrin. His departure ceremony celebrated by Padma, King Padmottara took the vow at Suvrata's feet, together with Visnukumara.

Padma had his mother's chariot with the statue of the Arhat make the circuit of his city, and it was worshipped by all the people like his rule on earth. Suvratasuri with Padmottara and others was in that same city at the time of the chariot-procession. An advancement of the Jaina doctrine, as well as of his own family, was made by Cakrin Padma, distinguished by marvelous conduct. He had lofty shrines, like newly-risen mountains, built by crores in villages, mines, cities, towns approached by land and water, et cetera.

After wandering with his guru and observing the highest vows, Muni Padmottara, who had become omniscient, attained *emancipation*. Muni Visnukumara practiced extraordinary penance and acquired many labdhis by the power of penance. Tall as Meru, going through the air like Garuda, changing his form like a god, handsome as Minaketu (Kamadeva) he was able to assume many appearances, these and others; but he did not. For there is no use of the labdhis by sadhus inopportunately.

One day Acharay Suvrata, attended by sadhus, settled in Hastinapura to pass the rainy season. When he knew that the acharay had come, the minister Namuci wished to take revenge for the former hostility and declared to Mahapadma:

"Grant me the boon formerly promised, best of kings. Among the noble there is no loss of something promised, like a deposit." "Ask it," the king said. He said, "I wish to make a sacrifice. Grant me your kingdom until it is finished. Remember your promise."

Keeping his promise, the king installed the minister Namuci on the throne and he himself went to the women's apartments. Namuci left the city for the sacrificial enclosure deceitfully and was installed (as sacrificer), wicked, evil-minded like a crane.²³⁶ All the subjects came to hold his *coronation*-festival and all the ascetics came except the Svetabhiksus.²³⁷ Thinking "All the ascetics came to me, but not the Svetabhiksus from jealousy," evil-minded, he made that an excuse in the beginning. He went to Acharay Suvrata and said tauntingly: "Whoever is king, the ascetics resort to him. Because these groves where penance is performed must be guarded by the king, the king must be approached by those rich in penance. In this way he is made to share a sixth part of the penance. But you, *censuring* me, were fixed in one spot, base heretics, unrestrained makers of hostility to king and people. Therefore you must not stay in my kingdom. Go somewhere else. Anyone of you who remains here, he, evil-minded, will be killed by me."

The suri said, "We did not go to your coronation, because that is not proper for us. We do not censure anything at all."

Angry, he said again, "Enough of details, *acharya*. Whoever remain here after seven days will be punished by me like robbers." With these words he went to his own house and the suri said to the munis, "What are we to do in this case? Speak as you can and as you think." One *sadhu* said, "Visnukumara has practiced penance for six thousand years. He is now on Mandara. He is the elder brother of King Padma. At his command Namuci will become quiet. He is his master, as well as Padma's. Let some *sadhu* who possesses the art of flying²³⁸ go and bring him. The use of magic arts in work for the (*Sadhu*) community is not wrong."

A *sadhu* said, "I am able to go there through the air, but not to return. Tell me what I must do in this case." Assured by his guru, "Visnu^s surely will bring you back," he flew up like a garuda and went through the air to Padma's elder brother in a moment. Visnu saw him and reflected: "The *muni*'s coming in haste indicates some important business of the community. Otherwise, there would be no moving about of *sadhus* during the rainy season and they would not make such use of the magic arts." While the chief of munis was so reflecting, the muni approached, paid homage, and explained the reason for his coming. Instantly Visnukumara took the sage, went through the air to Hastinapura, and paid homage to his guru. Then, surrounded by *sadhus*, Visnu went to Namuci and was honored by all the kings, et cetera, except Namuci.

Visnu^s said gently, accompanied with religious discourse: "Let these munis remain here in the city during the rains. They themselves do not stay in one place for a long time, but moving about during the rains is not permitted because of the abundance of insect life. What injury will it do you, wise sir, for *mendicant* monks like us to live in this very large city, living by begging alms? Sadhus were honored by Bharata, Aditya, Soma, and other kings. If you do not do that, yet permit them to stay, sir."

The minister, addressed in this way by Visnu, spoke harshly from anger, "Enough of words, acharay. I do not permit you to stay here." Visnu, patient though powerful, said again, "Let them live in the garden outside the city." The man calling himself a minister, impatient, said to the great sage: "I cannot endure even your odor. Enough of requests to stay. There will be no living in the city nor outside the city of the white-clothed who are devoid of good behavior, like robbers. If you value your lives, go quickly. Otherwise, I shall destroy you, like Garuda destroying snakes." Inflamed by this speech, like a fire by an *oblation*, Visnu said, "Nevertheless, permit us to occupy here the space of three steps." Then Namuci said, "I give you the space of three steps, but whoever steps outside the three steps will certainly be killed." "Very well. Give it." With these words, the *muni* grew tall, wearing a *diadem*, earrings, *wreath*, and carrying a bow, thunderbolt, and knife. Making the Khecaras fall like old leaves, with loud screams, shaking the earth like a lotus-leaf with stampings of his feet, raising the oceans like the wind at the end of the world, making rivers flow backwards, like a dike, overturning the circles of stars like heaps of stones, splitting the best mountains like anthills, he, very powerful, very brilliant, terrifying gods and demons, growing gradually, assuming various forms, became equal to Meru.

Seeing the disturbance of the three worlds, Sahasraksa instructed singing goddesses to quiet him. They sang in his ear unceasingly the following, charming with the gandhara scale, in accordance with the teachings of the Omniscient: "From anger here men are consumed; they are often confused in regard to their own good. After death they go to hell having endless pain." The women of the Kinnaras, et cetera, sang these words and danced before Muni Visnu to calm his anger. After throwing Namuci on the ground, the muni, the elder brother of Padma, whose feet are to be praised by the world, took a step which included the ground between the east and west oceans.

When Padma heard the news, he came in haste, trembling at his own carelessness and his minister's crime. After he had paid homage with great *devotion* to the great sage, his elder brother, his hands folded in submission, his feet bathed in tears, he said:

"Just today my father Padmottara is in my thoughts, O master, who are victorious, having extraordinary *qualities*. I have not known that the holy community is being injured by this scoundrel of a minister. No one told me. Yet I am guilty, for this wretch is my servant. It is asserted in moral precepts that masters are affected by the crime of the servant. Likewise I am your servant. You are my ultimate master. You are affected by my crime. Therefore restrain your anger. The three worlds fear* for their lives because of the crime of that villain. Noble sir, reassure them (the three worlds) which are bestridden by you, ocean of *compassion*."

Thus other kings, gods, asuras and the fourfold community soothed the sage with various speeches. Since he had attained a growth that was past the range of speech, he did not hear them until they all touched his feet with devotion. From the touching of his feet, he saw his brother below in front of him and also the fourfold community," gods, asuras, and kings. The *muni* thought:

"This holy community is devoted to compassion; this brother of mine is unhappy; the gods, et cetera are terrified. They are soothing me simultaneously in order to remove my anger. The community is entitled to respect. Padma and the others are entitled to sympathy from me." With these reflections, the great muni destroyed the increase in size of his body and remained in his natural condition, like an ocean whose high waves have gone. At the request of the community the great muni released Namuci, and Padma at once banished the scoundrel of a minister. From that time because of the 'three steps' the muni acquired the purifying name 'Trivikrama' in the three worlds. Having performed the work of the community, calmed, having practiced severe penance, having become omniscient, Visnukumara reached *emancipation*.

Emancipation of Padma

Padma also, afraid of existence, abandoned his kingdom like straw and became a *mendicant* at the lotus-feet of a noble guru. Five hundred years as prince, the same as governor, three hundred in conquest, eighteen thousand and seven hundred as *cakrabhrt*, ten thousand in the vow so Cakrabhrt Padma lived for thirty thousand years.

After he had practiced severe penance fair with various and numerous special vows, and had acquired the wealth of *omniscience* by the destruction of the ghatikarmas, Padma went to the place which is the home of eternal delight.

In this section two who were both Jinas and cakrins, two Jinas, two cakrins, two Ramas, two Haris (Vasudeva)^s, two Pratiharis have been celebrated. Fourteen⁸⁷ noble illustrious persons have the quarters of the sky pervaded by their fame. May this noble conduct of theirs be the guest of the ears of the world.

2. ORIGIN OF THE RAKSASAVANSA AND VANARAVANSA

Herein are related the lives of Baladeva^s Padma, of Visnu^s Narayana, and of Prativisnu Ravana, whose births took place in the congregation* of Sri Suvrata Swamin whose complexion was the color of antimony,²³⁹ the moon of the Hari-line.

Ravana 's lineage

At the time that the Arhat Ajita was wandering (over the earth), Ghanavahana was the bulb of the Raksas-line in Lanka on the Raksadvipa in this same Bharata. He, very wise, settled his kingdom on his son, Maharaksas, became a *mendicant* at the feet of Ajita Swamin, and attained *emancipation*. After he had enjoyed the kingdom for a long time, Maharaksas also bestowed it on his son, Devaraksas, became a mendicant, and attained emancipation.

After innumerable lords of Raksadvipa had come and gone thus, Kirtidhava was lord of the Raksasas in the congregation* of Sreyansa.

At that time there was a renowned king of Vidyadharas, *Atindra*, in the city Meghapura on Mt. Vaitadhya. By his wife, Srimati, he had a son, Srikantha, and a daughter, Devi, like a goddess in beauty. The Vidyadhara-lord, Puspottara, lord of Ratnapura, asked the fair-eyed maiden in marriage for his son Padmottara. By the decree of fate, Atindra did not give her to him, though he was *meritorious* and distinguished, but he gave her to Kirtidhava. When King Puspottara heard that she was married to Kirtidhava, he, a destroyer of arrogance, became hostile to Atindra and Srikantha.

One day, the daughter of Puspottara, Padma, like (the goddess) Padma in beauty, was seen by Srikantha as he returned from Meru. Mutual affection, a cloudy day for the excessive brilliance of the ocean of the emotion* of love, sprang up at once between Srikantha and Padma. The maiden stands with the lotus of her face turned up to Srikantha, as if throwing a svayamvar a *wreath* with affectionate glances. Srikantha discerned her *desire* and, suffering from love, seized her and quickly started to fly through the air. "Someone is carrying off Padma," the servants screamed. Powerful Puspottara armed himself and pursued them with an army. Srikantha took refuge* promptly with Kirtidhava²⁴⁰ and gave him a complete

account of the kidnapping of Padma. Puspottara soon arrived there, covering the directions with troops in solid ranks, like the ocean covering the earth with water at the end of the world. Kirtidhavala sent word by a messenger to Puspottara: "This preparation for war has been made needlessly without reflection. The maiden must surely be given to someone. If she herself has chosen Srikantha, then he is not at fault. Therefore it is not suitable for you to fight; but, rather, after learning your daughter's intentions, it is fitting for you to celebrate now the wedding-rites of the bride and groom." Just at that time Padma sent word by a female-messenger: "I chose him, myself. He did not abduct me." Upon hearing this, Puspottara was instantly appeased. Certainly, the anger of persons who know correct conduct is usually easily appeased. After he had celebrated the wedding of Srikantha and Padma with a great festival, Puspottara went to his own city.

Kirtidhavala said to Srikantha: "You stay here, since you have many enemies on Mt. Vaitadhya now. Not far to the northwest of this very Raksasadvipa, there is Vanaradvipa, three hundred yojanas long. There are other islands of mine, too, Barbarakula, Sinhala, and others, that resemble pieces of heaven that have fallen to earth, my friend. In someone of them, establish your capital and stay with me in comfort, not separated because of the close proximity. Even if you do not have the least fear* of your enemies, nevertheless you cannot leave from fear of separation from me." Urged affectionately by him in this way and very fearful of separation from him, Srikantha agreed to live on Vanaradvipa. After he had founded his capital, named Kiskindha, on Mt. Kiskindha on Vanaradvipa, Kirtidhavala installed him in his kingdom. King Srikantha saw many monkeys moving about on the island. They were handsome, with large bodies*, and lived on fruit. He proclaimed that they should not be killed and had food*, drink, et cetera given them. Others, also, treated them well. Like king, like subjects. From that time on for amusement the Vidyadharas made monkeys both in paintings and plaster models and in *insignia* on banners, umbrellas, et cetera. The Vidyadharas who lived there were called Vanaras (Monkeys) from the kingdom of Vanaradvipa and from the monkey-insignia.

A son, named Vajrakantha, was born to Srikantha. He was zealous in the sports of battle, his strength un-blunted in them all.

As Srikantha was sitting in his own assembly-hall, he saw the gods going to Nandisvara for a festival to the eternal *Arhats*. As a horse* on a village-road follows horses going on the highway, he, full of *devotion*, followed the gods. As he was going, his aerial car

stumbled on *Manusottara*, like the current of a river on a mountain which was on its course. "I must have performed little penance in a former birth. For that reason my *desire* for the Arhats' festival in Nandisvara was not fulfilled." Attaining disgust with existence at that thought, he became a *mendicant* at once, practiced severe penance, and went to *emancipation*.

Since the time of Srikantha many kings had come and gone, Vajrakantha and others. At the time of the *congregation** of Munisuvrata Ghanodadhiratha was king. At that time in the city Lanka there was a lord of the Raksasas, named Taditkesa. Between these two there was a strong friendship. One day, Taditkesa went with the women of his household to sport in a choice garden, named Nandana. While Taditkesa was engaged in sport, a monkey descended from a tree and scratched the breast of Sricandra, Taditkesas chief-queen, with his nails. His hair standing on end from anger, Taditkesa struck the monkey with an arrow. For injury to women is not to be endured. Injured by the blow with the arrow, the monkey went a short distance and fell at the feet of a *sadhu* engaged in pratima. He gave him the namaskara,²⁴¹ provisions for the journey to the next world. By its power he became an Abdhikumara after his death. Knowing his former birth by clairvoyance he approached the sadhu and paid homage to him. For the sadhu who confers benefits is especially to be honored by the noble.

He saw other monkeys being killed by Taditkesa's soldiers and at once blazed with anger. He created (by magic) many figures of large monkeys and attacked the Raksasas, overwhelming them with masses of trees and stones. Recognizing that it was the device of a god, Taditkesa worshipped him ardently and said: "Who are you? Why do you attack us?" Then the Abdhikumara, his anger appeased by the worship shown him, related the slaughter of himself and the power of the namaskara. Lanka's lord and the monkey together approached the sadhu and asked, "Lord, what is the reason for the monkey's hostility toward me?" The *ascetic* related: "You were formerly a minister's son, named Datta, in Sravasti; he was a hunter in Kasi. One day, after you had adopted *mendicancy*, you were going to Varanasi. He saw you and killed you, struck by the thought, 'That is a bad *omen*.' You became a god in Mahendrakaalpa and, when you fell, were born here, such as you are. He passed through a hell-birth and became a monkey. This is the reason for the enmity."

After paying homage to the great sadhu, a universal benefactor, and taking leave of the lord of Lanka, the god departed. After hearing that, Taditkesa bestowed his kingdom on his son, Sukesha,

became a *mendicant*, and went to the final *abode*. Ghanodadhiratha bestowed the kingdom, Kiskindha, on his son, named Kiskindhi, took initiation, and attained *emancipation*.

Now in the city Rathanupura on Mt. Vaitadhya at that time there was a Vidyadhara king, Asanivega. He had a son, Vijayasinha, victorious, and a second, Vidyudvega, like additional arms for him. On that same mountain in the city Adityapura there was a Vidyadhara king, Mandiramalin, and he had a daughter, Srimala. He summoned the kings of the Vidyadharas to her *svayamvara** and they sat on the daises like constellations above celestial palaces. Srimala brushed the chiefs of the Vidyadharas, as they were described by the female doorkeeper, with her glance, like a canal brushing trees with water. Passing over all the other Vidyadharas in turn, she came to a stop before Kiskindhi, like Jahnavi before the ocean. Srimala threw around his neck the groom's garland which was like a priceless pledge for the future embrace of the creeper of her arm. Then Vijayasinha, addicted to rashness like a lion, his face terrifying from frowns, said aloud angrily:

"These men, always of bad character, were formerly banished from the capital of Vaitadhya, like thieves from a good kingdom. By whom were these men, of bad character, of low family, brought here? To make sure they will never return, I shall kill them today like cattle." After saying this and standing up, powerful, resembling *Yama*, he advanced, raising his weapon to kill King Kiskindhi. The Vidyadharas, not to be restrained from heroic deeds, rose up for battle. Some, Sukesa and others, were on Kiskindhi's side; others were on Vijayasinha's side. Then a battle started, cruel as the end of the world, with the sky sparkling with elephants engaged tusk against tusk; with horsemen meeting, lance against lance; with charioteers meeting, arrow against arrow; with infantry attacking, sword against sword; with the ground muddy with blood. After they had fought for a long time, Andhaka, Kiskindhi's younger brother, made Vijayasinha's head fall, like a fruit from a tree, by means of an arrow. The Vidyadhara-lords, Vijayasinha's followers, were terrified. Whence is there courage for people without lords? Verily, a leaderless army is defeated.

Kiskindhi took Srimala along, like the Sri of victory in person, flew up, and went to Kiskindha with his followers. When he heard the news of his son's death, which was like a stroke of lightning from the sky, Asanivega hastened to Mt. Kiskindhi. He surrounded the city Kiskindha with many soldiers, like the stream of a river surrounding the high ground of a large island with water. The

heroes, Sukesha and Kiskindhi, came out of Kiskindha with Andhaka, eager to fight, like lions from their den. Then Asanivega, very impatient, a hero, regarding the enemy as straw, began the battle with an attack with the whole army. Then in the front line of battle, blind with anger, Asanivega, powerful, cut off the head of Andhaka who was the lion to the elephant* of Vijayasinha. Then the monkey-soldiers with the Raksasas ran in all directions like a mass of clouds scattered by wind. The leaders of Lanka and Kiskindha went to Patalalanka with their wives and retinues. Sometimes retreat is strategy. When he had struck down his son's murderer, like an elephant a driver, the anger of the King of Rathanupura was appeased. Delighted with the destruction of his enemies, he, the authority for setting up kings, installed a Vidyadhara, named Nirghata, on Lanka's throne. Then King Asani returned to his city Rathanupura on Vaitadhya, like the king of the gods to Amaravati.

One day King Asanivega, in whom a *desire* for *emancipation* had arisen, bestowed the kingdom on his son, Sahasrara, and took initiation. In the city Patalalanka sons were borne to Sukesha by Indrani Malin, Sumalin, and Malyavat. Two long-armed sons, named Adityarajas and Rksarajas, were borne to Kiskindhi by Srimala. One day Kiskindhi made a procession to Sumeru in honor of the eternal *Arhats* and on his return he saw Mt. Madhu. Kiskindhi's mind dwelt more and more on sporting in a beautiful garden, which extended in all directions on it like another Meru. He, energetic, founded Kiskindhapura on it (Mt. Madhu) and settled there with his followers, like the King of Yaksas (Siva^s) on Kailasa.

When Sukesha's sons heard that their kingdom had been taken by enemies, they, full of heroism, flamed with anger like three fires. They went to Lanka and killed the Khecara, Nirghata. Verily, enmity with heroes may result in death even after a long time. Then Malin became king in Lanka and Adityarajas king in Kiskindha at Kiskindhi's command.

Now, in the city Rathanupura on Mt. Vaitadhya a god of high rank fell and descended at once into the womb of Citrasundari, the wife of King Sahasrara, Asanivega's son, an auspicious* dream having been seen. In course of time she had a pregnancy-whim for union with Sakra^s, which was difficult to fulfill, difficult to tell, the cause of physical weakness. Questioned persistently, with difficulty she told her husband about her pregnancy-whim, her head bowed from shame. Sahasrara assumed the form of Sahasraksa by a charm and, known by her as 'sakra,' satisfied the whim. At the right time she bore a son, whose strength of arm was not deficient, who was

named Indra because of the whim for union with Indra. When he was grown, endowed with knowledge of vidyas and with strength of arm, Sahasrara gave him the kingdom and became absorbed in *dharma** himself.

He (Indra) conquered all the lords of the Vidyadharas and he began considering himself Indra because of his birth from the Indra-pregnancy-whim. He established four Dikpalas, seven armies and generals, three assemblies, the thunderbolt as his weapon, his elephant* as Airavana, his courtesans as Rambha, et cetera, his minister as *Brhaspati*, and the leader of his infantry with the same name as Naigamesin. So he ruled his whole kingdom by Vidyadharas with the same names as the retinue of Indra with the idea, "I myself am Indra." Makaradhvaji, sprung from the womb of Aditya-kirti, lord of Jyotispura, became Soma, the regent of the east. The son of Varuna and Megharatha, a Vidyadhara, lord of Meghapura, became Varuna, the regent of the west. The son of Sura and Kana-kavali, lord of Kancanapura, was called Kubera, the regent of the north. The son of Kalagni and Sriprabha, lord of Kiskindhanagara, became *Yama*, regent of the south.

King Malin could not endure Indra, the Indra of the Vidyadharas, priding himself on the thought, "I am Indra," just as a rutting elephant cannot tolerate another elephant. With brothers, ministers, and friends whose strength was unequalled, he set out for battle. For there is no other charm of the powerful. Other heroes among the Raksasas, together with the Vanaras, advanced through the air with lions, elephants, horses, buffaloes, boars, bulls, et cetera, as vehicles. Crows, donkeys, jackals, and cranes cried out, with bad fortune as the fruit (of seeing them), even though they were on the right.²⁴² There were other unfavorable omens and bad signs and wise Sumalin tried to prevent Malin from starting. Scorning his advice, Malin, proud of his strength of arm, went to Mt. Vaitadhya and summoned Indra to battle. Indra went to the battlefield, mounted on Airavana, brandishing a thunderbolt in his hand, accompanied by his generals, Naigamesin, et cetera, and by the regents, Soma and others, carrying various weapons*, and by other Vidyadhara-soldiers. The soldiers of the Raksasa and Indra attacked each other, terrifying with missiles in the air, like clouds with lightning.

In some places chariots fell like mountain-peaks; in other places elephants fled like clouds scattered by the wind. Here soldiers' heads fell, causing fear* of Rainhu;²⁴³ there horses, of whom one foot had been cut off, moved as if they were hobbled. Malin's army was divided by Indra's army angrily. What can an elephant do, even

though strong, when it has been caught by a lion? Then Malin, the king of the Raksasas, followed by Sumalin and others like a forest-elephant* by his herd, attacked with violence. He, lord of the wealth of heroism, attacked Indra's army with clubs, hammers, and arrows, like a cloud with hail. Indra with his regents of the quarters, his army, and generals in full force, mounted on Airavana, hastened to action in battle. The soldiers began to fight, but Indra fought with Malin, the regents and others with Sumalin and others. For a long time there was fighting between them, putting each other's life in jeopardy. For generally life is like a straw to those who *desire* victory. Without any trickery in fighting Indra soon killed Malin, who was crowned with heroism, with his thunderbolt, like a cloud killing a lizard with lightning. When Malin was killed, the Raksasas and Vanaras were terrified and, commanded by Sumalin, went to the Lanka that is in Patala. Indra at once granted Lanka to Vaisramana, the son of Visravas, sprung from Kausika's^s womb, and went to his own city.

A son, Ratnasravas, was borne by his wife, Pritimati, to Sumalin who remained in the city Patalalanka. When he had grown up, one day Ratnasravas went to a charming flower-garden for the purpose of acquiring vidyas. He remained there in a secret place, holding a rosary, muttering prayers, his gaze fixed on the end of his nose, as motionless as if painted. While he was standing thus, a certain Vidyadhari, a young maiden with an *irreproachable* form, stood near him at her father's command. Then she said aloud to Ratnasravas, "I am a mahavidya, by name Manavasundari, and have been won by you." Ratnasravas, by whom a vidya had been won, dropped the rosary, looked at the Vidyadhari standing in front of him, and said to her: "Why have you come here? Whose daughter are you? Who are you?" She replied: "In Kautakamangala, the home of many curiosities, there is a famous king of Vidyadharas, Vyomabindu. His elder daughter, Kausika, my sister, is married to King Visravas, lord of Yaksapura. She has a son, skilled in polity, named Vaisramana, who now rules in Lanka by order of Sakra^s. But I, Kaikasi, Kausika's younger sister, have come here, given to you by my father in accordance with an astrologer's prediction." Sumalin's son summoned his relatives and married her on the spot; founded the city of Puspantaka, and remained there, amusing himself with her.

Birth of Ravana

One day in a dream Kaikasi saw a lion, in the act of tearing an elephant's boss, enter her mouth. At dawn she related the dream and

Ratnasravas interpreted, "You will have a son, who will be *arrogant* to all, powerful." From the time of that dream the wife of Ratnasravas constantly made offerings in the shrines and carried her very precious embryo. From the time of the embryo's conception Kaikasi's speech became very harsh and her body firm, free from fatigue. She looked at her face in a sword, even if a mirror were at hand; she began to give orders fearlessly even in dominion over the gods. Without any cause she spoke harshly with contemptuous expressions. She did not bow her head at all even to gurus. For a long time she wished to put her foot on the heads of the wise. From the power of her embryo she acquired cruel characteristics such as these.

She bore a son, who made the seats of his enemies 'shake, with a life-term of more than twelve thousand years. Reaping about on the birth-couch, very strong, shaking the earth, resting on his back, with a proud red lotus of a foot, with his hand he drew a necklace made of nine rubies from a casket standing near, a necklace which was a present in the past from Indra Bhima.²⁴⁴ From inherent arrogance the child put the necklace around his neck and Kaikasi and her attendants were amazed. She told Ratnasravas: "The necklace which the king of the Raksasas gave to your ancestor, King Meghavahana, in the past and which has been worshipped like a deity by your ancestors up to this time, which could not be lifted by others, which was made of nine rubies and guarded by a thousand Nagas this necklace has been seized by your child and put around his neck." At once Ratnasravas gave him the name 'Dasamukha'²⁴⁵ because his face was united with the nine rubies. He related the following: "A certain sage was questioned by my father Sumalin when he had gone to Meru to pay homage to the shrines. The possessor of four kinds of knowledge said, 'Whoever shall lift your ancestral necklace, made of nine rubies, he shall be an Ardhacakrin.' "Kaikasi bore another son, indicated by the dream of a sun, named Bhanukarna, and also called by another name, Kumbhakarna. Kaikasi bore a daughter, named Candranakha, because her nails were like the moon. She was called Surpanakha by the people. After some time had passed Kaikasi again bore a son, named Bibhisana, indicated by the dream of a moon. The three full brothers, full sixteen bows tall, played agreeably day by day, fearless, in play suitable for their ages at that time.

3. RAVANA' EXPEDITION OF CONQUEST

One day Dasamukha and his younger brothers saw King Vaisravana coming through the air, seated in an aerial car, very magnificent. Questioned by him, "Who is this?" their mother said: "He is the son of my elder sister, Kausika^s. He is the son of a Vidyadhara-lord, Visravas; and he is the chief soldier of Indra, the lord of all Vidhyadharas. After Indra had killed in battle your grandfather's elder brother, Malin, he granted him our city Lanka and Raksasadvipa. From that time the *desire* to recover Lanka has existed. Your father is here, son; for that is fitting in the case of a powerful enemy.

Bhima, the lord of Raksasas, gave Lanka and Raksasadvipa with Patalalanka and the vidya called 'Raksasi' to King Meghavanahana, the first bulb of the Raksasvansa, his son in a former birth, for revenge on enemies. As their ancestral capital has been seized by enemies, your father and paternal grandfather stay here like dead men. The thought that 'Enemies move about in it freely, like bulls in an unguarded field,' is a living wound in your father always. When shall I, unfortunate that I am, see you, having gone there with your younger brothers, seated on your grandfather's throne? When shall I, having seen the robbers of Lanka fettered in prison, be the crest-jewel among the mothers of sons? Because of these wishes, son, that are like heaps of flowers in the sky, I waste away from day to day, like a flamingo in a desert."

Then Bibhisana, his eyes terrifying from anger, said: "Be depressed no longer, mother. You do not know the power of your sons. Who is Indra compared with the powerful elder brother, Dasakantha, queen? Who is Vaisravana? Who are the other Vidyadharas? For this kingdom of Lanka to belong to enemies has been endured by Dasasya because he did not know it before, like the trumpeting of an elephant* endured by a sleeping lion. Let the elder brother, Dasagriva, sit quietly. The elder brother, Kumbhakarna, also is able to destroy enemies, even if superexcellent soldiers. Leave aside the elder brother, Kumbhakarna. At their command I shall destroy the enemy suddenly, like the falling of a thunderbolt, mother."

Then Ravana, biting his lower lip, said: "You are hard as diamond, mother, since you have borne this severe sorrow for a long time. I shall destroy the enemy, Indra and others, with the strength of one hand Do not speak of sword against sword; for they are really

like straw to me. Even if I am able to conquer the enemy by strength of arm, nevertheless, the power of vidyas, which was inherited, is suitable for use. I shall subdue completely the vidyas which are above reproach. With your permission my younger brothers and I shall go to subdue them."

With these words, he bowed to his parents and, after he had been kissed on the head by them, went to a terrible forest with his younger brothers. Accompanied by his two brothers, he entered the forest whose trees nearby were shaken by the breathing of lizards and pythons, whose ground was burst open by the blows of the tails of *arrogant* tigers, whose thickets of trees were terrible from the hooting of large owls, which had stones from mountain-slopes falling from the stamping of dancing demons, terrifying even to the gods, the *abode* of calamities.

Wearing crowns of matted hair like ascetics, carrying rosaries, their glances fixed on the ends of the bridges of their noses, dressed in white, in two watches the three subdued the eight-syllable vidya which grants all desires. They began to mutter the sixteen-syllable charm, the muttering of which for ten thousand crores of times gives results.

Just then a god, named Anadrta, lord of Jambudvipa came there with his *harem* to play and saw them. The Yaksa-lord sent his girls to make a pleasant attack as an obstacle to their subduing the vidyas. The girls came to disturb them, but they themselves were disturbed by their very fair forms, the instructions of their master forgotten. Seeing their resolute figures, unchanged, silent, they spoke, helpless from the absorption in genuine love. "Sirs! sirs! you are dull from meditation." Look carefully in front of you. Goddesses have become *submissive* to you. What accomplishment of yours is superior to that? Why this effort to subdue vidyas? Enough of that trouble. What will you do with vidyas? For we, goddesses, are subdued by you. Sport with us at will like gods in different charming spots of the three worlds, as you like."

Talking lovingly in this way to them possessing much firmness, the Yaksa-girls became embarrassed. For one cannot clap with one hand. Then the Yaksa, lord of Jambudvipa, said to them (the brothers): "What bad conduct is this that you, foolish, have undertaken? I think you have been taught a heresy by some untrustworthy wicked heretic, for the sake of death suddenly. Go, go now, leaving this wicked *persistence* in meditation. Speak! I, compassionate, shall grant your *desire*."

Angry, he said to them who were silent after these remarks, "On whom else do you meditate, ignoring me, a god before your eyes?"

The Yaksa, whose speech was cruel, instructed his servants, who were within the forest, by raising his eye-brow, in regard to molesting them. Then, crying, "Kila! kila!" assuming many forms, some rooted up mountain-peaks and threw them in front of them. Some became serpents and twined around them like sandal trees; some became lions and gave terrible roars in front of them. In the bodies* of bears, wolves, tigers, cats, et cetera they performed terrifying acts; but they were not shaken, nevertheless. They created Kaikasi, Ratnasravas, and their sister, Candranakha, bound them, and threw them before them quickly.

The unreal Ratnasravas and the others then cried in pathetic tones, their tearful eyes upraised:

"We are being killed by these people devoid of pity, who have bound us, like animals by hunters, while you look on. Get up! Get up, son! Protect us, Dasakandhara! How can you, devoted to one purpose,²⁴⁶ be so indifferent to us? Where is that strength of arm now of him who, a mere boy, put the great necklace on his neck? Where now has your arrogance gone? Kumbhakarna, why do you not listen to our words that you look at us miserable, like one indifferent? Bibhisana, you did not become lacking in *devotion* in a moment; why now are you averted as if by an evil fate?"

They did not move at all from meditation* because of them lamenting in this way. Then the Yaksa-servants cut off their (the relatives') heads in front of them. Their minds subject to meditation, they were not disturbed in the least, not seeing, as it were, this cruel act even if it took place before them. They made his younger brothers' heads fall in front of Ravana and Dasagriva's head before them by magic. Kumbhakarna and Bibhseana were shaken a little from anger. Devotion to the elder was the reason of this, not small purity. Ravana, knowing the highest good, not considering it worthless, remained motionless like a high mountain, absorbed in preeminent meditation. "Well done! Well done!" was the cry of gods in the sky, and the Yaksa-servants departed quickly, terrified.

One thousand vidyas,²⁴⁷ the sky being lighted up by them, came to Dasasya, saying aloud, "We are subject to you." Prajnapti, Rohini, Gauri, Gandhari, Para, Nabhahsancarinini, Kamadayini, Kamagamini, Anima, Laghima, Aksobhya, Manahstambhanakarini, Suvidhana, Taporsipa, Dahani, Vipulodari, Subhaprada, Rajorupa, Dinaratrividhayini, Vajrodari, Samakrsti, Adarsani, Ajara, *Amara*, Analastambhani, Toyastambhani, Giridaranli, Avalokani, *Vahni*,

Ghora, Dhira, Bhujangini, Varuni, Bhuvanavadhya, Daruni, Madanasini, Bhaskari, Rupasampanna, Rosani, *Vijaya*, Jaya, Bandhani, Mocani, Varahi, Kutilakrti, Citta, Udbhavakari, Santi, Kauberi, Vasakarini, Yogesvari, Balotsada, Canda, Bhiti, Pradharsini, Durnivara, Jagatkampakarini, Bhanumalini: great vidyas beginning with these were subdued by noble Dasasya in just a few days because of his former good acts.

Five vidyas, Samvrddhi, Jrmabhani, Sarvaharini, Vyomagamini, Indrani, were subdued by Kumbhakarna. Four vidyas, Siddhartha, Satrudamani, Nirvyaghata, Khagamini, were subdued by the younger brother of Kumbhakarna.

The lord of Jambudvipa asked Ravana's forgiveness. For humble submission is atonement for a sin against the great. The Yaksha, expert, made a city, Svayamprabha, for Ravana, as if wishing to make atonement for hindering. When they heard of his subduing of vidyas, his parents, sister, and kinsmen came there and paid homage. The three brothers remained, creating bliss, a rain of nectar to their parents' eyes, a festival to their relatives. Then by six one-day fasts Dasasya acquired the best sword, Candrahasa, serving for subjugating the quarters.

Ravana's marriage

Now, on Mt. Vaitadhyia in the city Surasangita, the ornament of the southern row, there was a Vidyadhara-lord, *Maya*. His wife was named Hemavati, the *abode* of virtues, and their daughter, born of her womb, was named Mandodari. When he had observed that she was grown, King Maya thought over the merits and defects of the princes of the Vidyadharas, seeking a husband for her. As he did not find a suitable husband, King Maya was sunk in gloom until the minister said:

"Master, do not worry at all. There is a suitable husband for her, Dasanana, the powerful and handsome son of Ratnasravas. There is no one among Vidyadharas who is his equal, like mountains compared with Meru, as he has subdued a thousand vidyas and cannot be shaken even by gods."

"Very well," said *Maya*, delighted. 'After having himself announced by agents, he took Mandodari and went to Svayamprabha, accompanied by his kinsmen, soldiers, and the women of his household, to give her to Dasamauli. There the elders of the clan, Sumalin and others, noble, consented to receive Mandodari for Dasasya. The fathers-in-law,²⁴⁸ Sumalin and others and Maya and others, had their marriage celebrated on an auspicious' day. After

the wedding-festivals were over, Maya and others went to their city. Ravana sported for a long time with his excellent wife.

One day Ravana went for amusement to the mountain Megharava which has wings, as it were, with layers of clouds clinging to its sides. He saw six thousand Khecara-maidens bathing in a pool there like Apsarases in the Ocean of Milk. Desiring a husband, they looked at him with affection, their lotus-eyes wide-open, like day-blooming lotuses looking at the sun. Casting aside modesty at once, *afflicted* by strong love, they themselves asked him, "Be our husband" Among these was Padmavati, daughter of Sarvasri and Surasundara, and another, named Asokalati, daughter of Manovega and *Budha*, and Vidyutprabha, daughter of Kanaka and Sandhya, and others belonging to families known throughout the world. All the infatuated girls married the infatuated Dasagriva with a gandharva wedding.

Their guards went to their fathers and reported, "Some man is leaving now, after marrying your daughters." Amarasundara, angered, and Vidyadharas, their fathers, ran impetuously, intending to kill Dasakandhara. Naturally timid, the brides said to Dasagriva: "Start your car quickly, master. Do not delay. This is a Vidyadhara-lord, Amarasundara, who is *invincible*, accompanied besides by Kanaka, Budha, and others."

Astonished at this speech, Dasasya said to the fair maidens, "Watch the fight between them and me like that between snakes and Garuda." As he was saying this, the Vidyadhara-soldiers came, obscuring him with weapons*, like clouds a great mountain. Ravana, having cruel strength, broke missiles with missiles and, not wishing to kill them, bewildered them at once with the missile Prasvapana.²⁴⁹ Dasanana bound them like cattle with magic nooses and released them, asked by his wives for their fathers as a boon. Then they went to their own cities, and Ravana went with his wives to Svayamprabhapura. A great reception was given by the delighted people.

Marriages of Kumbhakarna and Bibhisana

Then Kumbhakarna married the daughter of King Mahodara⁵, lord of Kumbhapura, borne by Queen Surupanayana, just grown, named Tadinmala, resembling a flash of lightning in color, with curving breasts like full jars. Bibhisana married the daughter of Vira, lord of Jyotispura in the south row of Vaitadhyia, borne by Queen Nandavati, named Pankajasri, whose eyes were thieves of the beauty of lotuses.

Ravana's sons

Then Queen Mandodari bore a son, Indrajit, having wonderful strength, equal to Indra in *splendor*. After some time she bore a second son, Meghavahana, delighting the eyes like a cloud.

After they had heard of the hostility between their fathers, Kumbhakarna and Bibhisana were always attacking Lanka ruled over by Vaisravana. Then Vaisravana sent word to Sumalin by a messenger, "Control your own sons, look you! these younger brothers of Ravana. They, insolent, thinking themselves heroes, do not know the (comparative) strength of themselves and others. Living in Patalalanka, they are like frogs in a well. They make attacks on our city through trickery, excited by having the semblance of conquerors. For a long time I have paid no attention to them. If you. do not control them, little fellow, I shall send them with you, too, by the path of Malin.²⁵⁰ You do not know our strength."

Noble Ravana, angry, replied with these words: "Sirrah! who is this Vaisravana, who is tributary to an enemy? Is he who rules Lanka at another's command not ashamed of himself, speaking so? This is great audacity on his part, indeed! You are a messenger. Therefore, I shall not kill you. Go!"

So addressed by Dasamauli, the messenger went to Vaisravana and related everything as it happened. Immediately after the messenger, Dasakantha started to Lanka with his brothers and his army in great anger. His advance having been announced by the messenger who had gone ahead, Vaisravana went forth from Lanka with his army to fight. Dasakandhara destroyed his army in a moment, like a wind destroying a forest, advancing unchecked. When his army had been destroyed by Ravana, considering himself destroyed, Vaisravana reflected, the fire of anger extinguished:

"Shame upon the continued existence of a proud man broken by enemies, like a pool whose flowers have been plucked, like an elephant whose tusks have been broken, like a tree whose branches have been cut, like an ornament without gems, like a moon whose moonlight has been destroyed, like a cloud whose water is gone. Or rather, let there be continued existence of him striving for emancipation. A man who has abandoned little, desiring much, is not an object of shame.²⁵¹ Enough for me of this kingdom bestowing many worthless objects. I shall adopt *mendicancy*, the door to the house of nirvana^s. Even Kumbhakarna and Bibhisana, who did injuries to me, have become my benefactors by showing such a path. Ravana was a

relative²⁵² in the beginning; now he is a relative from his acts. For this intention of mine would not exist except for this coming here on his part."

Reflecting in this way, Vaisravana abandoned weapons*, et cetera completely and adopted mendicancy by himself, absorbed in the Principles. Ravana bowed to him* and said to him, his hands folded respectfully: "You are my elder brother. Pardon the sin of the younger brother. Make your kingdom even in Lanka without fear*, brother. We shall go elsewhere. Earth is not lacking."

The noble Vaisravana, absorbed in pratima, destined for emancipation in that birth, answered nothing at all to him saying this. Realizing that Vaisravana was free from *desire*, he asked his forgiveness, bowed to him, and took his car Puspaka together with Lanka. He got into Puspaka, a flower on the creeper of the Laksmi of victory, and went to the peak of Mt. Sammeta to praise the statues of the *Arhats*. At Ravana's *descent* from the mountain after he had honored the statues, a forest-elephant* trumpeted at the noise of the army. Then a door-keeper, named Prahasta, said to Dasanana, "He is a jewel of an elephant, Your Majesty. He deserves to be the vehicle of a god." Then Dasanana made him *submissive* in sport and mounted him whose tusks were large and long, whose eyes were yellow like honey, like a spire with a lofty finial,²⁵³ like a mountain with a cascade of *ichor*, seven cubits high, nine cubits long. He gave him the name Bhuvanalankara, imitating the *splendor* of Sakra* mounted on the elephant Airavana. After tying the elephant to a post, Dasasya camped in the same place for the night and at dawn presided over the assembly with his retinue. A Vidyadhara, Pavana-vega, wounded, came there, announced by the door-keeper, bowed, and said:

"Your Majesty, Suryarajas and Rksarajas, sons of King Kiskindhi of Patalalanka, went to Kiskindha. A fight took place between them and King *Yama* who put life in doubt, very terrible like another Yama. After they had fought for a long time, Suryarajas and Rksarajas were bound firmly by Yama and thrown at once into prison like thieves. He arranged dwellings in hell near Vaitarani and made them and their followers undergo pain of cutting, piercing, et cetera. These are your hereditary servitors, Dasakandhara. Have them released. Your command is not to be transgressed. The insult is to you alone."

Ravana replied: "That is so beyond a doubt. A dependent is injured because of the weakness of the protector. I shall show the

result of my *vassals* being bound by him secretly with evil intent and being thrown into prison."

With these words he, whose strength of arm was formidable, eager for war, went with his army to the city Kiskindha ruled by the Dikpala *Yama*. Dasakandhara saw there seven hells cruel with drinking of tin, beating with rocks, cutting with axes, et cetera. Dasanana, angered, saw his own vassals being tortured and he terrified the Parama-dharmikas there, like Garuda terrifying snakes. He had his own vassals released and also others in the place. For whom is the coming of the great not a means of removing trouble quickly?

The guards of the hells went at once and reported the release of the hell-dwellers to Yama, with groans and with arms raised. Red-eyed from anger, Yama left the city at once to fight, stage-manager of the play of battle, like another Yama. Soldiers fought with soldiers, generals with generals, but Yama, angry, fought with Dasamauli, angry. After they had sent arrow against arrow for a long time, Yama attacked quickly, raising his cruel staff, like a rogue-elephant* his trunk. Dasagriva broke it into pieces with a sharp-edged arrow, like a piece of a lotus-stalk, esteeming his enemies as eunuchs. Again Yama covered Ravana with arrows and Ravana checked them, like greed all the virtues. Then Dasanana, raining many arrows simultaneously, weakened Yama, like old age causing loss of strength. Then Yama escaped from the fight, and went in haste to Indra the Vidyadhara-lord, chief of Rathanupura. Yama bowed to Sakra^s and said, his hands folded submissively:

"The handful of water²⁵⁴ has been given by me now to the rank of Yama, lord. Neither angry nor pleased, I shall not hold the position of Yama. For Dasagriva has risen. Now he is Yama even of Yama. He put to flight the guards in hell and released the hell-inhabitants; and I have escaped alive from battle only by a wealth of heroism. After he had conquered Vaisravana in battle, Lanka was seized and his car Puspaka; and Surasundara was defeated." Then Sakra, angered, wished to fight and was restrained by the hereditary ministers by various means, as they feared a battle with the powerful Ravana. Then Indra gave the city Surasangita to *Yama* and he, himself, remained as usual in Rathanupura, amusing himself.

Now, Dasasya gave the city Kiskindha to Adityarajas and the city Rksapura to Rksarajas. He himself went to Lanka, his power adequate for anything, praised like a deity by relatives and citizens. Dasasya ruled his grandfather's great kingdom, established in Lanka like Indra in Amaravati.

Now, a son was borne to Adityarajas, the king of the Kapis, by his chief-queen Indumalini, named Valin, powerful. Valin, abundantly endowed with strength of arm, constantly circumambulating Jambudvipa bounded by the ocean, paid homage to all the shrines. There was another son of Adityarajas, Sugriva, and a younger daughter, Suprabha.

Rksarajas had two sons by his wife Harikanta, famous throughout the world, Nala and Nila.

King Adityarajas gave his kingdom to Valin, powerful, became a *mendicant*, and reached emancipation, after practicing penance. Valin made Sugriva heir-apparent, who possessed right-belief, knew the law, was compassionate, powerful, like himself.

One day, Dasagriva went to Mt. Meru, riding an elephant*, accompanied by his wives, to pay homage to the shrines. Just then a Khecara, Khara, the son of Meghaprabha, saw Candranakha and kidnapped her, having fallen in love with her and she with him. He went to Patalalanka, expelled King Candrodara,²⁵⁵ the son of Adityarajas, and took it himself. When he heard of the kidnapping of Candranakha, Dasakandhara went at once from Meru to Lanka and was very angry. Dasanana started out to kill the Khecara, Khara, like an angry lion to hunt an elephant. Then Queen Mandodari said to Ravana: "What haste is this at the wrong time? At least, reflect a little, honored sir. The maiden must certainly be given to someone. If she herself chooses a husband, agreeable and well-born, that is a good thing. The elder brother of Dusana is a suitable husband for Candranakha. He will be a faultless vassal of yours, powerful. Send distinguished men and marry her to him. Give Patalalanka to him and grant your favor."

His younger brother also said the same thing and, after suitable deliberation, he married her to him, having dispatched *Maya* and *Marica*.²⁵⁶ Then he (Khara) enjoyed pleasures freely in Patalalanka with Candranakha, executing Ravana's command.

Candrodara, who had been expelled by Khara at that time, died in course of time. His wife, Anuradha, who was with child, escaped into a forest.

In the forest she bore a son, like a lioness bearing a lion, powerful, named Viradha, the vessel of virtues, prudent conduct, et cetera. Grown up, a traveler across the ocean of all the arts, he wandered over the earth with unstumbling progress, long-armed.

Now, because of his fondness for stories in his council, Ravana heard that Valin, the king of the Vanaras, was very brilliant and powerful. Ravana could not endure another's brilliance, like the sun,

and despatched a messenger with instructions to King Valin. He went to Valin, bowed, and announced in a firm voice:

"I am a messenger from Dasakantha. Hear his message, O king. 'Your ancestor, Srikantha, fleeing from his enemies, came for protection to my ancestor, Kirtidhavalā. After protecting his brother-in-law from his enemies, afraid only of separation from him, Sri Kirtidhavalā established him here in Vanaradvipa. From that time many kings in both our families have come and gone with the relation of master and servant between them. And there was King Kiskindhi, your grandfather, and Sukesā, my paternal great-grandfather. The relation between them endured just the same, and then King Suryarajas was your father. The people know how I dragged him from *Yama's* prison and how I installed him in the kingdom of Kiskindha, that also is well known. Now Valin, you are his son, knowing what is proper. Therefore do service to me as before because of the relation of master and servant.'"

Angered but his expression unchanged, a sami tree²⁵⁷ for the fire of pride, noble Valin said in a deep voice:

"I know the relation of affection between the two families. Until today it was unbroken between the kings of the Raksases and the Vanaras. Our ancestors formed a mutual friendship in prosperity and in misfortune. Affection was the cause of that, not the state of being served and giving service. We do not know anyone to be served except a god, the omniscient Arhat, a *sadhu* and a good guru. What is this *delusion* of your master? Today, thinking himself to be served and us to be servants, he has broken the hereditary thread of affection. I myself, afraid only of censure, shall do nothing to him, sprung from a friendly family, not knowing his own strength. If he shows hostility, I shall make *requit*al; (but) I shall not be the first to cut down the tree of former affection. Your master may act according to his power. Go, fellow!"

Thus dismissed by Valin, he went and told Dasamauli. Broad-shouldered Dasanana, the fire of whose anger was inflamed by that speech, went quickly to Kiskindha with his soldiers. Then putting on his armor, King Valin, resplendent with strength of arms, approached him. Verily a guest in battle is dear to the powerful. Then a battle started between the soldiers on both sides, stone against stone, tree against tree, club against club. In it chariots were broken into a hundred pieces like cakes of meal that have been dropped. Even great elephants were divided like balls of clay. Horses were broken like melons here and there; foot-soldiers were made to fall to the ground like straw-men. Seeing this destruction of life, the com-

passionate king of the Vanaras, a hero, came in haste and said to Dasanana:

“Killing of any living thing is not suitable for persons with discernment, to say nothing of five-sensed creatures, elephants, et cetera, alas! Even if it should lead to victory over enemies, nevertheless it is not worthy of the powerful. For the powerful seek victory by their own strength alone. You are powerful and you are a (Jain) layman. Therefore stop the battle between soldiers which leads to hell for a long time because of the destruction of many lives.”

Thus enlightened by him, Dasasya, knowing *dharmā**, began to fight in person, skilled in all weapons.* Whatever weapon Dasagriva hurled, the king of the Kapis destroyed it by his own weapons, like the sun the brilliance of strong fires. Ravana even discharged his magic missiles, *Sarpa*, Varuna, et cetera, and Valin destroyed them by his missiles, Tarksya, et cetera. Then Dasamukha, angered by the failure of his weapons and magic missiles, drew his sword Candrahasa, cruel as a great serpent. like a mountain with one peak, like an elephant* with one tusk, holding Candrahasa aloft, Dasakandhara attacked Valin. Valin seized the lord of Lanka with Candrahasa, like a tree with its branches, easily with his left hand Setting him in the hollow of his hand like a ball, adroit, the lord of the Kapis wandered in a moment over the four oceans. Just then, having come there,²⁵⁸ King Valin released Dasakandhara whose neck was bent in shame and said:

“No one at any time is entitled to homage from me except the Arhat, free from *desire*, omniscient, authoritative, to be worshipped by the three worlds. Alas for that pride, an enemy arising within the body, deluded by which you have reached this condition, eager for homage from me. Now I have freed you, recalling former benefits. Rule the realm of the world given (to you) with unbroken command If I wished to conquer, how would this earth be yours? Can elephants live in a forest inhabited by lions? Therefore, I shall take *mendicancy*, the source of the *sovereignty* of emancipation; but let Sugriva be king in Kiskindha, subject to your command”

After saying this, he installed Sugriva in his own kingdom at once and he himself took the vow at the feet of Rsi^s Gaganacandra. Observing many restrictions, devoted to penance, practicing pratima, meditating, free from affection, *Muni* Valin wandered over the world. Magic powers gradually developed in reverend Valin, like the wealth of a tree, flowers, leaves, fruit, et cetera. He went to Mt. Astapada and practiced kayotsarga*, his arms hanging down, like a tree to which swings have been fastened. Abandoning kayotsarga at

the end of a month, he broke his fast and again and again he broke fasts in this way at its *abandonment*.

Now Sugriva gave Sriprabha²⁵⁹ to Dasakantha, like a water-canal for the tree of former affection which was drying up. Then Sugriva, his glory brilliant as moonlight, made Valin's son, powerful Candrarasmi, heir-apparent. Dasanana, whose command was acknowledged by Sugriva, married his sister, Sriprabha, took her and went to Lanka. Ravana married by force beautiful daughters of other Vidyadhara kings, also. Then he set out to marry Ratnavali, daughter of the Vidyadhara-lord, Nityaloka, in Nityalokapura. As he was going above Mt. Astapada, his car Puspaka stumbled suddenly, like an army of enemies against a wall. When Dasanana saw that his car's progress was hindered, like a boat with the anchor dropped, like an elephant* tied, he became angry.

"Who wishes to resort to *Yama*'s face because of the stumbling of my car?" saying, he descended and looked at the top of the mountain. Beneath the car he saw Valin standing in pratima, like a new peak of the mountain that had arisen. Ravana said in anger: "Even now you are hostile to me. You observe the vow hypocritically, wishing to deceive this world. Before, by some trick you carried me around, like a vahika. You became a *mendicant*, fearing *requital* for that act from me, certainly.

Now, indeed, I am here and these are my arms. Therefore I shall requite you for your act at the proper time.

Just as you wandered over the oceans, carrying me with Candrahara, so I shall lift you up with the mountain and cast you into the Lavana Ocean."

After saying this, Dasagriva split open the earth at the foot of Mt. Astapada and entered it, like a thunderbolt that has fallen from the sky. Dasakandhara recalled the thousand vidyas simultaneously, and lifted up the mountain, difficult to lift, with unbounded pride in his strength of arm. The great *muni*, knew by clairvoyance that the mountain, whose Vyantara-gods were terrified by the noise, 'tadat, taditi,' with the lower world filled by the ocean moving to and fro with the sound, 'jhalat, jhaliti,' whose forest-elephants were crushed by rocks falling with a 'khatat, khaditi,' with the trees in the groves on its slopes broken down with the sound, 'kadat, kaditi,' was being raised by him (Ravana) and, pure-minded, the ocean of many rivers of labdhis, thought:

"Alas! how this fool spreads far and wide sudden destruction of many lives today because of jealousy of me! Now, having damaged the shrine of Bharatesvara, he tries to destroy the holy place, the

ornament of Bharataksetra. I have given up associations and am free from interest in my own body even, devoid of love and hate, plunged in an ocean of *tranquility*. Nevertheless, I shall punish him a little, without any love or hate, in order to protect the shrine and save lives.”

Thus reflecting, the blessed Valin pressed lightly the top of Mt. Astapada with his toe. Dasasya's limbs became contracted at once all around like the shadow of the body at mid-day, like a tortoise out of water. His arms bent sharply, vomiting blood from his mouth, he cried out, making the earth cry. From that he became 'Ravana.' Hearing his pitiful cry, compassionate, Valin released him quickly. The act was merely for punishment, not from anger. Dasakantha came forth, bereft of dignity, repentant, approached Valin, bowed to him and spoke, his hands folded in submission;

“Again and again I, shameless, have committed crimes against you. But you, very compassionate, noble as well as powerful, have endured it. I think you abandoned the earth before, showing *compassion* to me, not from weakness, lord; but I did not know that before. From ignorance, lord, this strength of mine was tested by me, like an elephant* struggling to overturn a mountain. Now the difference is recognized between you and me, like that of a mountain and an ant-hill, or a garuda and a vulture. Life was given by you, master, to me who had approached to the point of death.* Reverence to you who had this thought for one who had injured him.”

After saying this with firm *devotion*, and asking Valin for forgiveness, Dasanana circumambulated him three times and bowed to him. The gods rained flowers on Muni Valin, delighted with such nobility, saying, “Well done! Well done!” After bowing again to Valin, Ravana went to the shrine made by Lord Bharata which resembled a crown on the mountain, paying aside his weapons*, Candrahasa, et cetera, he himself with the women of his household made the eightfold puja to the *Arhats*, Rsabha and others. Having drawn out a muscle and having wiped off the tendon, Dasanana, very impetuous, played on the lute of his arm with *devotion*. While Dasanana was playing the lute charmingly with gramaragas and his women were singing delightfully with the seven notes, *Dharana*, the lord of serpents, came there to pay homage to the shrine and worshipped the Arhats with a pooja. Seeing Ravana singing songs devoted to the Arhats' virtues, with clever introductory verses, et cetera, accompanied by the lute, Dharana said:

“This song of yours consisting of praise of the Arhats’ virtues is indeed a good thing in accordance with your own character. I am pleased with it, Ravana.

Emancipation is the chief fruit of praise of the Arhats’ virtues. Nevertheless, I have a wholesome respect for you. What can I give you? Choose, sir!”

Ravana said: “It is proper that you are pleased with the praises of the virtues of the god of gods (Arhat). For devotion to the Master belongs to you, Lord of Nagas. Just as your devotion to the Master is embellished by your giving something, mine would certainly be tarnished by my accepting anything.”

Again the Lord of Nagas said: “Ravana, showing respect to the noble, I am especially pleased with your lack of greed.” Saying this, he gave Ravana the spear, Amoghavijaya (Unerring Victory), and the vidya which makes changes in appearance and went to his own abode!

After paying homage to the Tirthanathas, Dasanana went to Nityalokapura, married Ratnavali, and went back to Lanka.

Then Valin’s brilliant *omniscience* developed and a great festival of omniscience was made by gods and asuras. Then in time from the destruction of the karmas that prolong existence, possessing the four infinities of the Siddhas, he went to the place from which there is no return.

Now, in the city Jyotihpura on Mt. Vaitadhya there was a Vidyadhara-lord, Jvalanasikha. He had a beautiful queen, Srimati, and by her a bright-eyed daughter, Tara. One day Sahasagati, the son of Cakranka, a Vidyadhara king, saw her and was immediately wounded by love. Sahasagati asked Jvalana for her through agents and also Sugriva, king of the Vanaras (asked for her). For many seek a jewel. The father asked an astrologer: “Both of them are well-born, handsome, powerful. To which should the maiden be given?” “Sahasagati will have a short life and the king of the Kapis a long life,” the astrologer said, so he gave her to Sugriva. Sahasa did not attain forgetfulness at all because of disappointment in his wish, as if touched by charcoal day by day. Two sons, strong as elephants, Angada and Jayananda, were born to Sugriva dallying with Tara. Sahasagati, in love with Tara, his mind stirred by love, reflected:

“When shall I kiss the fawn-eyed girl’s lotus-mouth covered with petals of her lips like a ripe bimba? When shall I touch her full breasts with my hand? When shall I make them small by a tight embrace? I shall take her by force or trickery!”

With these reflections he recalled the vidya Semusi (wisdom) which changes the form. The son of King Cakranka went to Mt. Ksudrahimavat, stood in a cave, and began to subdue her.

Ravana's conquests

Now Dasanana left Lanka, like the sun the slope of the eastern mountain, for an expedition of conquest. After conquering the Vidyadharas and the kings living within the continent, he went to Patalalanka. There he was humbly honored with gifts by Candranakha's husband, Khara, soft-spoken, like a servant. Khara, attended by fourteen thousand Vidyadharas, set out with Ravana who wished to conquer Indra. Then King Sugriva with his army followed the powerful king of the Raksases like a fire following a wind. Dasanana advanced with unstumbling gait, with heaven and earth covered with many armies, like an agitated ocean. Then Dasanana saw the river Reva flowing down from the Vindhya mountain, like a charming young woman, which had a tongue joined, as it were, by the groups of cooing maralas, adorned with hips, as-it were, by the broad sandy beach, wearing curls, as it were, with the curling waves, casting glances often with the leaps of the saphara, as it were. Dasakandhara camped on the bank of the Reva with his army like a powerful elephant-leader surrounded by his herd. He took a bath in the river, put on white clothes, set the jeweled image of the Arhat on a jeweled seat, bathed it with water from the Reva and, firmly seated in concentrated meditation*, began a puja with blooming lotuses. Then suddenly a flood, like an ocean-wave, reached Dasagriva occupied with the puja. The water advanced, uprooting trees by the roots as easily as bunches of grass, above the high banks. High waves in succession crushed like oyster-shells the boats that were tied to the banks with blows against the banks in every direction. The water filled up great caves in the banks resembling caverns in Patala, like food* filling gluttons. The river covered the islands completely like moonlight of the full moon the aerial cars of the circle of heavenly bodies.* The flood uncovered fish by its great waves advancing, like a fast wind the shoots of trees. The foamy, muddy water came swiftly and carried away the *Arhats'* puja from Dasakantha as he was making it. More angered by the carrying away of the puja than by cutting off his head, Dasagriva approached with harsh speech:

“Say! What enemy without cause released this water hard to restrain because of its speed to make an obstacle to the Arhats' puja?

Is some heretic-king present, or a Vidyadhara, or a demon, or a god?"

Then a Vidyadhara explained to Dasamauli: "Ahead of here there is a large city Mahismati. In it there is a powerful king, Sahasransu^s, like another sun, served by kings by the thousand. He obstructed the water in the Reva by a dam for the sake of water-sports. What is impossible for the powerful? Now this Sahasransu is playing comfortably in the water with a thousand queens, like an elephant* with cow-elephants. His body-guards to the number of a lac, fully armed, stand on the two banks, with weapons* raised like those of Hari^s. There is an assurance, never seen before, on the part of him having unequaled strength, so they are merely for looks, or rather, as witnesses of the action.

The water-goddesses were terrified and the water-animals were put to flight by the vigorous blows in water-sports of him, powerful. This water was surely rolled up because of the excessive *obstruction* and the overflow caused by him and a thousand women. After this high water had inundated both banks quickly, it submerged your puja to the gods here, Dasanana. Look at these remains of the garlands of his wives, actually floating on the bank of the Reva. That is the first indication. This water, very turbid from the women's cosmetics made of musk, et cetera, is hard to restrain, O restrainer of heroes." At hearing this Dasanana was inflamed very much, like a fire that has received an *oblation*, and said: "Listen! This puja to the gods was spoiled by that water spoiled by his own body by him wishing to die, like devadusya spoiled by *collyrium*.* Therefore, go, soldiers of the Raksasas! Bind that wretch who thinks himself a soldier and bring him here, sirs, like fishermen a fish."

Instructed emphatically to this effect, his followers, the Raksa-sa-soldiers, ran by the lacs, like extraordinary waves of the Reva. The Raksasas engaged in battle with Sahasransu's soldiers standing on the banks, like elephants with elephants inside a forest. Standing in the air, bewildering very many of them by vidyas, they attacked them like clouds attacking sarabhas with hail. Seeing his men being attacked, his lip trembling with anger, Sahasransu reassured his wives by waving his hand like a pennant. Sahasransu left the Reva, like Airavana leaving the heavenly Sindhu, and strung his bow. Sahasransu, long-armed, put the Raksas-heroes in the air to flight with arrows, like a wind bunches of straw. When he saw that his men had been turned from the battle, Ravana himself, angered, approached Sahasransu, raining arrows. Both angry, both very strong, both determined, they fought for a long time with various

weapons.* Realizing that he could not be defeated by strength of arm, Ravana seized the king of Mahismati, after bewildering him like an elephant* with a vidya. Praising him as very heroic, Dasagriva himself conducted him to the camp, very humble, considering himself conquered even though he had conquered.

While Dasanana was seated in his council, delighted, a flying *ascetic*, named Satabahu, arrived. Dasasya left his lion-throne, took off his jeweled slippers, and stood to receive him, like a peacock a cloud. Ravana fell at his feet, touching the ground with five parts of the body, considering him equal to a ganadhara of the *Arhats*. After seating the *muni* on the seat offered by himself, Dasagriva bowed to him and sat down on the ground. Like confidence embodied, a brother to reassurance of all the world, he gave him the blessing, 'Dharmalabha,'²⁶⁰ the mother of good fortune. The best of munis, questioned by Ravana with folded hands about the reason for his coming, replied with the harmless speech:

"I am Satabahu. I was king of Mahismati. I am afraid of this living in worldly existence, like a tiger afraid of fire. I bestowed my kingdom on my son, Sahasrakirana, and resorted to the vow which resembles a chariot on the road to emancipation."

When this was half-spoken, Dasagriva said, his head bowed: "Is he your reverence's powerful son?" The muni said, "Yes," and Dasanana said: "I came here to the river-bank in course of an expedition of conquest. Camp was made on that bank and, as I had made worship of the Jinas with blooming lotuses, I became absorbed in that, my mind concentrated on one object. When the puja was submerged by water which he caused to overflow, impure from his bathing, I did this in anger. I think he, noble, did that in ignorance. Why would your son show any disrespect at all to the Arhats?"

Saying this, Dasanana bowed and brought Sahasransu^s, and he bowed to his father, the muni, his face bowed in shame. Ravana said to him: "Henceforth, you are my brother. Muni Satabahu is my father as well as yours. Go, rule your own kingdom. Take additional territory, also. For you are a fourth to us three,²⁶¹ taking a part of (our) wealth."

Sahasransu, freed and so addressed, said: "For the future I have finished with the kingdom and the body. I shall resort to the vow to which my father resorted, which destroys worldly existence. For this road of the noble leads to emancipation." Saying this, he entrusted his son to Dasasya and he in his last body took the vow at his father's feet. At the very time because of their friendship he sent word to King Anaranya that he had become a *mendicant*. The king

of Ayodhya thought, "There was an agreement between my dear friend and me that we would take the vow at the same time." Recalling his promise to this effect he gave his kingdom to his son Dasaratha and, having the wealth of truth, took the vow.

After paying homage to the rsis, Satabahu and Sahasransu^s, Dasanana installed Sahasransu's son on the throne and left through the air.

Story of Narada

Then *Muni* Narada, weak from blows with clubs, et cetera, lamenting, "This was a crime," told Ravana:

"King, in Rajapura there is a king, named Marutta. He is a heretic and makes sacrifices, influenced by wicked Brahmans. I saw innocent animals, crying out, bound, being led by his Brahmans like butchers for slaughter in a sacrifice. Then I, compassionate, descended from the sky and questioned Marutta who was surrounded by Brahmans, 'Look! What is taking place?' Then Marutta said: 'This is a sacrifice ordered by the Brahmans. The animals must be sacrificed here in the sacrificial ground to please the gods. This is a well-known righteous act for the sake of heaven. Therefore I shall make a sacrifice today with these animals, sir.' Then I said to him: 'The body is the sacrificial ground; the *soul* is the sacrificer; penance is the fire; knowledge is said to be the ghi; karma is the fuel; anger, et cetera are considered the animals; truth is the sacrificial post; protection of all living things is the fee for the sacrifice. If a sacrifice has been made in accordance with the Vedas, with the understanding the three Vedas are the three jewels, by a different means, the attainment of emancipation results. The people who, like Rakshasas, make a sacrifice by killing goats, et cetera, will remain in a terrible hell, suffering pain, for a long time after they have died. You spring from the best family; you are intelligent and wealthy. O king, turn from that crime suitable for hunters. If heaven were possible for people by the killing of living creatures, then this world of the living would be empty in a few days.'

At hearing this speech of mine, the Brahmans flamed with anger like the fires of a sacrifice and started up with staves and boards in their hands. Then I was beaten by them, escaped, and reached you, like one injured by the current of a river reaching an island, Ravana. Protect the innocent animals who are being killed by these human-animals. I, on the other hand, am protected just from seeing you."

Then Dasasya descended from his car with the intention of looking at that (the sacrifice), and was honored by the king with water for the feet, the lion-throne, et cetera. Dasanana, angry, said to King Marutta: "Sirrah! Why is this sacrifice being made by these men facing hell? For how can *dharma* taught by the omniscients benefiting the three worlds to be from non-injury result from a sacrifice consisting of injury to animals? Do not make this sacrifice hostile to the two worlds. If you make it, you will dwell in my prison in this world and in hell in the next." Then King Marutta stopped the sacrifice at once. For Ravana's command, terrifying to everyone, is not to be transgressed. Dasasya asked Narada, "How did these sacrifices consisting of slaughter of animals originate?" and Narada related:

Story of origin of animal sacrifices

"There is a city, Saktimati, famous throughout the world. It is adorned by the river Saktimati like a pleasure-companion. When many kings had come and gone since Munisuvrata of good vows, Abhicandra, best of kings, was king in this city. Abhicandra had a son, Vasu by name, very intelligent, known for speaking the truth. Under the guru Ksirakadamba, his son Parvataka, Prince Vasu, and I the three of us studied. One night when we were asleep on the top of the house from fatigue from study, two flying ascetics were talking to each other, as they went through the air. Ksirakadambaka heard, 'One of these will go to heaven, but the other two will go to hell.'

Hearing this, Ksirakadamba was crushed and thought: 'Oh! Oh! With me as a teacher, two of my pupils will go to hell. Which one of these will go to heaven and which to hell?' Wishing to know this, the teacher summoned the three of us at the same time. The guru gave each one of us a dough-cock and said, 'Kill these where no one sees.' Vasu and Parvataka went to deserted places and destroyed the dough-cocks as well as a state of existence beneficial to themselves. I went to a very distant place outside the city, stopped in a spot without any people, looked in all directions, and thought: 'Though the order was given by the guru, "Son, you must kill this cock where no one sees," he (the cock) sees, I see, and the Khecaras see, the Lokapalas see, and the jnanins²⁶². There is no place where no one sees. "The cock certainly must not be killed," is the meaning of the guru's speech. The reverend guru, compassionate, always averse to injury, surely gave this command to test our intelligence.'

With these reflections I returned without killing the cock and explained to the guru the reason for not killing the cock. The guru

embraced me with pride, thinking, 'He will go to heaven,' and said, 'Well done! Well done!' Vasu and Parvataka returned later and said, 'We killed the cocks where no one could see.' The guru reviled them, 'O wretches, you saw in the first place; the Khecaras, et cetera saw. Why were the cocks killed?' The idea of teaching forgotten because of that pain, the teacher thought: 'My trouble in teaching Vasu and Parvata was wasted. The teaching of the guru develops here according to the recipient. Rain-water becomes pearls or brine according to the difference in place. My son Parvataka is dear to me; Vasu is dearer than a son even. They will go to hell. So enough for me of being a householder.' From disgust with existence at these thoughts, the teacher became a *mendicant* then and Parvata sat at his feet, expert on occasion of exposition. As I had become expert in all the sciences by favor of the guru, I returned to my own place then.

Abhicandra, the moon of kings, took the vow at the proper time and then Vasu became king, equal to Vasudeva^s in *splendor*. He acquired a reputation through the world, 'He tells the truth,' and he spoke only the truth in order to protect his reputation.

Then one day a hunter, who was deer-hunting, shot an arrow and it stumbled on the intervening slope of the Vindhya. He went to find out the reason for the arrow's stumbling on it and, touching it with his hand, found it was atmospheric crystal. He thought: 'I think I saw the deer moving somewhere else reflected in this, like the shadow of the earth reflected in the moon. Unless you touch it, this is not observed at all. Surely this is suitable to give to King Vasu.' The hunter went to the king secretly and told him about the stone. The king accepted it with delight and gave him much money. He (the king) had a base for his throne made from it in secret and had the artisans killed. For kings are subject to no one. The king of Cedi's lion-throne was set on this base and the people believed that it stood in the air from the power of truth: 'Pleased by the truth, gods attend him,' and so his strong reputation spread over the world. Kings, terrified by his reputation, submitted to him. For reputation, whether true or false, conquers men.

Dispute over meaning of aja

One day I went there and saw Parvata commenting on the Rgveda to intelligent pupils. He explained the phrase, 'sacrifice must be made with aja(s),' as meaning with 'mesa(s).' I said to him, 'Brother, what are you saying by mistake? Aja is so-called because three-year old rice does not reproduce. Why have you forgotten that it was so explained by our guru?'

Then Parvataka said, 'The father did not say that. Moreover, aja(s) were said to be mesa(s) and are called the same in the lexicons.' I said: 'The determination of the meaning of words is primary and secondary. In this case the guru taught the secondary. The guru is a teacher of *dharma** alone; and sacred knowledge consists of dharma alone. Do not commit a sin by falsifying both, friend.'

Parvata replied scornfully: 'The guru said aja(s) meant 'mesa(s)'. Do you acquire dharma by transgression* of the meaning of words taught by the guru? False and *arrogant* speech on the part of men should not exist from fear* of punishment. Let us make a wager of cutting out the tongue on the confirmation of our own opinion. King Vasu, the fellow-student of us both, can be the authority.' I agreed to that, for there is no fear on the part of those speaking the truth. Secretly Parvata's mother, though occupied with household matters, said to him: 'I heard your father say, "Aja means three-year old rice." That you made a wager to cut out your tongue from arrogance was improper. People acting without reflection are the home of calamities.'

Parvata said, 'Just as I did such a thing, so I do not know the reason for doing it, mother.'

Wounded in the heart by grief over Parvata's calamity, she went to King Vasu. What is not done for the sake of a son? Vasu said, 'Now I see Ksirakadamba, mother, when I see you. What can I do for you or what can I give you?' She said, 'Give me the boon of a son, king. For without a son what is the use to me of other money and grain*, son?'

Vasu said: 'Mother, Parvata must be protected and honored by me. For it is said in the sacred texts, "One must treat the son of the guru like the guru." Whose (name-) leaf has been turned up by angry Fate unseasonably? Who wishes to kill my brother? Tell me, mother. Why are you grieved?'

She told the story about the interpretation of aja and her son's wager and, saying 'You have been made the authority,' she asks, 'say that aja means "Mesa" and protect your brother. For the great confer benefits just by existing, how much more by speech.'

King Vasu said: 'How can I lie, mother? For truthful persons do not lie even when in danger of life. Not even any other lie can be told by the one fearing evil, to say nothing of misrepresenting the guru's words and bearing false witness.'

'Choose between your guru's son and adherence to your vow of truth,' she said angrily, and the king consented to her speech. Then Ksirakadamba's wife went away, delighted, and Parvata and I went

to King Vasu's assembly. The councilors, endowed with the quality of impartiality, met in the council, hansas for (separating) the milk and water of the truth and falsehood of the disputants. The head of the council, Vasu, adorned his lion-throne on the base of the atmospheric crystal like the moon adorning the sky. Then Parvataka and I explained our respective opinions about the interpretation to the king, saying, 'Tell the truth.' The Brahman-elders said: 'The decision depends on you. You are their authority, an eye-witness, like the sun of the heaven and earth. The magic instruments,²⁶³ the pitcher, et cetera, act from truth, the cloud rains from truth, the gods have power from truth. This world has been founded on truth by you yourself, O king. Why do we speak to you on this subject? Speak in accordance with your vow of *truthfulness*.'

After hearing their speech, Vasu cast aside his reputation for truthfulness and testified, 'The guru explained aja as mesa.' Angered by that lie, the gods split the crystal base then and there. King Vasu fell to the ground at once, as if announcing in advance his fall into hell. Then King Vasu, destroyed by the gods who were angered by that falsehood, went to a terrible hell. Vasu's sons, Prthuvasa, Citrivasu, Vasava^s, Sakra^s, Vibhavasu, Visvavasu, and the seventh, sura, and the eighth, Mahasura, seated at their father's feet, were killed by the gods at that time from anger. The ninth son, Suvasu, fled to Nagapura and Vasu's tenth son, Brhaddhvaja went to Mathura.

Much ridiculed by the citizens, Parvata was banished from the city and was received by the Asura Mahakala."

Story of Mahakala

Asked by Dasamukha, "Who is this Mahakala?" Narada related: "There is a city here, Caranayugala. Its king was Ayodhana and his wife's name was Diti, and they had a beautiful daughter, Sulasa. Summoned by her father to her svayamvara*, all the kings came and King Sagara was first among them. At Sagara's command a woman door-keeper, named Mandodari, went to King Ayodhana's palace every day. One day Diti went into a plantain-house in the palace-garden with Sulasa and Mandodari went also. Wishing to hear their conversation, Mandodari clung to the creepers. Diti said to Sulasa:

'Child, there is great anxiety to me in this svayamvara* of yours. The choice depends on you. So listen to the whole thing from the beginning. There were two sons of Rsabha Swamin, Bharata and Bahubali, who had descendants, whose sons were Surya^s and Soma. My brother, Trnabindu, was born in the Soma-line; your father,

King Ayodhana, was born in the Surya-line. Ayodhana's sister, Satyayasas, became the wife of King Trnabindu and their son was Madhupingala. I wish you to be given to him, fair maiden, but your father wishes to give you to a husband chosen at a svayamvara. I do not know whom you will choose. This is a worry to me. You must choose my nephew among the kings.'

Sulasa agreed to her instructions and Mandodari told King Sagara what she had heard. Sagara instructed his family-priest, Visvabhuti, and he, a poet, immediately composed a treatise on the characteristics of kings. In this he wrote in such a way that Sagara became endowed with all royal characteristics and Madhupingala was devoid of them. He put the book in a box as if it were ancient and took it into the royal council one day at the king's command. At the beginning Sagara said that whoever was deficient in proper characteristics according to this book when it was read should be killed and abandoned by everyone. As the priest read the book, Madhupingala became ashamed because he was lacking in proper characteristics. Madhupingala went away and Sulasa chose Sagara. The wedding took place at once and they all went to their respective homes.

Madhupingala practiced foolish penance because of his humiliation and died; he became an Asura, named Mahakala, lord of sixty thousand. Then he knew by clairvoyance Sagara's scheme which was the cause of his own humiliation in Sulasa's svayamvara. The Asura said, 'I will kill King Sagara and other kings also,' and, as he was looking for opportunities, he saw Parvata at the river Suktimati. Then he assumed the dress of a Brahman and said to Parvata, 'I am a friend of your father, named Sandilya, noble sir. Formerly, Ksirakadamba and I together studied with the wise teacher Gautama. Hearing that you had been injured by Narada and the people, I came. I shall make your side successful, bewildering every one by charms.'

Together with Parvata the Asura bewildered the whole people by means of wicked practices to make them fall into an evil state of existence. He produced afflictions, such as diseases, bhuts, et cetera, everywhere among the people and made them free from afflictions when the opinion of Parvata had been adopted. By the instructions of Sandilya Parvata allayed illness and, as he had benefited them repeatedly, he fixed the people in his opinion. The Asura created diseases, severe and very numerous, in Sagara's city, *harem*, and attendants. Even Sagara turned to Parvata because of the people's confidence and he with Sandilya allayed diseases everywhere.

What he taught

‘Drinking wine in the Sautraman is not wrong according to the rules. Illicit relations with women must be practiced in the sacrifice named ‘Gosava.’ In the matrmedha the mother must be killed and in the pitrmedha the father must be killed at the sacrificial-ground; and there is no sin in it.

After making a fire on the back of a tortoise, one should satisfy (the fire) with an *oblation*, after saying, “Hail to Juhvaka,” *zealously*. When a tortoise cannot be found, then a Brahman should throw the oblation, having lighted a blazing fire on the head, resembling a tortoise, of a pure Brahman, bald, of a tawny color, motionless, immersed in pure water up to his mouth.

Everything is one and the same god: what has been; what will be; who is lord of immortality; what grows by food.* Since there is one god, who perishes here? Hence, kill as many animals as you like in the sacrifice. Eating of their flesh must be done in the sacrificial rites by the one sacrificing repeatedly. For an act committed at the direction of the gods is pure.’

By him advising in this way Sagara was converted to his doctrine and had animal-sacrifices made in Kuruksetra, et cetera in the sacrificial-ground. Having begun, he made the sacrifices at the coronations of kings, et cetera, and the Asura showed those killed in sacrifice occupying heavenly palaces. Then the people converted to Parvata’s opinions, trusting him, fearlessly made sacrifices consisting of injury to animals. I saw that and said to a Vidyadhara named akara, ‘All the animals at the sacrifice must be taken away by you.’ He agreed with me; (but) when he took the animals in the sacrifice, a base god, a Paramadharmika, knew it. Mahakala set up a statue of Rsabha to destroy his vidya and the Khecara stopped (rescuing the animals). Then I went elsewhere silently, my scheme having been destroyed; and he encouraged Sagara in the sacrifices by deceit. He sacrificed Sagara with Sulasa in the sacrificial fire and, his purpose accomplished, Mahakala went to his own *abode*. Thus sacrifices consisting of injury to animals were made by the Brahmins through Parvata, a mountain of wickedness. They must be stopped by you.”

Dasanana consented to that, bowed humbly to Narada, asked his forgiveness because of Marutta and dismissed him.

Narada’s birth

Marutta bowed to Ravana and said, “Who is this ocean of *compassion* who stopped us from that sin through you, master?”

Ravana replied: "There was a Brahman, Brahmaruci, who was an *ascetic*. His wife, Kurmi, became pregnant. One day some monks came there and one of them said: 'It was, indeed, well done, that living in a house was abandoned from fear' of worldly existence. How, pray, does living in a forest differ from living in a house, if you have relations with your wife again, your mind injured by sense-objects?"

Hearing that, Brahmaruci accepted the teaching of the Jinas and became a *mendicant* at once and Kurmi became a laywoman next. Devoid of false belief, living there in the hermitage, she bore a son who was exempt from crying, et cetera, named Narada. When she had gone somewhere else (one day), the Jrmabhaka gods kidnapped him. Because of sorrow for the boy, she became a mendicant under Indumala. The gods took care of him and taught him the sciences; and in course of time gave him the vidya 'going through the air.' Observing the lesser vows, he reached charming youth. As he always wore the topknot, he was neither householder nor ascetic.

Eager to watch quarrels, interested in singing and dancing, he was always very devoted to bad conduct and talkativeness about love. The creator of peace and *dissension* between heroes and lovers, with an umbrella under his arm and his mat in his hand, elevated on shoes, because he had been reared by the gods Narada became known on earth as a god-rsi, a celibate in general²⁶⁴ and doing as he pleased."

Conquest of Mathura

When the Lord of Lanka had told this, Marutta asked his forgiveness for the sin arising from the sacrifice which was made because of his own ignorance. Then King Marutta gave his daughter, Kanakaprabha, to Dasasya, and Dasasya married her. Destroyer of Marutta's sacrifice, strong like the wind, he went then to the city Mathura, very powerful. Its king, Harivahana, came to Dasagriva with his son Madhu, who had a spear, like Isana. Dasakandhara, delighted, talked with him who was standing near with *devotion* and asked him, "Where did your son get this spear for a weapon?" Madhu, instructed by his father by a gesture of his eye-brow, replied gently: "This was given to me by the Indra Camara, my friend in a former birth. Camara said: 'In the continent Dhatakikhanda in Airavataksetra in the large city Satadvara there were a prince, Sunitra, and a boy of good family, Prabhava. They were friends like Vasanta and Madana'. In childhood they learned the arts under one teacher and they played together as inseparable as the two Asvins.

When they had grown up, Sumitra became king in that city and he made Prabhava very magnificent like himself.

One day the king's horse* ran away with him and went to a large forest; and the king married the daughter of the head of a village in it. The king returned to his own city with her and she, young and beautiful, was seen by Prabhava. Tormented by love at first sight of her, he became thinner day by day like the moon in the dark fortnight. The king, realizing that he who was not susceptible to charms and spells had become very thin, said, "What is troubling you? Tell me fully, friend." Prabhava replied, "This cannot be spoken which even in my mind amounts to a family disgrace." Questioned persistently by the king, the well-born youth said, "Love for Vanamala is the cause of my bodily weakness." The king said, "For your sake, I would abandon even a kingdom, to say nothing of a mere woman. Take her this very day." With these words he dismissed him and sent her after him, like a messenger, to his house at nightfall.

She said: "The king has given me, a life-giving herb, to you, suffering. Therefore, command me. The husband's command is very powerful for me. For your sake my husband would give up his life, to say nothing of a slave like me. Why do you seem indifferent?"

Prabhava said, "Alas! alas for me shameless! He indeed is noble whose friendship for me is such a kind. Even life is given for another, but not a wife. So an evil thing has been done today by him for my sake. There is nothing unaskable, like the improper speech of slanderers, for people like me; and nothing ungivable for people like him, like wishing-trees. By all means, go. You are (like) a mother. Henceforth do not look at this person (me) nor speak to such a heap of evil even at your husband's command"

The king had come there secretly and had heard his speech, and was greatly delighted at seeing his friend's virtue. After bowing to Vanamala and dismissing her, Prabhava took a cruel sword and started to cut off his own head. Sumitra showed himself and took the sword from his hand, saying, "Do not do anything rash." Prabhava, his head bowed from shame, as if wishing to enter the earth, was restored to his natural state by Sumitra some way or other. They ruled for a long time, devoted friends as before. Sumitra became a *mendicant*, died, and became the god Isana. Then he fell and became you, the son of Harivahana, king of Mathura, named Madhu, strong-armed, son of Madhavi. Prabhava wandered through births for a long time and became the son of Visvvasu and Jyotirmati, named Srikumara. He practiced penance with a *nidana**, died in the course

of time, and became I, the Indra Camara, your friend of a former birth.'

After relating this, he gave me this trident, which goes up to two thousand yojanas and returns, after doing its work." After hearing this, Dasagriva gave his daughter, Manorama, to Prince Madhu, conspicuous in *devotion* and power.

Then Dasakandhara went to worship the shrines in Pandaka on Svarnadri eighteen years from the day he left Lanka. Dasakantha paid homage to the shrines ardently with concerts, pujas, and festivals held with great magnificence.

Taking of Durlangha

At Dasagriva's command Kumbhakarna and others went to capture Indra's Dikpala, Nalakubara, in the city Durlangha. By means of the vidya Asali Nalakubara made a wall of fire, which was a hundred yojanas high, in his city. And on it he made machines made of fire alone making a fire in the sky, as it were, with masses of flames. Nalakubara stood near the wall, surrounded by soldiers, blazing with anger like a Vahnikumara. Kumbhakarna and the others approached and were not able even to look at him, like men aroused from sleep looking at the midday sun of summer. "This city Durlangha is hard to cross," they declared to Dasasya, after they had retreated, their eagerness destroyed, with difficulty. Dasasya himself went there and saw the wall such as it was. Not seeing any means of capturing it, he considered for a long time with his friends.

Then Nalakubara's wife, Uparambha, fell in love with Dasasya and sent a woman-messenger who said to him: "Uparambha, like the Sri of victory embodied, wishes to dally with you. Her mind has been carried away by your virtues. Only in body does she remain there. She will make the vidya Asali, the guardian of the wall, as well as herself, *submissive* to you, honored sir. By it you will capture the city and Nalakubara and the divine cakra, Sudarsana^s, will fall to you here."

Bibhisana, at whom Dasasya looked laughingly, said, "Very well," and dismissed the woman-messenger. Dasagriva said to Bibhisana angrily: "Look here! What is this you have done which is derogatory to the family? No one in our family has given his heart to another man's wife, foolish man, nor his back to the enemy in battle. This new stain on the family has been made by you just by speech. O Bibhisana, what was your idea in saying this?" Bibhisana said, "Be calm, powerful elder brother. Mere speech is not sufficient for family-disgrace to pure-minded men. Let her come and give you the

vidya. Let the enemy become submissive. Do not possess her. You should dismiss her with an appropriate speech.”

While Dasanana gave approval to Bibhisana’s speech, Uparambha came, eager for his embraces. She gave him the vidya Asalika, which had been made into a wall in the city by her husband, and unerring weapons* in charge of Vyantaras. Dasasya destroyed the wall of fire by means of the vidya and entered Durlangha with his army and transport. Then Nalakubara armed himself for battle and rose up and was seized by Bibhisana like a leather-bag by an elephant.* There Ravana came into possession of the cakra named Sudarsana^s, *invincible* even to gods and demons, irresistible to Sakra’s kinsman.

Dasasya gave the city to him when he had submitted. Just as the rich are not greedy for money, neither are the powerful greedy for victory.

Then Dasasya said to Uparambha in a manner suitable for their families:

“Fair lady, honor your husband who has shown respect to me. You are now in the place of a guru to me because of giving me the vidya. I look upon other married women as sisters and mothers. You are the daughter of Kamadhvaja and Sundari. Do not let any stain come from you, *inimical* to both families.”

Talking to her in this way, he returned her to King Nalakubara, uninjured like a woman who had come to her father’s house because she was angry.

Defeat of Indra

The elder brother of Kumbhakarna, worshipped by King Nalakubara, set out with his army for Rathanupura. When he heard that Ravana was coming, wise Sahasrara said to his son Indra affectionately because of affection for his son:

“Son, our family has reached the highest position through you, who are very powerful, being born in it, and has taken away prosperity from other families. This has been done by you by power alone. Now you must give attention to principles of policy. Power alone sometimes leads to calamity. Sarabhas, et cetera *perish* from power alone. The earth produces stronger than the strong. Do not be conceited at the thought, ‘I am stronger than all.’ Now a hero has appeared, the thief of all heroism, a sun in *splendor*, the restrainer of Sahasransu^s by whom Kailasa was easily uprooted, the destroyer of Marutta’s sacrifice, he whose mind was unshaken by the Lord of Jambudvipa, the Indra of the Yaksas, who has the trustworthy spear

Amogha from Dharanendra, whose mind was delighted by song with the lute of his arm in the presence of the Arhat, powerful from the three regal powers, haughty from two brothers like himself, like his arms, Ravana, Lord of Lanka, sun of the family of Sukesa. He crushed *Yama* and your vassal, Vaisravana, with ease and he made a vassal of the king of the Vanaras, Sugriva, the brother of Valin. The younger brother²⁶⁵ of him who had entered the city Durlangha with its wall of fire hard to cross bound and captured Nalakubara. Now he is approaching you, violent as the fire at the end of the world. He must be calmed by the rain of nectar of humility, not otherwise. Offer him your beautiful daughter, Rupavati. So you will have the best alliance because of the connection.”

When he had heard this speech of his father, he said angrily:

“How can one’s own daughter be given to him, an enemy? Besides, the hostility with him is not recent, but inherited. Remember that my father Vijayasinha²⁶⁶ was killed earlier by his adherents. What I did to his paternal grandfather, Malin,²⁶⁷ shall do to him. Let the wretch come! Do not be timid from affection. Depend on your natural *fortitude*. Do you not know your son’s strength which you have always seen?”

As he was saying this, Dasakandhara, irresistible, came and surrounded his. City, Rathanupura, with an army. First, Dasasya, whose strength was celebrated, sent a messenger, who approached Indra and said to him confidently:

“Whatever kings are here who are proud of their vidyas and strength of arm, Dasakandhara must be worshipped by them coming with gifts, et cetera. Through Dasakantha’s forgetfulness and because of your simplicity, so long a time as this has passed. Now it is time for *devotion* to him from you. Show devotion to him or show your power now. ‘If you are lacking in devotion and power, in that case you will *perish*.’”

Indra said: “Ravana has been worshipped by wretched kings, so he is crazed (with pride). Even crazed, he asks for a puja. Just as the time for Ravana’s happiness has passed, so the time, having the form of death, is present now for him. Go and show me your master’s devotion or power. If he is deficient in devotion and power, he will perish in that case.”

When Ravana had been so informed by the messenger, he, harsh from anger, very impetuous, armed himself and all the soldiers. Indra armed himself quickly and left Rathanupura. For Heroes cannot endure a lot of conceit in other heroes. *Vassals* with vassals, soldiers with soldiers, generals with generals of the two armies

fought together. There was a conflict between the two armies raining weapons*, like Puskaravarta clouds at the end of the world. Saying, "What is the use of these wretched soldiers being killed like flies?" Ravana himself mounted the best of elephants, Bhuvanankara, his bow strung for battle, and attacked Indra seated on Airavana. Indra's and Ravana's elephants met, weaving magic snares over each other's faces, as it were, by ceilings of their trunks. The two elephants, having great endurance, struck tusk against tusk, making sparks fly as if from rubbing a fire-stick. A row of golden circlets fell to the ground at once from their tusks from their blows against each other as if from the arms of women separated from their husbands. Streams of blood flowed from their heads crushed by the blows with their tusks, like streams of *ichor* from their cheeks. Now with darts, now with arrows, now with hammers Ravana and Indra fought like the two unequaled elephants. Very powerful, they ground missiles to pieces with missiles mutually. One was not inferior to the other, like the east and west ocean. The two of them, who had been initiated in the -ceremony of battle, fought with magic missiles which quickly participated in the state of oppressed and oppressor like a general rule and the exception. While the two elephants, Airavana and Bhuvanankara, were closely joined like two pieces of fruit on one stalk, Ravana, knowing tricks, leaped from his elephant*, went to Airavana, killed the *mahout*, and captured Indra as well as the Indra of elephants. The elephant was entirely surrounded below by the Raksas-soldiers making a loud noise from joy, like a piece of honey by bees. When Sakra (Indra)^s had been captured by Ravana, his army fled in all directions. When the lord has been conquered, the soldiers are surely conquered. Ravana led Indra with Airavana to his own camp and he himself became chief in the two rows (of cities).

Then Dasakandhara returned to Lanka, threw Sakra into prison, like a parrot into a wooden cage. Sahasrara, with the regents of the quarters, came to Lanka, bowed to Ravana, his hands folded submissively like a footman, and said:

"We are not ashamed because we were conquered by you, powerful, who lifted up Kailasa as easily as a piece of rock. You being such as you are, a petition is not a reason for shame at all. So I ask you: release Sakra^s and give me the alms of a son."

Ravana said: "If I free Sakra, he with the regents and attendants must always do such work (as this). He must constantly keep the city Lanka, everywhere as clean from grass, wood, et cetera, as the floor of a house. At every dawn he must sprinkle the city all over

with divine perfumes like a cloud with water, having made a waving of garments. After gathering and tying flowers himself always, like a gardener, he must present them on suitable occasions of the gods, et cetera. So performing various tasks, your son may take his kingdom again and rejoice in my favor.”

Sahasrara said, “He will do so,” and Ravana released Sakra from his prison and entertained him like his own brother. Returning to Rathanupura, Indra was exceedingly depressed. For loss of prestige to those having prestige is harder to bear than death.*

One day a jnanin, Nirvanasangama, stopped there and Indra went to pay him homage.

“Blessed One, because of what act did I suffer this humiliation from Ravana,” asked by Sakra, the *muni* said:

Previous incarnation of Indra

“In the past there was a Vidyadhara-chief in the beautiful Arin-jayapura, named Jvalanasinha. His wife was named Vegavati. They had a beautiful daughter, Ahilya, and all the Vidyadhara-lords came to her svayamvara.* Anandamalin, lord of Candravartapura, came there and Taditprabha, lord of Suryavartapura, who was you. Ignoring you, though you had come together, Ahilya chose Anandamalin of her own accord and you were humiliated. From that time you were jealous of Anandamalin, thinking, ‘He married Ahilya, though I was present.’

One day Anandamalin took the vow from disgust with the world and wandered with great sages, practicing severe penance. One time in the course of his wandering, he went to Mt. Rathavarta. You saw him and remembered Ahilya’s svayamvara. Absorbed in meditation*, he was bound and beaten many times by you, but, immovable as a mountain, he was not moved in the least from meditation. But his brother, chief of ascetics, possessing illustrious *qualities*, saw (your actions), and discharged a hot flash at you, like a stroke of lightning at a tree. Pacified by your wife, Satyasri, by assurance of *devotion*, he restrained the hot flash and you were not burned at that time. Because of the sin produced by the humiliation to the *muni*, you wandered through several births and, after acquiring pure karma, you became Indra, the son of Sahasrara. This defeat by Ravana is the result at hand of the karma arising from the abuse and beating of the muni. For the acts of everyone, from Purandara^s to a worm, certainly bear fruit, even after a long time. Such is the condition of worldly existence.”

After hearing this, Indra gave his kingdom to his son, Dattavirya, and became a *mendicant*, practiced very severe penance, and became emancipated.

One day Ravana went to Mt. Svarnatunga to pay homage to the sage Anantavirya whose *omniscience* had arisen. After he had paid homage, Dasakandhara sat down in the proper place and listened to a sermon, a channel of nectar to the ears. At the end of the sermon Dasasya asked the great sage, "How shall I die?" and the Blessed One replied, "The death* of you, a Prativisnu, will be at the hands of a future Vasudeva^s because of a sin connected with another man's wife, Dasanana."

He took a vow before the same muni, "I will not enjoy another man's wife against her will."

After bowing to the best of munis, an ocean of the jewels of knowledge, Dasavadana went to his own city in Puspaka, equal to the moon for giving a wealth of joy to the blue night-blooming lotuses of the eyes of all the women of the city.

4. HANUMAT'S BIRTH AND VARUNA'S SUBJECTION

Now, here on Mt. Vaitadhya in the town Adityapura there was a king, named Prahlada, and his wife, Ketumati. They had a son, Pavananjaya, victorious like the wind because of his strength and manner of moving through the air.

Story of Pavananjaya and Anjanasundari

Now in this same Bharata on Mt. Dantin near the ocean there was a Vidyadhara king, Mahendra, in the city Mahendra. By his wife Hrdayasundari he had a daughter, Anjanasundari, besides a hundred sons, Arindama, et cetera. When she was grown and her father was thinking about a husband, the ministers described young Vidyadharas by the thousand. At Mahendra's instructions the ministers had accurate pictures made on canvas of each one and brought them and showed them to him. Among these one day the minister showed Mahendra the portrait of Vidyutprabha, the son of the Vidyadhara-lord, Hiranyabha, and his wife, Sumanas, and the handsome portrait of Pavananjaya, the son of Prahlada. The king said to the minister, "These two are handsome and well-born. Which one of them is the husband for the girl?" and the minister replied: "Vidyutprabha will attain emancipation at eighteen years of age. So the astrologers have already stated clearly, master. But Prahlada's son, Pavananjaya, will have a long life. So he is a suitable husband. Give Anjanasundari to him."

Just then all the Vidyadhara-kings and their retinues went with great magnificence to Nandisvara for a festival. Prahlada saw the girl and said to Mahendra, "Please give your daughter, Anjanasundari, to my son." Mahendra agreed, for that was his intention in the beginning. Prahlada's request was merely a reason.

They said, "The wedding must take place on the third day from this at the best of lakes, Manasa," and went to their proper places. Then Mahendra and Prahlada went to Lake Manasa joyfully with their households and built a house.

Pavananjaya said to his friend, Prahasita, "You have seen Anjanasundari. Tell me what she is like."

Prahasita laughed a little and said: "I think Anjanasundari is fairer than Rambha, et cetera. Her unequalled beauty, as it is seen by the eye, cannot be described by the voice even by *Brhaspati*."

Pavananjaya said: "The time of the wedding is far away. How can she be brought within my range of vision, friend? To those eager from love an hour becomes a day, a day becomes a month. How much more three days!"

Then Prahasita replied: "Be calm. By going there at night, you will see your beloved, unobserved." Flying up, Pavananjaya left with Prahasita for the seven-storied palace presided over by Arijana-sundari. Concealing themselves like spies, Pavananjaya and his friend succeeded in seeing Anjanasundari fully. "You are lucky to get Pavananjaya for a husband," her friend, Vasantatilaka, said to Anjanasundari. "Friend, who is to be praised as a husband, except the noble Vidyutprabha, who has his "Last body?"²⁶⁸ her friend Misraka said. The first one said, "Foolish girl, do you not know anything? How can Vidyutprabha with a short life be suitable for the mistress?"

The second one said, "Friend, it is you who are stupid. Even a little nectar is better than a lot of poison."

Hearing this conversation of theirs, Pavananjaya thought, "This is certainly agreeable to her, as she does not stop it." Angry at this thought, Pavananjaya drew his sword and appeared like a Raksasa who has suddenly risen from darkness. Saying angrily, "I shall cut off the heads of the two in whose hearts is Vidyutprabha," Pavananjaya started. Holding him by the arm, Prahasita said: "Do you not know that a woman, even though guilty, must not be killed, like a cow? How much more Anjanasundari entirely innocent. She did not stop the girl talking in this improper way from bashfulness."

Restrained by Prahasita urgently, Pavananjaya flew up and went to his own *abode* and stayed awake, grieving. At dawn he said to Prahasita: "Friend, what would be the good of her for a wife? Even a servant who is indifferent is a source of trouble, to say nothing of a wife. So, come, let us go to our own city, employing great haste. What is the good of food*, even though sweet, if it does not please one?"

Even as he was saying this, Pavananjaya started, but Prahasita held him and reasoned with him gently.

"The transgression* of one's own promise is not suitable for the great, to say nothing of a promise made by the elders who are not to be sinned against. Whether one sells for money or gives as a favor, the elders are the authority for the noble. There is no other course. Moreover, in this case there is not an atom of blame in Anjanasundari. My friend's heart is hurt by the fault of fate. If you go away

because of your own willfulness, brother, will you not put to shame the noble parents, hers and yours, who are well-known?"

Pavananjaya reflected at this talk of Prahasita's and remained as before, somehow or other, with a thorn in his heart, as it were. On the appointed day, Pavananjaya's and Anjanasundari's wedding-festival took place which was a moon to the night-blooming lotuses of their parents' eyes. Prahlada was honored affectionately by Mahendra and went to his own city joyfully with the bride and groom and his household.

Prahlada gave Anjanasundari a seven-storied palace for a home like a heavenly palace placed on earth. Pavananjaya did not salute her even with words. For the proud do not forget a slur from any source at all. Without Pavananjaya, like the night without the moon, her face dark from tears, she remained a receptacle of distress. The nights seemed very long, like a year, to her tossing against both sides of the couch, again and again. Giving her undivided attention, her lotus-face resting on her knee, she spent the days only with paintings of her husband. Even when her friends talked to her often with flattery, she did not abandon silence, like a cuckoo in winter.

One day, as time passed in this way, a messenger from the king of the Raksasas came to King Prahlada and said:

"Now the wicked king of sea-animals (Varuna) is at intense enmity with the lord of the Raksasas, disregarding submission. Asked for homage, the wretch, a mountain of conceit, looking at his arms, said: 'Who, indeed, is this Ravana? What has he done? I am not Indra, nor Kubera, nor Nalakubara! I am not Sahasrarasmi, nor Marutta, nor *Yama*, nor Mt. Kailasa; but I am Varuna! If there is arrogance on the part of the wretch because of the jewels presided over by deities, let him come and I shall remove his insolence accumulated for a long time.'

Angered by this speech, Ravana marched to battle with an army and surrounded his city, like ocean waves a mountain on the coast. Varuna came out of the city for battle, red-eyed, surrounded by his sons, Rajiva, Pundarika, et cetera, and fought. Khara and Dusana were led away (prisoners) by the heroes, the sons of Varuna, who had fought and captured them in this great battle. Then the army of the Raksasas was destroyed completely and Varuna entered his own city, considering his purpose accomplished. Ravana sent messengers to summon the Vidyadharas, one to each, and now I was sent to you."

When Prahlada himself started to give aid to Dasasya, Pavananjaya said to him, "Stay here, father. I shall satisfy Dasagriva's wish.

I am your son." Saying this persistently, Pavananjaya obtained his father's consent, talked with the rest of the people, and started out. Anjana heard about her husband's expedition from the people's talk and, eager, came down from the top of the palace like a goddess from the zenith of the sky.

Leaning against a pillar, in order to see him, she stood like a puppet, her eyes unwinking, her heart shaken by anxiety. As he went along, Pavana saw Anjana resting against the door-post, thin as a new moon, her forehead covered with disheveled hair, without any cosmetics, the vines of her arms, relaxed and feeble, resting on her hips, the blossoms^B of her lips gray without the red of the betel, her face washed with the water of tears, standing before him, her face upturned, her eyes devoid of *collyrium*.*

Observing her, Prahlada's son thought at once: "Oh! the shamelessness and the fearlessness of this evil-minded woman! Yet I knew her evil-mindedness before, but I married her, afraid to disobey my father's command"

She fell at his feet and said, her hands folded submissively: "You have talked with everyone else, but not at all with me. Nevertheless, you are asked that I should not be forgotten by you. May your paths be blessed with a quick return."

Completely ignoring her so speaking, miserable, though with excellent conduct, Pavananjaya went to victory. Wounded by her husband's contempt and by separation from him, after she had gone into the house, she fell to the ground, like the bank of the Sindhu whose ground has been penetrated by water. Then Prahlada's son flew up like the wind, went to Lake Manasa, and stopped there at night-fall. Pavananjaya created a palace there and inhabited it. A vidya of the Vidyadharas alone is a *cow* of plenty for all supernatural powers. Occupying his couch there on the ground near the lake, he saw the cakravaki grieved by separation from her mate. Seeing her not eating even the lotus-tendrils gathered before, burned from the cold like hot water, pained by the moonlight like a mass of flames, crying pitifully, he reflected:

"The cakravakis enjoy themselves with their mates all day, but are not able to endure separation from them at night. The woman who was deserted by me at the wedding, to whom I have never spoken, who was scorned, like another man's wife, by me when I went away, crushed completely by a load of sorrow like a mountain, how, alas! will she be happy at an unforeseen union with me! Shame! Shame! She, miserable, is dying from my lack of discernment. Where shall I go, evil-faced from the sin of her murder?"

He told Prahasita these thoughts. For no one, except a friend, is a suitable person for telling one's grief. Prahasita said: "It is well that you have realized this even after a long time. She is, indeed, perishing now from separation, like a blue crane.²⁶⁹ She is suitable for you to console even now. After taking leave of her with friendly words, you should fly again on your own business." Urged by his friend, like his heart, agreeing with his inclination, Maruta²⁷⁰ flew up and went to Anjanasundari's house. Pavananjaya stopped a little way off, just at the door, and Prahasita went ahead and entered the house. Prahasita saw Anjanasundari there tossing on her couch like a large fish in a little water, distressed by the moonlight like a lotus by the cold, the pearls of her necklace bursting from the heat in her heart, the wreaths of hair waving from the deep sighs breathed out, with broken jeweled bracelets on her feeble and relaxed arms against the sides of the bed, being consoled repeatedly by her friend, Vasantatilaka, her eyes vacant, her mind vague, as if she were made of wood.

"Who has come here suddenly like a Vyantara?" she said to him, relying on her courage, though terrified. "Say! Who are you who have come here? Or rather, it is enough to know that you are a strange man. Do not remain here in the house of another man's wife. Vasantatilaka, take him by the arm and put him outside. I am as pure as the moon. I cannot even look at him. No one, except Pavananjaya, has authority to enter this house of mine. Why do you hesitate?"

Prahasita bowed and said: "Mistress, by good fortune you have occasion to rejoice from meeting Pavananjaya who has come eagerly after a long time. I am Prahasita, his friend, like Madhava^s of Manmatha^s. I have come in advance. Know that your husband has followed."

Anjana said: "Do not ridicule me who have been ridiculed by Fate indeed. This is no time for joking, Prahasita. And yet this is not your fault, but the fault of my past actions that such a well-born husband should abandon me. How can it be otherwise? Twenty-two years have passed since the wedding when I was deserted by my husband I, wicked, am alive even yet."

Then Pavananjaya, to whom the former load of her sorrow had been transferred, went inside and said, his voice choked with tears:

"From the time of our marriage you, though faultless, have been burdened with faults. You have been scorned by me, wretch that I am, ignorant, thinking myself wise. You have reached such an evil condition hard to bear from my fault, my dear. Though having

“Been driven to death*, by my good fortune you have barely escaped death.”

Embarrassed when she had seen her husband saying this, she rose up to honor him, leaning on the rail of the couch, her face downcast. Taking hold of her with his arm encircling her, like an elephant* taking a vine with the trunk, Pavananjaya sat down on the couch. Pavana said to her again, “You, blameless, have been troubled by me of little wit. Forgive me for that, my dear.”

Anjana said, “Do not say this, husband I am your slave always. Bestowing forgiveness is not suitable for me.”

Prahasita and Vasantatilaka went away. For clever people do not stay near when husband and wife are together privately. Anjana and Pavananjaya enjoyed themselves as they liked there. The night stopped at the entrance of love, like one watch. When Pavananjaya noticed that night had become day, he said: “I am going away for conquest, wife. Otherwise, the elders will know. In future, do not worry. Remain surrounded by your friends comfortably. When I have discharged my duty to Dasasya, I shall return, fair lady.”

She said: “That duty is certainly incumbent on you, powerful. When your duty has been performed, return quickly, if you wish me to live. Moreover, I have just taken a purifying bath. If conception should take place, in your absence slanderers would criticize me.”

Pavana said: “I shall return quickly, honored wife. When I have come, how will there be the slightest opportunity to criticize you? Yet take this ring with my name showing that I have been here. You can show it at the proper time.”

Pavananjaya gave her his ring, flew up, and went to his camp on the shore of Lake Manasa. Then he went through the air like a god to Lanka with his army and bowed to Ravana. Ravana entered Patala with his army and went to Varuna, like a newly-risen sun in brilliance.

Now, Anjanasundari conceived on that day, and her whole body became extremely fair. Her mother-in-law, Ketumati, saw her face with cheeks somewhat pale, her breasts dark and swelling, her gait extremely languid, her eyes wide and shining, and the other signs of conception apparent in her body and said contemptuously:

“Friend, what have you done, bringing disgrace on both families, that you are pregnant when your husband is in a foreign country, wretch! My son’s fault through ignorance in his contempt for you I knew, but for so long a time I did not know that you were licentious.”

Abused in this way by her mother-in-law, Anjanasundari tearfully showed the ring as a token of her husband's visit. Her face bent from shame, she was reviled again by her mother-in-law:

"How would there be any meeting with him who has not spoken your name? How can you deceive us by a mere ring? *Licentious* women know many kinds of deceit. Leave my house now, *harlot*! Go to your father's house. Do not stay here. This is not such a place."

Blaming Anjana in this way like a pitiless Raksasi, she instructed guards to take her to her father's house. They put her in a conveyance with Vasantatilaka, took her near the town Mahendra and, weeping, set her free. After bowing to her like a mother and begging forgiveness, they went away. For servants have the same conduct for the master's child as the master. Then the sun set, as if pained by her pain. For the noble cannot endure seeing a calamity of the noble. She passed the night miserably, awake, her ears burst, as it were, by the terrible hootings of owls, by the calls of female jackals, by the howls of packs of wolves, by the many noises of porcupines, and by the sounds of ichneumons, like concerts of Raksasas. At dawn she got up, wretched, and went slowly from shame, like a modest woman, to the door of her father's house, unattended like a *mendicant sadhvi*.²⁷¹ After the door-keeper had seen her and questioned her respectfully, he told the king her condition as described by her friend. His face dark and bowed from shame, the king thought: 'The conduct of women is as unpredictable as the results of destiny. Anjana, unchaste, has come to the house to the disgrace of the family. Even a speck of *collyrium** spoils a clean cloth.'

As he was reflecting thus, his son, Prasannakirti, intent on prudence, his face becoming ungracious, said to him: "She should be sent away quickly. For the family has been injured by her. Does not a wise person cut off his finger if bitten by a snake?"

Then the minister, Mahotsaha, said to the king: "In case of trouble with the mother-in-law, the refuge* of daughters is the protection of the father. Moreover, the mother-in-law Ketumati, cruel, would banish her, though innocent, having invented some fault. Until there is an explanation of guilt or innocence, protect her here secretly. Because she is your daughter, show *compassion*."

The king said: "A mother-in-law is like this everywhere. But nowhere should there be such conduct of young women. Moreover, we heard in the beginning that she was disliked by Pavana. How then could her embryo originate from Pavana himself? She is

certainly guilty and was properly banished by her. She must be banished from here quickly. We will not look upon her face.”

At the king’s command the door-keeper drove away Anjana who was watched unhappily by the people lamenting and sad. Hungry, thirsty, tired, sighing, weeping, reddening the earth with blood from her feet pierced by thorns, stumbling at every step, resting at every tree, Anjana went with her friend, making the very heavens cry out. Into whatever city or village she went, she was prevented from stopping by the king’s agents who had been there in advance. On her wandering, she came to a large forest, sat down at the foot of a tree in a mountain-thicket, and lamented:

“Alas! From lack of consideration on the part of my elders, first there was punishment of me, unfortunate; afterwards consideration of the fault. Ketumati, the disgrace to the family was warded off by you, well-done! Father, you decided well from fear of the connection!

The mother is the source of comfort to women in trouble. Mother, I was disregarded by you in accordance with your husband’s wish. Brother, there is no fault on your part, the father being alive. Husband, you being far away, everyone is hostile to me. Certainly, I, a woman without a husband, alone, should not live. For I, alone, live as the crest-jewel of the unfortunate.”

Lamenting so, Anjana was led by her friend, who informed her first, and she saw *Muni Amitagati* in meditation* in a cave. Bowing to the flying-ascetic with reverence, they sat down on the ground in front of him and he finished his meditation. Raising his right hand, he gave the blessing ‘Dharmalabha,’ which is the sole water-channel to the great garden of happiness of meditation. After bowing again with devotion, Vasantatilaka told him all of Anjana’s trouble from the beginning.

Asked by her friend: “Who became her embryo and because of what act has she been reduced to such a wretched condition?” the muni related the following story:

Previous birth of Anjana

“In Bharataksetra of this very Jambudvipa in the town Mandara there was a merchant, Priyanandin. By his wife, Jaya, he had a son, Damayanta, devoted to self-control, a depository of arts, like the moon. One day as he was playing in the garden, he saw monks engaged in study and meditation* and, pure-minded, listened to *dharma** from them. He accepted right-belief and took numerous limitations and gave a suitable *irreproachable* gift to the monks.

Grounded in penance and self-control, he died in the course of time and became a magnificent god in the second heaven.

When he fell, he became the son, Sinhacandra, of King Haricandra, lord of the city Mrganka, by Priyangulaksmi. He professed the Jain faith, died in the course of time and attained divinity. When he fell, he became the son, Sinhavahana, of King Sukantha and Kanakodari in the city Varuna on this same Vaitadhya. After enjoying *sovereignty* for a long time, he took the vows under *Muni* Laksmidhara in the *congregation** of sri Vimala. After practicing severe penance, he died, and became a god in Lantaka. Then he fell and descended into your friend's womb. Her son will be a powerful Vidyadhara, the *abode* of virtues, having his last body, irreproachable.

Furthermore, in the city Kanakapura there was a king, named Kanakaratha, crest-jewel of great warriors. He had two wives, Kanakodari and Laksmivati, and laksmivati was always an ardent laywoman. She set up a statue of the Jina^s made of jewels in the house-shrine, had pujas made to it and worshipped it twice a day daily. Crazy from jealousy, Kanakodari took the Arhat's statue and threw it into the impurity of a trash-pile. At that time Jayasri, the head of a group of nuns, came there in her wandering, saw that, and said to her: 'Why are you doing this, honored lady? By you, throwing here the Arhat's statue, this *soul* (of yours) has been made the receptacle of the pains of many births.'

At these words, remorsefully she took the statue, cleaned it, asked forgiveness, and set it in its proper place. From that time, possessing right belief, she observed the Jain faith, died in time, and became a goddess in the heaven Saudharma. Then she fell and became Mahendra's daughter, your friend, the result of her throwing the Arhat's statue in an improper place. In that birth you were her sister and approved of that act and experience its consequences with her. The consequences of that evil deed of hers have been experienced for the most part. Adopt the Jain religion. It has favorable results in birth after birth. Her uncle will come suddenly and take her to his house, and soon a meeting with her husband will take place."

After telling this, the muni confirmed them both in the religion of the *Arhats* and flew up in the air like Garuda. They saw a young lion approaching, bursting open the ground with blows with his tail, as it were, with the thickets in all directions filled with roars, terrible with the blood of elephants, his eyes blazing, his fangs like a vajrakanda, his teeth cruel as a saw, his mane like a flame, his nails

resembling iron goads, his breast like a slab of stone. While they stood trembling, as if wishing to enter the ground, like does running away, Manicula, a Gandharva, lord of the cave, created by magic the figure of a sarabha and destroyed the lion. After destroying the sarabha and resuming his own form, he and his wife sang a hymn in praise of the Arhats' virtues for their delight. Comfortably established in a cave in the vicinity which he presided over, they set up a statue of the god Munisuvrata and worshipped it.

Birth of Hanumat

One day Anjana bore a son, his feet marked with the axe, goad, and discus, like a lioness bearing a superior lion. Vasantatilaka looked after her birth-rites with fuel, water, et cetera collected joyfully by herself. Anjanasundari took her son on her lap, grieving, tearful, making the cave cry out, as it were, cried out, "What kind of birth-festival can I, wretched, devoid of merit, make for you born in this forest, noble one?" A Vidyadhara, Pratisurya, saw her crying, approached, and in a gentle voice asked her the cause of her sorrow. Then her friend, weeping, told in detail the reason for Anjana's grief from the time of the marriage up to the birth of her son. Weeping, he said at once: "I am the lord of Hanupura, son of Sundarimala, younger brother of Citrabha, brother of your mother Manasavega, child. Thank heaven! I have seen you while you are still living. Be comforted for the future."

After knowing that he was her uncle, she wept more and more. Generally grief becomes renewed at the sight of a relative. After he had stopped her crying, Pratisurya asked an astrologer, who had come along, about the son's birth, et cetera. He said:

"This child, possessing merit, born at a moment when auspicious* planets* prevailed, will certainly be a great king, and will reach emancipation in this same birth. Likewise, this lunar day is favorable, the eighth of the dark half of Caitra, the constellation is Sravana, the lord of the day (of the week) is the Sun. The Sun is in Aries, having resorted to a high house, the Moon stands in Capricorn in the middle house, Mars is in Taurus in the middle house, Mercury is in the middle house in Pisces, Jupiter is presiding over the highest house in Cancer, Venus is high in Pisces, and *Saturn* is in the same. All this is auspicious* at the ascendancy of Pisces in the division of time, named Brahman.

Pratisurya put his niece with her friend and son into the best of aerial cars and started for his city. The child wished to take hold of the little bells of the high jeweled garlands hanging in the car and

jumped up from his mother's lap. He fell on the top of the mountain like a thunderbolt that had fallen from the sky. The mountain was reduced to pieces from the destructiveness of his fall. At once Anjanasundari beat her breast with her hand and, screaming, made the caves scream with echoes. Pratisurya flew down rapidly, picked up his niece's child and returned him uninjured like a deposit that had been lost. Pratisurya went with them in his aerial car Manovega to the city Hanuruha, which celebrated immediately. He conducted Anjana to his own house joyfully, set her down there, and the women of the *harem* honored her like a household-goddess who had come.

Since he had come to the city Hanuruha as soon as he was born, the uncle gave the name Hanumat to her son. And because the mountain had been reduced to powder by his fall from the car, he gave him another name also, Srisaila. Hanumat grew up, playing happily, like a young rajahansa in a bed of lotuses in Manasa.

Anjana was always sad, like one with an internal dart, at the thought, "The guilt that was laid upon me by my mother-in-law, how will it leave?"

Now Pavana made peace, released Khara and Dusana from Varuna, and satisfied Ravana. Then Ravana and his followers went to Lanka; Pavana took leave of him and went to his own city. After bowing to his parents, he went to Anjana's house and saw that it was without Anjana, like the moon without moonlight. "Where is Anjana, my wife, the sight of whom is nectar-like *collyrium*" for the eyes?" he asked a woman who was there. She explained: "A few days after you had gone on your expedition, she was banished by Ketumati because she was pregnant. She was taken near Mahendranagara by guards and turned loose in a forest by the scoundrels, terrified like a *doe*"

After hearing this, Pavana went to his father-in-law's town with the speed of the wind, eager for his wife, like a pigeon. Not seeing his wife, he asked a young woman, "Has my wife Anjana come here or not?" She replied, "She came here with Vasantatilaka, but she was banished by her father because of immoral behavior." Struck by those words like a thunderbolt, Pavananjaya wandered about on mountains, in forests, et cetera to search intensively for his wife. He did not find any news of her and he said in despair, like a god crushed by a curse, to his friend Prahasita:

"Friend, go tell my parents that up to now I, wandering over this earth, have not seen Anjanasundari anywhere. But I shall search

for her, wretched, in the forest. If I find her, very well; if not, I shall enter the fire.”

So instructed Prahasita went quickly to Adityapura and gave the message to Prahlada and Ketumati.

Ketumati, struck to the heart by hearing that as if by a stone, fell to the ground in a faint and said, after she had regained consciousness: “Has he, determined on destruction, a friend (of yours), been left alone in the forest with this cruel intention, Prahasita? Yet she, entirely innocent, was banished by me, giving orders without reflection, wicked. The consequences of imputing guilt to her innocent are realized by me right here. For even in this world the consequences of extremely strong good and evil are felt.”

Prahlada stopped her crying somehow or other and went with troops to search for his son as well as Anjana. He sent men to all the Vidyadhara kings who were his friends to search for Anjana and Pavana. Looking for his son and daughter-in-law with the Vidyadharas, he himself, whose haste was apparent, went to the forest Bhutavana in his wandering. In the meantime Pavana had prepared a funeral-pyre in the forest, and had lighted it when Prahlada saw him. Pavana stood near the pyre and said:

“O gods of the forest, I am the son of the Vidyadhara king, Prahlada, and Ketumati. My wife Anjana, a virtuous wife, though without fault was mistreated by me, evil-minded, from the time of the wedding. Leaving her, I went on an expedition on my master’s business. Finding out by chance that she was without fault, I flew back again. After enjoying her freely and leaving her a token, I flew back to camp without my parents’ knowledge. When my wife became pregnant from my fault, she was banished by my elders fearful of guilt (on her part). Where she is now is not known. Now she innocent in the beginning, has suffered a cruel lot from the fault of ignorance on my part alone. Shame! shame on an ignorant husband I have wandered over the whole earth searching for her thorolly; but I, unfortunate, have not found her, like a jewel in the ocean. So now I shall sacrifice this body of mine in this fire. The fire of separation as long as I live is unbearable to me living. If you see my wife, tell her this, ‘Your husband has entered the fire because of separation from you.’”

After this speech, Pavana flew up in the air to jump into the blazing fire on the funeral-pyre. After hearing that speech, Prahlada quickly took him by the arms and pressed him eagerly to his breast. “What is this obstacle to my death*, the remedy for the pain of separation from my wife?” Pavananjaya said. Prahlada said tearful-

ly: "I, your father, am the criminal, who allowed the banishment of an innocent daughter-in-law. That one thing was done in the first place by your mother without thinking. Do not do a second. Be firm. You are intelligent. Vidyadharas have been sent by me by the thousands to search for the daughter-in-law, son. Wait their arrival."

At that time some of the Vidyadharas that he had sent went to Hanupura, looking for Pavana and Anjana. They described to Pratisurya and Anjana Pavana's determination to enter the fire from grief at separation from Anjana. Anjana heard that speech painful to hear and, crying, "Oh! I am killed," fell to the ground in a faint, as if she had drunk poison. Sprinkled with sandal and water, fanned with palm-leaf fans, she became conscious, got up, and cried in a pathetic voice:

"Faithful wives enter the fire from grief over a husband, for life is a source of pain to them without a husband. But to wealthy husbands who enjoy thousands of women, grief for a wife is only temporary, so why enter the fire? This has become reversed in the case of you entering the fire, while I, alas! live even in separation for so long a time. Now this difference between you, very noble, and me, little noble, is noticeable, like that between a sapphire and a piece of glass. This is no fault of my parents-in-law, no fault of my father. Such a fault is because of the karma of unfortunate me, no one else."

Pratisurya enlightened her crying and put her with her son in his best of cars and went in search of Pavana.

He came in his travel to that same forest, Bhutavana, land was seen at a distance by Prahasita, tearful. Prahasita told Prahlada and Pavananjaya triumphantly that he (Pratisurya) was coming immediately with Anjana. Then Pratisurya and Anjana got out of the car and bowed to Prahlada at a distance, their heads touching the ground from *devotion*. Prahlada embraced Pratisurya, set his grandson on his lap, and said earnestly in a loud voice: "You alone have rescued me and my family who were drowning now in the ocean of disaster. You are a relative at the head of relatives. This daughter-in-law who had become a joint of the bamboo^B of my family, a means for the continuance of the branches, abandoned without fault (on her part), was well-rescued by you."

Pavana, delighted, the fire of grief having been extinguished, was turned away at once from the shore of disaster like the ocean. All the Vidyadhara-lords held a great festival, the moon to the ocean of joy, by the power of vidyas. Then all went joyfully to the city Hanuruha, making the sky composed of heavenly bodies*, as it were,

by their aerial cars. Mahendra also came there with Manasavega and Queen Ketumati and all the other relatives came. The lords of the Vidyadharas held a great festival, finer than former festivals, with mutual connections and relatives. Then taking leave of each other, all went to their respective cities. Pavana with Anjana and Hanumat stayed there.

Hanumat's early career

Hanumat grew up with his father's wishes and he acquired all the arts and subdued all the vidyas. Expert in military science, with arms as long as the king of serpents, Hanumat gradually grew up, a sun in brilliance. Now Ravana, first among the impatient, broke the peace and, a mountain of firmness, set out to conquer Varuna. All the Vidyadhara-lords went, summoned by messengers, making his camp like the ridge of Vaitadhya. When Pavana and Pratisurya started out, Hanumat, the sole mountain of self-importance, said:

"Fathers, you remain here. I shall conquer the enemy. Who would fight with his arm, if a sharp weapon were at hand? I am not to be pitied because of my youth, since in the case of the members of your families, age is no standard, when the time for heroic actions has been reached."

After persuading them persistently with such talk and after taking leave of them, kissed ardently on the head by them, an auspicious* ceremony of departure having been made, surrounded by hundreds of great *vassals*, generals, and armies, he, whose strength was irresistible, went to Ravana's camp. Seeing Hanumat who had come, like victory itself, Dasakandhara set him joyfully on his lap, when he bowed. Ravana halted for battle near Varuna's city and Varuna and Varuna's hundred powerful sons went forth. Varuna's sons came and fought with Ravana and Varuna fought with the heroes, Sugriva and others. The sons of Varuna, powerful, red-eyed, worried Dasakandhara in battle, like well-bred dogs a boar.

Just then Hanumat, cruel, hard to restrain from anger, came and attacked Varuna's sons, like a lion attacking elephants. Hanumat transfixed the sons of Varuna by the power of vidyas and bound them like cattle, his jaw red from anger. When Varuna had seen them, he attacked Hanumat angrily, shaking down Sugriva, et cetera, like an elephant* trees on the road. As he attacked, Ravana made him stumble on the way, like a mountain blocking rivers, raining a succession of arrows. Blind with anger, Varuna fought hard with Ravana for a long time, like a bull with a bull, an elephant with an elephant. Crafty Ravana bewildered Varuna with all his strength

and, flying up, bound him like Indra. Craft is equal to strength always. Then the heavens having been made talkative with cries of "Victory! Victory!" Dasakandhara, broad-shouldered, went to his camp. There Ravana released Varuna who had become *submissive* with his sons. For the anger of the great is ended by submission.

Varuna gave his daughter, Satyavati, to Hanumat. For, indeed, such a son-in-law, whose worth has been seen by one's self, is hard to find. Ravana went to lanka and, delighted, gave Candranakha's daughter, Anangakusuma, to Hanumat.

Sugriva gave Padmaraga to him; Nala gave Harimalini; and others gave him their daughters to the number of a thousand Then Hanumat, lord of the powerful, was dismissed joyfully by Dasamukha with a close embrace and he went to Hanupura. The other Vidyadharas, the king of the Vanaras and others, went with pleasure to their respective cities.

5. THE BIRTH AND MARRIAGE AND RETREAT IN THE FOREST OF RAMA AND LAKSMANA

Now in the city Mithila there were a king in the Harivansa, Vavaketu by name, and his wife, Vipula. Their son, with no less glory, became king, Janaka by name, like a father (janaka) of his subjects, famous on earth.

Rama's lineage

Now since the time of the kingdom of Rsabha Swamin in the city Ayodhya there had been innumerable kings in the solar race in the Iksvaku-line, of whom some had attained emancipation and some had gone to heaven. In the expanding *congregation** of the twentieth Arhat, there were a king *Vijaya* and his wife, Himacula; and they had two sons, Vajrabahu and Purandara^s.

Story of Kirtidhara and Sukosala

Now in the city Nagapura lived King Ibhavahana and his wife Cudamani, and daughter, Manorama. When she had reached rising youth, Vajrabahu married her with a great festival, like the moon marrying Rohini. He took Manorama and started for his city with his wife's brother, Udayasundara, accompanying him from *devotion*. As he went along, he saw the great *muni*, Gunasagara, practicing penance on Mt. Vasanta, like the sun on the eastern mountain, powerful with the brilliance of penance, looking up like a spectator of the road to emancipation, engaged in endurance of the sun's heat. Delighted at seeing him, like a peacock at the sight of a cloud, the prince halted his mount at once and said:

"Look! Some noble muni worthy to be honored has been seen by me, like a wishing-gem, because of great merit." Udayasundara said, "Prince, do you wish to take *mendicancy*?" He said, "That is my thought." Udaya said again in a joke, "If that is your intention, then do not hesitate now.' will be your companion in this." The prince said, "Do not abandon this agreement of yours, like the ocean its shore," and he said, "Certainly not."

The prince got down from his vehicle like *delusion* and climbed Mt. Vasanta, accompanied by Udayasundara and others. Then the son of Ibhavahana said to Vajrabahu: "Master, do not become a *mendicant* today. Shame on me joking. It was a joke on our part. What fault is there in its transgression*? For a joke is generally not

true, like auspicious* songs.²⁷² You will be a companion even in all misfortunes. Do not destroy our families' hopes suddenly in this way. Now there is this auspicious* ribbon²⁷³ on your wrist. How can you abandon suddenly the pleasures that are the fruit of this marriage? How will Manorama, deceived by the taste of worldly happiness, live, abandoned like grass by you, lord?"

Prince Vajrabahu said to Udayasundara: "Fair fruit of the tree of human birth is a characteristic of good conduct. Even your joke became the highest good for us, just as rain-water in Svati becomes pearls in pearl-oysters. If your sister is well-bred, she will take *mendicancy*; if not, good luck to her. But enough of pleasures for me. Give your approval of the vow for me and do you follow us. Surely the keeping of an agreement is the family-religion of ksa-triyas."

After enlightening Udaya in this way, Vajrabahu approached the sage Gunasagara, an ocean of the jewels of virtues. Vajrabahu became a mendicant at his feet, and also Udaya, Manorama, and twenty-five princes.

When King *Vijaya* heard that Vajrabahu had become a mendicant, he became disgusted with existence at the thought, "He, though a boy, is better than I." Then Vijaya installed his son, Purandara³, in his kingdom and took the vow under *Muni* Nirvanamoha. Purandara put on the throne his son, Kirtidhara, borne by Prthivi, and became an *ascetic* under the sage, Ksemankara. Then King Kirtidhara enjoyed pleasures of the senses with his wife Sahadevi, like Purandara with Paulomi.

One day, when he was desirous of becoming a mendicant, the ministers said to him: "Taking the vow is not suitable for you while you have no son. If you take the vow, childless, this earth will be without a lord. So wait until you have a son, master."

Then in the course of time a son, Sukosala, was borne by Sahadevi to Kirtidhara who had remained a householder. Sahadevi concealed him as soon as born with the idea that "My husband will become a mendicant, if he knows that the boy has been born."

The king found out about the boy even though hidden. Who is able to conceal the sun when it has risen? Then the king, expert in his own good, put Sukosala on the throne and took the vow under Suri Vijayasena. Practicing severe penance, enduring the trials, he went elsewhere in his wandering which was solitary by permission of his guru.

One time, after he had fasted for a month, he came to Saketa to break his fast and wandered about in it at noon for alms. Sahadevi,

who was on the roof of the palace, saw him and reflected: "When he, my husband, became a *mendicant*, I was bereft of a husband in the past. If my son Sukosala should become a mendicant now after seeing him, then I would have no son. After that, I would be *deprived* of husband and son. Therefore he, though innocent of crime, though my husband, though an *ascetic*, must be banished from the city because of a *desire* to preserve my son's government."

With this thought, the queen expelled him with the other ascetics. How long would there be discernment on the part of minds overcome by greed? Sukosala's nurse wept unrestrainedly, when she knew that her master observing the vow had been expelled from the city. Asked by King Sukosala, "Why do you weep?" she explained in words choked from grief: "Your father, Kirtidhara, put you on the throne, when you were a child, and became a mendicant. Today he entered this town for alms. Your mother had him expelled because she was afraid you would take the vow now at the sight of him. I am weeping because of this sorrow."

After hearing that, Sukosala went into his father's presence, his hands folded submissively, his *soul* disgusted with existence, and asked him for the vow. His wife, Citramala, who was pregnant, came with the ministers and said, "Master, you ought not to abandon the kingdom without a master." The king said, "A son of yours by me, though in your womb, has been installed on the throne, noble lady. For usage is like the past."

After saying this and talking with all the people, Sukosala became a mendicant under his father and practiced severe penance. Free from selfishness, free from passions, the father and son, great munis, wandered together, purifying the earth. Grieving at the separation from her son, Sahadevi, absorbed in painful meditation*, died and became a tigress in a mountain-cave. Now, the two munis, Kirtidhara and Sukosala, their minds subdued, free from attachment to their own bodies*, devoted to study and meditation, remained in a mountain-cave to pass the four months of the rainy season, having a well cared-for appearance. When the month Kartika came, as they went to break the fast, they were seen on the road by the tigress, who was like an evil messenger of *Yama*. The tigress ran toward them swiftly with her mouth yawning. From afar the approach of enemies and friends is the same. Even when the tigress attacked them, the two excellent Jain ascetics who were engaged in pious meditation remained in *kayotsarga*.* The tigress fell like lightning on Sukosala first and knocked him to the ground by the blow of her leap from a distance. Splitting his skin repeatedly with the hooks of

her nails with the sound, 'catat, catiti,' wicked; she drank his blood unsatisfied, like a desert-traveler drinking water. After tearing his flesh again and again with her fangs with the sound 'tratata, tratiti,' she *devoured* it like a poor woman a cucumber. Cruel, she made his bones the guests of her teeth, making the sound 'katat, katiti,' like an elephant* crunching sugar-cane. Thinking, "She is an assistant in the destruction of karma," the *muni* did not blench, but had a coat of mail of hair erect from joy all over. While he was being eaten by the tigress, he reached pure meditation* and, *omniscience* having arisen at that time, Muni Sukosala reached emancipation. Muni Kirtidhara, whose omniscience had arisen, in turn reached the place which is the *abode* of pure happiness.

Story of Naghusa and Sinhika

Now Citramala, King Sukosala's wife, bore a son, Hiranyagarbha. the joy of the family. When he, who had been king from the time he was in the womb, grew up, gazelle-eyed Mrgavati became his wife. Mrgavati bore King Hiranyagarbha a son named Naghusa, like another (Naghusa) in form. One day, Hiranyagarbha saw a gray hair on his head, which was like a pledge of approaching old age. Feeling disgust with existence immediately, the king installed his son Naghusa on the throne and took the vow under Muni Vimala.

Sinhika was the wife of the man-lion Naghusa and he ruled his ancestral kingdom, delighting in her. One day, Naghusa went to conquer the kings in the north country and left Queen Sinhika in his own realm. Thinking, "Naghusa is not here," the kings in the south *besieged* Ayodhya. Enemies are devoted to trickery. Then Queen Sinhika attacked them like a man, defeated and put them to flight quickly. Does a lioness not slay elephants? After conquering the north, Naghusa returned one day and heard the news of his wife's victory. He reflected:

"This action, in which boldness is displayed, difficult even for men like me, is not suitable for women belonging to noble families. Now certainly she is not a good wife. For good wives, whose husbands are their gods, do nothing except service to their husbands, to say nothing of such a thing."

With this decision the king put aside Sinhika quickly, though very dear, like a broken statue. One day, a burning fever developed in Naghusa and, like an evil enemy, did not become extinct even from a hundred remedies. To show her wifely *fidelity* and to destroy Tier husband's pain, Sinhika took water and went near him. She took an oath, "If I have never looked at any other man except you,

may your fever leave you." Then she sprinkled her husband with water and just then he became free from fever, as if cleansed by nectar. The gods sent a rain of flowers on Sinhika and the king esteemed her highly from that time as before.

In the course of time a son, Sodasa, was borne to King Naghusa by Queen Sinhika. One day, King Naghusa handed over the kingdom to Sodasa and took *mendicancy*, the one means to emancipation.

Sodasa

At the time of an eight-day festival to the *Arhats* in King Sodasa's realm, the ministers proclaimed a *cessation* of slaughter as in the former realms. They said to Sodasa, "Your ancestors did not eat meat during the eight-day festival to the Arhats. You also should not eat it." Sodasa who had always been fond of eating meat said to his cook, "In future you must get meat secretly."²⁷⁴

The cook could not find meat anywhere because of the cessation of slaughter that had been proclaimed. For the unlawful is not obtained anywhere by anyone, like a flower in the sky. "This failure to find meat at the king's command worries me. What am I to do?" thinking, the cook saw a dead boy. The cook took the flesh of the same dead boy, perfected it by various arts and gave it to Sodasa. Sodasa praised the flesh as he ate it, "Indeed, there is a very pleasing flavor to this meat," and he asked the cook, "This has an origin new to me. Tell me by all means of what sort of an animal is this the meat?" The cook said, "Human flesh," and the king said, "In future, beginning today, give me human flesh daily, after preparing it." The cook kidnapped young children daily in the city for that purpose. For there is no fear* of committing crimes at the command of kings. Finding out that the king was engaged in such cruel acts, the ministers seized him and abandoned him in a forest like a serpent that has appeared in a house. Sodasa's son, Sinharatha, was crowned king by them and Sodasa wandered over the earth, eating flesh unchecked.

One day, as he wandered in the south, Sodasa saw a great sage and asked him about *dharma*.* Knowing that he was fit to be enlightened, the *muni* explained to him the dharma of the Arhats which is preeminent in avoidance of wine and meat. When Sodasa had heard that dharma, he became frightened and became a very excellent layman, having become gentle in disposition.

Now, a certain king died childless in Mahapura and Sodasa became king there, consecrated by the five divine instruments. Sodasa sent a messenger to Sinharatha and the messenger said to him,

“Execute Sodasa’s command” The messenger was dismissed by Sinharatha, after he had abused him very much, and he went to King Sodasa and told just what had happened. Then Sodasa marched to fight Sinharatha and he to fight King Sodasa and the two fought together. After Sodasa had defeated Sinharatha, he took him by the hand, gave him the two kingdoms, and became a *mendicant* himself.

Sinharatha’s son, Brahmaratha, became king next, then Caturmukha, Hemaratha, Sataratha, Udayaprthu, Variratha, Induratha, Adityaratha, Mandhatr, Virasena in turn, King Pratimanyu, King Pratibandhu, King Ravimanyu, Vasantatilaka, Kuberadatta, Kunthu, Sarabha, Dvirada in turn, then Sinhadadasana, Hiranyakasipu, Punjas-thala, Kakutstha, Raghu. Among these kings some reached emancipation and some heaven.

Rama’s parents

In Saketa there was a king, Anaranya by name, the refuge* of those seeking a refuge, discharging the debts of friends. He had two sons by Queen Prthvi, one named Anantaratha and the other Dasaratha. Now Anaranya’s friend, King Sahasrakirana, was defeated in battle by Ravana and took the vow from disgust with existence. From friendship for him, Anaranya settled the *sovereignty* on his younger son, when he was a month old, and took the vow with Anantaratha. Anaranya went to emancipation and *Muni* Anantaratha wandered over the earth, practicing severe penance.

Though a child, ruling, King Dasaratha attained growth in age and strength gradually. He shone, a king among kings, like the moon among stars, like the sun among planets*, like Sumeru among mountains. While he was master, the people had misfortune never seen before, like a flower in the sky, arising from the circle of enemies, et cetera. Giving money, ornaments, et cetera to beggars in accordance with their wishes, he was like an eleventh wishing-tree added to the Madyangas, et cetera. First of the zealous, he kept always the *dharma** of the *Arhats* faultless as well as his sovereignty inherited from his family. The king married the pure daughter of King Sukosala, lord of the city Dabhrasthala, born of Amrtraprabha, Aparajita by name, endowed with beauty of form and grace, like the Sri of victory in battle. Dasaratha married in Kamalasankula the daughter of Subandhutilaka and of Queen Mitra, named Kaikeyi for a first name, with another name, Sumitra, because she was born of Mitra and was good-tempered, like the moon marrying Rohini. He married another princess, faultless, the *embodiment* of virtue, grace, and beauty, named Suprabha. With these the best of kings enjoyed

sensuous pleasure without injuring duty and wealth he, the crest-jewel of discernment.

Plan to kill Dasaratha and Janaka

Now, while Dasakandhara was enjoying half of Bharata, present in his council, he asked an expert astrologer: "Even the immortals are immortal in name only, not in fact. Death* is certainly inevitable for everyone in the ocean of worldly existence. Will my death come from natural course of time or from an enemy? Tell me that fearlessly. For the wise speak clearly." He replied, "Your death will result from a future son of Dasaratha because of a future daughter of Janaka."

Bibhisana said: "Even if his speech is always true, I shall quickly make that speech of his untrue. I shall kill Janaka and Dasaratha, who have become the seed of the worthless son and daughter. May we be successful. For if their very birth is prevented by the destruction of the seed, then the astrologer's words will be false, surely."

Ravana agreed and Bibhisana went to his own house. Narada, who had been present and heard that, went to Dasaratha. Dasaratha got up to greet the divine sage while he was far off, bowed to him, and seated him with honor, like a guru. Asked, "Where have you come from?" Narada said: "I have gone to Pundarikini in East Videha to see the departure-festival of sri Simandharanatha celebrated by gods and demons. After seeing it I went to Meru. After paying homage to the Lords of the Tirtha there, I went to Lanka. After I had bowed to Santi in santi's temple, I went to Ravana's house. There I heard an astrologer predict the slaying of Ravana by a son of yours because of a daughter of Janaka. When Bibhisana heard that, he vowed to kill you and Janaka and he will come here soon, long-armed. After learning all that, I came here in haste from Lanka to tell you from friendship because you are a co-religionist."

Narada was dismissed quickly by the king with reverence after hearing that; and he told the same thing to King Janaka. The king told the ministers and handed over the kingdom to them and went away like a yogi^s wishing to deceive death. The ministers put an image of Dasaratha, which had been *anointed*, in the palace to delude the enemies in the dark. Janaka and his ministers did likewise; and Dasaratha and Janaka wandered over the earth, unobserved. Bibhisana came in dense darkness in haste and cut off the head of the anointed statue of Dasaratha with a sword. A tumult arose in all the city and a loud sound of lamentations in the *harem*. The *vassals* and the bodyguards armed themselves and ran to the

attack; the ministers with secret plans held the funeral ceremonies. Knowing that Dasaratha was dead, Bibhisana went to Lanka; but he did not kill the lord of Mithila, alone, *destitute*.

Marriage with Kaikeyi

Maithila and Aiksvaka wandering together, united, in the same condition, friends, went to the north country. They heard of a svayamhvara of Kaikeyi, the daughter of King Subhamati in the city Kautukamangala, borne by Prthvisri, sister of Dronamegha, a depository of the seventy-two arts, and they went to the pavilion. They sat down on the platform in the midst of the kings headed by Harivahana, like hansas on a lotus. Kaikeyi, a jewel among maidens, decorated with jeweled ornaments, came to the svayamvara-pavilion like Laksmi in person. Leaning on the arm of a woman door-keeper, looking at the kings in turn, like a digit of the moon looking at the constellations, she passed by many. She came in turn to Dasaratha, like the Ganga^s to the ocean, and stood on the same spot like a ship whose anchor has been dropped in water. At once, her body horripilated, joyfully Kaikeyi threw her groom's garland, like the tendril of her arm, on him. The kings, Harivahana, et cetera, thinking themselves humiliated, proud, blazed with anger, like a blazing fire.

"This wretch, solitary, ragged, was chosen by her. How will he protect her, miserable girl, if she is carried off by us?"

Talking at length in this way angrily, they went to their camps and all put on their armor with their whole heart. King Subhamati armed himself eagerly with his fourfold army on Dasaratha's side. "Wife, you act as charioteer that I may crush the enemy," Raghava (Dasaratha), alone at that time, said to Kaikeyi. Kaikeyi took the reins and got into the chariot. For she, wise, was learned in the seventy-two arts. Carrying his bow and quiver, armored, King Dasaratha got into the chariot, esteeming his enemies like grass, though alone. Kaikeyi alone joined rapidly his chariot with the chariot of Harivahana, et cetera, each one separately just as if simultaneously. Shooting rapidly, Dasaratha destroyed their chariots one by one, his strength unbroken like another Akhandala. Thus he put to flight all the kings and married Kaikeyi like a living earth.

King Dasaratha, charioteer, said to his bride, "Ask for a boon, queen. I am delighted by your charioteering." "I shall ask at the right time, master. Let my boon be kept on deposit," Kaikeyi said and the king agreed. The king went to Rajagrha with Kaikeyi like sri, with the enemies' soldiers taken by force, accompanied by innumerable

attendants. King Janaka went to his own city. For when the wise know it is the right time, they do not delay. King Dasaratha conquered the Lord of Magadha and remained there, but did not go to Ayodhya because of fear.* The king had his own *harem*, Aparajita and others, brought there. The kingdom of the powerful is everywhere. Sporting with the queens, the king remained there in the city for a long time. For the earth itself is gained especially for the delight of kings.

Birth of Padma (Rama) and Laksmana

Then Aparajita one day saw the elephant*, lion, moon, and sun in a dream, which indicated the birth of a *Bala*^s, in the last part of the night. Then a powerful god fell from Brahmaloaka and descended into her womb like a marala into a lotus-bed. Then Aparajita bore a son with all the favorable marks resembling a white lotus in color, a white lotus among men. The king rejoiced exceedingly at the sight of this lotus, the jewel of a first son, like the ocean at the sight of the full moon. The king gave gifts to beggars, like a wishing-gem. For imperishable gifts are the custom of the people, when a son is born. Then the people made a great festival themselves, for they rejoiced more than King Dasaratha. The citizens brought auspicious* dishes, full dishes, together with durva, flowers, fruits, et cetera. Everywhere melodious songs were sung, everywhere piles of saffron^B, everywhere rows of festoons were made in the city. Then presents from kings, sent unexpectedly, came to the king from the power of his son. The king gave the name Padma to his son, a lotus *abode* of Padma (Laksmi), and he became known by the name Rama also.

Sumitra saw an elephant, lion, sun, moon, fire, Sri, and ocean in a dream at dawn, which indicated the birth of a Visnu^s. Then a powerful god fell from heaven and descended into Queen Sumitra's womb. At the proper time Sumitra bore a jewel of son, the color of a rainy-season cloud, with all the favorable marks, a friend of the world. Then the king made an especial eight-day puja accompanied by bathing (of the images) in all the shrines of the holy *Arhats* in the city. The king released the captive enemies imprisoned. Who does not live happily at the birth of superior men? Not only did the king bloom with his people but the goddess earth quickly expanded. The king held a bigger festival than he had at Rama's birth. Who becomes satiated with joy? The king gave him the name Narayana; he became known over the earth by another name, Laksmana.

The two infants gradually reached a distinguished childhood marked by pulling their father's beard. The king looked at them,

cherished by their nurses, again and again with extreme joy, as if they were other arms of his own. They passed from lap to lap of the councilors, raining nectar, as it were, on the laps of the kings by their touch. Gradually they grew up, always dressed in blue and yellow, and wandered about, shaking the earth with their footsteps. They acquired all the arts gradually, the teachers of the arts made into (mere) witnesses, like heaps of merit embodied. Very strong, they split mountains with a light blow of their fist as easily as a dish of snow. When their bows were strung on the drilling-ground, the sun trembled and remained high from fear* of being hit. Considering as straw the power of enemies because of their strength of arm, they looked upon their own expertness with weapons* just as a diversion. The king considered himself *invincible* to gods, asuras, et cetera, because of their great skill in weapons and missiles and strength of arm.

Return to Ayodhya

One day, gathering resolution from the power of the princes, the king went to Ayodhya, the capital of the Ikshvakus. Dasaratha ruled the earth, shining with great brilliance at the passing of evil fate like the sun at the passing of clouds.

Birth of Bharata and Satrughna

There one day Kaikeyi bore a son indicated by an auspicious* dream, the ornament of Bharata, named Bharata. Suprabha also bore a son, a joy to the family, named Satrughna, possessing power of arm to kill enemies. Bharata and Satrughna, inseparable day and night from affection, looked like another Baladeva^s and Vasudeva^s. King Dasaratha looked with his four sons like Mt. Meru with its mountains in the shape of elephants' tusks.²⁷⁵

Previous births of Sita and Bhamandala

Now in Jambudvīpa in this same Bharata-kṣetra in the village Daru there was a Brahman, Vasubhūti. He had a son, Atibhūti, by his wife, Anukosa; and his son had a wife, Sarasa. One day she was kidnapped quickly by a trick by a Brahman, Kayana, who had become infatuated with her. What will not someone *afflicted* by love do! Atibhūti wandered over the earth, just like a ghoul, to search for her; and Anukosa and Vasubhūti went to look for their son and daughter-in-law. One day as they wandered about without seeing the son and daughter-in-law, they saw a *sadhu* and paid homage to him with *devotion*. After listening to *dharma**, they took the vow at his

side and Anukosa went to the sadhvi Kamalasri at her guru's instructions. They died and became gods in Saudharma. For if the vow is taken for one day only, one goes to heaven, nowhere else.

Then Vasubhuti fell and became King Candragati, lord of Rathanupura on Mt. Vaitadhya. Then Anukosa fell and became the Vidyadhara-lord's wife, Puspavati, a woman of noble conduct, At that time Sarasa also became a *mendicant* after she had seen a certain *sadhvi*, died, and became a goddess in Isana. Atibhuti, grieved at the separation from Sarasa, died, wandered through births for a long time, and one time was born a young *hansa*. One day, as he was being *devoured* by a hawk, he fell near a sadhu, and the sadhu said the namaskara to him as he was dying. From the very great power of the namaskara, after death* he became a god among the Kinnaras with a life-term of ten thousand years. He fell and became the son, Kundalamandita, of King Prakasasinha by his wife Pravaravali in the city Vidagdha.

Devoted to pleasures, Kayana wandered through the forest of existence for a long time and became the son, Pingala, of King Cakradhvaja's chaplain, Dhumakesa by name, by his wife Svaha, in the city Cakrapura. Pingala studied under one teacher with Atisundari, King Cakradhvaja's daughter. As time passed, they became attached to each other; and Pingala seized her by a trick and went to the city Vidagdha. lacking in any skilled knowledge, he earned his living there by selling straw, wood, et cetera. For that is suitable for a worthless person.

Kundalamandita saw Atisundari there and a mutual affection arose at that time. Prince Kundalamandita kidnapped her and from fear* of his father made a village in an inaccessible region and remained there. Like a crazy man from separation from Atisundari, wandering over the earth, one day Pingala saw Acharay Aryagupta. After listening to dharma from him, Pingala took the vow, but did not give up his affection for Atisundari at all. Remaining in his village, Kundalamandita always looted Dasaratha's territory by tricks, like a dog. Then at Dasaratha's orders the vassal Balacandra made a night attack, made him prisoner, and took him - before him (Dasaratha). In time Dasaratha freed Kundalamandita. For the anger of the great is appeased when the enemy is miserable, crushed. Roaming over the earth toward his father's realm, Kundalamandita heard *dharma* from Muni Municandra and became a layman. Having died just as he was seeking (his) realm, he became the son of Videha, the wife of Janaka in the great city Mithila.

Sarasa became a chaplain's daughter after wandering through births, named Vegavati, became a *mendicant*, died, and went to Brahmaloaka.

When she fell, she became the daughter of Videha, a twin to the *soul* of Kundalamandita. At the proper time Videha bore a son and daughter at the same time.

Kidnapping of Bhamandala

At that time the sage Pingala died and became a god in Saudharma. With clairvoyant knowledge he looked for his enemy Kundalamandita of a former birth, and he saw that he had become the son of Janaka. Angered because of his former hostility, he seized him as soon as he was born, and reflected:

"Shall I kill him quickly by crushing him on a stone? And yet I experienced in many births for a long time the fruit of the evil deed which I committed in a former birth. By chance having become an *ascetic*, I have reached such a rank. How shall I go through endless births again by killing the child?"

After these reflections the god decorated the child with ornaments, earrings, et cetera, so he had the appearance of a falling star, and dropped him gently in the garden Nandana, as if on a cushion, in the town Rathanupura in the southern row on Vaitadhya. Candragati saw him and thought in bewilderment, "What is this?" and went to the garden Nandana as a result of the child's fall. He saw there the child adorned with divine ornaments and the Vidyadhara-lord, who had no son, took him himself and made him his son. He delivered the child to his wife Puspavati and had a proclamation made in the city, "The queen has borne a son today." The king and the townsmen held a great birth-festival and named him *Bhamandala* from the presence of a halo. Tended by Khecaris, he began to grow, the moon to the lotus-eyes of Puspavati and Candragati.

Now, when her son had been kidnapped, Videha, crying pitifully, plunged her kinsmen into an ocean of despair. Janaka sent men in every direction and had a search made, but did not get news of him anywhere, even after a long time.

Maithila (Janaka) gave the name of *Sita* to his daughter, born as a twin, with the thought, "Here is the shoot from the grain" of many virtues." In the course of time their grief became dulled. Men's grief and joy in this worldly existence come and go. Sita grew up with a wealth of beauty and grace. She became gradually full of arts, like a digit of the moon.²⁷⁶ When she was grown in the course of time,

lotus-eyed, she looked like a river with waves of virtue and beauty, like a daughter of the lord of rivers (ocean).

“Who will be a suitable husband for her?” her father, King Janaka, pondered day and night. Examining each prince through the eyes of a spy, he debated with his ministers, but not one was satisfactory.

Rama's aid to Janaka

Then Janaka's territory was attacked by many kings of the Ardhavarbaras,²⁷⁷ Atarangatama, et cetera, equal to demons. Unable to stop them like floods at the end of the world, the King of Mithila sent a messenger to summon Dasaratha. Aiksvaka (Dasaratha) summoned the messenger who had come in haste, seated him before him with favor, and said, noble-minded:

“I think from your coming that there is unique friendship on the part of our friend, though far away, toward me, like that of an ocean for the moon. I hope there is prosperity to the realm, city, clan, army, his own self, and everything else of the lord of Mithila. Tell me the reason for your coming.”

The messenger said: “Though there are many respected friends of my lord, you alone are the heart of your friend, or the *soul*, long-armed one. Since you are always concerned with Janaka's good and bad fortune, now in time of distress you are recalled by him, like a family-divinity. To the south of Mt. Vaitadhyā and to the north of Kailasa there are many unāryan countries with terrifying people. Among these there is a country named Ardhavarbarā, like a family of barbarians, exceedingly cruel with men of cruel customs. In the city Mayuramala, the ornament of this country, there is a cruel Mleccha-king, Atarangatama. His sons by the thousands have become kings and enjoy territories also, Suka, Mankana, Kamboja, et cetera. Now, Ataranga, surrounded on all sides by them as commanders of inexhaustible complete armies, ravages Janaka's country. Hard-hearted, they destroy the shrines everywhere. For from birth the destruction of *dharma** is dearer to them than wealth. So rescue dharma and Janaka continually beloved. You have become their life.”

As soon as Dasaratha heard this, he had the war-drum beaten. For the noble do not hesitate at all in the rescue of the noble. Then Rama said to Dasaratha: “If my father goes himself to destroy the Mlecchas, what will Rama and his younger brothers do? Is it from affection for his sons, or am I considered incompetent by the father? Surely from the birth of Bharata heroic deeds have been accom-

plished by members of the Ikshvakus. Be gracious! Stop! Command me to destroy the Mlecchas. Soon you will hear, master, the news of the victory of your son.”

After obtaining his father's consent with difficulty in this way, Rama and his younger brothers, surrounded by the army, went to the city Mithila. Near the city Rama saw the Mleccha-soldiers like yaks, leopards, tigers, and lions in a large forest. The Mlecchas, whose arms very itching for battle, with the semblance of conquerors, very powerful, began to rush at Rama quickly. At the same time Rama's army was blinded immediately by their missiles like dust blown up from the earth by great winds that have arisen. His soldiers thinking themselves conquered, his enemies thinking themselves victorious, Janaka thinking himself dead, the people thinking themselves destroyed, Rama, thinking himself ridiculed, strung his bow, twanged the bow-string, the drum to the play of battle. Like a god who has come to earth, Rama pierced them with his missiles by the crores, like a hunter shooting deer, without doing any damage to the earth.

“This Janaka is a wretched creature; his army is like flies; this army that came to assist him was reduced to a miserable state in the beginning. Say, where are these arrows, covering the sky like garudas, coming from?” saying to each other, Ataranga and the other Mleccha-kings, angered and astonished, raining arrows at the same time, charged against Rama. Raghava, who hit from a distance, who struck firmly, who shot quickly, destroyed the Mlecchas easily, like a sarabha destroying elephants. The Mlecchas fled here and there like crows, and Janaka, together with the people of the country, became secure.

Contest for Sita

Janaka, delighted, gave his daughter *Sita* to Rama; so two things resulted from Rama's coming: victory and the finding of a husband. At that time Narada heard of Janaki's beauty from the people. He went there to see her from curiosity and entered the maiden's house. *Sita*, saw Narada, tawny-haired, tawny-eyed, with a prominent belly, carrying an umbrella, holding a staff, with a loin-cloth, *emaciated*, with a waving topknot, terrifying, and she, terrified, trembling, went to the interior of the house, crying, “O mother!” Then Narada was blocked by the slave-girls, women door-keepers, et cetera, who seized him by the neck, topknot, and arms, creating a tumult. Because of their outcries royal servants came armed, like messengers of *Yama*, saying angrily, “Kill him!”

Alarmed, Narada freed himself from them somehow or other, flew up, and went to Vaitadhya, and reflected:

"I have escaped alive from the slave-girls, like a cow from tigresses. By good luck I have got to Vaitadhya which has many Vidyadhara-lords. There is here in the southern row, a young man, the son of Candragati, named *Bhamandala*, powerful, whose power is like Indra's. I will paint Sita on a canvas and show her to him, so he will take her away by force. I shall repay that (treatment) if this is done."

Narada did just as he planned and showed Prince Bhamandala Sita's form which had never been seen before in the three worlds. At once Bhamandala was overcome by love like a demon. He could not sleep at all, like an elephant drawn to the Vindhya. He did not eat his food and did not drink his beverages, and remained silent like a yogi engaged in meditation. Seeing him thus distracted, King Candragati said: "Does some anxiety disturb you, or have you become ill? Or has an order been disobeyed by someone, or is it something else? Tell me, son, what is the cause of your grief?" "Prince Bhamandala bent his head from shame twice over. How can well-born young men tell such things to their elders?"

His friends told the reason of Bhamandala's distress—that he was in love with a young woman whose portrait had been brought by Narada. The best of kings had Narada brought to his house with respect quickly and asked of the portrait-lady, "Who is she? Whose daughter is she?" Narada said: "She is the daughter of Videha and Janaka, Sita, who was portrayed by me on canvas. I am not able to paint her as she really is in beauty, nor is anyone else. She is truly extraordinary in form. Such beauty as Sita's is not to be found among goddesses, nor among women of the Nagas, nor among the Gandharvas, to say nothing of humans. The gods are not able to create (by magic) such a form as it really is; gods and men are not able to imitate it; Prajapati is not able to make it. There is a certain extreme sweetness in her appearance and her voice; and a certain deep redness in her hands and feet and throat. Yet, just as I am not able to paint her just as she is, I am not able to describe her. I tell the exact truth about that. Deciding in my own mind, 'she is suitable for *Bhamandala*,' I painted her the best I could and showed the portrait, O king."

"She will be your wife; do not worry," the king consoled his son and dismissed *Muni* Narada. Then the king instructed a Vidyadhara, Capalagati, to seize Janaka and bring him quickly. Seizing Janaka at night, unobserved, he brought him and delivered him to

Candragati. The king of Rathanupura embraced Janaka like a kinsman from affection, seated him and said with friendliness: "Your daughter *Sita* has extraordinary *qualities*. My son Bhamandala is not deficient in beauty. Let the union of the two in marriage, which is suitable, take place now, and mutual friendship between us because of the connection."

Janaka said, "I have given my daughter to Rama. How can I give her to another? Maidens are given once for all."

Then Candragati said: "I have brought you here and asked you to promote our friendship. I am able to kidnap her. Even if your daughter *Sita* has been promised to Rama, nevertheless Rama will marry her (only) after he has defeated us.

Two bows, Vajravarta and Arnavavarta, always attended by a thousand Yaksas at the command of the gods, possessing unbearable brilliance, always worshipped by us in a shrine like family-divinities, were made for the future Rama and Sangrin (Vasudeva)^s. Take them. If Dasarathi strings one of these, then we are defeated by him. Let him marry your daughter."

Having obtained Maithala's consent to this proposal, though by force, he and his son took him and the bows to Mithila. King Candragati released Janaka in the palace and he himself with his retinue camped on ground outside the city. At once Janaka told Queen Videha what had happened in the night, which was like an arrow in her heart. Videha wept: "Oh, cruel fate, having taken my son from me, you are not satisfied, but will take my daughter also. The choice of a husband is according to one's own wish among the people, not according to the wish of another. From fate this choosing of a husband at another's wish has fallen on me. If Rama does not accomplish the stringing of the bow, which has been agreed on at another's wish, and someone else does, then there will be an undesirable bridegroom."

Janaka said: "Do not be afraid. I have seen Raghava's strength, O queen. The bow will be like a creeper to him." After enlightening Videha thus, Janaka worshipped the two jewels of bows at dawn and put them in the pavilion provided with a platform. Summoned by Janaka, the Vidyadhara-lords came there for *Sita*'s svayamvara* and sat down on the platform. Then, escorted by her women-friends, wearing divine ornaments, Janaki approached there like a goddess walking on earth. After making puja to the bow and setting Rama in her mind, Janaki stood there, a stream of nectar to the eyes of the people. Then at the sight of *Sita*'s beauty which agreed with Nara-

da's description, *Bhamandala's* love assumed the character of a disease.

Then Janaka's door-keeper said: "Listen! all you kings, Vidyadharas and of earth. Janaka proclaims: 'If anyone strings either one of these bows today, he may marry my daughter.' "One by one the powerful Vidyadharas and the kings approached the bow with the wish to string it. They were not able even to touch the bows surrounded by cruel serpents and very brilliant, to say nothing of taking them. Burned by sparks and flames emanating repeatedly from the bows, they withdrew and went elsewhere, their faces downcast from shame. Then Rama, the son of Dasaratha, his golden earrings dangling, with the easy gait of a lordly elephant*, approached the bow. Being watched with laughter by Candragati and other kings, and with anxiety by Janaka, the elder brother of Lakshmana, fearlessly touched with his hand the great bow Vajravarta, like Vajrapani touching the thunderbolt, whose fire from the serpents became extinct at once. After placing it on an iron seat and bending it like a reed, Rama, best of bowmen, strung the bow. Drawing it back to his ear, he twanged the bow with a noise that filled the space between heaven and earth, like the drum of his own glory. Maithali herself threw the *svayamvara*-wreath* on Rama and Ramabhadra removed the bowstring from the bow. Lakshmana strung the bow Arnavaavarta at once at Rama's command, watched by the astonished people. Saumitra (Lakshmana) twanged it, making the sky deaf from the sound, removed the bowstring, and put the bow back in its place. Eighteen Vidyadharas, alarmed and astonished, gave their daughters, wonderful as goddesses, to Saumitra. Candragati and other Vidyadhara-lords, embarrassed, accompanied by Bhamandala who was depressed, went to their respective cities. Then Dasaratha came quickly at Maithala's message and Rama's and Sita's wedding took place with a great festival.

Then Janaka's brother, Kanaka, gave Bharata his daughter Bhadra borne by Suprabha. With his sons and daughters-in-law King Dasaratha went to Ayodhya which had a festival prepared by the citizens.

Episode of the bath-water

One day, King Dasaratha held a festival of great magnificence at the shrines and bathed Santi. Then the king sent the bath-water by the chamberlain to the chief-queen first and afterwards to the other queens by slave-girls. But the slave-girls, moving with the speed of youth, delivered the bath-water to the (other) queens first and paid

homage to them. But because the chamberlain moved slowly, like Sard,²⁷⁸ from age, the chief-queen had not received the bath-water and reflected:

“The king has shown favor to all the queens by the Jina’s bath-water, but not to me, the chief-queen. Therefore, enough of life for me, unfortunate that I am! When pride has been destroyed, life is more painful than death.”

After these reflections, she went inside, resolved on death, and the proud lady began to hang herself with her garment. Just then the king came and saw her condition. Fearing her death, he set her on his lap and said: “Because of what disrespect have you commenced such a wicked, impulsive thing? Or have I by chance shown you any lack of respect?” Choking with sobs, she said, “You sent the Jina’s bath-water to each of all the queens, but not to me.”

Just as she said this, the chamberlain came, saying, “The king has sent you this bath-water of the Arhat.” He sprinkled her on the head with the pure water; and was questioned by the king, “Why have you delayed in coming?” The chamberlain said, “My old age is at fault. Look yourself, master, at me who am not able to do all tasks.”

Then, looking at him who was stumbling at every step as if about to die, his teeth moving like the tongue inside a bell, a vessel of wrinkles, the hair on his body white, his eyes covered by his eyebrows, his flesh and blood dried up, the trembling of his whole body apparent, the king thought, “While we are not yet like that, we will struggle for the fourth object of existence.” With such a wish the king passed some time in worldly existence, averse to objects of the senses, absorbed in disgust with the world.

Recognition of Bhamandala

One day, a *muni* who had four kinds of knowledge, Satyabhuti by name, came to this city and made a stop, attended by the congregation.* King Dasaratha, with a retinue of his sons, et cetera, went and paid him homage and, wishing to hear a sermon, sat down. Just then King Candragati of Mt. Vaitadhya, accompanied by *Bhamandala* consumed with love of *Sita* and by Vidyadhara kings, after worshipping the *Arhats* on Mt. Rathavarta, came there in the air on his way back. When he saw the *muni* who had stopped, he descended, paid homage to him first and sat down, wishing to hear *dharma*.* Knowing Bhamandala’s pain arising from love of *Sita*, after he had delivered a sermon, Satyabhuti Suri, speaking the truth,

related the former births of Candragati, Puspavati, Bhamandala, and Sita, to turn them from sin.

The muni related the birth as twins of Sita and Bhamandala in this birth and the kidnapping of Bhamandala just as it happened. When Prince Bhamandala heard the muni's account, memory of his (former) birth was produced and he fell to the ground in a *swoon*. When he had regained consciousness, Bhamandala himself told the story of his former births which had been related by Satyabhuti. Candragati and the others reached extreme *desire* for emancipation and Bhamandala, intelligent, bowed to Sita with the thought, "She is my sister." Sita, very-noble, gave him her blessing with joy, thinking, "He is my full brother who was kidnapped as soon as he was born."

Bhamandala, well-bred and with friendship produced at once, bowed to Rama, touching the ground with his forehead.

Candragati sent the best Vidyadharas and had King Janaka and Queen Videha brought there. He said to him, "This is your son Bhamandala," and told him the story of the kidnapping at birth, et cetera. Janaka rejoiced at that story like a peacock at thunder and his mother Videha *exuded* milk. When Bhamandala observed his parents, he bowed to them and they kissed him on the head and bathed him in tears. Then Candragati settled his kingdom on his son Bhamandala and, wearied of existence, took the vow under Muni Satyabhuti. Bhamandala bowed to Satyabhuti, Candragati, to his parents, and Anaranya (Dasaratha) and went to his own city. King Dasaratha bowed to the sage Satyabhuti and asked about his own former births. The muni related:

Previous births of Dasaratha

"You were a merchant of noble character in Senapura and you had a daughter, Upasti, by your wife, Dipika. She became hostile to sadhus and wandered miserably through existence for a long time in births as animals, et cetera. After your *soul* had wandered in existence you became the son, Varuna, by his wife, Sundari, of Dhana in Candrapura. Then naturally liberal, you gave superior gifts to sadhus unceasingly with faith, and died. You became a twin in the Uttarakurus in Dhatakikhanda and after death* you became a god and then you fell. In the city Puskala in the province Puskalavati you were born Nandivardhana, the son of King Nandighosa and Queen Prthvi. Nandighosa installed you, his son Nandivardhana, on the throne, was initiated by *Muni* Yasodhara, and went to Graiveyaka. You,

Nandivardhana, guarded your layman's duties, died, became a god in Brahmaloaka, and then fell.

In East Videha in the city Sasipura, the ornament of the north row on Vaitadhya, you became the long-armed son, Suryanjaya, of the Vidyadhara-lord, Ratnamalin, by his wife Vidyullata. One day Ratnamalin went to the city Sinhapura to conquer an *arrogant* Vidyadhara-lord, Vajranayana. He began to burn by force the city Sinhapura together with its children and old people, its women, its cattle, and gardens. Then a god, the *soul* of your chaplain in a former birth, named Upamanyu, came from Sahasrara and said:

'Listen! Noble sir! Do not commit such a great crime. You were a king, Bhurinandana, in a former birth. Then you from discernment promised to abstain from meat and you were said by the chaplain Upamanyu to have broken the vow. One day the priest was killed by a man named Skanda, was born an elephant*, and was captured by King Bhurinandana. The elephant was killed in battle and then was born the son, Arisudana, of King Bhurinandana by his wife Gandhara. The memory of former births took place, he became a *mendicant*, died, and became I, a god in Sahasrara. Know me. King Bhurinandana became a python in a forest, was burned by a forest-fire, and went to the second hell. He was enlightened by me who went to the hell from former affection, rose from there and became you, King Ratnamalin here. Do not burn this city, which will produce endless pain now, like the breaking of the vow to reject meat at that time.'

After hearing that account, Ratnamalin *desisted* from battle and installed Kulanandana, Surya's son, on the throne. At that very time he took the vow with his son Suryanjana in the presence of Acharay Tilakasundara. The two died and became chief-gods in Mahasukra. Then Suryanjaya fell and became you, Dasaratha, sir. Ratnamalin fell and became Janaka. Upamanyu fell and became Kanaka, son of Janaka. Nandighosa, who was your father in your Nandivardhana-birth, became I, Satyabhuti, having fallen from Graiveyaka."

Question of the succession

After hearing that, Anaranya felt a *desire* for emancipation and, after paying homage to him, went home to settle the realm on Rama, wishing to become a mendicant. Then the king summoned the queens, his sons, ministers, et cetera, and took leave of them properly, his speech like nectar.

Bharata bowed and said: "I will undertake complete self-control with you, lord. I will not remain without you. Otherwise, I will have

two misfortunes very hard to bear, master. One is separation from you and the other is *satiety* with worldly existence." When Kaikeyi heard that, she thought, "In the future I shall have no husband and no son," and she said! "Master, you remember the boon you gave me yourself because of my work as charioteer at the svayamvara*-festival? Give it to me now, O lord who are true to your promise. For a promise of the noble is like a line engraved in stone." Then Dasaratha said, "I remember the promise. Ask whatever is in my power except interfering with the vow."

Then Kaikeyi asked, "If you yourself become a *mendicant*, master, give this earth to Bharata." Dasaratha replied to her, "My kingdom may be taken at once," summoned Rama and Laksmana, and said:

"In the past I gave a boon to Kaikeyi because of my satisfaction with her charioteering. Now she has asked for the kingdom for Bharata for this boon." Rama, delighted, said: "This has been well asked by the mother the giving of the kingdom to my brother Bharata, powerful. My father asked me about this as a favor. Nevertheless, this grieves me as an indication to the people of a lack of respect (on my part). If my father were satisfied, let him give the kingdom to a bard. There is no lordship on my part either in refusal or consent, considering myself a footman. Bharata and I are the same. The two are not to be distinguished by you. So let Bharata be crowned with extreme joy."

While the king, astonished and pleased at hearing Rama's speech, instructed the ministers, Bharata said, "Master, in the beginning I asked to take the vow with you. You cannot do otherwise, father, at someone's advice."

The king said: "Do not make my promise false, son. The boon was given by me to your mother and has been deposited for a long time. It has been asked today by Kaikeyi in the form of giving you the realm, blameless one. You cannot violate my command and that of your mother."

Rama said to Bharata, "Even if you have no pride, nevertheless take the kingdom to preserve your father's word." His eyes filled with tears, Bharata fell at Rama's feet and said in words choked by sobs, his hands folded submissively: "To give the kingdom is a suitable thing for the *magnanimous* father and elder brother, but to take it is not suitable for me. Am I not my father's son and my elder brother's younger brother? I am indeed foolish, if I show pride thus."

Retreat to the forest

Rama said to the king, "While I am here, Bharata will not take the kingdom. Therefore, I shall go and live in the forest." Rama bowed with *devotion* to the king who agreed to this and went away with his bow and quiver, while Bharata wept aloud. When Dasaratha saw his son going to live in the forest, again and again he fell into a deep *swoon*, weak from affection. Then Rama bowed to Queen Aparajita and said:

"Mother, Bharata is just as much your son as I. Father has given him the kingdom to keep his promise. While I am here, he will not take it. So I must go into the forest. So you must look on Bharata with an especially gracious eye. Do not become weak at any time because of separation from me."

After hearing that, the queen fell to the ground in a faint. Sprinkled with sandal and water by slave-girls, she got up and said: "Oh! Why have I lived! For a swoon is an easy way to die. How shall I alive endure the pain of the separation from Rama? My son intends to go to the forest; my husband intends to become a *mendicant*. Are you made of adamant, Kausalya, that you are not crushed at hearing that!"

Rama said again: "Mother, you are my father's wife. Why have you done this which is suitable for inferior women? The son of a lioness goes alone to wander in the forest. But the lioness remains happy and is not worried at all. This promised boon is an important debt of my father. While I stay here, how can he pay the debt, mother?" After enlightening Aparajita by suitable speeches such as this, Laksmana's elder brother bowed to her and the other mothers and departed.

Sita bowed to Dasaratha from a distance, approached Aparajita and bowed to her, and asked for orders to follow Rama. Queen Aparajita seated Janaki on her lap like a child, bathing her with warm tears, and said: "Child, my son Ramabhadra, respectful, at his father's command goes into the forest. That is not difficult for him, a man-lion. You have been cherished from birth like a queen with the best vehicles. How can you endure the pain of going on foot, child? Your body is soft as the inside of a lotus; distressed by heat, et cetera, it would cause distress to Dasaratha, also. I cannot deny permission to you to go because you would be following your husband and I cannot give permission because of the undesired hardships."

Sita bowed to Aparajita, fearlessly, her face like a lotus opened at dawn, and said, "May my *devotion* to you always confer happiness on the road. I shall follow Rama, like the lightning the cloud." With these words, Janaka's daughter bowed to her again and departed, meditating on Laksmana's elder brother, like one rejoicing in the supreme spirit meditating on the *soul*. Sita, going to the forest, was observed with difficulty by the women of the town who described her with voices choked by sorrow: "Oh! Janaki has become the chief example of young women whose husbands are their gods by her exceedingly affectionate devotion to her husband today. Unafraid of hardship, Sita, excellent among good wives, purifies her two families by very good conduct, indeed."

As soon as Laksmana heard that Rama had gone to the forest, the flame of anger was lighted at once and he thought: "Our father is honest by nature; women are dishonest by nature. After keeping the boon for so long, why on the contrary does she ask for it? The king, being such as he is, gave the kingdom to Bharata. His debt has been paid and our fear of the father's debt has gone. Now shall I fearlessly take the kingdom from Bharata, *basest* of the family, and *bestow* it on Rama to stop my own anger? Yet, Rama, noble, will not take the kingdom abandoned like straw, and that would cause pain to the father. May there be no pain to the father; let Bharata be king. I shall follow Rama like a footman."

Thus reflecting, Saumitri bowed and took leave of the king, went to take leave of Sumitra, bowed, and said: "Rama is going to the forest and I am going to follow him. Laksmana is not able to remain without the elder brother, like the shore without the ocean." Sumitra took courage somehow or other and said: "Son, it is well you are my son since you follow your elder brother. After bowing to me, my son Ramabhadra has been gone today for a long time and becomes at a distance from you. Do not hesitate, son." "That is well! That is well, mother! You are my mother," saying, Laksmana bowed to her and went to bow to Aparajita. Saumitri bowed to her and said, "My elder brother has gone alone for a long time. I have come to take leave of you, eager to follow my elder brother."

Kausalya said, weeping: "Oh, I, unfortunate, am destroyed, since you also are going to the forest, son, deserting me. Do you alone stay here. Do not leave, Laksmana, to console me as I am *afflicted* by separation from Rama."

Laksmana said: "You are Rama's mother, surely. Enough of this lack of self-control which is suitable for ordinary women,

mother. My brother goes far away; I shall follow him, quickly. Do not hinder me, queen. I am always devoted to Rama.”

With these words Saumitri bowed to her and ran in haste after *Sita* and Rama, carrying his bow and quiver. The three of them left the city, their lotus-faces blooming, eager for a forest-dwelling like a pleasure-grove. Men and women in the city fell into a miserable state at the departure of Maithili, Rama and *laksmana* as if they were the breath of life. The townsmen ran after them quickly from very strong affection, abusing cruel Kaikeyi and fate. The king also, in tears, with his *harem* and attendants followed Rama swiftly, drawn by the strings of love. Because the king and the people had followed Ramabhadra rapidly, the city of Ayodhya became entirely depopulated, as it were. Then Kakutstha (Rama) stopped his father and mothers and made them return somehow or other by a speech which was the essence of propriety. Likewise he dismissed the townsmen with suitable words and proceeded with very great haste, accompanied by *Sita* and Saumitri.

At every village he was urged to stop by the village-elders; at every city by the important men; but Kakutstha did not stop.

Now Bharata did not take the kingdom; but, on the contrary, reproached Kaikeyi and himself, not enduring the separation from his brothers. Eager to become a *mendicant*, the king despatched his *vassals* and ministers to bring back Rama and *Laksmana* for the kingdom. In great haste they reached Rama going to the west and with *devotion* told him the king's command to return.

Though urged by these unhappy men, Raghava did not return. For the promise of the great does not change, like the foot of a mountain. Though dismissed by Raghava again and again, they all went along with hopes fixed on his return. Janaki, Rama and *Laksmana* reached a forest on *Pariyatra*²⁷⁹ which was the *abode* of terrible wild animals, with no human inhabitants, densely wooded. On the road they saw a river, Gambhira, terrifying from its deep whirlpools, with a wide stream. Rama halted there and said to the vassals, et cetera: “Turn back at this place. For the road is very difficult beyond this. Go and tell good news of us to our father. In future serve Bharata like me, or rather, like my father.” With repeated loud lamentations, “Shame on us who are not suitable for the noble Rama,” they turned back, their clothes wet with tears. Then Rama with *Sita* and *Laksmana* crossed the river hard to cross, watched by them standing on the bank in tears.

When Rama was out of sight, the *vassals*, et cetera, somehow went to Ayodhya and reported to the king. The king said to Bharata,

“Rama and Laksmana have not come. Take my kingdom. Do not be an obstacle to my initiation.” Bharata said, “I will not take the kingdom in any way, but I myself will go and appease my elder brother and bring him here.”

Then Kaikeyi went to the king and said: “You gave the kingdom to Bharata, O you who keep a promise. But your son, knowing what is proper, does not take the kingdom. There is great pain to his other mothers and to me, also. I, very wicked, did that, acting without reflection. Alas for the kingdom without a king though you are alive and have sons! My heart is breaking in two as I hear the cries hard to hear of Kausalya, Sumitra, and Suprabha. I shall go with Bharata to the sons, Rama and Laksmana, and bring them with me after conciliating them. Give me permission, lord.” Commanded by the delighted King Dasaratha, she went with Bharata and ministers to Rama, making haste. In six days Kaikeyi and Bharata reached the forest and saw Janaki, Rama, and Laksmana at the foot of a tree. Kaikeyi descended from the chariot and, saying, “Son! Son!” kissed the bowing Ramabhadra on the head. Embracing with her arms Vaidehi and Laksmana who were bowing to her lotus-feet, she lamented in a very loud voice. Bharata, weeping, bowed to Rama and fell into a faint from the penetration of the poison of sorrow. Restored by Ramabhadra, Bharata, well-bred, said:

“Why did you come here, abandoning me like a stranger? Whatever censure there was for me, through my mother’s fault, to the effect ‘Bharata seeks the kingdom,’ remove that by taking me with you. Or better, return to Ayodhya and support the *sovereignty*. In this way, the arrow of improper conduct will leave me, brother. Saumitri, the friend of the world, will be your minister; I here your doorkeeper; and Satrugna your umbrella-bearer.”

When Bharata said this, Kaikeyi said: “Do as your brother says, son. You are always dear to your mothers. In this matter there is no fault of your father. There is no fault of Bharata. Kaikeyi’s alone is the fault easy to acquire from the nature of women. Whatever faults women may have separately, all of them except unchastity have taken place in me, a store-house of faults. Pardon this act which I committed which caused grief to the husband, sons, and the mothers, since you are a son.”

The elder brother of Laksmana said to her who had spoken thus with tears: “How can I, the son of my father, break my promise? Our father gave him the kingdom with my approval. While the two of us live, how can our speech be false? Therefore, let Bharata be king at the command of both. I am not to be crossed by him, as my father is

not to be crossed by me, mother.” With these words, Kakutstha himself sprinkled Bharata as king with water brought by *Sita*, with all the *vassals* as witnesses. After bowing and speaking to Kaikeyi and also Bharata, Rama dismissed them and set out to the south. Bharata went to Ayodhya and, his commands unbroken, assumed the weight of the kingdom at his father’s and brother’s command Dasaratha and a large retinue took initiation under *Muni* Satyabhuti. Bharata, wounded in the heart by his brother’s dwelling in the forest, guarded the realm like a watchman, zealous in worship of the Arhat, wise.

Rama, accompanied by Saumitri and the daughter of Maithila (*Sita*), crossed the mountain Citrakuta on the road as he went and in a few days reached a place in the country Avanti, resembling a god placed on earth.

6. THE KIDNAPPING OF SITA

Story of Vajrakarna

Rama seated Janaki, who was worn out on the road, at the foot of a banyan tree to rest, like the lord of Guhyaksas.²⁸⁰ After inspecting the place in every direction, Rama said to Saumitri: "This country has become depopulated now from fear* of someone. The gardens with canals with water, cane-fields with cane, and granaries with grain* show that the depopulation here is recent." Then Rama questioned a solitary man who was passing, "Why have the people of this country left and whither are you going, good sir?"

He replied: "In this country Avanti in the city Avanti there is a king, Sinhodara, irresistible to enemies like a lion. In this territory he has a noble vassal, Vajrakarna, chief of Dasangapura, who is subject to him. One day, when he had gone into the forest to hunt, he saw *Muni* Pritivardhana engaged in kayotsarga.* He asked the muni, 'Why do you stand in the forest here like a tree?' and he replied, 'For my own profit.' Again Vajrakarna said, 'How, pray, does any profit to you arise in this forest devoid of food*, drink, etc.?' Knowing that he was a suitable person, the muni told him about the *dharma** which is beneficial and he, intelligent, at once become a layman before him. In his presence he made the firm resolution: 'I shall pay homage to no one except to a god, an Arhat, and sadhus.'

Then he paid respect to him (the muni) and went to Dasangapura. Observing laymanship, he reflected, 'since I have made a resolution, "There is to be no other homage by me," Sinhodara will be hostile to me, if I do not bow to him.' Reflecting thus, he had an idea and had an image of Munisuvratanatha made of gems set in his ring. Bowing to that image in his ring, he deceived King Sinhodara. For deceit is a device against one more powerful. Some malicious person told King Sinhodara the story of Vajrakarna. Truly, the malicious destroy everything. At once Sinhodara was angry, hissing like a snake; and some man went and told Vajrakarna about his anger. Vajrakarna asked the man plainly, 'How did you know that he was angry at me?' and he explained:

Episode of Vidyudanga

'In the city Kundapura there is a merchant, Samudra-sangama, a layman; his wife is Yamuna; and I am their son, Vidyudanga. In course of time I grew up, and came to Ujjayini with merchandise to buy and sell. There I saw a *doe*-eyed courtesan, Kamalata, and became at once the *abode* of the arrows of Kama^s. I made a meeting with her with the idea, "I shall spend one night with her," and was bound firmly by love like a deer by a, snare. The large amount of money which had been acquired by my father with difficulty during his whole life, I wasted in six months, dominated by her. One day she said to me, "Give me earrings like those of Sridhara^s, the chief-queen of Sinhodara." "I have no money; for you I will steal them," saying, I rashly entered the palace at night by a tunnel. I heard Sridhara ask Sinhodara, "Lord, why do you not sleep, as if you were depressed?" Sinhodara said, "How can I sleep so long as Vajrakarna, opposed to bowing to me, lives? At dawn I am going to kill him and his friends, children, and relatives. Let the night pass for me sleepless until then, my dear."

After hearing that I abandoned the theft of the earrings and hurried here to tell you because of affection for a co-religionist.' On hearing this, Vajrakarna at once supplied the city with an abundance of grass and grain* and saw the dust of the enemy's army in the air. Immediately Dasangapura was surrounded by Sinhodara with strong forces on all sides like a sandal tree by serpents. Then Sinhodara sent a messenger to Vajrakarna: 'Deceitful wretch! I have been deceived for a long time by your trick-bowing. Come and bow to me without your ring. Otherwise you and all your household will go to the house of *Yama*.' Vajrakarna replied, 'I have made the resolution: "I will not bow to anyone except the Arhat and sadhus." There is no pride in heroism in this, but pride in *dharmā*.* Take everything of mine that you want except homage. Give me a concession²⁸¹ that I may go somewhere else for dharma. Let dharma alone be my wealth.'

He did not agree to this speech of Vajrakarna's. Certainly *haughty* men do not consider right or wrong. Sinhodara *besieged* the city and Vajrakarna and has remained outside, looting, and the country has become depopulated from fear* of him. I and my household have been ruined in this quarrel between kings. Today palaces here were burned. My hut is dilapidated. I am going in that direction, sent by a cruel wife, to bring household *paraphernalia* from the empty houses of rich men. There has been this auspicious*

fruit to me of her hard command By fate I have seen you who resemble a god."

Raghudvaha, an ocean of *compassion*, gave a cord made of gold and jewels to the poor man after he had told him this. Then Rama dismissed him, went to Dasangapura, bowed to Candraprabha in an outside shrine, and stopped there. At Rama's command Saumitri entered the city at once and went before Vajrakarna. For that is the custom of straightforward persons. Vajrakarna recognized that he was a superior person of noble appearance and said, "Noble sir, be my guest for dinner." The younger brother of Rama replied, "My lord and his wife are in a garden outside. I must see that he eats first." Then King Vajrakarna had food with many sauces taken to Rama with Saumitri.

At the conclusion of the meal Laksmana was sent by Rama, who had instructed him, to the King of Avanti and said to him confidently, "King Dasarathi, Bharata, of whom all kings are slaves, forbids your quarrel with Vajrakarna." Sinhodara said: "Even Bharata shows favor only to his followers who are devoted, but not otherwise. This vassal of mine, Vajrakarna, is ill-disposed. He does not bow to me. How can I show him favor? Tell me." Laksmana said again: "He is not disrespectful to you. His failure to bow arises from respect for his religion. Do not be angry at Vajrakarna. Bharata's command must be obeyed; for Bharata is ruler of the earth up to the ocean." Angered, Sinhodara said, "Who, pray, is King Bharata, who, a partisan of Vajrakarna, crazy, says this to me?" Red-eyed with anger, the petal of his lip quivering, Saumitri said: "Villain, if you do not know Bharata, I shall make him known very soon. Rise for battle. Be completely armed. You cease to exist like a lizard struck by the lightning of my arm."

Sinhodara with his army, eager to kill Saumitri, was like a child eager to touch a fire concealed by ashes. Laksmana, who had pulled up by his arm an elephant-post like a lotus-stalk, like Death* with a raised staff, beat the enemy. Then Saumitri, long-armed, lifted up Sinhodara who was on an elephant*, tied him with his garment by the neck like an animal. While the inhabitants of Dasangapura watched this remarkable thing, Laksmana dragged him like a cow into Rama's presence. When Sinhodara had seen Rama and bowed to him, he said: "I did not know that you had come here, scion of Raghu's family. Yet, why was this done to test me, Your Majesty? If you are devoted to tricks, enough of life for me. Pardon me the fault of ignorance. Whatever must be done, give orders for that. Anger

toward a servant is merely for discipline, like that of a teacher for a pupil.”

Raghudvaha instructed him: “Make peace with Vajrakarna” and Sinhodara agreed, “Very well.” Vajrakarna came there at Ramabhadra’s command and, standing respectfully before him, his hands folded submissively, said: “Rama and Sangrin, lords of the line of Rsabha Swamin, by good fortune I saw you here; but did not know you for a long time. You are long-armed lords of the whole half of Bharata; I and other kings are servants of you alone. Free this lord of mine and instruct him that he may endure in future my resolution never to bow to others, lord. For the resolution, ‘Except the Arhat and the *sadhu* no one is entitled to homage from me,’ was taken from Rsi³ Pritivardhana.”

At a sign of his brow by Rama, Sinhodara agreed and, freed by Saumitri, embraced Vajrakarna. With extreme pleasure Sinhodara gave Vajrakarna half of his kingdom with Raghava as a witness, like giving it to a brother. The king of Dasangapura asked the king of Avanti for Sridhara’s earrings and gave them to Vidyudanga. Vajrakarna gave eight of his own daughters to Saumitri, and Sinhodara and his *vassals* gave him three hundred maidens. Then Laksmana said: “Now keep the maidens at your side, since our brother Bharata has been installed in the kingdom by our father. At the proper time when I have a kingdom promised, I shall marry your daughters; but now we are going to settle on Mt. *Malaya*.” Vajrakarna and Sinhodara agreed to this and went to their respective cities, having been dismissed by Ramabhadra.

Story of Kalyanamala

Rama passed the night there with *Sita* and Laksmana and started at dawn. In course of time he came to a place where there was no water. While *Sita*, who was thirsty, rested under a tree, at Rama’s command Saumitri went to get water. As he went, he saw a pool adorned with many lotuses, giving delight at a distance like a dear companion. Then the king of Kubarapura, King Kalyana-mala, came there and saw Laksmana. At once he was pierced by Kama’s arrows whose nature is to pierce and, bowing to Laksmana, said, “Be my guest for dinner.” Observing the agitation of love and bodily characteristics, Laksmana thought, “She is a woman, but dressed as a man for some reason.” With these reflections, Saumitri said, “My lord and his wife are in a place not far from here. I cannot eat without him.” He had Raghudvaha and *Sita* conducted to that place by distinguished men with good manners and gentle speech who had

invited them. He, noble-minded, bowed to Ramabhadra and Maithili and had a tent set up at once for their use.

He approached Rama there after he had bathed and eaten, accompanied by one minister, having a woman's appearance, and without attendants. Raghava said to her whose face was bowed from embarrassment, "Why do you conceal that you are a woman by men's clothes, sir?"

Then the lord of Kubara said: "In the city Kubara there is a king, Valikhilya, whose wife was named Prthvi. She became pregnant. One day Valikhilya was taken away by Mleccha soldiers who had come for an attack and had captured him. Afterwards Queen Prthvi bore me, a daughter, and the minister Subuddhi proclaimed, 'A son was born.' The lord, Sinhodara, when he was informed of the birth of a son, said, 'Let the boy be king there until the return of Valikhilya.' I grew up gradually, wearing men's clothes from the beginning, unnoticed by others except my mother and ministers. Known by the name of Kalyanamala, I exercise *sovereignty* from suitable advice of ministers. There can be truth even in pretense. I have sent a great deal of money to the Mlecchas for my father's release; they take the money but do not release my father. Be gracious. Release my father from them now, just as King Vajrakarna was formerly released from Sinhodara." Rama said, "Continue wearing men's clothes and ruling your kingdom until we have gone and freed your father from the Mlecchas." The woman, wearing, men's clothes, said, "That is a great favor," and the minister Subuddhi, 'Let Laksmana be her husband" Raghava said, "At our father's command, we are going to a foreign country. When we have returned, Laksmana will marry her." They agreed to this and Kakutstha stayed there for three days.

In the last part of the night while people slept, he departed with Sita and Laksmana. When she did not see Janaki, Rama, and Laksmana at daybreak, she, downcast, went to her own city and ruled the kingdom as usual.

Story of the thief Kaka

In time Rama came to the Narmada and crossed it, and entered the Vindhya forest, though restrained by travelers. First, a crow, seated on a thorn tree to the right, cawed harshly; but another on a fig tree cawed softly. Nevertheless, Rama felt neither depression nor joy. For it is the weak who consider a favorable or an unfavorable *omen*. As he went along, he saw an army of Mlecchas with raised weapons coming, consisting of innumerable elephants, chariots, and

horses, which had set out to devastate the country. Its young general saw *Sita* there and, *afflicted* by love, uncontrolled in conduct, he instructed his own Mlecchas emphatically:

“Look! Either drive away or destroy these two men travelers; seize this excellent woman and bring her along for me.” So instructed, they ran with him toward Raghava, attacking with sharp weapons consisting of arrows and darts. Laksmana said to Rama: “Remain here, elder brother, with your lady, until I drive away these Mlecchas like dogs.” With these words, Laksmana strung his bow and made it sound; and at its sound the Mlecchas trembled like elephants at a lion’s roar. Reflecting, “The sound of the bow is unendurable, to say nothing of the shooting of the arrow,” the Mleccha-king approached Rama. His weapons* laid aside, his face sad, he descended from his chariot and bowed to Ramabhadra, watched angrily by Saumitra. He said: “Your Majesty, in the city Kausambi there is a Brahman, Vaisvanara, and his wife Savitri. I am their son, Rudradeva. Because of cruel karma, from birth I was a thief and devoted to other men’s wives. There is nothing which I, wicked, did not do. Then one day I was found at the entrance to a tunnel by the royal servants and was led away to be impaled at the king’s command I, miserable, was seen’ near the stake, like a goat near the slaughter-house, by a merchant-layman and was freed because he paid a fine. Saying, ‘Do not steal again,’ the noble merchant dismissed me and I left the country. Wandering about, I came to this village and, known here by another name, Kaka, I gradually reached the village-headship. Remaining here, I had cities, etc. looted by robbers. I myself have gone and captured even kings and brought them here for ransom. I am obedient to you, like a Vyantara. Give me orders, master. What shall I, a servant, do? Pardon my lack of respect.” The king of Kiratas was answered by Rama, “Free Valikhilya.” He set him free and Valikhilya bowed to Raghava. At Rama’s command he was conducted by Kaka to Kubara again and saw his own daughter, Kalyanamala, dressed in men’s clothes. Kalyanamalika and Valikhilya related to each other the news about Rama and Laksmana. Kaka went to his own village and Rama set forth and reached the river Tapi, after crossing the Vindhya-forest.

Episode of Kapila

After he had crossed the Tapi, as he advanced Rama came to a village, Arunagrama, situated on the border of that country. As *Sita* was thirsty, Rama and Laksmana went to the house of Kapila, who

maintained the agnihotra,²⁸² and who was bad-tempered. His wife, Susarma, gave them each a seat and herself gave them fresh, cool water to drink. Then Kapila came, harsh as a Pisaca, I and seeing them seated said angrily to his wife, "Why was admission to my house given by you to these impure I persons, wretched woman! The agnihotra has been made impure." The younger brother of Rama, angered, lifted up the cruel Brahman scolding in this way, like an elephant*, and began to whirl him around in the air. Rama said, "What is this anger against this man, a mere worm! Turn him loose, calling himself a Brahman, though making a false statement, honor-giver." At Rama's command, Saumitri gradually released the Brahman and Rama with *Sita* and Laksmana left his house.

The rainy season

As they went along, in time they came to another great forest; and the season with clouds black as antimony arrived. While it rained Kakutstha remained under a banyan tree. He said, "We will pass the rainy season in this same banyan tree." The god presiding over the banyan tree, a Yaksa named Ibhakarna, was terrified at hearing that speech and went to his lord, Gokarna. Bowing to him, he said: "Master, I have been driven out of my own house, the banyan tree, by some persons with unbearable brilliance. Therefore, make a refuge* for me shelterless, lord. For they are going to stay in my tree for the whole rainy season."

Gokarna knew from clairvoyance and wisely explained, "These are the eighth Rama and Sangrin who have come to the house. They are to be worshipped." Going there at night, the god created for Rama a city which was nine yojanas wide and twelve long, filled with money and grain*, etc., with high-walled palaces and rows of shops filled with merchandise, named Ramapuri. Awakened at dawn by an auspicious* noise, Rama saw the magnificent city and the Yaksa carrying a lute. He said to the astonished Rama: "Master, you are my guest. I am a Yaksa, Gokarna, and I made the city for you. Remain here comfortably, served day and night by my attendants and myself, as long as you like, master."

Thus urged by him, Rama remained there comfortably with *Sita* and Saumitri, served by the Yaksas's men.

Now the Brahman Kapila came to this great forest one day, when he was roaming about for fuel, et cetera, carrying an axe. He saw the city and thought to himself in astonishment, "Is this an illusion, or sorcery, or a *mirage*?" He saw there a Yaksini in human form, wearing beautiful clothes and ornaments, and asked her,

"Whose is this new city?" She replied: "This new city was made by the Yaksha Gokarna for Rama, *Sita*, and Saumitri. It is named Ramapuri. Here Rama gives money to the poor and such persons, an ocean of *compassion*. Every suffering person who comes here has his wishes gratified."

Abandoning his load of fuel and falling at her lotus-feet, he said, "Tell me, faultless lady, how I can see Rama." She said: "In this city there are four gates and they are guarded constantly by Yaksas. Entrance to these is hard to obtain. If you go to the east gate, after paying homage properly to the shrine there and after becoming a layman, then you can obtain admission." According to her speech, Kapila, seeking money, went into the presence of sadhus, honored the sadhus, and listened to religion from them. He became a layman, purified because of light karma; went home, and made a laywoman of his wife by teaching her religion.

Consumed by poverty from birth, they went to Ramapuri to ask Rama for money and bowed to the shrine. The Brahman was greatly terrified, when he entered the palace and saw Maithili, Rama, and Lakshmana, recalling the abuse he had given. Saumitri, compassionate, said to him wishing to escape, "Do not be afraid, Brahman.

If you are a beggar, come. Ask for money." Then Kapila went fearlessly to Rama, gave him a blessing, and sat down before him on a seat assigned by Guhyakas. Asked by Rama, "Whence have you come?" he said: "Do you not know me, the Brahman living in Arunagrama? Though you were my guest, I abused you with harsh speech. You, compassionate, had me released from him (Saumitri)." His wife, Susanna, sad-faced, sat down near Sita, after bestowing a blessing, accompanied by a narrative of former events. Then the Brahman's wishes were gratified with much money and, dismissed by Raghava, he returned to his own village. Enlightened, the Brahman gave gifts according to taste and took the vow under Suri Nandavatansa.

At the end of the rainy season Gokarna noticed that Raghava wished to leave and he said to him respectfully, his hands folded submissively: "If you are going to leave here, master, be gracious to me. Pardon me for any stumbling in *devotion* to you. Who is able to show honor suitable for you, long-armed one?" With these words he gave Rama a necklace called Svayamprabha, to Saumitri ear-ornaments made of divine jewels, and to Sita a crest-jewel and a lute which played anything desired. Rama received permission from the Yaksha and set out according to his wish, and then the Yaksha destroyed the city that he himself had made.

Story of Vanamala

Janaki, Rama, and Laksmana, traveling day by day, having left the forest, reached Vijayapura at twilight. In a garden outside to the northwest they stopped under a very large banyan tree near the palace. The king in this city was named Mahidhara, his wife was named Indrani, and their daughter Vanamala. Even as a child, Vanamala desired Saumitri for a husband, no one else, because she had heard of his wealth of virtues and beauty. Mahidhara heard at that time that King Dasaratha had become a *mendicant* and that Rama and Saumitri had departed, and he was much depressed. Mahidhara promised Vanamala to Surendrarupa, the son of King Vrsabha in Candranagara.

When Vanamala heard that, she determined to die and, alone, went by fate to that garden during that night (when they were there). After entering the temple, she made puja to the forest-deity and said, "May Saumitri be my husband in another birth." She went to the banyan tree and was seen by Laksmana who was awake, a watchman for the sleeping Janaki and Rama. Saumitri thought: "Is this a forest-deity, or the presiding deity of the banyan, a Yaksini?" While he was thinking, she climbed the banyan and Laksmana climbed it also, wondering, "What is she going to do?" With hands folded submissively, she said: "Mothers! Goddesses of the forest, of the directions, of the sky! All of you hear my prayer. Since Laksmana was not my husband in this birth, may he be in another birth, if there is *devotion* on my part to him."

With these words she made a noose from her outer garment, tied it to the banyan and quickly hanged herself. Saying, "Fair lady, do not be rash. I am Laksmana," Laksmana took off the noose and took her down. In the last part of the night Laksmana related the complete story of Vanamala to Rama and *Sita* who had wakened. Her face veiled from shame, Vanamala at once bowed to the lotus-feet of Janaki and Rama.

Now Indrani, wife of King Mahidhara, missed Vanamala and shrieked pitifully. Mahidhara went out to search for Vanamala and, wandering back and forth, saw her standing there. When the soldiers cried with raised weapons, "Kill! kill the kidnapers of the princess," the younger brother of Rama stood up angrily. He put the string on the bow, like an eyebrow on the forehead, and made a twanging noise which destroyed the enemy's arrogance. The enemy were terrified, trembled, and fell at the sound of the bow; Mahidhara stood before Saumitri himself and looked at him. After observing

him, he is said, "Unstring your bow, Saumitri. You, longed for, I have come because of my daughter's merit." When Saumitri had unstrung the bow, Mahidhara, being comfortable, noticed Rama, descended from his excellent chariot, and bowed to him. He said to him: "Even before, I intended this girl for your brother Saumitri, because she herself was in love with him. Now a meeting between them has taken place by my good fortune. Certainly, Laksmana as a son-in-law is not easy to obtain, nor you as a connection." With these words Mahidhara led Janaki, Rama, and Laksmana to his own palace with great honor.

One day while they were there, a messenger from King Ativirya came and said to King Mahidhara while he was in the council: "The king of Nandyavartapura, Ativirya, an ocean of strength, summons you for assistance in a quarrel with Bharata that has arisen. Many kings have come in Dasarathi's army. Therefore, you, very powerful, are summoned by Ativirya." Laksmana asked, "What is the reason for the quarrel of the king of Nandyavarta with King Bharata?" The messenger replied: "Our master wishes homage from Bharata, but he is not willing to give it. That is the cause of the quarrel." Rama asked the messenger, "Is Bharata a match for Ativirya in battle, sir, that he disdains service to him?" The messenger said: "Our Ativirya is very powerful; Bharata is no ordinary person. Therefore, which one of the two will be victorious is in doubt."

Saying to the messenger, "I shall come quickly," the king dismissed him and said to Rama: "Alas for the ignorance of this Ativirya of little wit that he intends to fight with Bharata, after summoning us. Going with a complete army we, our hostility being unknown, shall kill him, as if at Bharata's command" Rama said, "You stay here. I shall go there with your sons and their armies and shall do whatever is suitable." He agreed, "Very well!" and Rama, Sita, and Laksmana, accompanied by his sons' armies, went to Nandyavartapura.

Rama camped in a garden outside and the deity of the place said to him, "Noble sir, what wish can I perform for you?" Raghava replied, "Nothing needs to be done for us," and she said, "Nevertheless, I shall confer assistance. I shall turn you and your army into attractive women to disgrace him by people saying, 'Ativirya was defeated by women.'" Immediately his army became women, like a kingdom of Amazons; and Rama and Saumitri became beautiful women. Rama had the door-keeper announce to the king, "This is his army which was sent by Mahidhara to your assistance." Ativirya

said: "Mahidhara himself did not come. Away with the army of this insolent man who wishes to die. I will conquer Bharata by myself. What need have I of any assistants? Expel this disgraceful army of his quickly."

Then someone else said, "Not only did he not come himself, but he sent here an army of women to ridicule (us)." Hearing that, the king of Nandyavarta became exceedingly angry. Rama and the others came to the door in the form of women. Ativirya gave orders, "Take these wretched women firmly by the neck, like slaves, and expel them from the city."

His *vassals* arose with their soldiers on all sides and, powerful, started to attack the army of women. Ramabhadra pulled up a long elephant-pillar with his arm-pillar, turned it into a weapon, and felled them on all sides. Deeply incensed by the destruction of his vassals, Ativirya himself rose up for battle and drew his terrifying sword. Then Laksmana cut down the sword instantly, dragged him by the hair and bound him with his garment. Seizing him, like a tiger seizing a deer, the man-tiger set out, watched by the people of the city with eyes trembling from terror. Then Maithili, compassionate, had him set free and Saumitri made him acknowledge service to Bharata immediately. Then the place-deity destroyed the women's clothes of them all and Ativirya recognized Rama and Laksmana. Ativirya made a great puja to them and, being a proud man, thought very much about disgust with existence because of the ruin to his pride.

"Shall I serve another?" Proud in his heart, he settled the kingdom on his son Vijayaratha, intending to take initiation. Though opposed by Rama: "You are a second Bharata to me. Rule the earth. Do not become a *mendicant*," he, noble-minded, became a mendicant. His son, Vijayaratha, gave his sister, Ratimala, to Laksmana and he accepted her. Rama and his army went to Vijayapura, but Vijayaratha went to Ayodhya to serve Bharata. Bharata, a mountain of dignity, knew his story and honored him when he arrived. For the good are devoted to the humble. He gave his sister, Vijayasundari, younger than Ratimala, the best of women, to King Bharata. Then in his wandering, Ativirya came as a *muni* and King Bharata praised him and asked his forgiveness. Dismissed with favor by King Bharata, Vijayaratha went joyfully to Nandyavartapura.

When Rama was ready to go, having taken leave of Mahidhara, Laksmana said good-by to Vanamala, intending to leave. Her eyes filled with tears, Vanamala said: "Why did you save my life before, uselessly, lord of my life? A painless death* then would have been

better, my dear, than the pain, resembling a half-death, which comes from separation from you. Since you married me just now, take me with you, lord. Otherwise, death will take me away, using the pretext of separation from you." Laksmana pacified her: "I am my brother's servant. Do not be an obstacle to my service by going along, proud lady. When we have found a very superior place such as desired, fair lady, I will join you again. For you are dwelling in my heart. To make you trust that I will return I will take any of the terrible oaths that you want me to take,"

She had Saumitri take an oath, "If I do not come again, may I be seized by the sin of people eating at night."²⁸³

Winning of Jitapadma

In the last part of the night Rama, *Sita*, and Laksmana set out and, after crossing forests, reached the city Ksemanjali in course of time. In a garden outside Rama consumed food* growing wild, fruit, et cetera, brought by Laksmana and prepared by Janaki's hands. Having permission from Rama, Saumitri entered the city from curiosity and heard a loud proclamation:

"Whoever can endure a blow from the spear of the king, to him he will give his daughter in marriage." He asked a man the reason for the proclamation and he said: "The king here is named Satrudamana, very powerful. He has a daughter, borne by Queen Kanaka, most superior of maidens, named Jitapadma, the sole *abode* of Padma, lotus-eyed. The king undertakes this daily to test the strength of a husband Such a man does not come."

Hearing this Laksmana went to the king in his council and was questioned, "For what reason and whither have you come?" He replied, "I am Bharata's messenger and hearing about your daughter as I was traveling on some business, I came here to marry her." The king asked, "Can you endure a blow from my spear?" "What does one amount to? I shall endure five," Laksmana said. Just then the king's daughter, Jitapadma, came there and was wounded by love as soon as she had seen Laksmana. Though she, infatuated at once, tried to prevent him, the king hurled five spears, hard to endure, rapidly at Laksmana. Laksmana seized two with his hands, two under his arms, and one with his teeth along with the mind of Princess Jitapadma. Jitapadma herself threw the garland of choice on him and the king said, "Marry this maiden." Laksmana said, "My elder brother, Rama, Dasarathi, is in a garden outside. I am always obedient to him." When he knew that they were Rama and laksmana, the king went instantly, bowed to Rama, and conducted him to

his own house. The king showed Rama great honor. For even an ordinary guest must be honored, how much more the chief of men. Then, as Rama was leaving, Saumitri said to the king, "I shall marry your daughter, when I return."

Story of Kulabhusana and Desabhusana

Rama set out in the night and at evening reached a town, Vansasthala, situated on the slope of Mt. Vansasaila. Rama saw its people and the king terrified and asked a man, "What is the reason for their fear*?" The man explained: "This is the third day of a terrible noise that takes place on this mountain at night. From fear of it all the population goes elsewhere at night and comes back at dawn. This is the continual unfortunate state of affairs." Then Rama, from curiosity and urged by Laksmana climbed the mountain and saw two munis engaged in kayotsarga.* Janaki, Rama, and laksmana praised them with *devotion* and Rama had the lute, which Gokarna gave, play before them. Saumitri sang pleasingly with beautiful gramaragas and Queen *Sita* danced with various gestures and postures.*

Then the sun set and the starry night unfolded. A god, Anala-prabha, came with several vetalas created by magic. He himself had the form of a vetala, and, hardhearted, began to attack the two sages, splitting the sky with loud laughter. Leaving Vaidehi with the sadhus, Rama and Laksmana, armed, got up to kill him, assuming the form of Death* unseasonably. The god, unable to endure their flood of brilliance, went to his own place, and the sadhus' *omniscience* arose. The gods held an omniscience-festival for them. Rama bowed and asked them the reason for the attack. One of them, the sage Kulabhusana related:

"There was a king, Vijayaparvata, in the town Padmini. He had a messenger, Amrtasvara, and the messenger had a wife, *Upayoga**, and two sons, Uditā and Mudita. There was a friend of the messenger, a Brahman, Vasubhuti; and Upayoga was in love with him and wished to kill Amrtasvara. At the king's command Amrtasvara went to a foreign country one day. Vasubhuti went with him and slew him on the road by a trick. Vasubhuti came to the city and told the people, 'Amrtasvara sent me back because of some business.' He told Upayoga*, 'I killed Amrtasvara on the road by using a trick, as he was an obstacle to our pleasure.' She said, 'You did well. Kill these boys also. Let be complete freedom from troublesome persons.' He agreed to that. By chance Vasubhuti's wife heard this plan and from jealousy told his sons, Uditā and Mudita. Vasubhuti was

felled at once by Uditā in anger and, having died, was born a Mleccha in the village Nala.

One day the king listened to *dharma* from sage Mativardhana and became a *mendicant*; and they also, Uditā and Mudita. Uditā and Mudita set out to worship the shrines on Sammeta and came to the village, as they wandered on the road. The Mleccha, the *soul* of Vasubhuti, ran to kill them because of former enmity, as soon as he saw them, and was prevented by the Mleccha king. The lord of the Mlecchas was a deer in a former birth and had been set free from a hunter by the jivas of Mudita and Uditā who were farmers in that birth. Henceforth protected by the Mleccha king, they went to Sammeta, worshipped the shrines, and wandered for a long time. After fasting to death, they became very powerful gods in Mahasukra, Sundara and Sukesa.

After wandering through existence, the Mleccha, Vasubhuti's *jiva*, attained a human birth with difficulty and in it he became an *ascetic*. After death he became a god among the Jyotiskas, named Dhumaketu, possessing false-belief, hard-hearted, The jivas of Uditā and Mudita fell from Sukra and in Bharata in the city Ristapura became the sons, Ratnaratha and Citraratha, of King Priyamvada by his wife Padmavati. Dhumaketu fell and became the son, Anudvara, of the same king by his wife Kanakabha. He was jealous of Ratnaratha and Citraratha; but they did not feel any jealousy toward him. Priyamvada made Ratnaratha king and the two heir-apparents, fasted six days, and became a god. A certain king gave his daughter, Sriprabha, to Ratnaratha ruling the kingdom, though Anudvara had asked for her. Angered, Anudvara looted the land of Ratnaratha, who felled him in battle and captured him. By practicing much deceit he was released by Ratnaratha. He became an ascetic and practiced penance in vain because of his association with women. Then he died and after wandering through births for a long time, became a human. Becoming an ascetic again he practiced penance without knowledge. He died and became this Jyotiska-god, Anala-prabha.

Ratnaratha and Citraratha took initiation. After death they became very magnificent gods, Atibala and Mahabala, in the heaven Acyuta. They fell and descended into the womb of Queen Vimāla, chief-queen of King Ksemankara in Siddharthapura. In course of time Vimāla bore two sons: I, Kulabhusana, and Desabhusana here. The king entrusted us to the teacher Ghosa for study and we studied all the arts for twelve years. In the thirteenth year we came with Ghosa into the king's presence and saw a maiden standing at a

window in the palace. We fell in love with her at once and, disconsolate, went before the king and demonstrated all the arts. The teacher was honored by the king and went to his own house; we went to bow to our mother at the king's command. We saw the maiden there with our mother and our mother announced: 'This is your sister, Kanakaprabha. She was born while you were living at your teacher's house, sons. Hence, you do not know her.' Hearing that, we were ashamed of desiring our sister from ignorance. We experienced disgust with existence at once and became mendicants in the guru's presence. Practicing severe penance, we came here to the great mountain and stood in kayotsarga*, indifferent to the body.

Because of the separation from us, our father fasted, died, and became a lord of Garudas,²⁸⁴ a god named Mahalocana. Knowing by the shaking of his throne the attack on us, he has come here now, distressed by his affection in a former birth. Out of curiosity the god Analaprabha went with the gods to the side of the kevalin, *Muni Anantavirya*. At the end of the sermon he was asked by a disciple, 'Who will be a kevalin after you in Munisuvrata's congregation*?' He replied: "At my emancipation two brothers, Kulabhusana and Desabhusana, will become kevalins.' After hearing that, Analaprabha went to his own place and, learning by trickery that we were engaged in kayotsarga* here, attacked us cruelly because of enmity in a former birth in order to make false Anantavirya's speech, because of wrong-belief. He attacked us resolutely for four days. Today you came here and he disappeared from fear* of you. Our omniscience arose from destruction of karma and he was an aid in destroying karma by making his attacks."

The god Mahalocana, lord of Garudas said, "Kakutstha, you have done well. What can I do for you in return?" Rama replied, "There is no reward for us," but the god said, "Nevertheless, I shall do you a favor sometime," and went away.

Then the lord of Vansasthala, King Suraprabha, came there, bowed to Rama, and honored him very much. At Rama's command he had shrines to the *Arhats* made on the mountains and from that time the mountain was named 'Ramagiri' from Rama's name. Then the best of Raghus set forth after taking leave of Suraprabha and fearlessly entered the extraordinary Dandakaranya.²⁸⁵ Kakutstha made his dwelling in a cave-house in a large mountain in it and remained as comfortable as in his own house.

Story of Jatayus

One day two flying ascetics, Trigupta and Sugupta, came through the air at dinnertime. They approached to break their fast, after fasting for two months, and the three Rama, *Sita*, and *Lakshmana* paid homage to them devotedly. *Sita* entertained them with suitable food* and drink and then the gods made showers of rain and jewels. Then *Ratnajatin*, lord of the *Vidyadharas* of *Jambudvipa*, and two gods came there and, delighted, gave Rama a chariot with horses.

A bird, named *Gandha*, came there because of the fragrance of the shower of perfume, having come down from a tree, which he inhabited, ill. At the mere sight of the *muni*, memory of his births was produced and he fell on the ground in a *swoon*, and *Sita* sprinkled him with water. When he had regained consciousness, he fell at the *sadhu's* feet and was cured instantly by the magic art, the healing herb of touch,²⁸⁶ of the *sadhu*. His wings became golden; his bill resembled coral; his feet were like rubies; and his body had the color of various jewels; his top-knots on his head resembled rows of pearls; and from that time the bird's name was *Jatayus*.

Rama asked the sages: "The vulture is evil-minded from flesh. Why did he become quiet at your feet? Blessed Ones, formerly his body was very lusterless. Why now was the color of a heap of gold and jewels produced instantly?"

Sugupta related: "Formerly there was a city, *Kumbhakarakata*, and its king, *Dandaka*. At that time in *Sravasti* there was King *Jitasatru*; his wife was *Dharini*, and their son was *Skandaka*. They had a daughter, *Purandarayasas*, and *Dandaka*, the lord of *Kumbhakarakata*, married her. One day *Dandaka* sent a messenger, a Brahman named *Palaka*, to King *Jitasatru*, on some business. At that time *Jitasatru* was devoted to the fellowship of the *Arhats'* religion, but *Palaka*, evil-minded, began to corrupt his religion. He, possessing false belief, hard-hearted, was silenced by Prince *Skandaka* by reasoning harmonizing with truth. At that time he was laughed at by the councilors and became angry at *Skandaka*. One day, dismissed by the king, he went to *Kumbhakarakata*.

One day, *Skandaka*, disgusted with existence, together with five hundred rajputs took the vow under *Munisuvrata*. Saying, 'I shall go to *Kumbhakarakata* to enlighten *Purandarayasas* and the people,' he took leave of the Lord. The Lord said, 'If you go there, an attack ending in death* will be made on you and your retinue.' 'shall we attain emancipation or not?' *Skandaka* again asked *Swamin Muni-*

suvrata. The Blessed One explained, 'All except you will attain emancipation.' Saying, 'All this is accomplished,' Skandaka set forth.'

In course of time, Skandakacarya, accompanied by five hundred munis, reached the city Kumbhakarakata. Seeing him, cruel Palaka, recalling his defeat, had weapons* implanted in the ground in the gardens suitable for the sadhus. Skandakacarya stopped in one of the gardens and Dandaka came with his attendants to honor him. Skandaka delivered a sermon and many people rejoiced. At the end of the sermon King Dandaka, delighted, went to his own house. Palaka, evil-minded, went to the king secretly: 'Master, Skandaka is certainly a *hypocritical* heretic. A great rogue, he has come here with a thousand soldiers in the guise of monks to kill you and take your kingdom. Let the king believe this, when he has seen the weapons* hidden secretly by the soldiers disguised as monks in the garden here, his own place. Then the king had the dwelling places of the monks dug up everywhere. He saw various weapons and was in deep despair. Without reflection the king instructed Palaka: 'You were well- informed, minister. I am furnished with eyes by you. Yourself know what is suitable to do to this scoundrel. Do that. Do not ask me again, noble sir.'

So instructed, Palaka had a machine made quickly crushed the sadhus one by one before Skandaka. while they were being crushed Skandaka himself them perform the right emancipation-rites accompanied by a sermon. When the youngest *muni* in the was led to the machine, from *compassion* Skandakacarya said to Palaka, 'Crush me first. Do this request of mine, that I may not see the young muni being crushed.' Knowing that Skandaka would suffer from his crushing, Palaka had the boy-muni crushed to pain him. All became omniscient and attained an eternal *abode*. But Skandaka rejected that and made a *nidana*': 'May I be the means of destroying Dandaka and Palaka and their families and kingdoms, if there is fruit of penance.' Having made this *nidana*, he was crushed by Palaka, and he became a god, a Vahnikumara, like the fire at the end of the world for their destruction. A bird seized his Rajoharan²⁸⁷ which was made from the thread of a choice blanket given by Purandarayasas and which was soaked with blood, it had been seized really with an effort with the that it was an arm, it fell by chance in front of Purandarayasas. Then she knew the destruction of her brother, the great sage. 'What crime have you committed, wretch?' she reviled Dandaka. The messenger-lifted her up, while she was immersed in grief, and took her to Munisuvrata; and she became a *mendicant*.

Agnikumara, Skandaka, knowing his former birth burned King Dandaka with Palaka and people of the city. From that time this cruel, uninhabited forest has been known over the earth as 'Dandakaranya' from the name of Dandaka.

After Dandaka had wandered in existence in birth-nuclei which were mines of pain, he became the bird, Gandha, very ill because of his karma. Memory of his former births was produced by seeing us and the diseases were destroyed by our magic art, 'the healing herb of touch.'"

Hearing that story, the bird, delighted, fell again at the *muni's* feet, listened to *dharma**, and became a layman. The great muni, knowing his *desire*, made for him the vow to cease destroying life, eating flesh, and eating at night. The muni said to Rama: "He is your coreligionist; *Devotion* to a co-religionist is described by the Jinas as conducive to happiness." "He is our dearest brother," Raghava said and, after he had praised the munis, they flew up in the air and went elsewhere. Janaki, Rama, and Laksmana mounted their divine chariot and wandered elsewhere for sport, accompanied by Jatayus.

Killing of Sambuka

Now in Patalalanka there were two sons of Khara and Candranakha, Sambuka and Suna, just grown up. Though restrained by his parents, Sambuka went one day to Dandakaranya for the purpose of subduing the sword, Suryahasa. He stood in a bamboo-thicket on the bank of the Krauncarava and said, "I will kill anyone who hinders me." Enjoying solitude, pure-minded, chaste, his senses subdued, face-down, his feet fastened to a branch of a banyan tree, he began to mutter the vidya which subdues the sword Suryahasa, which attains success after twelve years and seven days. When he had remained in the position of a bat for twelve years and four days, Suryahasa, wishing to yield, concealed by its scabbard, with fragrance bursting forth, came through the air to the bamboo-thicket.

As Saumitri was wandering here and there for amusement, he came there and saw the sword, Suryahasa, like mass of rays of the sun. He took the sword and drew it from its scabbard. For warriors are curious at sight of a weapon. To test its sharpness Laksmana immediately cut the bamboo-thicket which was near, cutting off a stalk, saw the lotus-head of Sambuka, who had been within the bamboo-thicket, fallen, severed, to the ground when Saumitri entered the bamboo-thicket before he saw the corpse hanging from a branch of the banyan.

"I have killed a man who was not fighting, unarmed. Shame on me for that act," he reproached himself. He went and told the whole story to Ramabhadra and showed him the sword. Rama said, "This sword is Suryahasa. You have killed its worshipper. Some assistant worshipper of it is certainly to be conjectured."

Just then Dasagriva's sister, Candranakha, thinking, "Today Suryahasa will yield to my son," hastily took food and drink for a puja and went there, delighted. She saw her son's head cut off, with dangling earrings. Crying, "Where are you, child! Oh! Sambuka, Sambuka," she saw the pleasing foot-prints of Laksmana. "That is the track of the man who killed my son," and Candranakha followed the foot-prints quickly. When she had gone a short distance, she saw Rama with *Sita* and Laksmana, very delightful to the eye, standing under a tree. She was infatuated with Rama as soon as she had seen him. There is a certain intentness on love in passionate women even in superabundant sorrow, alas!

After creating the form of a maiden which resembled a Naga-maiden, wounded by love, she approached Kakustha, trembling. Ramabhadra said to her, "Fair lady, whence have you come here to this cruel Dandakaranya, the sole *abode* of Krtanta?" She said: "I am the daughter of the king of Avanti. During the night while I was asleep on top of the palace, I was kidnapped by a Khecara. When he had come here to the forest with me, another Vidyadhara, armed with a sword, saw him and said to him; 'Where are you going, after seizing this jewel of a woman like a kite a pearl-necklace? Villain, death, in me, is at hand for you.' Thus addressed, he released me here and fought with him for a long time. Both of them perished like rutting wild elephants. I ran away alone and, wandering here and there, found you, like a shadow a tree in the forest, because of my virtue in former births. Therefore, marry me, master, as I am a maiden belonging to a good family. Certainly the request of suitors is not in vain among the noble."

"Certainly some sorceress, disguised like an actor, producing a false play, has come here to deceive us." With these reflections, agreeing in their conjectures, Rama and Laksmana looked at each other for a long time with wide-open eyes. Then Rama, his lips blossoming with a flood of moonlight of smiles, said to her, "I have my wife with me. Take Laksmana without a wife." Laksmana, asked by her in the same way, said, "You went to the elder brother. You are like an elder sister. Enough of this conversation."

Kidnapping of Sita

Extremely angered by the refusal of her request and the killing of her son, she went and told Khara and the others about the killing of her son which they had committed. Accompanied by fourteen thousand Vidyadharas, they went to attack Rama like elephants attacking a mountain. "While I am here, will the elder brother himself fight with such people?" Lakshmana asked Rama for permission to fight them. "Go, son, to victory. If there should be any difficulty, give a lion's roar to summon me," he instructed him. Agreeing definitely to Rama's command, Lakshmana, accompanied by his bow, went and commenced killing them, like Garuda killing serpents.

The fight increasing, in order to strengthen her husband's army in the rear, Ravana's sister hurried to Ravana and said: "Two men, Rama and Lakshmana, have come to Dandakaranya. Devoid of wisdom, they have led your sister's son to the sphere of *Yama*. Hearing of that, your, sister's husband with his younger brother and an army went there and is now fighting with Saumitri. Proud of his younger brother's strength and his own strength, Rama has stood apart, amusing himself with *Sita*. Sita, the crest of women, as it were, from her wealth of beauty and grace, is not a goddess, not a Naga-maiden, not a mortal. She is something else. Her beauty, without parallel in the three worlds, by which all the women of gods and demons are reduced to slavery, is beyond the realm of speech. You whose commands extend from ocean to ocean whatever jewels are on the earth, they all belong to you alone, brother. If you do not take this jewel of a woman, who stops winking of the eyes by her wealth of beauty, you are not Ravana."

Dasakandhara got into Puspaka and gave orders, "King of aerial cars, go quickly where Janaki is." The aerial car went with very great speed to Janaki as if in rivalry with Dasagriva's mind going there. Dasakandhara was afraid of Rama's very strong brilliance, when he had seen it, and stopped at a distance, like a tiger fearing a fire. He reflected, "Alas! On the one hand is Rama, difficult to approach; on the other hand, the kidnapping of Sita; on the one hand, a tiger; on the other, a bank." Then he recalled the vidya Avalokani and she, was present immediately like a servant, her hands joined together. Dasanana ordered her immediately, "Give me assistance at once. I am on the point of kidnapping Sita." She said: "Vasuki's head-jewel can be taken easily, but not Sita, even by gods and demons, when she is near Rama, However, there is a means by

which he would go to Laksmana, namely, a lion's roar from him (laksmana). That is a signal between them." He told her, "Give one," and she went off to a distance and gave a lion's roar like Saumitri in person. Hearing the lion's roar, Rama thought in confusion: "The younger brother has no equal in the world, like Hastimalla. I see no one by whom Saumitri meets trouble. Yet the lion's roar, the signal of trouble, is heard." While Rama, noble-minded, was hesitating, *Sita*, because of affection for Laksmana, said to him: "Husband, why do you hesitate now when the boy is in trouble? Go quickly and protect Laksmana." Urged by these words of *Sita* and by the lion's roar, Rama went quickly, even disregarding omens.

Then Dasagriva got out of his aerial car, Puspaka, and began to put Janaka's daughter, screaming, in it. "Mistress, I am here. Do not be afraid. Stop! Stop, fiend!" saying this angrily, Jatayus ran at him from a distance. The great bird furrowed Ravana's chest with the sharp ends of his bill and claws, like a great field with plows. Then Dasagriva, angry, took his cruel sword, cut off his wings, and made the bird fall to the ground. Unhesitatingly Dasagriva put *Sita* into Puspaka and set out through the air, his wish almost fulfilled.

"Oh! my lord, Rama, by whom enemies are destroyed; Oh! dear Laksmana; oh! my father; oh! brother *Bhamandala*, long-armed. *Sita* is seized by this man through a trick, like an offering of food* by a crow." So *Sita* cried, making heaven and earth cry. A *Khecara*, *Ratnajati*, son of *Arkajati*, heard her cry and thought: "That is certainly Rama's wife. Rama and Laksmana were tricked by that noise which was heard above the ocean and she is kidnapped by Ravana. I shall aid my lord *Bhamandala* now." With this thought, drawing his sword he ran at *Dasakandhara*, attacking him. *Dasanana* laughed at him challenging him to battle and at once destroyed all his *vidya* by the power of (his own) *vidya*. When his *vidya* had been destroyed, like a bird whose wings have been cut off, he fell and landed on *Kambusaila* in *Kambudvipa*.

Ravana went in his car by air above the ocean and, suffering from love, said to *Sita* humbly: "You have attained the rank of chief-queen of me who am the lord of those who fly in the air and walk on the earth. Why do you weep? Enough of sorrow in the place of joy! When fate joined you with Rama of poor destiny before, certainly it did an unsuitable thing. Now I did a suitable thing. Consider me your husband, queen, resembling a slave for service. If I am your slave, all the *Khecaras*, men and women, are your slaves."

While *Ravana* was making this speech, *Sita* remained with bowed head recalling with *devotion* the two syllables 'Rama' like a

charm. Suffering from love, he fell with his head at Janaki's feet; she drew away her feet, fearful of the touch of a strange man. *Sita* reviled him, "Pitiless, shameless man! Soon you will meet death", the fruit of *desire* for another man's wife." Just then the ministers, Sarana and others, and other Raksas-*vassals* came from all sides to meet the lord of Raksasas. Ravana, very impetuous, very foolhardy, his strength equal to any work, went to the city Lanka, which held a great festival.

"I will not eat until I receive news of the safety of Rama and Saumitri," *Sita* took this resolution firmly. Dasakandhara deposited Janaki under a red asoka, in the garden Devaramana, the place of *coquetry* of Khecara-women, which resembled a beautiful garden of the gods, to the east of Lanka. She was attended by Trijata and guards. He, delighted, a depository of strength, went to his own house.

7. BRINGING NEWS OF SITA

Restoration of Patalalanka to Viradha

Now Rama, carrying his bow, arrived quickly at the place where Saumitri was making sport of fighting with enemies. When he noticed Rama approaching, Saumitri said, "Why have you come here, sir, leaving your lady alone?" Raghava replied, "I came here, Laksmana, summoned by your lion's roar, which was a signal of distress." Laksmana said: "A lion's roar which was heard by the elder brother was not given by me. Therefore, we have certainly been deceived by someone. Certainly you have been led away because of a scheme to kidnap your lady. I think there was no reason at all for giving a lion's roar. Therefore, go quickly, sir, to protect your lady, powerful one, until I follow you, after killing my enemies."

So advised, Ramabhadra went to his own place, did not see Janaki there, and fell to the ground in a *swoon*. When he became conscious and got up, Ramabhadra saw Jatayus on the point of death* and, sharp-witted, he thought: "My wife has surely been kidnapped by someone practicing deceit. This noble bird, angry because of the kidnapping, has been killed by that man." Then as compensation for the layman Jatayus Rama recited the formula of homage which is provender for the journey to another world. He (Jatayus) died and became a chief-god in the heaven Mahendra. Rama wandered here and there in the forest in search of *Sita*.

Now, the hero Laksmana set out alone to fight with Khara who had many soldiers. There is no friend of a lion in battle. Just then Trisiras, Khara's younger brother, a soldier, restrained his elder brother, "Why a challenge on your part to this man?" Then the younger brother of Rama slew the Raksasa, Trisiras, as he was standing in his chariot, eager for battle, esteeming him like a moth.

Then Viradha, son of King Candrodara, lord of Patalalanka, came there with an army all equipped. Wishing to propitiate Rama's brother, Viradha said: "I am your soldier, hostile to these enemies of yours. O powerful one, after expelling my father, Candrodara, these soldiers of Ravana seized Patalalanka. Who is a friend of the sun in the destruction of darkness? Or of you in the destruction of enemies? Nevertheless, command me for battle, lord, because I am a mere servant."

Smiling, Laksmana said, "Watch these enemies as I slay them. Victory from the assistance of others would be to the shame of the powerful. From today my elder brother, the scion of Raghu, is your master. Today you have been installed in the kingdom of Patalalan-ka by me, sir."

Seeing him obstructing his own quarrel in the presence of laksmana, Khara very much angered, approached with his bow strung and said: "Where is my son, Sambuka, you slayer of the unsuspecting? Why are you protected now by your friend, the miserable Viradha?"

Saumitri smiled and said: "Your younger brother, Trisiras, longing for his nephew, has been sent after him by me. If you have a very strong longing for your son and brother, I am ready with my bow strung to lead you there. Your son was killed by me by a careless blow like a small insect by a footstep, fool. There was no valor of mine in that. If now, considering yourself a soldier, you satisfy your *desire*, I, bestowing gifts even in a forest-dwelling, shall give delight to *Yama* with you."

The Raksasa Khara began to attack harshly Saumitri talking this way, an enemy, like an elephant* attacking a mountain-side. Instantly Laksmana covered the sky with arrows by the thousands, like the sun with rays. A very fierce battle between them took place, terrifying to the Khecaras, the sole festival to the god Yama. There were words in the air, "Khara, whose strength is such in battle with Visnu⁸, is superior to a Prativisnu." Saumitri himself, ashamed from impatience, thought, "Time is being wasted in killing him," and cut off Khara's head with a sharp knife instantly. Dusana and his army, ready to fight with Laksmana, were destroyed like an elephant and its herd by a forest-fire. Then Rama's brother returned with Viradha; and a twitching left eye surely announced bad fortune to the two gentlemen. After going a long distance, he saw Ramabhadra among the trees; and when he had seen him without *Sita*, he became extremely dejected. The chief of the Raghus (Rama), not seeing Saumitri standing before him, wounded by the arrow of separation from *Sita*, said in the empty space:

"While wandering over this forest, I have not seen Janaki. Have you seen her? Tell me, goddesses of the forest. Leaving *Sita* alone in this terrifying forest filled with demons and wild animals, I have gone to Laksmana, alas! Leaving Laksmana alone in a battle with a thousand Raksasa-soldiers, I have come here again. Shame on the sense of stupid me! Oh! *Sita*, how could I leave you in this un-

peopled forest, my dear! Oh! dear Laksmana, how could I leave you in the danger of a battle!”

With these words, Ramabhadra fell to the ground in a *swoon*, powerful, seen by the birds even with lamentations. Laksmana said to him, “What is this! Here is your brother, Laksmana, before you, after conquering the enemy.” Rama regained consciousness from that speech, as if sprinkled with nectar, saw his younger brother before him, and embraced him. Weeping, Saumitri said, “This kidnapping of Sita by some sorcerer was certainly the reason for the lion’s roar. I intend to take away Janaki together with his life. Let us try now to get news of her. Install Viradha in his ancestral kingdom of Patalalanka. For I promised him that in the battle with Khara.”

Viradha despatched Vidyadhara soldiers to bring news of Sita, wishing to propitiate the two lords. The two Kakutsthas remained there, *devoured* by the fire of grief, sighing and biting their lips in anger, again and again. The Vidyadharas, sent out by Viradha, went a long distance and did not find any news of Sita. They came there and stood with downcast faces. Knowing the facts from their depression, Rama said: “You have tried as well as you could in the master’s business. That news of Sita was not obtained, what fault of yours, soldiers, is in that? When fate is adverse, who are you, or who is anyone else!”

Viradha bowed and said: “Do not despair, lord. Freedom from despair is the root of glory. I am your servant, certainly. Come to install me now in Patalalanka. There news of Sita will be easy for her husband to obtain.” Then Rama and Laksmana went with Viradha and his army to territory near the city Patalalanka. There Khara’s son, the Raksas Sunda, crusher of enemies, came, attended by a large army, ready for battle. Angry at his father’s slaughter, Sunda made at once a terrible fight with the leader Viradha, his former enemy. When Kakutstha took part in the battle, at the command of Candranakha Sunda fled at once from Lanka, and went to Ravana for protection. Then the two chief Raghus entered Patalalanka and installed Viradha in his ancestral rank. Rama and Laksmana lived in King Khara’s palace and Viradha, like a crown prince, in Sunda’s house.

Sahasagati as a false Sugriva

Now the vidya Pratarani was subdued in a cave of Mt. Himavat by Sahasagati who had longed for Tara for a long time. Assuming Sugriva’s appearance by means of the vidya, like a god that changes his form at will, he went to Kiskindhapura, like a second sun in the

sky. Sugriva had gone at that time to a garden outside for recreation and he²⁸⁸ went to the women's quarters adorned by Queen Tara. The true Sugriva went to the door and was stopped by the door-keepers saying, "King Sugriva has gone ahead." Having seen the second Sugriva, in doubt the son of Valin hastened to the door to prevent violation of the women's quarters. The false Sugriva was stopped as he was entering the apartments by Valin's son,²⁸⁹ like a river's current by a mountain on the road.

Then fourteen complete armies of soldiers assembled, summoned from everywhere like the whole wealth of the world. The soldiers did not know the difference between the two and half were on the true Sugriva's side and half on the false Sugriva's side. Then a battle started between the two armies, making the sky seem to have a fall of meteors from the fall of lances. Horseman fought with horseman, elephant-rider with elephant-rider, foot-soldier with foot-soldier, charioteer with charioteer. The earth trembled from the trampling of the formations of the fourfold armies like an innocent girl from meeting a bold lover.

Sugriva, head erect, challenged the false Sugriva to fight, "Come! come! You who enter other men's houses!" The false Sugriva, having been threatened, gave a loud roar like a mad elephant* and faced him in battle. The two great warriors, red-eyed with anger, fought, terrifying the world like brothers of *Yama*. They cut down sharp weapons* with sharp weapons mutually, like cutting grass, both of them skilled in battle. The crowd of *Khecaris* was injured by pieces of weapons flying up in the great battle of the two, like a group of trees in a fight between buffaloes. Their weapons being cut down, crest-jewels of anger with each other, they crashed in a prize-fight like living mountains. leaping up in the air one moment, falling to the earth in another moment, the two of them, crest-jewels of heroes, looked like cocks.

Both of them being very powerful, they were unable to defeat each other and withdrew to a distance and stood like bulls. Sugriva had summoned Anjana's son for assistance and fought again with the fictitious Sugriva of cruel acts. As Hanumat looked on unable to distinguish the two, the false Sugriva, ferocious, crushed Sugriva. Again exhausted by fighting, his body exhausted, then Sugriva went outside Kiskindhapura and took up an *abode*. The false Sugriva remained just there, his mind uneasy, but did not enter the women's quarters because of Valin's son.

Sugriva reflected with bowed head: "Alas! who is this enemy of ours, greedy for women, clever in deceit? Even my own people,

submissive from the sorcery of the enemy, have become not mine. Therefore that attack was with my own horses. How am I to kill the enemy powerful from the strength of magic? Shame on me whose strength is broken, causing disgrace to the name of Valin. Valin was fortunate, powerful, who, his heroic vows unbroken, abandoned the kingdom like straw and went to his final abode.

My prince, Candrarasmi, is more powerful than the world, but, unable to distinguish the two, whom shall he protect, whom shall he slay? It was well done, well done indeed, by Candrarasmi that he blocked that scoundrel's entrance to the women's apartments. To what very powerful person shall I resort to kill him powerful? Enemies must be killed certainly, either by one's own self or by another. Shall I turn to Dasanana, the hero of the *triad* earth, air, sky, destroyer of Marutta's sacrifice, in order to slay the enemy? But he is by nature lustful after women, a thorn to the three worlds. After killing him (the enemy) and me quickly, he himself will take Tara. Such a calamity having been reached, Khara, very harsh, was able to give assistance, but he was killed by Raghava. Therefore, I shall go and make friends with those two, Rama and Saumitri. They restored the kingdom to Viradha who made submission at that time. They, strong-armed and competent, are still there in Patalalanka at the urgent request of Viradha."

After thus reflecting and instructing himself, he dispatched a trustworthy messenger to the city of Viradha. He went to Patalalanka, bowed to Viradha, told the story of his master's trouble, and said, "My master has fallen into such great trouble and wishes to seek protection from the Raghavas through you." "Sugriva may come quickly. There is union of good people from merit." So instructed by him, the messenger went to Sugriva and reported that. Then Sugriva set out, making all the directions vocal from the noise of the horses' necklaces and shortening distance by speed. He arrived at Patalalanka, like a house nearby, in a moment, approached Viradha who arose to greet him with pleasure.

Viradha, going in front, had him pay homage to Ramabhadra as protector and explained his trouble. Sugriva said, "In this trouble you are my refuge." When a sneeze is completely obstructed, the sun is a refuge." Though in trouble himself, Rama undertook to remove his trouble. For there is greater effort on the part of the great in others' affairs than in their own. Informed about *Sita's* kidnapping by Viradha, Sugriva said to Rama, his hands joined: "There is no need of an agent for you protecting everyone like the sun giving light to everyone. Nevertheless, I say this, Your Majesty: My

enemies being killed by your favor, following you with an army, I shall soon bring you news of Sita."

Raghava set out for Kiskindha with Sugriva and dismissed Viradha who was following him, after explaining to him. When Ramabhadra was settled at the gate of Kiskindha, Sugriva challenged the false Sugriva to battle. The false Sugriva came shouting just because, of the challenge. For warriors are eager for battle, like Brahmans for food.* Shaking the earth by their steps in battle hard to bear, both fought like mad forest-elephants. When Rama saw them with the same appearance, he remained for a moment, as if indifferent, in doubt, "Which is ours and which is the enemy?" Then reflecting, "So be it," the chief of the Raghus twanged his bow named Vajravarta. At that twanging of the bow, Sahasagati's vidya, which made his second form, fled like a *doe*. Rama abused him, "Hey, villain, string your bow, you who wish to dally with other men's wives, bewildering every one by magic." The descendant of Raghu took away his life with one arrow. There is no second blow of the lion in killing a deer. Rama established Sugriva, like Viradha, on his throne and Sugriva was honored by his people as before.

His hands joined, the lord of the Vanaras offered to give Ramabhadra his thirteen daughters who were exceedingly beautiful. Rama said to Sugriva, "Exert yourself in the search of Sita. Enough about these maidens or anything else." With these words Raghudvaha went to the garden outside (the city) and remained there. Sugriva entered his own city at his command

Attempts to seduce Sita

Now, in the city Lanka Mandodari and the other women of Ravana's palace lamented at the news of the killing of Khara and others. His sister, Candranakha, weeping, beating her breast with her hands, entered Ravana's house with Sunda. Seeing Ravana, she clung to his neck and, weeping very loud, said: "Alas! I am destroyed by fate. My son is killed, my husband is killed, my two brothers-in-law are killed, and fourteen thousand of the family-soldiers are killed. The capital, Patalalanka, which was turned over to you, is destroyed by insolent enemies, while you are alive, brother. Fleeing to save my life, I took refuge* with you with my son Sunda, having come here. Where shall I stay? Tell me."

Dasasya enlightened her confidently as she was weeping, "I shall soon kill the slayer of your husband and son." Suffering from that sorrow and also from illness because of separation from *Sita*, he remained on his couch, having fallen like a tiger that has missed his

jump. Then Queen Mandodari came to him and said, "Why, master, do you remain like a low person, as if you were helpless?" Ravana replied: "Because of a fever from separation from Vaidehi, I am not able to move, nor speak, nor think. If there is any advantage to you from me alive, abandon pride, proud lady. Go and induce Vaidehi to consort with me. Certainly, I shall not enjoy another's wife unwilling. In this matter there is a promise on my part with my guru as a witness, which is a bar."

Grieved by her husband's grief, she, high-born, went at once to the garden Devaramana and said to Sita: "I am Dasanana's chief-queen, Mandodari. Turn to Ravana. I shall be your slave. Sita, you alone are fortunate whom my husband wishes to serve, he whose lotus-feet are served by everyone, powerful. Now of what use is Rama, an earth-dweller, a wretched creature, a mere soldier, as a husband, if Dasanana can be obtained as a husband?" Sita spoke angrily: "Here a lion, there a jackal; here Garuda, there a crow; here Rama, there your husband! Indeed, being husband and wife is fitting for that wretch and you. One of you wishes to enjoy other men's wives, and the other becomes his messenger! You are not fit even to see, much less quarrel with. Go! Go from this place. Get out of my sight!"

Then Ravana went there and said: "Why are you angry, Sita? Mandodari is your slave. I myself am your slave. Show me favor, queen. Why do you not favor this person even with a glance, Janaki?"

Sita, very virtuous, her face averted, said; "You are seen by Krtanta's glance, you, kidnapping me, Rama's wife. Shame on the hope of you whose hope is destroyed, seeker of the unsought (death*), villain! How long will you live since Rama and his younger brother are death to enemies?" Even though reviled by her in this way, again and again Dsanana spoke in the same way. Alas! the state of love is very powerful.

Just then, as if unable to look at Sita plunged in disaster, the depository of light submerged in the western Lavana Ocean. Dreadful night began and Ravana, possessing a terrible mind, blind with love and anger, launched attacks on *Sita*. Huge owls hooting, jackals howling, wolves making various noises, cats fighting each other, tigers giving blows (on the ground) with their tails, serpents hissing, Pisacas, ghosts, vampires, ghouls with drawn knives, leaping up, like badly behaved councilors of *Yama*, created by Ravana, came to Sita, terrifying. Sita continued meditating on the formula of homage to the Five Supreme Ones and was unterrified in fact and, moreover,

did not turn to Dasanana. At dawn Bibhisana went near Dasagriva, after hearing about the events of the night, and said to Sita: "Fair lady, who are you? Where are you from? Whose daughter are you? Why are you here? Do not be afraid. Tell everything to me who am a brother to other men's wives."

Recognizing that he was a mediator, Sita related with downcast face: "I am Sita, the daughter of Janaka, sister of *Bhamandala*, wife of Ramabhadra, daughter-in-law of Dasaratha. I came with my husband and his brother to the forest Dandaka. There one day my brother-in-law was wandering to and fro for amusement and saw a large sword in the air, and seized it from curiosity. He cut a nearby bamboo-thicket with the sword and unintentionally cut off the head of its subduer who was inside the thicket.

'Oh! I have killed some innocent man who was not fighting,' as if remorseful he came' to his brother. Some woman friend of the subduer of the sword came there in anger, after my brother-in-law. Seeing my husband, an Indra of wonderful beauty, *afflicted* with a *desire* for *dalliance*, she asked him and my husband scorned her. She went away and a large army of Raksases came. Laksmana agreed on a lion's roar as a sign of distress and went to fight. A Raksasa gave a false lion's roar, led my husband far away, seized me for his own destruction, evil-minded."

After hearing this, Bibhisana bowed to Ravana and said: "This action which you have committed, master, is a disgrace to the family. Before Kakutstha comes here with his brother to kill us, take Sita and release her in his presence." Ravana, red-eyed from anger at this speech, said: "What's this you say? Do you, timid, forget my valor? For Sita, having been pacified, necessarily will be my wife. I shall kill the wretches, Rama and Laksmana, if they come." Bibhisana said: "Brother, the speech of the astrologer was true, that our family would be destroyed on account of Sita, wife of Rama. Otherwise, how can you disdain the speech of me, a devoted brother? How has Dasaratha, killed by me, lived so long? Even if a future event cannot be otherwise, nevertheless, long-armed one, you are requested: Free *Sita* who is the destroyer of our family."

Just as if he had not heard Bibhisana's speech, he put Sita in Puspaka and, wandering, showed her: "These are pleasure-mountains with peaks of jewels and sweet *cascades*. These groves resemble the garden Nandana. These are bath-houses with showers of anything desired. These are pleasure-rivers with hansas, lady with a *hansa*-walk. These are pleasure-houses resembling bits of heaven. Play with me in these wherever you wish, fair-browed lady."

Meditating on Rama's lotus-feet, like hansi, the daughter of Janaka, like the earth in firmness, was not shaken at all by his speech. After wandering about for a long time in all the charming places, Dasana-na released Janaki again in the grove of asokas.

Preparations for war

Seeing that his elder brother was not within the sphere of reasoning by speech, like a madman, Bibhisana summoned the family-ministers to take counsel. He said: "Gentlemen, ministers of the family, the internal enemies*, love, et cetera these are like demons. Among these even one crushes a careless man. The master is certainly suffering from love. Love alone is hard to subdue; how much more when assistance is given by a *desire* to dally with another man's wife. Henceforth, the lord of Lankapuri, though powerful, will soon fall into a very great ocean of calamity."

Then the ministers said: "We are ministers in name only. You alone are minister by whose counsel such a state of affairs has been pointed out in advance. But what good is counsel to a lord subject to love, like instruction in Jain religion to a people having wrong belief? Raghava's men, Sugriva, Hanumat, and others are gathered together. Who does not support the party of noble men observing the law? The destruction of our family by Aiksvaka (Rama) with Sita as its cause was predicted by the astrologer. Nevertheless, we must do what is suitable for the occasion in accordance with the dignity of heroes."

Then Bibhisana had machines, et cetera mounted on the wall. For ministers look at the future with the eye of counsel.

Search for Sita

Now Rama passed some time somehow or other, comforted by Saumitri, suffering from the separation, Lakshmana himself, sent by Rama who had instructed him, marched to Sugriva, carrying his quiver, bow, and knife. Splitting open the earth by his footsteps, shaking the mountain, felling trees on the road by the touch of his arms swinging from speed, his forehead terrible from a violent frown, his eyes red, the road deserted by terrified door-keepers, he arrived at Sugriva's house. Hearing that Lakshmana had come, the king of Vanaras left the women's apartments hastily and approached him, trembling from fear.* Lakshmana said angrily:

"Have you performed your duties that you remain comfortable, fearless, surrounded by your queens, Vanara? Do you not know that your master, seated under a tree, passes days like years, and that

your promise has been forgotten? Arise now to bring news of *Sita*. Do not go Sahasagati's path. It (the road) is not closed." Falling at his feet Sugriva said, "Be gracious. Pardon my negligence alone since you are the lord." Conciliating Saumitri thus and putting him in front, the lord of Vanaras went quickly to Ramabhadra and bowed with *devotion*. He instructed his own soldiers, "Listen! All of you who have arms, search everywhere for Maithili, unstumbling." Thus ordered by him, the soldiers went to islands, mountains, rivers, chasms in the earth, and elsewhere in great haste. Then *Bhamandala* heard of the kidnapping of *Sita*, came to Rama, and remained, exceedingly grieved like him. Viradha came with soldiers, pained by his master's trouble, and remained there like a footman of long-standing, wishing to serve.

Sugriva himself reached Kambudvipa in his traveling and Ratnajatin, having seen him from afar, reflected: "Has Sugriva, the lord of Vanaras, powerful, been sent to kill me by Dasamaulin who has remembered some fault of mine? Before, my vidya was taken away by Dasasya, powerful, and now Sugriva, the lord of Haris²⁹⁰ will take away my life." As he was absorbed in these reflections, Sugriva came to him quickly and said, "Why have you not come to meet me in an aerial car? Why are you indolent?" He replied, "My vidya was destroyed entirely by Dasasya, for I was present at the fight when he kidnapped Janaki."

Then he was taken by Kapiketu (Sugriva) to Rama and at his request told the news about *Sita*. "Your Majesty, the queen, the noble *Sita*, was kidnapped by the cruel, evil king of Lankapuri and my vidya was taken from me angry (about it). 'Oh! Rama! Dear Saumitri! Brother Bhamandala!' I was angry at Dasamauli, when Queen *Sita* was crying out these words."

Delighted by this news of *Sita*, the chief of the Raghus embraced Ratnajatin, lord of Surasangitapura. The descendant of Raghu asked again and again for the story of *Sita*, and again and again he related it to satisfy his mind. Ramabhadra asked the soldiers, Sugriva, et cetera, "How far from here is Lanka, the city of this Raksas?" They replied: "What have we to do with this city near or far? We are all like straw, compared with Ravana, conqueror of the world." Rama said: "Enough of this hesitation about being defeated or not defeated. Like a security for the sight (of him), just show him to us. You will soon know the power of him, merely pointed out, the blood of whose neck is being sipped by the arrow shot by Saumitri."

Lakshmana said: "Who, pray, is this Ravana who has accomplished this by a worthless trick, like a dog? I shall cut off the head of the trickster in accordance with warrior practices. You look on, just spectators of the battle-drama."

Jambavat declared: "Everything is suitable for you. But the man who lifts up Kotisila will kill Ravana. That was declared by the wise *sadhu* Anantavirya. To give us confidence lift up the stone." "Very well," said Lakshmana and they took him at once in an aerial car to Kotisila. He lifted up the stone, like a creeper, with his arm and was hailed, "Well done! Well done!" by the gods with showers of flowers. With confidence inspired, they took Lakshmana in the aerial chariot as before to Kiskindha into Rama's presence.

Then the elders of the Kapis said: "The destruction of Ravana is your business. First a messenger must be sent to the enemy. That is the custom of statesmen. If the purpose should be accomplished by a messenger, then enough of aggressive action of kings themselves. Let some messenger, capable and powerful, be sent there. For Lanka is known throughout the world as being difficult of entrance and exit. Having gone to Lanka, the messenger will talk to Bibhisana for the surrender of Sita. For he is the politic one in the Raksas-family. He will advise Ravana to release Sita and, scorned by Ravana, he will go to you at once."

This speech of theirs was approved by Rama and, having sent Sribhuti, Sugriva summoned Hanumat. Then Hanumat, like the sun in *splendor*, bowed to Rama seated in council, surrounded by Sugriva, et cetera. Then Sugriva explained to Rama: "In distress he is our best brother, the well-bred son of Pavananjaya. There is no one else among all the Vidyadharas equal to him. Instruct him about obtaining news of *Sita*, master."

Hanumat said: "There are many Kapis like me. King Sugriva says this from affection. Gava, Gavaksa, Gavaya, Sarabha, Gandhamadana, Nila, Dvidida, Mainda, Jambavat, Angada, Nala, and many other Kapi-chiefs are here, master. Completing their number, I am ready to do your work. Shall I lift up Lanka with Raksasadvipa and bring it here? Or shall I capture Dasakandhara and his relatives and bring them here? Or, after killing Dasagriva and his household right there quickly, shall I bring the queen, daughter of Janaka, uninjured?"

Rama said: "Everything is possible for you. Therefore, go to the city Lanka, and search for *Sita*. Deliver this ring of mine to the queen as a token from me and bring here her crest-jewel as a token. Deliver this message from me: 'Queen, the elder brother of Lakshma-

na, exceedingly grieved at separation from you, remains thinking of you alone. Do not abandon life because of separation from me, beloved wife. Soon, indeed, you will see Ravana killed by Lakshmana.” Hanumat said, “You remain here, lord, until I return from Lanka, after executing your order.”

With these words, Maruti bowed to Raghava and went with his attendants to Lankapuri in a very swift aerial car. As he went through the air, he saw the town, Mahendrapura, of his maternal grandfather, Mahendra, on the summit of Mt. Mahendra. Hanumat thought: “That is Mahendra’s city, by whom my mother, though innocent, was banished at that time.” Remembering this, angry, he had the battle-drum beaten, splitting the atmosphere, as it were, by the echoes from the quarters of the heavens.

King Mahendra, having seen an enemy army, having the strength of Indra, went forth with his sons with soldiers for the business of battle. A great battle between the armies of Mahendra and Hanumat took place, terrifying with a rain of blood like a portentous cloud in the sky. Prabhanjani destroyed enemy soldiers, like a wind destroying trees, in a moment, moving about in the battle rapidly. Prasannakirti, son of Mahendra, fought with Hanumat, striking him unhesitatingly, not knowing that he was his sister’s son. Though both were powerful and both were very angry, they acknowledged weariness from the close fight with each other. While fighting, Pavani reflected: “Alas! I started this fight, delaying my master’s business. These men who will be conquered in a moment they are my mother’s family. Nevertheless, they must be conquered to finish what was started.”

With these reflections, Hanumat, angered, instantly bewildered Prasannakirti with blows and captured him, his weapons, chariot, and charioteer being destroyed. After a hard fight, Maruti took Mahendra, bowed to him, and explained: “I am your grandson, son of Anjana. At Rama’s command I am traveling to Lanka to set free Sita. When I came here, I remembered my mother’s exile for a long time. From anger at that, you were made to fight, father. Pardon me. I shall go on the master’s business. You go to our master’s presence.”

Mahendra embraced him, powerful, and said, “I have heard of you before through popular report. By good fortune I have seen that you are strong, now. Go on your master’s business. May your journey be prosperous.” With these words Mahendra went to Raghava with his army.

As Hanumat went through the air, he saw two munis standing in kayotsarga* on the island Dadhimukha. Not far from them he saw three maidens engaged in meditation*, who had perfect forms, occupied with subduing a vidya. Then a forest-fire blazed up on the whole island and the sadhus and the maidens were in danger from the fire. From friendliness toward them Hanumat took water from the ocean by means of a vidya and extinguished the fire, like a cloud. Just at that time the maidens had the vidya subdued and, after circumambulating the two munis engaged in meditation, they said to Hanumat: "You did well to prevent a calamity to the sadhus, devout layman. With your assistance the vidya has submitted to us without wasting time." "Who are you?" he asked and the maidens said:

"In this city Dadhimukha there is a king, king of the Gandharvas. We are his daughters by Kusumamala. Many lords of Khecaras have asked our father for us. A Khecara, Angaraka by name, became crazy on our account. Our father did not give us to him nor anyone else, for he was very *fastidious*. Our father asked a *muni*, 'Who will be my daughters' husband?' and he said, 'Whoever kills Sahasagati, he will be.' Because of that speech our father is searching for him, but has not found him anywhere. To learn who he is, we undertook the subduing of the vidya. The fire was made by Angaraka to destroy the vidya and was nobly extinguished by you, a disinterested friend. The vidya, named Manogamini, which submits (usually) in six months, has become subject to us at once because of your assistance."

Hanumat told them about the slaying of Sahasagati by Rama from the beginning and his own going to Lanka-Delighted, they told their father the whole story and he went at once to the descendant of Raghu with them and with his army.

Hanumat flew up and, as he went to lanka, he saw the vidya Asalika, terrible as the night of the destruction of the world. "Hey, Kapi! Where are you going? You have become food* for me." Saying this tauntingly, she opened her mouth. Holding a club, Hanumat entered her mouth, split her like the sun splitting a cloud, and came out. By the power of his vidya the, son of Marut destroyed quickly the wall of Lankapuri which she had made, as easily as a potsherd. He, chief of those resorting to battle, killed also the guard of the wall, named Vajramukha, who was exceedingly angry, fighting with him. When Vajramukha had been killed, his daughter, lankasundari, strong from vidyas, challenged Maruti to battle from anger. She behaved with skill in battle, like lightning in the sky, striking Hanumat frequently like a mountain. The son of Pavanan-

jaya destroyed her weapons* with his own weapons and soon made her stripped of weapons like a creeper stripped of leaves.

"Who is he?" she went to look at Anjana's son from amazement and she was struck by" Kama^s with arrows. She said to Hanumat: "Hero, foolishly I made you fight, from anger caused by my father's killing, without reflecting. A *sadhu* predicted formerly, 'Whoever kills your father will be your husband' Therefore, lord, marry me willing. Who else in the whole world is a soldier equal to you! Then with you as a husband, I shall remain exceedingly proud among women." Joyfully Hanumat married the maiden, who was so respectful, with a Gandharva-marriage with affection.

Description of sunset, moonrise and dawn

Then the sun sank into the western ocean, as if he wished to bathe because of weariness from wandering in the forest of the sky. As the sun departed, after enjoying the western quarter, he took away her garments, as it were, in the guise of twilight-clouds. A row of red clouds shone in the west, as if brilliance had remained independently, after abandoning the sun when he set. Quickly the face of the East darkened from shame at the thought, "Deserting me, with a new love he has wooed the West who has a new color."

Lamentation was made by the birds in the form of twittering from grief at the *abandonment* of their play-grounds. The pitiful cakravaki became sad like a passionate woman whose husband is far away. The lotus covered her face entirely when the sun set,²⁹¹ like a faithful wife whose husband has gone to rest. The cows returned quickly from the forest, eager for their calves, worshipped by Brahmins delighted at obtaining a bath from the wind. When the sun set, he surrendered his own brilliance to fire, like a king surrendering *sovereignty* to his heir. Fires, which stole the beauty of a row of constellations descended from the sky, were lighted everywhere by women. When the sun had set and the moon had not (yet) risen, darkness²⁹² began to spread. Verily, mischievous persons are clever in deceit. Is this vessel of heaven and earth filled with dust from Mt. Anjana or with antimony? It was observed entirely filled with darkness. Neither dry land, nor water, nor directions, nor the sky, nor the earth what need for many words not even one's own hand could be seen at that time. The stars in the sky which was dark like a sword, *anointed* with darkness completely, resembled for a long time cowries on a gambling-board. The sky, dark as *collyrium**, with distinct constellations resembled a pool of the Yamuna with erect white lotuses. With the flood of darkness making everything one

shape, penetrating in every direction, the whole universe became *deprived* of light like Patala. In dense darkness women-messengers, unafraid, eager for lovers' meetings, spread out as they liked, like carp in a pool. Women went to meet their lovers, their anklets pushed up to their knees,²⁹³ their clothes dark as a tamala^B, their bodies* anointed with musk.

Then the moon rose, resembling the golden finial on a palace on the eastern mountain, the bulb for the shoots of moonbeams. The spreading darkness in the guise of the mark on the moon appeared to be having a fight with the moon from inborn enmity. The moon sported at will with the stars in the broad sky, like a bull with cows in the *cow-pen*. The moon with its spot clearly visible in the interior shone like a vessel of silver containing musk. The rays of the moon, tripped by lonely men with their hands held out, streamed ahead like arrows of Love. The bees abandoned the day-blooming lotus which had fallen into a poor state, though enjoyed for a long time, and resorted to the night-blooming lotus. Shame on friendship with the low! The moon made the sephali's blossoms^B fall by strokes with its rays, as if to prepare arrows for its friend Puspesu. Making the moonstones drip, the moon, by making new pools, caused panegyrics on his own good works, as it were. The moonlight which lighted up the face of the sky exhibited the sad faces of unchaste women moving about, like day-blooming lotuses. The son of Pavananjaya passed the night without anxiety in *dalliance* with Lankasundari.

Then the sun rose, adorning the quarter dear to Pracinabarhis with rays resembling threads of gold. The rays of the sun, advancing unhindered, became missiles for causing sleep for the open night-blooming lotuses. The head-wreaths, discarded by the women awakened, cried out, as it were, with the sounds of the bees at separation from the knot of hair. Courtesans returned from the houses of their lovers, their eyes red from the exertion of keeping awake during the night. Rows of bees left the interiors of the open lotuses, like creepers of sighs from the lotus-mouths of deserted wives. The moon had the strength of its light stolen by the *splendor* of the risen sun and resembled a spider's web. The darkness which had not been contained in the space between heaven and earth was led away somewhere by the sun, like a cloud by a strong wind that has scattered it. The citizens began to attend to their respective duties, because of the departure of sleep that had been bound by the night, as it were.

Meeting of Hanumat and Sita

Then Hanumat took leave of Lankasundari with fair words and entered the city Lanka, possessing great power. Then the son of Pavananjaya, the *abode* of strength, terrifying to enemy soldiers, went to the home of Bibhisana. Questioned by Bibhisana, after he had entertained him, as to his reason for coming, the son of Anjana said, his voice deep from strength: "As you are the brother of Ravana, considering the consequences of proper action, have *Sita*, the virtuous kidnapped wife of Rama, freed from Ravana. The kidnapping of Kakutstha's wife by your brother, though powerful, is the cause of suffering both in this world and the next."

Bibhisana said: "Well said by you, Hanumat. I have already told my elder brother to release Sita. I shall ask my brother again urgently, if he will free Sita now at my request." At these words of Bibhisana the son of Anjana flew up and went to the garden Devaramana occupied by Vaidehi. There the son of Pavananjaya saw Queen Vaidehi at the foot of an asoka, her hair in disorder on her cheeks, with the ground made into a pool from the repeated streams of tears, her lotus-face dark like a lotus nipped by frost, her body extremely thin like a digit of a new moon, the blossom of her lip suffering from the heat of passionate sighs, motionless like a yogini, meditating "Rama! Rama!" her clothing soiled, indifferent to her body.

Hanumat thought: "Indeed, Sita is a very virtuous wife. People are purified by the mere sight of her. Rama is justly crushed by separation from her; Rama who has such a pure wife, beautiful and virtuous. This wretched Ravana will *perish* twice over because of the great majesty of Raghudvaha and his own great evil. Then making himself invisible by magic, Hanumat threw the ring into Sita's lap and she rejoiced at seeing it. Just then Trijata reported to Dasakantha: "Janaki has been depressed for so long, but today she is cheerful." "I think she has forgotten Rama and is now willing to stay with me. Go and remind her," he said to Mandodari. Then Mandodari went again as go-between for her husband and spoke to *Sita* respectfully in order to seduce her:

"Dasanana excels in unique strength and good looks. You are unequaled also in beauty and grace. If a suitable union was not arranged for you two by an ignorant fate, nevertheless, let it take place now. Having approached him who deserves to be loved, love him loving (you), Janaki let his other wives and me execute your commands, fair-browed lady."

Sita said: "Wicked woman, acting as go-between for your husband, who can bear to look on your face or your husband's, evil-faced woman! Consider me at Rama's side and that Saumitri has come here to kill quickly your husband and his brothers as he did Khara and others. Get up! Get up! wicked woman. I will not talk with you in future." Thus reviled by Sita, she went away, angry.

Then Hanumat became visible, bowed to Sita with joined hands, and said: "By good fortune Rama and Laksmana are victorious. I have come here, ordered by Rama to get news of you. After I have gone back there, Rama will come here to destroy the enemy." Weeping, Sita asked him: "Who are you? How have you crossed the ocean difficult to cross? My husband lives some place with Saumitri. Where have you seen him and how does he spend the time?"

Hanumat related: "I am the son of Pavana and Anjana. I crossed the ocean in an aerial car by a vidya. Rama with Laksmana is lord over Kiskindha, having reduced Sugriva, lord of all the Vanaras, to the status of a footman by killing his enemies. Rama grieves day and night because of the separation from you and makes others grieve, like a mountain with a forest-fire. Like a calf separated from a cow, Laksmana, separated from you, mistress, experiences no pleasure, looking at the empty sky constantly. Your husband and your husband's younger brother, one moment sorrowful, the next moment angry, are not happy, though consoled by Sugriva. *Bhamandala*, *Viradha*, *Mahendra*, and other *Khecaras* attend them, like the gods serving *Sakra* and *Isana*, having become footmen. I was recommended by Sugriva and was sent by Rama to deliver his ring and obtain news of you, queen. If your crest-jewel is taken by me as a token from you, your lord will know from seeing it that I have come here."

At Hanumat's insistence and from joy at news of Rama, she ate at the end of the twenty-first day and night. She said to him: "Take my crest-jewel as a token from me and go quickly, friend. If you stay, there will be violence. If that cruel *Raksasa* knows that you have come here, he, strong, will surely come to kill you, like death." Smiling confidently, his hands joined, he said: "You say this to me from affection, being timid, mother. I am the footman of Rama and Laksmana, conquerors of the three worlds. Who is this miserable *Ravana*, even with his army, compared with me? Taking you too on my back, mistress, I shall take you into the master's presence, having conquered *Ravana* and his army."

Sita said with a smile: "You do not shame your lord, *Ramabhadra*, speaking with such confidence, sir. Everything is suitable for

you, a soldier of Rama and Sangrin, but it is not proper for a strange man to touch me at all. That being so, go very quickly. You have done everything so that when you have gone my husband will make active preparation."

Hanumat said: "I am going, but I shall show these Raksases the *fickleness* of power. This Dasasya, thinking himself a conqueror, scorns the strength of others. Let him know the power of Ramabhadra's soldier." Saying, "Very well," Sita. gave him her crest-jewel. He bowed to her and departed, shaking the earth with his heavy footsteps.

He began to destroy that same garden Devaramana by the strength of his hand reaching forth, like a forest-elephant* destroying a forest. He began the sport of destruction, without pity for the red asokas, without confusion among the bakulas, without *compassion* for mangoes^B, without motion among the campakas, with sharp anger for the coral trees, without mercy for the plantains and for other beautiful trees.²⁹⁴ Then the doorkeepers at the four gates of the garden, who were Raksasas, ran to attack him with hammers in their hands. Their blows stumbled on Hanumat like ocean-waves on a mountain on the coast. Pavani, angered, struck them with the same trees of the garden, without fatigue. Everything is a weapon for the strong. Quickly he destroyed the trifling Raksasa guards, as well as the trees, he the Aiksvaku soldier, unstumbling as the wind. Some men went and told the lord of Raksasas about the killing of the guards of the garden committed by Hanumat.

Then the lord of Raksasas instructed Prince Aksa, the destroyer of enemies, with an army to kill Hanumat. Pavananjayi said to Aksa challenging to battle, "You fall to me in the beginning of battle like fruit at the beginning of a meal." "You thunder in vain, Kapi," the son of Ravana scolded and rained sharp arrows filling the range of the eye. Srisaila,²⁹⁵ like a high-waved ocean, made the son of Ravana like an island by a heavy rain of arrows like water. After the son of Anjana had made weapon against weapon for a long time from curiosity, wishing to put an end to the battle, he killed Aksa like an animal.

Then Indrajit came quickly from anger at his brother's death, saying confidently, "Stay! stay, Maruti." Then a battle started between the two very powerful men, cruel as the end of the world, causing the universe to tremble for a long time. Raining unceasing streams of arrows like streams of water, they looked like Puskara-vartaka-clouds in the sky. The space between them became hard to see at once from the constant clashing missiles, like an ocean with

sea-animals. As many missiles as the son of Ravana, hard to restrain, discharged, Maruti destroyed them with many times as many missiles. All of Indrajit's soldiers, their limbs crushed by Hanumat's missiles, perished, like living mountains with rivers of blood. Seeing his army vanished and his own weapons* made useless, the son of Dasasya discharged the missile nagapasa²⁹⁶ at Srisaila. The son of Pavana was bound from head to foot by the nagapasas which were very strong, just like a sandal tree. This binding by the nagapasas was endured by Hanumat. For from curiosity one is able to give temporary victory even to the enemy. Hanumat was led by the delighted Indrajit to Ravana, observed by wide-eyed Raksasas who were witnesses to the victory.

Ravana said to Maruti: "Wretch, what has happened that these two miserable men are supported by you who have belonged to me since birth? living in a forest, eating fruit, unclean, wearing dirty garments, like Kiratas, what glory will they give to you when they are satisfied? In the circumstances why have you come here at their command, since you jeopardize your life just by coming here, stupid? These earth-inhabitants are clever that they have made you do this. For rogues pull out charcoal (from a fire) by another's hand. As you were the best of followers to me and now are the messenger of an enemy, you are not to be killed, villain, but you are ridiculed just to teach you."

Hanumat said: "When was I your follower? And when did you become my master? Are you not ashamed to talk so! Once upon a time your vassal, Khara, esteeming himself highly in battle,²⁹⁷ was freed from capture by Varuna formerly by my father from friendship for you. I too came to your assistance in the past, summoned by you. I guarded you from Varuna's sons in battle and in danger. You are not suitable for assistance now, engaged in crime. Even conversation with you, the kidnaper of another man's wife, is for evil. I do not see anyone among your people who will protect you now from Saumitri alone, to say nothing of Rama, his elder brother."

Angered by that speech, terrible from the frown on his brow, Dasanana said, biting his lips: "Since you support my enemies and have made an enemy of me, you are surely anxious to die. Why do you have disgust with existence in this case? Just as no one kills a leper, even one who wishes to die, from fear* of murder, who would kill a messenger, villain! Now you are to be led around every road in Lanka, surrounded by people, mounted on a donkey and with five tufts of hair (like an *ascetic*)."

Angry at these words, Maruti burst the nagapasas. For how long does an elephant* remain bound by lotus-stalks? Flying up like a flash of lightning, Maruti broke the *diadem* of the lord of Raksasas into pieces with a kick. As Ravana cried, "Kill him! Seize him!" he destroyed the city with blows of his feet as if it had no lord. After furnishing amusement in this way, Pavani flew up like Garuda, went to Rama, bowed, and delivered *Sita's* crest-jewel. Rama put Sita's crest-jewel over his heart, as if Sita had come in person, touching it again and again. Questioned graciously by Dasarathi who embraced him like a son, Hanumat related the humiliation of Dasavaktra and all the news of Sita in detail, the success of his strength of arm being heard by others.

8. THE KILLING OF RAVANA

Expedition to Lanka

Then Rama and Saumitri, attended by soldiers, Sugriva, et cetera set out through the air for the conquest of Lanka. *Bhamandala*, Nala, Nila, Mahendra, Pavananjayi, Viradha, Susena, and Jambavat, Angada and other Vidyadhara-lords by crores went immediately to Rama, covering the face of the sky with their armies. Many marching-drums, beaten by the Vidyadharas, filled the sky with very deep sounds. The Khecaras went through the sky in aerial cars and chariots, on horses, elephants, and other vehicles, proud of performing their master's work.

Crossing above the ocean with his army, in a moment Raghava reached the city Velandhara on Mt. Velandhara. Two kings, Samudra and *Setu*, like oceans hard to restrain, began to fight excitedly with Rama's *vanguard*. Nala captured Samudra and Nila, long-armed, captured Setu and led them to Rama, wise in their master's business. Kakutstha restored them as before. For the great are compassionate to enemies who have been defeated. Samudra gave his three daughters, very beautiful in form, the first among beautiful women, to Rama's younger brother.

Having spent the night (there), at dawn Raghudvaha followed Setu and Samudra and came very soon to Mt. Suvela. There Rama conquered a king, Suvela by name, hard to conquer, spent one night, and set out at dawn. After conquering Hansaratha on Hansadvipa near Lanka, the best of the Raghus camped there. When Kakutstha was nearby, like *Saturn* in Pisces, Lanka trembled in every direction, fearing the end of the world. Ravana's *vassals* armed themselves for battle, Hasta, Prahasta, Marica, Sarana, and others by the thousand Ravana, expert in beating enemies, had the cruel battle-drums beaten by the crores by servants.

Break between Ravana and Bibhisana

Then Bibhisana went to Dasasya, bowed, and said: "Be gracious for a moment. Consider my speech which would have good results. Before, without reflecting you kidnapped another's wife, causing destruction of two worlds. Your family was shamed by that. Kakutstha has come to take his wife with him. This alone is hospitality-surrender his wife. Otherwise, Rama will take *Sita* from you

and will destroy your whole family with you. To say nothing of Rama and Saumitri who caused the death* of rash Khara, did Your Majesty not see Hanumat, one of his soldiers? Your glory is greater than Indra's glory. Do not destroy it because of Sita. In this way your ruin of both kinds²⁹⁸ would take place."

Then Indrajit said: "Our whole family has been disgraced by you timid from birth. You are not my father's brother. Thinking our father, who is the conqueror of Indra even, the leader of complete success, capable of such conduct, you certainly wish to die, fool. Formerly our father was tricked by you telling lies, since you did not kill Dasaratha after promising to do so. You wish to protect Dasarathi, who has come here, from our father, you who show fear*, born from earth-dwellers, shameless. I think you are a partisan of Rama. Even in counsel you are not superior. Counsel by a wise minister has good results for kings."

Bibhisana said: "I am certainly not a partisan of the enemy. But you have sprung up, an enemy in the form of a son, causing the destruction of the family. While your father here is blind from power and love, what do you, as if blind from birth, know, O foolish suckling! King, soon you will *perish* because of this son and your own conduct. I grieve in vain on your account."

Extremely angry, Ravana drew his terrifying sword and, corrupted by fate, got up actually to kill Bibhisana. Bibhisana, terrifying from a frown, pulled up a long post, like an elephant*, and got up to fight Ravana. They were prevented from fighting by Kumbhakarna and Indrajit, who intervened quickly, and were led to their respective places like elephants to stables.

"Get out of my city. You are consuming your shelter like a fire." So ordered by Ravana, Bibhisana went near Rama. Thirty proud army divisions of Raksasas and Vidyadharas deserted the lord of Lanka at once and followed Bibhisana. Seeing him approaching, Sugriva and others trembled. For there is no confidence in an enemy like a witch. He announced himself by sending one of his men to Rama first and Rama looked at Sugriva's face, a vessel of - confidence. Sugriva said: "Even if these trifling Raksasas are deceitful from birth by nature, nevertheless let him come here. We will learn from spies his intentions good or bad and we shall act here in accordance with his ascertained intention, lord."

A Khecara, named Visala, conversant with these affairs, said: "Bibhisana alone among the Raksasas is noble and righteous. He was banished by his brother who was very angry because he spoke

for *Sita*'s release. He has come to you for protection. This is not otherwise."

Hearing this, Rama had Bibhisana admitted by the door-keeper and hastened to embrace him whose head was bowed at his feet. Bibhisana said: "I have left my elder brother who is unethical and have come to you. Command me devoted, like Sugriva." Then Raghava conferred on him the realm of Lanka. Sometimes submission to the great is not in vain.

War between the Raksasas and Vanaras

Raghudvaha spent eight days in Hansadvipa and set out, attended by an army, to Lanka like the wind at the end of the world. Having obstructed twenty yojanas in width of ground with the army, Kakutstha remained ready for battle, a mountain of strength. The tumult of Rama's army, like the roar of the ocean, deafened Lanka, as if the ground of the universe were bursting. Dasakandhara's generals, having unequaled universal strength, armed themselves at once, Prahasta and others, holding weapons* erect. Heroes assembled around Dasanana, flying up simultaneously, some with elephants as vehicles, some with camels as vehicles, others in chariots drawn by tigers, and others in chariots drawn by donkeys; some with men as vehicles, like Kubera; others with rams, like Agni; some with buffaloes, like *Yama*; and others with horses like Revanta; some in aerial cars like gods, intent upon the business of battle.

Red-eyed from anger, armed, the eldest son of Ratnasravas (Ravana) got into his chariot filled with many kinds of weapons. Bhanukarna, carrying a trident like another *Yama*, came and became Dasakantha's attendant. The princes Indrajit and Meghavahana stood at Dasakantha's sides like arms. Other sons and powerful *vassals* by the crores, Suka, Sarana, Marica, *Maya* and Sunda and others came. Covering the heavens with innumerable thousands of army divisions skilled in fighting, Dasanana left his city. The heroes of Dasasya's army some of whom had tiger-banners, some sarabha-banners, some deer-banners, some elephant-banners, some peacock-banners, some serpent-banners, some cat-banners, some cock-banners; some of whom carried bows, some swords, some nail-studded clubs, some hammers, some tridents, some iron-bound clubs, some axes, some nooses dispersed skillfully for the business of battle, calling by name the opposing heroes again and again. Covering the earth for fifty yojanas with the width of his army like Vaitadhya, Ravana stepped for battle. Praising their own leaders, criticizing the enemy leaders, attacking each other, reciting each

other's names, making weapons resound against weapons accompanied by hand-clapping, the soldiers of Rama and Ravana joined each other like *cymbals*.

"Go! Go! Stay! Stay! Do not be afraid. Discharge your weapon! Take up your weapon!" Such were the speeches of the soldiers on the battle-field. Spears, darts, arrows, discs, iron-bound clubs, and clubs of the two armies flew up like birds in a forest. Then the sky seemed to have various Ketus and Rahun from the swords that were broken by blows against each other and heads that had been cut off quickly.²⁹⁹ The soldiers, making elephants roll on the ground with blows from hammers repeatedly, had the appearance of playing ball and stick. The five parts³⁰⁰ of soldiers which had been cut off with axes by other soldiers fall like branches of trees. Heroes cut off heroes' heads and throw them on the ground like food* suitable for hungry Kinasa (*Yama*).

In this battle between the powerful Raksasas and Vanaras victory was to be obtained after a long time like the money of heirs. When the battle had been going on for a long time, the army of the Raksasas was broken by the Vanaras like a forest by winds. When the army of the Raksasas was broken, Hasta and Prahasta, always securities for victory for the lord of Lanka, were eager to fight with the Vanaras. Two great Kapis, Nala and Nila, rose to oppose the two consecrated for sacrifice in battle. First, Hasta and Nala, opponents, powerful, mounted on chariots, met like *retrograde* and forward-moving planets.* They strung their bows and twanged the bowstring, as if inviting each other to battle by the sound of the bowstring. The two rained arrows on each other so that their chariots looked like porcupines with quills of arrows. Defeat and victory fell now to Nala, now to Hasta. No difference in their strength could be detected even by experts. Ashamed before his own soldiers who were witnesses, Nala, powerful, expert, cut off Hasta's head with a knife from anger. At once Nila slew Prahasta, as Nala had slain Hasta, and a rain of flowers fell from the sky on Nala and Nila.

From anger at the killing of Hasta and Prahasta, Marica, Sinha-jaghana, Svayambhu, Sarana, suka, *Candra*^s, Arka, Uddama, Bibhatsa, Kamaksa, Makara, Jvara, Gambhira, Sinharatha, Asvaratha, and others in Dasanana's army advanced. Madana^s, *Ankura*, Santapa, Prathita, *Akrosa*, Nandana, Durita, Anagha, Puspastra, Vighna, Pritikara, and other Kapis fought with Raksasas separately, leaping up and falling down, like cocks fighting with cocks. The Raksas Marica fought resolutely and killed Santapa; Nandana killed the Raksasa Jvara; the Raksasa Uddama killed Vighna; the Vanara

Durita killed suka; the Raksasa Sinhajaghana killed the Vanara Prathita; and the sun set. Then the soldiers of Rama and Ravana returned, purifying their own men, killed and unkilld.

At dawn the Raksas soldiers advanced to fight Rama's army, like the demons fighting the sun. Dasasya, mounted on a chariot drawn by elephants, set out for the business of battle in the midst of his army like Mt. Meru in the center of the earth. Carrying many weapons*, more terrifying than death* even, burning his enemies, as it were, with his eye red at that time, considering each one of his own generals like Satamanyu, scorning the enemy like straw, Ravana went to the battle-field. Raghava's generals, very strong, approached with the soldiers for battle, watched by the gods in the sky. Very soon the surface of the battle-field had rivers in some places, as it were, from the deep waters of blood; had high mountains, as it were, in some places from the eminent Kapis that had fallen; had makaras piled up, as it were, from the faces of makaras that had fallen from the chariots; had teeth, as it were, from the half-destroyed chariots; and was like a dancing-place in some spots with torsos dancing the tandava. The soldiers of the Kapis were broken by a full attack by all the Raksasas urged on by the twang of Ravana's bow. Angered by the rout of his soldiers, Sugriva himself with his bow strung set out, shaking the earth with his mighty forces. Saying, "O king, stay here. See the strength of me alone," Hanumat restrained Sugriva and started for the battle.

Hanumat plunged into the Raksasa-army *haughty* because of its numerous forces, like Mandara into the ocean with cruel sea-animals. Then Malin,³⁰¹ with deep thunder like a rain-cloud, hard to conquer in battle, adorned with bow and quiver, attacked Hanumat. The heroes, Hanumat and Malin, twanging their bows, shone like untamed lions giving slaps with their tails. Malin and Hanumat attacked each other with missiles, destroyed each other's missiles, and reviled each other. After they had fought for a long time Hanumat *deprived* Malin, abounding in strength, of weapons like the summer sun a pool of water. "Go! Go! old Raksas. What is the use of killing you!" Vajrodara approached Srisaila saying this and said: "Oh. villain, you die, talking in this way, vile creature. Come! Come! fight with me. You die. Do not go." Maruti heard that speech like a lion hearing a challenge and, very proud, roaring, covered him with arrows. Shaking off that rain of arrows, Vajrodara made him invisible with arrows, like the rainy season the sun with clouds. "Oh! Vajrodara is a hero adequate to Hanumat. Oh! Pavani is a soldier who is adequate to the Raksas Vajrodara." Hanumat, unable

to bear these speeches of the gods-spectators of the play of battle, victorious over enemies, a mountain of conceit, raining various missiles at the same time, like a cloud, raining meteors, killed Vajrodara while the Raksasas looked on.

Angry at the killing of Vajrodara, Jambumalin, the son of Ravana, reviling Maruti, challenged him, like an elephant-driver an elephant.* Both very powerful, wishing to kill each other, fought for a long time with arrows, like snake-charmers with snakes. Returning twice as many arrows each time for the arrows (received), they reached the lowest and highest stage of debt alternately. Hanumat, angry, *deprived* the enemy of chariot-horses, chariot, and charioteer and struck him with a very heavy hammer. Jambumalin fell to the ground dazed and Mahodara⁸, a Raksas-hero, jumped up angrily, showering arrows. Other Raksasa-soldiers, wishing to kill Hanumat, surrounded him completely like pure-bred dogs a boar. Some were struck on the arms, some on the face, some on the ankle's, some on the heart, some in the abdomen, by Hanumat with sharp arrows. Like a fire in a forest, like the submarine fire in the ocean, the hero Maruti shone in the army of the Raksasas. At once the son of Pavananjaya, crest-jewel of the powerful, scattered the Raksasas like the sun scattering darkness. Angered by the destruction of the Raksasas, Kumbhakarna, carrying a trident, like Isana descended to earth, himself ran to fight. Kumbhakarna killed the Kapis some by kicks, some by blows with his fists, some by blows with his elbows, some by slaps, some by blows with a hammer and with a trident, and some in mutual conflict.

Having seen the younger brother of Ravana attacking violently like the ocean at the end of the world, Sugriva ran up. *Bhamandala*, Dadhimukha, Mahendra, Kumuda, Angada, and others ran up, like an active fire. The chiefs of the Vanaras *besieged* Dasanana's younger brother, like hunters besieging a lion, all at once raining various missiles. The chief of the Night-goers (Raksasas) released the missile 'Go-to-sleep' against them, which was just like another night at the end of the world, unerring as the speech of a *muni*. Seeing his army going to sleep, like a night-blooming lotus by day, Sugriva recalled the vidya 'Wake-up.' "Oh! Where is Kumbhakarna?" Making a loud tumult, like the birds at dawn, the Vanara-soldiers got up. Eminent Kapis, commanded by Sugriva, highly-praised fighters, their bows drawn to their ears, attacked Kumbhakarna. Sugriva destroyed Kumbhakarna's charioteer, chariot, and chariot-horses with a club, like a physician destroying diseases. Then Kumbhakarna, who had descended to the ground, with a

hammer raised in his hand, like a mountain with one peak, ran to Sugriva. Many Kapis fell from the very strong wind caused by him as he ran to fight, like trees from the touch of elephants. Unhindered by the Kapis like the current of a river by mounds, he struck Sugriva's chariot with a hammer and reduced it to dust. Reaping in the air Sugriva discharged a very large stone at Kumbhakarna, like Vajrin hurling a thunderbolt at a mountain. Kumbhakarna broke the rock to pieces with a hammer, showing a supernatural rain of dust to the Kapis, as it were. Valin's younger brother discharged the powerful missile 'stroke-of-lightning,' which made the noise, tadat, taditi, at Ravana's younger brother. Kumbhakarna fell to the ground, struck by 'stroke-of-lightning,' with an appearance terrifying to the world, like a mountain at the end of the world.

Angered because his brother was dazed, Dasanana himself, like Death in person, advanced, terrifying with a frown on his brow. Indrajit bowed before him and said: "Neither *Yama*, nor *Varuna*, nor *Kubera*, nor *Hari*^s is before you in battle. How much less are these mere Kapis! Therefore stay here, Your Majesty. I, angry, shall go and kill them like a handful of mosquitoes." Having restrained Dasagriva so, Sakrajit, his head erect from pride, powerful, striking blows, went into the midst of the Kapi-army. The battle-field was relinquished by the Kapis to him, powerful, as he attacked, like a pool to a buffalo by frogs. He said to the trembling Kapis: "Ho! ho! Stay here, *Vanaras*. I, the son of *Ravana*, do not kill non-combatants. Where is *Maruti*? Where is *Sugriva*? Or rather, what of them! Where are *Rama* and *Saumitri*, who consider themselves heroes?"

As he was talking so from insolence because of his strength, Sugriva, red-eyed from anger, challenged the son of Dasagriva to battle. *Bhamandala* began to fight *Meghavahana*, the younger brother of Indrajit, like *sarabha* with *sarabha*. Clashing with each other, they looked like four elephants of the quarters, like four oceans, terrifying to the three worlds. The earth was shaken by the comings and goings of the chariots, and the mountains shook, and the earth trembled. No difference in the drawing and discharge of arrows could be detected on the part of them who were exceeding light-handed and expert. They fought for a long time with divine iron missiles, but no one of them was defeated by anyone. Then Indrajit and *Meghavahana*, angered, discharged the powerful missile *Nagapasa* (serpent-noose) at Sugriva and *Bhamandala*. *Bhamandala* and the lord of the Kapis were bound by snake-nooses so that they were not able to breathe even.

Now Kumbhakarna regained consciousness and from anger struck with a club Maruti who fell to the ground unconscious. He picked him up with his arm encircling him like a serpent, like an elephant* picking up something with his trunk, and put him under his arm. Bibhisana said to Rama: "Master, these two, very strong, are essential to the army, like eyes in a face. Vaidehin and Sugriva have been bound by the sons of Ravana with great snakes. I intend to release them, so they will not be taken to Lanka. Hanumat, who is held by Kumbhakarna with his very strong arm, must be freed without his reaching Lanka, Raghudvaha. Master, without Sugriva, Bhamandala and Hanumat, our army is without soldiers, as it were. Permit that I go."

Just as he was saying this, the soldier Angada came rapidly, attacked, and fought with Kumbhakarna, skilled in fighting. Maruti escaped from the noose of his arm which Kumbhakarna, blind from anger, raised, like a bird escaping from a cage. Bibhisana approached in a chariot to fight with the sons of Ravana in order to release Bhamandala and the lord of the Kapis. Indrajit and Meghavahana thought: "Our father's younger brother comes himself to make battle with us. How, indeed, can we fight with him who is like a father? Departure from here is fitting. There is no disgrace to those fearing one entitled to respect. These two foot-soldiers, bound by nooses, will certainly die. Let them remain right here, so our father (uncle) will not follow us." With these reflections the wise sons of Ravana disappeared from the battle and Bibhisana stood looking at Bhamandala and the lord of Kapis. Rama and laksmana stood there, their faces dark from anxiety, like the sun and moon whose bodies* are concealed by a mass of snow. Then Ramabhadra recalled the god Mahalocana, the best of the Suparna-gods, who had promised him a boon formerly. The god came, knowing (the situation) by clairvoyance, and gave to Padma the vidya Sinhaninada, the pestle, chariot, and plow. He gave laksmana the vidya Garudi, a chariot, and the club Vidyudvadana which destroys enemies in battle. He gave both other divine weapons* of water, fire, wind, et cetera and umbrellas. As soon as they had seen that Garuda had become the vehicle of Saumitri, the serpents of the nooses of Bhamandala and Sugriva disappeared. A cry of "Victory! Victory!" arose on all sides in Rama's army and the god the sun went to rest as well as the army of Raksasas.

At dawn again Raghudvaha's and Dasasya's soldiers went to the battle-field, the best parts of the whole armies. They commenced a great battle terrifying from flashing weapons* resembling the teeth

of Krtanta, commencing the encounter unexpectedly. The army of the Vanaras was stirred up by the angered Raksasas, like a pond by swine burned by the midday-heat. Seeing that most of the army was broken, Sugriva and the others, very powerful, entered the army of the Raksasas like yogis into the bodies* of others. The Raksasas, subdued by the Kapi-lords, melted away like snakes overcome by garudas, like unbaked jars overcome by water. Angered at the destruction of the Raksasas, Ravana himself ran forward, splitting the earth, as it were, with the advance of the chariot. No one of the Kapi-heroes stood before him for an instant, as he advanced swift as a forest-fire, Bibhisana respectfully restrained Rama who had started to fight with him, came at once, and opposed Dasakandhara. Ravana said: "Oh, Bibhisana, to whom have you resorted by whom you are thrown into battle with me angry, like a morsel of food* into a mouth? This was well advised, indeed, a protection to himself by Rama who sends you against me, the ideal like a hunter sending a dog against a boar. Even now I have affection for you, my boy. So go! For today I shall kill Rama and Lakshmana with their soldiers. Do not complete the number of those being killed. Go to your own place. Today this hand (of mine) is at your back."³⁰²

Bibhisana said: "Rama advanced like Death* himself against you, angered, and was restrained by me by a trick. I came here under pretext of a fight, wishing to enlighten you. Today free *Sita*. Be gracious. Do what I say. I have not gone to Rama from fear* of death nor from greed for the kingdom, certainly, but from fear of censure, Dasanana. Remove censure by surrendering *Sita* so that I may return to you, leaving the chief of the Raghus."

Angry, Ravana said: "Why do you show fear today, miserable Bibhisana, evil-minded, cowardly? You have been talked to in this manner because of my fear* of killing a brother, for no other reason." Saying this, Dasakandhara twanged his bow.

Then the brothers began to fight eagerly, drawing and raining various missiles unceasingly. Then Indrajit and Kumbhakarna and the other Raksasas ran up from *devotion* to their masters, like servants of Krtanta. Rama obstructed Kumbhakarna; Lakshmana Ravani; Nila Sinhajaghana; Durmasa Ghatodara; Svayambhu Durmati; Nalavira Sambhu; Arigada *Maya*; Skanda Candranakha; and the son of Candrodara Vighna; King *Bhamandala* Ketu; Sridatta Jambumalin; the son of Pavananjaya obstructed Kumbha, the son of Kumbhakarna; the lord of Kiskindha Sumala; Kunda^B the Raksasa Dhumraksa; the son of Valin, Candrarasmi, the Raksasa soldier,

Sarana. Other Kapis obstructed other Raksasas in this way and fought with them like sea-monsters with sea-monsters in the ocean.

While the battle, more terrible than the terrible, was taking place, Indrajit angrily discharged the missile of darkness at Lakshmana. Saumitri, causing pain to enemies, at once melted that missile by the missile of heat, like a ball of wax by fire. Saumitri angrily discharged the missile, serpent-noose, at Indrajit and he was bound by it quickly like an elephant* in water by a rope. Dasasysa's son, his body bound by the serpent-missile, fell like a thunderbolt, splitting the earth. At Lakshmana's command Viradha threw him inside his chariot and quickly led him to his tent, like a prison-guard. The elder brother of Lakshmana bound Kumbhakarna with serpent-nooses and Bhamandala led him to his camp at Rama's command. Other enemy soldiers were bound by Rama's soldiers, Meghavahana, et cetera, and were led to their camps.

When Dasamukha saw that, filled with anger and sorrow, he hurled his spear, the root of the Sri of Victory, at Bibhisana. The younger brother of Rama broke the spear into pieces in the air, as easily as a plantain-stalk, by means of sharp arrows. Dasagriva, seeking victory, lifted the great spear, named Amoghavijaya, which had been given by Dharanendra. He whirled it in the sky, flaming with the crackling sound, dhagad, dhagiti, making the sound tadat, taditi, like a flash of lightning from the clouds at the end of the world. The gods in the air fled and the soldiers shut their eyes. After seeing it, none remained (where they were) comfortably, not even the gods.

Rama said to Saumitri: "Bibhisana, our guest, is being killed. Shame on us, destroying those who have taken refuge* with us." Hearing Rama's words, Saumitri, devoted to friends, went and stood in front of Bibhisana, attacking Dasakandhara. When Dasanana saw Garudastha³⁰³ before him, he said: "This spear is not lifted against you. Do not die by the death* of an enemy. Or rather, die; since you especially deserve to be killed by me. For the wretch, Bibhisana, stood before me in your place."

Saying this, he whirled the spear and discharged it, which resembled an unexpected falling thunderbolt, at Rama's younger brother. Saumitri, Sugriva, Hanumat, Nala, Bhamandala, Viradha, and others struck it as it fell with their own weapons.* Despising the strength of their weapons, like a rogue-elephant a goad, it fell on Lakshmana's breast like submarine fire into the ocean. Pierced by it, Lakshmana fell on the ground and a great cry "Ha! Ha!" rose on all sides in the army. Then angry, the elder Kakutstha, as if wishing to

kill Ravana, began to fight him, standing in the chariot Pancanana. At once he with the chariot Pancanana made the enemy bereft of a chariot and Dasanana quickly got into another chariot. After he had broken chariots in this way five times, Kakutstha, whose valor was unique in the world, made Dasanana chariotless. Dasasya thought, "This man himself will actually die from affection for his brother. So enough of fighting with him now." With this reflection, Dasagri-va went to Lankapuri quickly and the sun set as if grieved at Rama's sorrow. Ravana having been defeated, Rama returned to laksmana and fell fainting to the ground, when he had seen him stretched on the ground.

When Rama had been sprinkled with sandal-water by Sugriva and others, he recovered consciousness, sat down near Saumitri and, lamenting, said:

"What pains you, child? Speak. Why do you remain silent? Reply by raising an eyebrow even. Please your elder brother. These watch your face, Sugriva and others, your followers. Why do you not reply with word or glance, you dear to the sight! Surely you do not speak from *embarrassment* at the thought, 'Ravana left the battle-field alive.' Therefore, speak. I shall fulfill your wish. Oh, miserable Ravana, stay! stay! where will you go? I shall soon start you on the long journey."

When Raghudvaha stood up, twanging his bow, the lord of the Kapis addressed him respectfully: "Master, it is night and the Raksasa has gone to Lanka. Our master is here, injured by a blow with a spear. Regain self-control. Know that Dasanana is as good as killed. Consider only a means of restoring Saumitri." Rama said again: "My wife has been kidnapped; my younger brother killed. Still Rama survives. He is not torn into a hundred pieces. Friend Sugriva, Hanumat, *Bhamandala*, Nala, Angada, Viradha and others, go now to your own houses, all of you. Friend Bibhisana, you were in great sorrow from the kidnapping of *Sita* and the killing of Saumitri, since you had not accomplished your purpose. But, at dawn, friend, see your brother, an enemy in the guise of a brother, being led by the path of my own brother. At dawn, after satisfying you, I shall follow Laksmana. For without Laksmana what good to me are Sita and life?" Bibhisana said: "Why this weakness, lord? For a man, even though struck by that spear, lives for a night. Try with all kinds of charms, spells, et cetera to find a remedy for the blow before dawn appears."

Raghava agreed; and Sugriva and the others made seven walls with four gates around the two Raghavas by means of a vidya. At

the gates in the east stood Sugriva, Pavananjayi, Tara, Kunda^B, Dadhimukha, Gavaksa, Gavaya in turn. On the north Angada, Kurma, Anga, Mahendra, Vihangama, Susena, Candrarasmi stood in turn at the gates. In the west Nila, Samarasila, Durdhara, Manmatha^S, Jaya, *Vijaya*, and Sambhava stood. *Bhamandala*, Viradha, Gaja, Bhuvanajit, Nala, Mainda, and Bibhisana stood in the south successively. Making the two Kakutsthas in the center in this way, Sugriva and the others, powerful, were devoted to watching, intent as yogis.

Someone told *Sita* that Laksmana had been killed by the spear and at dawn Ramabhadra would die from affection for his brother. Hearing that news terrible as a clap of thunder, Janaka's daughter fell to the ground in a *swoon*, like a creeper struck by the wind. Sprinkled with water by the Vidyadharis, Janaki regained consciousness, got up, and lamented pitifully: "Oh! Laksmana dear, where have you gone, leaving your elder brother alone! For he is not able to exist even a moment without you. Alas! I am unfortunate since on my account now such a thing has happened to my husband and brother-in-law who are equal to gods. O earth, split open, please, for my entrance. O heart, split open for the extinction of life."

A Vidyadhari, Avalokinya, saw *Sita* weeping so pitifully and, compassionate, said, "Queen, at dawn your brother-in-law will have an uninjured body and, coming with Ramabhadra, will make you rejoice." Restored to a sound state of mind by that speech, Kakutstha's wife thought constantly of sunrise, like a wakeful cakravaki.

At the thought "Saumitri was killed today," Ravana rejoiced one minute; the next, having recalled the capture of his brother, sons, friends, he wept. "Oh! dear Kumbhakarna, you were like another best self of mine. Oh! Indrajit and Meghavahana, you were like second arms of mine. Oh! sons, Jambumalin and others, like different forms of myself, how were you made to undergo capture, never undergone before, like elephants?"

Recalling repeatedly the recent capture, et cetera of his relatives, again and again Dasagriva fainted and wept.

Cure of Laksmana

Now, a certain Vidyadhara approached *Bhamandala*, who was guard at the east gate of the wall in Padma's army, and said: "Show me the honored Padma, if you are indeed a friend of his. I shall be able to tell you a restorative for laksmana. I am your benefactor." *Bhamandala* took hold of his arm and led him to Padma's lotus-feet. He bowed and explained: "I am the son, Praticandra, of King

sasimandala, lord of Sangitapura, by his wife Suprabha. For amusement one day I set out in the air with my wife and was seen by the Vidyadhara, Sahasravijaya. Then he fought me for a long time from hostility arising from my marriage and I was made to fall to the ground by the spear Candarava which struck me. Falling to the ground in the garden Mahendrodaya in the city Saketa, I was seen by your brother Bharata, very compassionate. At once the king sprinkled me with perfumed water and the spear went away from me like a thief from another man's house. I, astonished by the immediate healing of the blow, asked him about the power of the perfumed water and your younger brother related:

'A caravan-leader, named Vindhya, came here from Gajapura. One of his buffaloes, worn out by an excessive burden, fell on the road. The people of the city walked over him, stepping on his head, and the buffalo died from the great injury. From involuntary destruction of karma he became a god, a Vayukumara, named Pavana-putraka, lord of the city Svetankara. Knowing his former death* by clairvoyance, angered, he made various and numerous diseases in this city and district. But there was no disease in the territory and house of my uncle, King Dronamegha, though living in my country. I asked him about the reason for the freedom from disease and Dronaghana said:

"My wife, Priyankara, was formerly severely *afflicted* by disease. By the power of the embryo which developed she was freed from disease and in time bore a daughter, named Visalya. A plague of diseases developed in my country, as in yours, and the people became healthy sprinkled by Visalya's bath-water. One day I asked *Muni* Satyabhutasarana and he said:

'The fruit of penance in a former birth of Visalya is the curing of wounds, the removal of darts, and the destruction of disease of people by her bath-water; and Laksmana will be her husband'

Because of the muni's speech the power of Visalya's bath-water was ascertained by myself from fight belief and experience, also."

After telling this, Dronamegha gave me Visalya's bath-water and because of it my country became free of disease. I sprinkled you, also, with her bath-water and look! at once the dart became powerless and the wound healed.'

So friendship between Bharata and me arose, lord. Before dawn bring Visalya's bath-water. So, hurry! Hurry! What will you do at dawn? When the cart is broken, indeed, what can the owner do?"

Raghudvaha assigned *Bhamandala*, Hanumat, and Angada to get Visalya's bath-water from Bharata. They went by car with the

speed of the wind to Ayodhya and saw King Bharata lying on the palace-roof. They sang to awaken Bharata, while in the air. For kings are aroused by some device even in the case of royal business. Bhamandala was noticed by Bharata, who had awakened, and was questioned. Bowing before him, Bhamandala told his business. For there is no preliminary praise of a friend from a friend.

Then Bharata said, "I shall go there and accomplish that," and got into his aerial car and went to the city Kautukamangala. Asked by Bharata for Visalya, Dronamegha gave her accompanied by a thousand women to be married at the same time. Bhamandala dismissed Bharata in Ayodhya and came eagerly with Visalya and his retinue. Standing in his chariot with blazing lights, observed instantly by his own people terrified by the appearance of sunrise, he deposited Visalya near laksmana. The great spear left Laksmana immediately when he had been touched by her hand, like a large serpent by club. As the spear flew up, it was seized with violence by Hanumat, who had flown up, like a quail seized in the air by a hawk. It, having the form of a goddess, said: "It was not my fault at all; for I, a sister of Prajnapti, was given to him by *Dharana*. Unable to endure the brilliance of the penance in Visalya's former birth, I shall go. Release me, innocent because of a servant's rank."

So addressed, Maruti, long-armed, released the spear and the spear, as soon as released, went away, as if ashamed. Visalya touched Saumitri again with her hand and *anointed* him gradually with gosirsa-sandal. Then Saumitri, his wound healed, got up soon as if from sleep and was embraced by Ramabhadra weeping from joy. Rama told him the whole story of Visalya and he quickly sprinkled his own men and the others with her bath-water. At that very time at Rama's command Saumitri married with due ceremony Visalya together with the thousand maidens. The Vidyadhara-kings held a great festival originating from joy at Saumitri's restoration to life and marriage, which was a source of astonishment to the world.

Negotiations

"Saumitri is alive," spies informed the lord of Raksasas and he took counsel with the chief-ministers. "This was my idea: 'saumitri, struck by the spear, will die at dawn. Then Rama also, crushed from affection, (will die). The Kapis will flee and my brother and sons, Kumbhakarna, Indrajit, and others, will come here to me, themselves.' Now Laksmana is alive from the contrariness of fate and how are Kumbhakarna, and the others to be released by me?"

The ministers replied to him: "There is no release of the heroes, Kumbhakarna and others, except by the release of Janaki, but, on the contrary, misfortune. Master, so much having passed, protect, protect your own family, There is no other means in this case except conciliation of Rama."

Scorning them, Ravana sent a vassal as a messenger to Raghava, with instructions about conciliation, bribery, and punishment. He went, was announced by the doorkeeper, bowed to Padmanabha surrounded by Sugriva and others and announced in a firm voice: "Dasasya says to you: 'Free the group of my relatives, permit Janaki (to stay), and take half my kingdom. I shall give you three thousand maidens. Be satisfied with this. If not 'you will not have all this and you will not have your life.'" Padmanabha said: "There is no gain to me from *sovereignty* nor from enjoyment, even great, of a throng of other women. If Ravana will send Janaki, having treated her well, then I shall free his brother and sons, not otherwise."

The vassal said again: "Rama, this is not fitting for you, that you put your own life in danger for the sake of a mere woman. If Saumitri has been restored one time after being struck by Ravana, how will he stay alive now, or you, or these Kapis? Ravana alone is able to kill all these. His speech is worthy of respect always. Consider the consequences, yourself."

Angered by his speech, Lakshmana said: "Listen, miserable messenger! Even now Ravana does not know his own power nor others power. His retinue of kinsmen having been killed, left with only wives, he makes a pretence of heroism. What impudence is that on his part! Like a tree of which all the branches have been broken off by a club and the root alone remains, how long will Ravana, alone, stand? So, go! Arm Dasakandhara for battle. My arm is ready, like Krtanta, to kill him."

Reviled by Lakshmana in this way, he, intending to reply, was expelled by the Vanaras who got up and seized him by the neck. He went and told Ravana everything said by Raghava and Ravana said to the ministers, "Say what is to be done now." The ministers said: "The surrender of *Sita* is suitable in this case. The result of contrariety has been seen. Consider the result of agreement, lord. Every action is considered from the viewpoint of agreement and contrariety. How have you fared from contrariety alone, Dasanana? Now your many kinsmen and sons are uninjured. Prosper with glory together with them set free by the return of *Sita*." Wounded in his heart very much by their speech about the return of *Sita*, as if struck in a vital spot, Dasamukha reflected for a long time. Having decided

in his heart on the subjugation of the vidya Bahurupa, Ravana, his passions subdued, went to Sri Santi's shrine. Dasanana, his face blooming with *devotion*, like Indra himself, made Sri Santinatha's bath with *pitchers* of water. After *anointing* him with gosirsa-sandal and making a puja with divine flowers, he recited a hymn of praise to Sri Santi.

Stuti

"Homage to the god of gods, protector of the world, supreme spirit, Srimat Santinatha, sixteenth Arhat. Blessed Sri Santinatha, guide in crossing the ocean of births, homage, homage to your name, a charm for Sarvarthasiddha. Whoever make the eightfold puja to you, Supreme Lord, to them the eight magic powers, becoming extremely small, et cetera, will be present. The eyes which see you daily are fortunate; the heart in which you, seen by them, are carried is more fortunate than they. O god, people may be spotless just from touching your feet. Does not iron become gold from contact with vedhirasa?³⁰⁴ May the row of callous spots on my forehead from bowing at your lotus-feet with constant falls to the ground become beautiful tilakas. May there be always fruit from the vine of my *sovereignty* from objects, flowers, perfumes, et cetera, having been presented to you, Lord. Again and again I ask only this from you, Lord of the World: Blessed One, may my devotion to you be ever stronger in birth after birth."

Defeat and death of Ravana

After reciting this hymn of praise to Santi, the lord of Lanka, occupying a jeweled slab before (him), began to subdue the vidya, holding a rosary. Then Mandodari said to the door-keeper, Yamadanda: "All the people of the city must be devoted to the Jinas religion for eight days. Whoever will not do this, of him there will be punishment consisting of death." Proclaim this in Lanka by beat of drums."

At her command the door-keeper had it proclaimed in the city accordingly and it was reported to Sugriva by spies. Sugriva said, "Dasanana must be subdued, master, before he subdues the vidya Bahurupini." Padma smiled and said, "How can I seize Dasasya when he is quiet, engaged in meditation*, for I am not tricky like him?" Hearing this secret speech of Rama, Angada and others went to the lord of Lanka in Santi's shrine for the subjugation of the vidya. They, unhindered, made numerous attacks on him, but Dasakandhara did not move from his meditation in the least. Then

Angada said: "Why do you, who have found no refuge*, commit this impiety from fear* of Rama, sir! In my lord's absence you seized his noble wife. I am going to seize your wife, Mandodari, while you watch." With these words, with quick anger he dragged Mandodari by the hair like one without a lord, weeping with the pathetic sound of an osprey. Ravana, absorbed in meditation, did not even see her. The vidya appeared, lighting up the sky.

She said: "I am *submissive* to you. Tell what I can do, sir. I shall do everything according to your wish. Verily, the two Raghas are of little importance." Ravana replied: "Everything is brought about by you. You must come at the proper time when you are recalled. Now go to your own home." Dismissed by him, the vidya went far away, and the Vanaras went to their own camp, flying up like the wind.

Dasanana heard the news about Mandodari and Angada and at once made a loud exclamation of contempt filled with pride. After bathing and eating, the lord of Lanka went to the garden Devaramana and said to *Sita*: "For a long time I have shown you respect. Now, abandoning restraint, frustration, and timidity, I shall enjoy you by force after killing your husband and brother-in-law."

Janaka's daughter swooned at that speech resembling poison and fell to the ground, like Dasasya's hope of her instantly. Recovering consciousness with difficulty, she took a vow to this effect: "If the death* of Rama and Saumitri should take place, then may I *perish* also." Hearing that, Ravana thought: "Her affection for Rama is inherent. Therefore my love for her is like planting a lotus in dry ground. I did not behave properly in that Bibhisana was scorned, the ministers were not respected, and my own family disgraced. If I should free her now, that would not be *discerning*, since it would be said, contrary to my fame, 'she was freed because he had been conquered by Rama.' After capturing Rama and Saumitri, I shall bring them here and then surrender her to them. For that would be in accordance with propriety and (my own) fame."

After making this resolution, the lord of Lanka passed the night and set out for battle, *haughty*, though restrained by unfavorable omens. Again a battle started between the armies of Rama and Ravana and the elephants of the quarters were terrified by the very loud slaps on the arms of the soldiers. Scattering the other Raksases, like a wind pieces of cotton, Laksmana struck Dasakandhara with arrows. Seeing Saumitri's strength with anxiety, Dasakandhara recalled the vidya, Bahurupa, terrifying to all. The vidya was present there just from being recalled and Ravana quickly created many

terrible forms of himself. Laksmana saw Ravana's only on the ground, in the air, behind, in front, and at his sides, raining many weapons.* The Tarkasyastha (Vasudeva)^s Laksmana, though one, slew the Ravana's with sharp arrows produced by thought, as if he had as many forms (as Ravana). Dasakandhara, distracted by Narayana's arrows, recalled the naming cakra, the sign of being an Ardhacakrin. Red-eyed from anger, Ravana whirled the cakra in the air and discharged it, the last weapon, at Rama's younger brother. After making the circumambulation, it remained at Saumitri's right hand, like the sun on the peak of the eastern mountain. Depressed, Ravana thought, "The speech of the *muni* has become true and the considered judgment of Bibhisana and others was true." Seeing his brother depressed, Bibhisana said, "Brother, now free Vaidehi, if you wish to live." Angered Ravana said: "What are weapons, even the cakra, to me, villain? I shall kill the enemy, even if he has the cakra, very quickly with my fist."

As the lord of Rakshasas was speaking in this way from arrogance, Laksmana split open his chest, like a *gourd*, with the same cakra. Then Dasagriva died in the last watch of the eleventh day of the dark half of Jyestha and went to the fourth hell.

At once a rain of flowers was made on Laksmana by the gods crying, "Victory, victory," and a violent dance took place among the Kapis, having the bower of heaven and earth filled with the cries of "Kila! Kila!" instigated by extreme joy.

9. THE ABANDONMENT OF SITA

Ravana's funeral

Then Bibhisana, overcome by affection for his relatives, encouraged the fugitive Raksasas: "These two, Padma and Narayana, the eighth *Bala*^s and Sangrin, yield protection—Unhesitatingly resort to them for protection." They all went to Padma and Saumitri and they showed them favor. For heroes are impartial toward subjects.

When Bibhisana saw that his brother had been killed, in a *paroxysm* of grief he wished to die himself and drew his knife. Ram seized Bibhisana as he was striking his belly with it and weeping piteously, "Oh, brother! brother!" Padmanabha and Laksmana enlightened him weeping with Mandodari and others near Ravana: "Dasanana, who had such strength, must not be grieved for, at whose battles even the gods trembled at a distance. He has died with heroic conduct, the receptacle of fame. Therefore, perform his last rites. Enough of weeping."

With these words, Padmanabha, noble-minded, released Kumbhakarna, Indrajit, Meghavahana, and others who had been captured. Bibhisana, Kumbhakarna, Sakrajit, Meghavahana, Mandodari and others, shedding tears, at once cremated Dasagriva's body with a blazing fire from gosirsa-sandal mixed with camphor and aloes. Padma and they went to a lotus-pool, bathed, and gave Dasamauli the handful of water³⁰⁵ together with warm tears. Rama with Laksmana said in a charming voice, as if pouring out nectar, to Kumbhakarna and the others: "Administer your respective kingdoms now as before. We are not concerned about your royal power. O heroes, peace be with you." So addressed by Padmanabha, feeling grief and astonishment simultaneously, Kumbhakarna and the others said in a choking voice: "There is no advantage to us in kingdoms nor in subjects, O king. We intend to take *mendicancy* which results in the empire of emancipation."

Previous births of Indrajit and Meghavahana

Just then a *muni*, named *Aprameyabala*, who had four kinds of knowledge, came to the garden Kusumayudha. In that same place at night his brilliant *omniscience* appeared and the gods held an omniscience-festival. At dawn Rama and Saumitri, Kumbhakarna and others, went and paid homage to him and then listened to

dharma.* At the end of the sermon Sakrajit and Meghavahana, who had reached extreme disgust with existence, asked about their former births. The muni said:

“In the city Kausambi here in Bharata you were two poor brothers, Prathama and Pascima. One day after hearing *dharma** from Muni Bhavadatta they took the vow and became mendicants, their passions subdued. Once upon a time they went to Kausambi and saw King Nandighosa sporting with his wife Indumukhi in the spring festival. Seeing him, Pascima made a *nidana**: ‘By this penance may I become their son, engaged in such sport.’ Though restrained by the monks, he did not retract the *nidana* and after his death* Pascima became their son, Rativardhana. In course of time having grown up, Rativardhana succeeded to the kingdom and, surrounded by his wives, engaged in numerous sports, like his father.

After his death the muni Prathama became a powerful god in the fifth heaven as a result of his penance free from a *nidana*. Knowing by clairvoyance that his brother had become king there, the god went in the form of a muni to enlighten him. He sat down on a seat offered by King Rativardhana and related his former birth and his own from friendship for his brother. Rativardhana became disgusted with existence from the recollection of his births which was produced, became a *mendicant*, and after death became a god in Brahmaloka. Then, having fallen, you became brothers, kings in Vibuddhanagara in the Videhas and went to Acyuta after becoming mendicants. After falling from Acyuta you became now the sons, Indrajit and Meghavahana, of the Prativisnu Dasasya. Rativardhana’s mother, Indumukhi, became your mother, Mandodari, after wandering through births.”

Reunion of Rama and Sita

After hearing that, Kumbhakarna, Indrajit, Meghavahana and others, Mandodari and others, took the vow at that time. After bowing to the muni, his road shown by Bibhisana, stooping, going ahead like a door-keeper, with blessings bestowed by Vidyadharis, with great magnificence like Indra, Rama with Saumitri and the lord of the Kapis entered the city Lanka.

Kakutstha went to the garden on the top of Mt. Puspagiri and saw there Maithili just as described by Hanumat. Lifting her up on his lap like a second life, considering her then (his) life, Raghava held her. “Hail to this noble wife *Sita*,” the Siddhas, Gandharvas, etcetera sang joyfully in the air at that time. Sumitra’s son bowed with joy at Queen Sita’s feet, as if washing them with uninterrupted tears.

“Long live! Long rejoice! Long be victorious with my blessing!” With these words Vaidehi smelled Laksmana’s head.³⁰⁶ *Bhamandala* bowed to Sita and Sita delighted him joyfully with a blessing which resembled the speech of munis. The lord of the Kapis and Bibhisana, Hanumat, Angada, and the others bowed to Janaka’s daughter together with announcement of their names. Sita with Rama looked like a night-blooming lotus which has bloomed from a full moon after a long time. Raghava and Sita mounted the elephant*, Bhuva-nalankara, and went to Ravana’s dwelling, surrounded by Sugriva and the others.

Wishing to worship, he entered the shrine of Sri Santinatha, the Lord Jina^s, marked with a thousand jeweled pillars, inside the palace. Kakutstha, together with Sita and Saumitri, worshipped Santi with articles, flowers, et cetera delivered there by Bibhisana. At Bibhisana’s request Rama with Sita and Saumitri, accompanied by Sugriva and the others, went to Bibhisana’s house. There Raghava with his retinue performed the worship of the gods, bath, food*, et cetera, honoring Ravana’s younger brother. Bibhisana, seated before Rama who was seated on the lion-throne, put on both his garments and spoke, his hands joined:

“Take this treasure of jewels, gold, et cetera, these elephants, horses, et cetera, and this island of Raksasas. I am your footman. Now we shall make your *coronation* at your command Purify the city of Lanka. Be gracious. Favor me.”

Rama said: “Noble sir, have you, confused by *devotion*, forgotten now that I gave the kingdom of Lanka to you formerly?”

Restraining him in this way, Padma himself, delighted, observer of promises, installed him at that very time in the kingdom of Lanka. Surrounded by Sita, Saumitri, Sugriva and the others, Rama went to Ravana’s house, like Adribhid to Sudharma. There at Rama’s command the chief Vidyadharas brought the daughters of Sinhodara, et cetera, who had been promised before, to be married. Then the two Raghavas, auspicious* songs being sung by Khecaris, married properly the girls promised to each one. Enjoying pleasures there unhindered, Rama and Laksmana, served by Sugriva and the others, spent six years. In the meantime Indrajit and Meghavahana attained emancipation on the Vindhya plateau and the tirtha Megharatha came into existence.

Kumbhakarna went to emancipation at the river Narmada and the tirtha named Prstharaksita arose.

Return to Ayodhya

Now in Saketapura the mothers of Rama and Lakshmana were much grieved because they had not had any news of them. At that time Narada came there from Dhatakikhanda and asked them who were bowed with *devotion*, "Why are you depressed?" Then Aparajita said: "My sons, Rama and Lakshmana, went to the forest with my daughter-in-law, *Sita*, at their father's command Both of them, long-armed, went to Lanka because of *Sita*'s kidnapping and Lakshmana was struck with a spear in a battle with Ravana, it was said. Visalya was taken there to remove the spear-point. We do not know anything that happened and whether or not the boy lives."

After making this reply, she cried pathetically, "Oh, son! son!" and made Sumitra cry hard. Then Narada said to them, "Be comforted. I shall go to your sons and bring them here." With this promise to them Narada went through the air to Rama in Lanka, obtaining news from the talk of the people. Rama himself welcomed him and asked, "Why have you come here?" and Narada told him the whole story of their mothers' grief. At once Padma said with longing to Bibhisana: "Forgetting our mothers' grief, I have stayed here too long from devotion to you. That our mothers may not die from grief over us, we shall go there today. Give your consent, sir."

Bibhisana bowed and said, "Remain here for sixteen days until I have Ayodhya beautified by my own artists." "Very well," said Rama, and in sixteen days he had Ayodhya made to resemble a city in heaven by Vidyadhara artists. Then Narada, honored and dismissed by Rama, went and told Rama's mothers of the festival of their sons' arrival. On the sixteenth day the two Raghudvahas together got into Puspaka with their retainers, like Sakra^s and Isana, and set forth. Attended by the younger brother of Ravana, Sugriva, *Bhamandala*, and other kings, they went to Ayodhya in a moment. Bharata and his younger brother saw them from afar as they came in Puspaka and went to meet them, mounted on an elephant.*

At Bharata's approach Puspaka descended to the earth at Rama's command, like Palaka at Pakasasana's command Bharata and his brother dismounted from the elephant first and Rama and lakshmana eagerly descended from Puspaka. Rama embraced Bharata who had fallen, weeping, at his feet, made him stand up, kissing him on the head again and again. The chief of the Raghus raised Satrughna also who was prostrate at his feet, wiped him with his own garment, and embraced him. Then Lakshmana, his arms stretched out,

embraced closely and ardently Bharata and Satrugna who were bowing to him.

Rama got into Puspaka with his three younger brothers and gave orders for the entrance into Ayodhya, speed having been made. Musical instruments* being played on earth and in the sky, Rama and Saumitri entered their own city, Ayodhya, joyfully. Watched by the people, eager, with uplifted faces, with un-winking eyes, like clouds watched by peacocks, and praised ardently, received like the sun with respectful presents offered by the citizens at every step, Rama and laksmana went to their own palace with gracious countenances.

Rama, rejoicing the heart of his friends, descended from Puspaka with Saumitri and went to the mothers' dwelling. Rama bowed to Queen Aparajita and the group of other mothers and with Saumitri was wished prosperity by their blessings. Then *Sita*, Visalya, and the others bowed to Aparajita and the mothers-in-law, their hair being put at their lotus-feet. "May you, like us, be bearers of excellent heroes by our blessing" the mothers-in-law prayed aloud.

Queen Aparajita, touching Laksmana with her hand again and again, and kissing his head, said: "By good fortune you are beheld, son, and now you are born again, since you have come here victorious after making a trip to foreign countries. Rama and *Sita*. have survived the various misfortunes arising from living in the forest because of your *devotion*."

Laksmana said: "Cherished by my elder brother like a father and by Queen *Sita* like you, I lived comfortably in the forest. Enmities to me and the elder brother were caused by persons ill-disposed of their own accord, the root of which was the kidnapping of *Sita*. What else is to be said, queen? However, having crossed the ocean of hostility by your prayers, mother, the elder brother has come here safely with his retinue."

Then Bharata held a festival in Ayodhya joyfully, observing the rank of a mere footman before Rama.

One day Bharata bowed to Ramabhadra and said: "Sir, for so long a time at your command I have borne the kingdom. I would have become a *mendicant* with the father at that time, lord, if your command to direct the kingdom had not been an obstacle. Permit me to take vows and you yourself take the kingdom. Now that you have come, I cannot endure to remain longer, disgusted with existence."

Rama, weeping, said: "Why do you talk so, dear boy? Do you alone exercise *sovereignty* here. We have come eager for you. Abandoning us with the realm, will you cause the pain of separation

from you again, dear boy? Remain: Follow my command as before.” When he (Bharata), knowing Rama’s insistence in this way, had bowed and departed, he (Rama) stood up and was supported by Saumitri with his hand. Knowing that Bharata was going in this way, determined on taking the vows, *Sita*, *Visalya*, and others went there in haste. Eager to make Bharata forget his *persistence* in taking the vows, they made repeated requests for water-sports. Because of their persistence Bharata, though disgusted with existence, went to the sport-pool with his retinue and played for three-quarters of an hour. Leaving the water, Bharata stood on the bank like a *rajahansa* and *Bhuvanalkara* went there, after pulling up the post (to which he was tied). Blind from passion, he became free from passion³⁰⁷ at once at sight of Bharata; and Bharata also experienced extreme joy at the sight of him. Rama and Saumitri approached hurriedly with their *vassals* to capture quickly the elephant* that was causing the commotion. At Rama’s command the elephant was led to the elephant-post by the elephant-drivers.

Munis Desabhusana and Kulabhusana came. Padma, Saumitri, and Bharata went with their retainers to pay homage to the munis who had stopped in a garden. After he had paid homage to them, Rama asked, “Why did my elephant, *Bhuvanalkara*, become free from passion at the sight of Bharata?” Then *Kevalin Desabhusana* related:

Bharata’s previous births

“In the past four thousand kings became mendicants with *Nabhi’s* son. They all became ascetics living in the forest, depressed because the Master wandered without eating, maintaining silence. Among them two ascetics, *Candrodaya* and *Surodaya*, sons of kings *Prahladana* and *Suprabha*, wandered through existence for a long time. *Candrodaya* became the son, named *Kulankara*, of King *Harimati* in *Gajapura* by his wife *Candralekha*. In the same place *Surodaya* became the son, *Srutirati*, of a Brahman, *Visvabhuti*, by his wife *Agnikunda*.

Kulankara became king and, as he was going to the ascetics’ hermitage, was addressed by the *muni* *Abhinandana* who was clairvoyant. ‘There is a serpent in a log brought to burn by an *ascetic* there who is performing the penance of five fires.’³⁰⁸ The serpent was your paternal grandfather, *Ksemankara*, in a former birth. Have the log split carefully, pull him out, and protect him, sir!’ After hearing his words, the king, bewildered, went and had the log split and was astonished to see the serpent inside.

When the king wished to become a *mendicant*, the Brahman Srutirati said: 'This religion of yours is not according to the Vedas. But if you persist, initiation should be taken in the last period of life. Why are you troubled now?' The king's resolution to take initiation was broken a little by that speech and he remained thinking, 'What must I do in this matter?' His queen Sridama, who was always attached to the family-priest, evil-minded, was terrified at the thought, 'Now he has found out about me. I shall kill him so he cannot kill us.' With the approval of the family-priest she gave poison to Kulankara and killed him.

In course of time Srutirati died and again both of them wandered through existence for a long time, falling into various kinds of birth-nuclei. One time they were born as twin sons, Vinoda and Ramana, of the Brahman Kapila by Savitri in the city Rajagrha. Ramana went to a foreign country to study the Vedas. In time, when he had completed his study of the Vedas, he went to Rajagrha at night. With the thought, 'This is an unseasonable hour,' he remained outside and slept in a Yaksa-temple open to the public. Vinoda's wife, *Sakha*, went there to keep an assignation with the Brahman Datta and Vinoda went after her. She aroused Ramana with the idea that he was Datta and embraced him. Then Vinoda drew a sword and killed him without hesitation. Then Vinoda was killed by Sakha with Ramana's sword.

After he had wandered through births for a long time he became a rich man's son, Dhana. Ramana also wandered through births and became the son of Dhana himself by his wife Laksmi, named Bhusana. Instructed by Dhana, he married thirty-two rich maidens. One time he was on the top of his house at night sporting with them. In the fourth watch of the night he saw the festival held by the gods because the *omniscience* of *Muni Sridhara*^s had arisen. A religious inclination was produced and he descended at once from the house and set out to pay him homage. On the way he was bitten by a serpent.

After wandering for a long time in good conditions of existence because of the good inclination, in the city Ratnapūra in West Videha in Jambudvipa he was born the son, named Priyadarsana, devoted to *dharma*^{*}, of Cakrin Acala by his chief-queen, Harini. Though wishing to become a mendicant, at his father's insistence he married three thousand maidens, but, nevertheless, remained disgusted with existence. Having practiced severe penance for sixty-four thousand years even as a householder, he became a god in Brahmaloaka.

After Dhana had wandered through worldly existence, he became the son, Mrdumati, of the Brahman Agnimukha and his wife sakuna in Potanapura. Expelled from the house by his father because of bad behavior, he became a gambler accomplished in all the arts and went home again. He gambled with dice all the time and was never beaten by anyone. Every day he won a great deal of money from players. After enjoying pleasures of the senses with the courtesan Vasantasena, he became a *mendicant* at the end of his life and became a god in Brahmaloaka. Because of the fault of deceit in the former birth, when he fell, he became the elephant*, Bhuvana-lankara, on Mt. Vaitadhyā. Priyadarsana's *soul* fell from Brahmaloaka and became Your Honor's brother, long-armed Bharata. At the sight of Bharata memory of his former births was produced and the elephant became free from excitement at once. For there is no harshness in discernment."

Initiation and emancipation of Bharata and others

When he had heard this account of his former births, Bharata became exceedingly disgusted with existence, took the vow with a thousand kings and attained emancipation.

The thousand kings observed the vow for a long time, acquired various supernatural powers, and reached a corresponding rank. The elephant performed many kinds of penance because of disgust with existence, fasted, died, and became a god in Brahmaloaka. Bharata's mother, Kaikeyi, took the vow, kept it spotless, and reached the imperishable *abode*.

Satrughna's capture of Mathura

When Bharata became a mendicant, the kings of earth and air begged Rama urgently to be consecrated (as king). "Consecrate Laksmana as Vasudeva^s," Rama instructed them and they did so quickly. They consecrated Rama as Baladeva^s and the two ruled the kingdom, the eighth *Bala*^s and Sangrin. Padma gave Bibhisana his ancestral Raksadvipa, Sugriva Kapidvipa, and Hanumat Sripura. He gave Patalalanka back to Viradha, Rksapura to Nila, and Hanupura to Pratisurya, Devopagitanagara to Ratnajatin, and the city Rathanupura on Vaitadhyā to *Bhamandala*.

After he had made such gifts to the others, Rama said to Satrughna, "Take whatever country is pleasing to you, son." "Give me Mathura," asked by Satrughna, Rama said: "The city Mathura is very hard to conquer, dear fellow. A spear which was given in the past to King Madhu by Camara, destroys the entire army of an

enemy at a distance and returns to his hand" Satrughna said: "Your Majesty, death to the family of Raksasas, I am your brother, indeed. Who is his protector in a battle with me? Give me Mathura and I myself shall find a remedy for Madhu, like a good physician for a disease."

Knowing that Satrughna was exceedingly persistent, Rama ordered him, "You must fight Madhu when he is *deprived* of his spear and careless." With this advice, Rama gave him two quivers with indestructible arrows and instructed the general, Krtantavadana, at the same time. Laksmana, hoping for a complete victory for him, gave him the bow Arnavavarta with worm-tipped and fire-tipped arrows.³⁰⁹ Then Satrughna set forth and went with unbroken marches to the vicinity of Madhu's resting-place and camped on the river-bank.

There spies were sent out first and they returned and reported to him that Madhu had gone to the garden Kubera to the east of Mathura. 'He is now amusing himself with his wife Jayanti. His spear is in the arsenal. This is the time to fight him.'

Then Satrughna, expert in trickery, entered Mathura at night and he himself blocked Madhu, when he was entering, with his army. At the beginning of the battle he killed Lavana, Madhu's son, just as Narayana had killed Khara at the beginning of Rama's battles. Angered by his son's death*, twanging his bow, Madhu, best of charioteers, advanced and fought with the charioteer, Dasarathin. Cutting down each other's missiles, the two of them fought for a long time, weapon against weapon, like a god and demon. Dasara-tha's fourth son recalled the bow, Samudravarta, and the agnimukha and silimukha arrows which Saumitri had given him. The hero struck down Madhu, after stringing the bow which approached when he recalled it, with the fire-arrows, like a hunter striking down a tiger.

Bewildered by the arrow's blow, Madhu thought: "My spear has not come to my hand Laksmana 's younger brother has not been killed. My birth has passed in vain, since the Lord Jina^s has not been worshipped, shrines have not been ordered built, gifts have not been made to suitable persons by me."

Madhu, having taken initiation by these meditations, died while engaged in the namaskara, and became a powerful god in Sanatku-mara. The Vaimanikas rained flowers on Madhu's body and chanted, "Long live the god Madhu."

The spear assumed the form of a divinity and told Camara about Satrughna's slaying of Madhu which had taken place through

trickery. Then Camara, angered by his friend's slaying, started out himself. Questioned by Venudarin, lord of the Tarksyas (Suparnas), "Where are you going?" he explained, "I am going to kill my friend's slayer, Satrugna, living in Mathura." Venudarin said again: "The spear, which was received from *Dharana* by Ravana, was overcome by Saumitri, an Ardhacakrin of maximum merit. He killed Ravana. Of what importance was Madhu, Ravana's footman? satrugna killed Madhu 'in battle at Laksmana's order.'" The Indra Camara said, "At that time the spear was overcome by Saumitri through the maiden Visalya's power. Now her power has gone, as she is not celibate. All the more for that reason I shall go to kill my friend's slayer, lord."

Camara said this angrily and went to Satrugna's territory and saw all the people there happy with good government. With the idea, "I shall attack Madhu's enemy first with calamities among the people," he spread numerous diseases among the people. Informed by his family-divinity of the cause of the diseases, Satrugna went to Ayodhya to Rama and laksmana. At that time Rama, Laksmana, and Satrugna paid homage to Desabhusana and Kulabhusana who had come there. Rama asked, "Why was Satrugna so determined on Mathura?" and Desabhusana said:

Sattughna's former births

"Satrugna's *jiva* was born in Mathura many times. He became a Brahman, Sridhara^s, handsome, a follower of sadhus. One day as he went along the road, he was observed by the chief-queen, named Lalita, and because of passion she had him conducted into her presence with a *desire* for *dalliance*. The king came unexpectedly and Lalita, excited, cried out, 'He is a thief,' and the king had the Brahman seized. At the king's command he was led to the execution-ground for execution; but then *Muni* Kalyana obtained his release at his promise to take the vow. After he was released, he wandered as a *mendicant*, practiced penance, and went to heaven.

When he fell, he became the son of King Candrabhadra in the city Mathura. Son of Queen Kancanaprabha, Acala by name, he was extremely dear to Candrabhadra. His eight elder brothers, sons of co-wives, Bhanuprabha and others, began to try to kill Acala, so he would not be king. Their plan was reported by a minister and Acala fled to another place. As he wandered in a forest, he was pierced by a very large thorn. As he went along the road he was observed by a man who lived in Sravasti, named Anka, who had been expelled by his father, carrying a load of wood. Anka put down the load of wood

and removed the thorn. Delighted, he gave Anka the thorn and said: 'Well done, sir! When you hear that Acala is king in Mathura, come there then. For you are the greatest of benefactors.'

Acala went to Kausambi and there he saw King Indradatta studying archery with his teacher Sinha. He demonstrated archery to Sinha and Indradatta, and Indradatta gave him his daughter Datta together with territory. He formed an army and conquered Anga and other territories. One day he went to Mathura and fought with his elder brothers. He captured and imprisoned his eight brothers, Bhanuprabha, et cetera and Candrabhadra sent ministers to Acala to obtain their release. Acala told them the news about himself and when the ministers had heard it, they hastened to tell Candrabhadra. Delighted, Candrabhadra had Acala enter the city and in course of time settled him on his own throne, though he was the youngest. Somehow or other Acala kept under guard his brothers, Bhanuprabha, et cetera, who had been banished by his father, and made them secret attendants.

One day as Acala was standing in the arena,³¹⁰ he saw Anka being beaten by door-keepers and had him conducted into his presence. Acala gave him Sravasti, his native land, and the two ruled together, unique friends. One day they became mendicants under Acharay Samudra, died in the course of time, and became highest gods in Brahmaloaka. Then Acala's *jiva* fell and became Satrugna, your younger brother, and he persisted in having Mathura because of the *delusion* from his former birth. Then Anka's *jiva* fell and became this general of yours, Krtantavadana by name, Raghava."

Story of the seven ascetic brothers

Now seven sons were born in succession to Dharani, wife of Srinandana, lord of Prabhapura: Surananda, Srinanda, Sritilaka, Sarvasundara, Jayanta, Camara, and Jayamitra the seventh.

One day Srinandana established his son³¹¹ who was a month old on the throne and with his sons became a *mendicant* under the teacher Pritikara. Srinandana went to emancipation and the seven, Surananda, et cetera, acquired the art of flying with their legs through the power of penance. In their wandering the sages reached the city Mathura. At that time it was the rainy season and they stopped on Mt. Guhagrha. They practiced the penances, the two-day and three-day fasts, et cetera, all the time; but they flew to far places to break their fast. They came back and stopped on Mt. Guha at Mathura, and by their power the disease arising from Camara disappeared.

One day they flew to Ayodhya to break their fast and entered the house of the merchant Arhaddatta for alms-The merchant saluted them indifferently and thought:

“Who are they? They do not live here. Dressed as monks, they are moving about even in the rains. Shall I ask them? Still, it is better not to talk with heretics.” As he was thinking this, they were given food* by his wife.

The sages went to the dwelling of Acharay Dyuti and were greeted respectfully by Dyuti who rose to meet them. They were not greeted by his monks with the idea, “They are wandering out of season.” Dyuti gave them seats and they broke their fast there. Saying, “We came from the city Mathura and now we shall go there,” they flew up and returned to their own *abode*. Dyuti eulogized the merits of the leg-fliers and his monks who had shown disrespect felt *remorse*. Hearing that, the layman Arhaddatta felt remorse and went to Mathura on the seventh day of the light half of Kartika. After he had worshipped the shrines, he paid homage to the seven sages and asked them for forgiveness, relating the sin of disrespect that he had committed.

Satrughna learned that his territory had been freed from disease by the power of the seven sages and he went to the city on the full moon-day of Kartika. Satrughna bowed to them and said, “Take alms in my house.” They replied, “Royal food is not suitable for monks.” Again Satrughna said to them: “You are my benefactors. A disease sent to my country by a god has been allayed by your power. Remain here today at least as a favor to the people. For all your way of life is in order to benefit others.” They replied: “The rainy season has passed. This is the season for pilgrimages. Now we shall wander. Monks do not remain in one place. You should put a statue of an Arhat in each house of the people. Then no one in this city will ever have any disease.” Saying this the seven sages flew up and went elsewhere. Satrughna did as they said and the people became free from disease. He put statues made of jewels of the seven sages in the four directions of the city Mathura.

Laksmana's household

Now, in the city Ratnapura, an ornament of the south row on Mt. Vaitadhya, there was a king Ratnaratha.’ He had a grown daughter, named Manorama (Charming), also charming in form, by Candramukhi. As the king was considering, “To whom must this maiden be given?” Narada approached and said, “She is worthy of laksmana.” Ratnaratha’s daughter, angered because of family

enmity, instructed the servants by lifting an eyebrow, "Beat this clown." Clever Narada saw that they had got up with the intention of beating him, flew up like a bird, and went to Laksman. Narada made a picture of the girl on canvas, showed it to laksmana, and related his own acts fully. Laksmana fell in love at sight of her picture at once and went there with Rama, surrounded by Raksases and Vidyadharas. Quickly conquered by Saumitri, Ratnaratha gave the maiden Sridama to Rama and Manorama to laksmana. After conquering all the south row of Vaitadhya, the two Raghavas returned to Ayodhya and continued directing the earth.

In Laksmana's household there were sixteen thousand women. Among them were eight chief-queens: Visalya, Rupavati, Vanamala, Kalyanamalika, Ratimalika, Jitapadma, Abhayavati, and Manorama, the eighth. There were two hundred and fifty sons and among these were eight born of the chief-queens: Sridhara^s, son of Visalya; Prthvtilaka, son of Rupavati; the son of Vanamala, named Arjuna; Srikesin, son of Jitapadma; *Mangala*, son of Kalyana; Suparsvakirti, son of Manorama; Vimala, son of Ratimala; and Satyakirtika, son of Abhayavati.

Rama's household

Rama had four chief-queens: Maithili, Prabhavati, Ratinibha, and Sridama, the fourth. One time *Sita*, after taking her purificatory bath, saw a dream at the end of the night: two sarabhas, that had fallen from a celestial car, entering her mouth. When she had told about this, Rama said: "Two heroes will be your sons. That the two sarabhas have fallen from the celestial car will not be for my joy." "Everything will be favorable from the power of your righteousness, lord," Queen Janaki said. At that time she conceived. *Sita*, dear as life before, became especially moonlight³¹² for the joy of Ramacandra's eyes, when she had conceived.

Plot of the co-wives

Her co-wives, jealous and scheming, said to her, "What did Ravana look like? Draw a picture of him and show us." *Sita* said, "I did not see Ravana's whole figure. I saw only his feet. How can I draw him?" "Draw even his feet. We are curious to see them." So urged, she, naturally naive, drew Dasasya's feet. Rama came to that place and they said to him: "Your wife, *Sita*, remembers Ravana even now. With her own hand *Sita* drew Ravana's feet. Look at them, lord. Know that *Sita* prays to him alone." Even when he had seen it (the picture) just so, Rama, noble-minded, from *sagacity* treated

Queen Sita just as before, without discrimination. The queens had the business of Sita's fault made known to the people through their own slave-girls. Generally, *slander* is started by the people.

In the spring Rama said to Sita: "The Laksmi of Spring has come here as if wishing to amuse you depressed from your embryo. The trees, such as the bakulas and others, blossom with pregnancy-whims given by women. Let us go to play now in the garden Mahendrodaya." Sita said, "I have a pregnancy-whim to worship the gods. Fulfill it with various fragrant flowers from the garden." Immediately Rama had a puja to the gods celebrated and went to Mahendrodaya with Sita and his retinue. There Raghudvaha, comfortably seated, watched the spring festival with various town-sports, a festival with pujas to the Arhat.

Just then Sita's right eye twitched. Terrified, she told Raghava at once. Rama explained, "That is not favorable" and Sita said, "Is not our fate satisfied yet by my living in Raksadvipa? Will that fate give me now greater grief than the grief from separation from you? This *omen* is not false." Rama said to her: "Do not worry, queen. Necessarily happiness and unhappiness must be experienced in accordance with karma. Therefore, go to your house. Worship the gods. Give gifts to suitable persons. In misfortune religion is a refuge." Sita went to her house and with very great self-control made a puja to the *Arhats* and gave gifts like a glorious act.

Abandonment of Sita

The headmen of the capital, who had the sole responsibility of reporting the true news of the city, went to Raghunatha. They were *Vijaya*, *Suradeva*, *Madhumat*, *Pingala*, *Suladhara*, *Kasyapa*, *Kala*, and *Ksema*. After bowing, they stood before Rama, trembling like the leaves of a tree, but they did not speak. For royal brilliance is hard to endure. Ramabhadra said to them: "Gentlemen, elders of the town, do not be afraid to speak, you who say only what is beneficial." The first among them, the elder *Vijaya*, spoke with the approval of all, confident from the lord's speech.

"Master, if something that must be reported is not reported, then the master would be deceived; and the report is very painful to hear.

Majesty, there is *slander* against the queen. Though difficult, it is taking place. For whatever is justifiable from suitability, that must be believed by an intelligent man. For instance Janaki was taken all alone to his house by Ravana, who had kidnapped her because he was infatuated, and she lived there a long time, lord. *Sita*, whether in love or not in love, would surely be injured by enjoyment by

voluptuous Dasasya, either with consent or by force. The people say thus. We say likewise: that the rumor is in accord with probability. Do not endure it, Raghudvaha. Do not stain your fame won from birth, spotless as your family, by enduring this slander."

Learning that Sita had become the guest of a stain, Raghava became silent from grief at once. Generally, affection is very hard to abandon. Recovering firmness, Kakutstha said to the elders: "You did well to tell me. Devoted persons are never indifferent. Certainly I will not endure dishonor for the sake of a mere woman." With this promise, Padma dismissed the elders. At night Kakutstha left his house secretly and listened to the people's talk here and there. "Sita was taken away by Ravana and remained for a long time in his house. Sita has been brought back by Rama and he thinks she is a 'good wife.' How would it be possible that Sita was not enjoyed by Ravana in love with her? Rama has not thought about this. In love, he sees no fault." After hearing such censure of Sita, Rama went home and instructed his best spies to listen to it again.

Kakutstha reflected: "Has this happened to her for whose sake I made cruel destruction of the Raksas-family? I know that Sita is a virtuous wife; Ravana was lustful; my family is spotless. Oh! What is Rama to do?" Quickly the spies listened to the censure of Sita outside and told it very clearly to Rama and his younger brother and the king of the Kapis and the king of the Raksases.

Laksmana, angered, said: "I shall be the death* of the people who blame Sita, a virtuous wife, making up faults from motives." Rama said: "I was told about this before by the town-elders. I heard it myself and a similar report has been made by the spies. They (the elders) heard it, came to me and said openly, 'Do not let the people speak ill about the *abandonment* of Sita as about the claiming of her.'" Laksmana said: "Do not abandon Sita because of the people's talk. How-ever she is slandered, that is because the people are loose-mouthed. The people, even when well-off in the government, are devoted to the faults of the king. If they are not punished in that case, they must be disregarded by kings." Rama said, "That is true. The people are like that always. But the hostility of the whole people must certainly be avoided by an illustrious man."

With these words *Bala*^s told the general Krtantavadana, "*Sita*, though with child, must be abandoned somewhere in the forest." Falling at Rama's feet, weeping, Laksmana said, "*Abandonment* of Sita, a virtuous wife, is not fitting." "In future you must not say that," told by Rama, Saumitri went weeping to his house, his face covered with a veil.

Rama instructed Krtantavadana, "Take Sita into the forest under pretext of a pilgrimage to Sammeta. For that is a pregnancy-whim of hers." The general told Rama's command for a pilgrimage to Sammeta, seated Sita in a chariot, and set out quickly. Even amid bad omens and inauspicious signs Sita, seated in the chariot, went a long way, unterrified because of her simplicity. After crossing the mouth of the Ganga^s and going into the forest Sinhaninada, Krtantavadana stopped and reflected a while. Seeing his face dark with tears, Sita said, "Why do you stand so, low-spirited, as if suffering from sorrow?" Krtanta spoke with difficulty:

"How can I say a thing cruel to say, after doing a cruel deed, corrupted by being a servant? Blameless queen, you have been ordered to be abandoned in this forest by Rama who is terrified by the censure originating among the people because of your living in the Raksasa's house. When this censure was reported by spies, Laksmana, red-eyed from anger against the people, restrained Rama eager to abandon you. Restrained by Rama, whose orders are executed, he left weeping and I was sent on this task. Oh, queen! I am wicked. Abandoned by me in this forest filled with wild animals, sole *abode* of death*, you will survive only by your own ability."

Hearing that, Sita fell from the chariot to the ground in a faint and the general wept, considering himself wicked, with the idea that she was dead. Sita recovered consciousness somehow from the forest-wind and again fainted and again regained consciousness. After a long time she recovered and said, "How far is it from here to Ayodhya or where Rama is?" The general said, "What is the use of asking how far Ayodhya is? Enough of talk about Rama whose commands are cruel." Hearing this, she, devoted to Rama, said again: "Sir, by all means tell Rama this message of mine: 'If you were afraid of censure, why did you not make a trial? In a case of suspicion, the people, all of them, accept the ordeal, et cetera. I, unfortunate, shall suffer in the forest the consequences of my own acts; but you did not act in accordance with discrimination and the family. Do not abandon the religion taught by the Jinas because of the speech of wrong-believers as you abandoned me instantly because of the speech of mischievous people.'" With these words she fell to the ground in a faint. When she stood up, she said, "How will Rama live without me? Alas! I am killed. Tell Rama,' Good

luck' and give my blessing to Laksmana. May your paths be fortunate, friend. Go to Raghava."

"Though fate and husband are behaving in a contrary way, she alone who is of such a kind is first among virtuous wives." Thus reflecting, Krtantavadana bowed deeply and returned somehow without *Sita*.

10. SITA'S PURIFICATION AND TAKING OF THE VOW

Meeting with Vajrajangha

Distracted by fear*, *Sita* wandered here and there in the forest, blaming herself alone because injured by wicked acts of a former birth. Screaming again and again, stumbling at every step, going ahead, she saw a large army approaching. Seeing the army, *Sita* stood, not at all terrified, with equal hope of life and death, occupied with reciting the namaskara. When they saw her, the soldiers on the contrary were terrified, saying, "Who is this goddess here on earth?"

Having heard *Sita's* scream, the general, expert in sounds, said, "She is some good woman with child." Compassionate, the king approached *Sita*. *Sita*, alarmed, offered him her jewelry. The king spoke: "Do not be afraid in the least. Let these ornaments remain on your person, sister. Who are you? Who, pitiless even among the pitiless, has abandoned you here? Speak. Do not be alarmed. I am troubled by your trouble." His minister, *Sumati* by name, said to *Sita*: "This is King *Vajrajangha*, lord of *Pundarikapura*, son of King *Gajavahana* and Queen *Bandhu*, a devout Jain, noble, a brother to other men's wives. He came here to capture elephants and is leaving, having accomplished his object. Distressed by your grief, he came here. Tell your trouble."

Gaining confidence *Sita* told her whole story, weeping and making the compassionate king and minister weep. Without guile the king said: "You are my sister in religion. For all who have professed one religion are relatives of each other. Come to my house. I am a brother like *Bhamandala*. A brother's house is the proper place for women, next to a husband's house. *Rama* abandoned you because of the people's talk, but not of himself. I think even now he is unhappy, like you, from *remorse*. The son of *Dasaratha*, suffering alone like a *cakravaka*, miserable from separation, will soon search for you."

He, unperturbed, spoke so to her and *Sita*, consenting, got into the *palanquin* which he had brought to her at once. She went to *Pundarikapura*, like another *Mithila*. Day and night she remained piously in the house assigned to her.

Now *Rama's* general went to *Rama* and said: "I have abandoned *Janaki* in the forest *Sinhaninada*. She fainted repeatedly and became conscious repeatedly. Finally recovering, she directed this message: 'In what place in the works on morals or in tradition is

there such a principle: punishment of one party because of a fault alleged by another party? This order of yours without reflection, though you always act with reflection, is, I think, by fault of my fate. You are always free from fault. Do not abandon the religion of the *Arhats* because of the talk of wrong believers, as you have abandoned me, though innocent, because of the talk of mischievous persons.' Saying this, *Sita* fell in a faint and, when she had recovered, she said, 'How will Rama live without me? Alas! I am killed.'"

At hearing these words, Rama fell to the ground in a faint and was sprinkled with sandal-water by Laksmana who came in a hurry. Getting up, he said: "Where is *Sita*, a virtuous wife? For she was deserted by me, alas! because of the talk of people always mischievous." Then Laksmana said: "Master, now she is in the forest. A virtuous wife, surely she will be protected by her own power. Go and search and bring her yourself, lord, before Queen *Sita* perishes from separation from you."

Hearing this, Rama went with the same general and *Khecaras* in an aerial car to that very cruel forest. At every dry place, at every water, at every hill, at every tree, Rama searched and did not find *Janaki*. After a long time Rama thought with great grief, "I think *Sita* has been *devoured* by a tiger or lion or some other wild animal." With hope abandoned of finding *Sita*, he returned to his own city and was blamed repeatedly by the citizens, reciting *Sita's* virtues. With a tearful face *Padma* performed *Sita's* funeral rites, looking upon the universe as consisting of *Sita*, or rather, as a void. She alone remained before Rama's eyes in his heart and speech. "Sita lives somewhere," but he did not know.

Her twin sons

Now *Vaidehi* bore twin sons there, named *Ananga-lavana* and *MadanAnkusa*. *Vajrajangha* held their birth-and name-festivals and, noble-minded, rejoiced more than at gaining a son of his own. Both grew up gradually, cherished by nurses, wayward in play, like the two *Asvins* living on earth. They became suitable for acquiring the arts, long-armed, suitable for teaching, like young elephants, festivals for the king's eyes.

Then a far advanced layman, *Siddhartha* by name, who had taken the lesser vows, endowed with a wealth of magic powers, expert in the arts and the *Agamas*, flying through the air by jumps on pilgrimages to the shrines on Mt. *Meru* at dawn, noon, and sunset, came to *Vaidehi's* house for alms. He was refreshed gladly by *Vaidehi* with food*, drink, et cetera and, questioned by her about his

happy wandering, he told about it. Questioned by him also, Vaidehi told her own story from the beginning up to her sons' birth just as if to a brother. Siddhartha, expert in the eight kinds of omens, an ocean of *compassion*, said: "Why do you grieve uselessly when Lavana and Ankusa are your sons? Your sons, with preeminent characteristics, like Rama and Laksmana in person, will soon fulfill your wish."

Encouraged by these words of his, *Sita* begged him persistently and he stayed in her house to teach her sons. Saying, "Your sons are capable of emancipation," he taught them all the arts so that the two became difficult for even the gods to defeat. With all the arts learned, they reached youth, companions like young Kandarpa and Vasanta.

Vajrajangha married his daughter, Sasicula, borne by Laksmivati, and thirty-two other maidens to Lavana. For Ankusa he asked Prthu, king of Prthvipura, for his daughter, Kanakamalika, borne by Amrtavati. Broad-powered Prthu said, "How can one's daughter be given to someone whose family is not known?" Hearing that. Vajrajangha from anger attacked Prthu's ally King Vyaghraratha, captured him in battle and held him. Prthu summoned his friend, king of Potana, to his assistance. For friends, as well as counsel, must be remembered in adversity. Vajrajangha had men bring his own sons to the battle and, though restrained by them, Lavana and Ankusa went.

The next day a battle took place between the two armies and Vajrajangha's army was destroyed by the very powerful enemies. Angered at the destruction of their uncle's army, Lavana and Ankusa attacked, killing like unrestrained elephants. The enemy could not withstand at all the impetuosity of the powerful pair, like trees that of streams filled by the rains. When King Prthu and his army were defeated, Rama's sons, smiling, said: "How is it, pray, that you from a known family have fled in battle from us whose family is unknown?" Hearing that speech of theirs, Prthu returned and said, "Your family is recognized by me because of that strength. My daughter was asked for Ankusa by King Vajrajangha. Where is such a bridegroom found with complete advantage to me?" With this fitting speech he gave the princess Kanakamala, who had been sought before, to Ankusa at that very time. King Prthu made an alliance with Vajrajangha in the presence of all the kings, desiring Ankusa as a bridegroom for his daughter.

King Vajrajangha encamped there and *Muni* Narada came and was entertained by him very well. Vajrajangha said to Narada

among the seated kings: "Prthu will give his own daughter to Ankusa, muni. Tell him connected by marriage with us about the family of Lavana and Ankusa, so he will be satisfied when the family of his son-in-law is known." Then Narada said with a smile: "Who does not know their family of which Blessed Rsabhadhvaja is the bulb for its origin, et cetera. In their family were the cakrins, Bharata, and others, celebrated in story. Who does not know their actual fathers, Rama and Laksmana? Janaki was abandoned by Rama frightened by scandal arising among the people of Ayodhya,, while they were still unborn." Then Ankusa laughed and said: "O Brahman, that was not well done by Rama who abandoned Vaidehi in a cruel forest. For there are many reasons for criticism of him in that repudiation. Why did he, though intelligent, do this?" Lavana asked, "How far is this city in which my father dwells with his younger brother and attendants?" The muni said, "Ayodhya, the city in which lives your father, who alone in the world is spotless, is a hundred and sixty yojanas from here." Lavana said to Vajrajangha respectfully, "We wish to go there and see Rama and Laksmana." He consented to that; and married Ankusa with Kanakamala, Prthu's daughter, with a great festival.

Accompanied by Vajrajangha and Prthu, "Lavana and Ankusa went to Lokapura, subjugating many countries. There they conquered on the battle-field its king, who was named Kuberakanta, endowed with *fortitude* and valor, proud. They conquered Ekakarna, King of the Lampakas, and next Bhratsrta, king in the plateau *Vijaya*. Crossing the Ganga^s, they went to the north of Kailasa and there they subdued countries beautiful as Nandana. Defeating the kings, Rusa, Kuntala, Kalambu, Nandi, Nandana, Sinhala, Salabha, *Anala*, Sula, Bhima, Bhutarava and others,³¹³ they reached the other bank of the Sindhu and there subjugated many Aryan and non-Aryan kings. Having defeated thus the lords of many countries, they turned back with them and went to the city Pundarikapura. Observed by the people of the city who murmured, "Vajrajangha is fortunate to have such nephews," the two heroes went to their home, attended by heroic kings, and bowed to Janaki's feet which purified the universe. *Sita* kissed them on the head, bathed them with tears of joy, and said, "May you be equal to Rama and Laksmana."

They said to Vajrajangha: "Uncle, before this, our going to Ayodhya was approved by you. Now arrange that.' Have Lampaka, Rusa, Kalambu, Kuntala, Salabha, *Anala*, Sula, and the other kings informed. Have the marching-drums sounded and the directions

covered with armies. Now the power of him by whom our mother was abandoned must be ascertained.”

Sita, weeping immediately, said with sobs: “Sons, what is this unfortunate wish of yours because of that act! The heroes, your father and uncle, are difficult for even the gods to conquer, by whom the lord of the Raksases, a thorn to the three worlds, was defeated. If you are eager to see your father, boys, then go respectfully. For respect is due to the one entitled to honour.”

They replied: “How can respect be shown to the man, even though our father, who abandoned you because he found a cause for hostility? How can we go before him and ourselves speak the words shameful to him, ‘We, your sons, have come.’ A challenge to battle, giving joy even to our powerful father, creating fame for both families, is fitting.” With this reply, even though Sita wept, they set out for Rama’s city with great eagerness and a great army.

Ten thousand men, carrying axes and pickaxes, cut the trees, et cetera from their road and made the ground level. They advanced gradually, obscuring all the directions with the armies, and encamped near Ayodhya, eager to fight, long-armed. Hearing that a large hostile army had come in front (of the city) outside, the two Raghavas were astonished and amused. Saumitri asked: “Who are these enemies who, eager to die, have come like moths to the fire of the elder brother’s power?” With these words, Saumitri, surrounded by Sugriva and others, the sun to the darkness of enemies, went with Rama to battle.

Now *Bhamandala* heard from Narada that Sita was in Pundarikapura and hastened to go there. Sita told him with tears, “Rama abandoned me, brother. Unable to bear my desertion, your nephews have gone to fight.” Bhamandala said: “Rama had you abandoned because of impetuosity; but he must not do the second thing: slaughter of his sons. So that Raghava will not unknowingly kill his sons, get up. We are going there without any delay.” With these words Bhamandala put Janaki in his aerial car and went to the camp of Lavana and Ankusa. Princes Lavana and Ankusa bowed to Sita and also to Bhamandala introduced by Sita, “This is your uncle.”

After he had kissed them on the head, seated them on his lap, his body horripilated from joy, he said, *stammering*: “In the past my sister was the wife of a hero. Now by good fortune she, spotless as the moon, has become the mother of heroes through you. Even if you are the sons of a hero and heroes yourselves, O honor-givers, nevertheless do not make war on your father and uncle. Not even

Ravana was a match for them in battle. How can you undertake a battle with them because of the violent itching of your arms?"

They replied: "Uncle, enough of this timidity from affection. Your sister, our mother here, made such a cowardly speech. We also know that no one is a match for our fathers.³¹⁴ How can we cause shame to them by abandoning battle!" Just as they were saying this, a battle started between their soldiers and Rama's soldiers, resembling a whirlpool at the end of the world. Thinking, "May their army of earth-dwellers not be destroyed by Sugriva and other Khecaras," *Bhamandala* went to the battle with apprehension. The princes, very strong, rose up for a challenge, their coats of mail loosened by their exceeding *horripilation*. Sugriva and other Khecaras, fighting unhesitatingly, asked *Bhamandala*, when they had seen him in the battle, "Who are they?" When they had learned from *Bhamandala* that they were Rama's sons, they went to *Sita*, bowed, and sat down before her on the ground.

Meeting of Rama and his sons

Now in a moment powerful Lavana and Ankusa destroyed Rama's army, they being hard to resist like the ocean raging at the end of the world. Wherever they roamed, excited like lions in a forest, charioteer, horseman, elephant-rider, armed, did not stay there. After making Rama's army first defeated, then put to flight, unhindered by anyone, they approached Rama and Saumitri in the battle. Seeing them, Rama and Saumitri said to each other: "Who are these handsome princes, enemies of ours? Naturally the mind is affectionate, but is hostile against its will. Why do we *desire* to embrace them and not to fight them?" As Rama was talking so, the charioteer Lavana spoke to him in his chariot and Ankusa to Laksmana cleverly and respectfully:

"By good fortune I have seen you, the conqueror of powerful Ravana unconquerable by the world I, eager for battle with heroes for a long time. Surely your desire for battle was not satisfied even by Ravana. I will satisfy it and you shall satisfy mine."

So addressed, Rama and Saumitri and Lavana and Ankusa twanged their respective bows terrifying from the sound. The charioteers Krtanta and King Vajrajangha made Rama's and Anangalavana's chariots approach each other. Viradha and Prthu, best charioteers, made the chariots of Saumitri and Ankusa attack each other. The foremost charioteers whirled their chariots cleverly and the four, fighting in pairs, attacked many times. Lavana and Ankusa

fought carefully, knowing their kinship. Rama and Laksmana fought, indifferent from ignorance.

After they had fought with many weapons*, Raghudvaha, desiring to end the battle, said to Krtantavadana, "Drive the chariot against the enemy." Krtanta said: "The horses have become exhausted, pierced with arrows all over by your adversary. These horses do not go fast even if beaten with whips, and your chariot is damaged, struck by the enemy's missiles. These arms of mine are decrepit from blows of many enemies and are not able to manage the reins or whip, lord." Padmanabha said: "Of me also the bow, Vajravarta, is relaxed, ineffective like one in a picture. My jewel of a club was not able to split the enemy, but now has become suitable only for threshing grain.* My jewel of a plow, which many times has been a goad for ill-behaved elephants of kings, now has become suitable for plowing the ground. What has happened to these weapons of mine, the same which, always guarded by Yaksas, caused destruction of the enemy?"

Just as the weapons of Aparajita's son were useless, so also were those of Laksmana, adversary of Madanan-kusa. Just then Saumitri, struck in the chest with an arrow from Ankusa, like an axe, fell unconscious in the chariot. Distracted by Saumitri's *swoon*, Viradha drove the chariot from the battle toward Ayodhya. Then Laksmana regained consciousness. Laksmana said tauntingly: "O Viradha, why have you done this new thing, unsuitable for Rama's brother, son of Dasaratha? Take the chariot quickly to that same place where my enemy is. I will cut off his head with the cakra with unerring speed."

So instructed, Viradha drove the chariot to Ankusa. Saying, "Stop! Stop!" Laksmana seized the cakra. Whirling it in the air, so it resembled a revolving sun, Saumitri, angered, hurled it with un-stumbling speed at Ankusa. Ankusa hit it with arrows many times as it fell, and havana also with all his heart, but it did not strike back. Falling swiftly the cakra circumambulated Ankusa and returned to Laksmana's hand, like a bird to the nest. Again Laksmana hurled it and it made a circumambulation in the same way and returned to his hand, like an exhausted elephant* to its stable. Rama and Laksmana, depressed, thought: "Are these men the Sirin and Sangrin in Bharata, not we?"

Just then the sage Narada came there with Siddhartha³¹⁵ and said to the depressed Rama and Laksmana: "Why this gloom in the place of joy on your part, Raghudvahas? Is not defeat by a son for the *splendor* of anyone's family? Lavana and Ankusa here, sons borne

by *Sita*, have come here to see you under pretext of a battle, but they are not enemies. Proof of this is that your cakra had no power. In the past Bharata's cakra was useless against Bahubali." Narada told the whole story, from the *abandonment* of *Sita*, up to the battle with the sons, which amazed every one. Rama, confused by astonishment, shame, distress, and joy, fainted and recovered consciousness when he was sprinkled with sandal-water. Filled with affection for his sons, weeping, Rama went quickly to Lavana's and Ankusa's presence with Lakshmana. When they got out of the chariot, at once Lavana and Ankussa fell respectfully at Padma's and Saumitri's feet in turn, their weapons' abandoned. After embracing them, Raghudvaha set them on his lap, kissing them on the head, and cried aloud, filled with sorrow and affection. Lakshmana took them from Rama's lap to his own lap, kissing them on the head, and embraced them, his eyes filled with tears. Satrugna also, his arms stretched out from afar, embraced them falling respectfully at his lotus-feet, as if he were their father. Other kings also of both armies rejoiced together as if they had met at a wedding.

After she had seen her sons' strength and their meeting with their father, *Sita*, delighted, went to Pundarikapura by aerial car. Rama and Lakshmana were delighted at acquiring such sons and both the people of the earth and the sky rejoiced at the master's joy. Introduced by King *Bhamandala*, King *Vajrajangha* bowed at Rama's and Saumitri's feet, polite like a soldier of long standing. Rama said to him, "You are the equal of *Bhamandala* to me, you who reared my sons and brought this wife of mine." With these words, Padmanabha got into Puspaka with Lakshmana and entered the city with his sons sharing his seat. Rama went to his house, watched by the astonished citizens on the highway with their necks and heels stretched,³¹⁶ his sons being praised by them. There Rama with Lakshmana got out of the car with his sons and he ordered a great festival with exceeding joy.

Sita's ordeal

Then the son of Sumitra, the lord of the Kapis and Bibhisana, Hanumat, Angada and others together announced to Rama: "The queen remains in a foreign country, separated now from you, especially unfortunate without both boys. If you direct, master, we shall bring her here today. Otherwise, a virtuous wife, she will *perish*, abandoned by husband and sons." Rama considered a little: "How can Janaki be brought here, when the severe censure of the people, though false, creates an obstacle? I know that *Sita* is vir-

tuous and she knows herself spotless. There is no fear* on the part of both to give and accept an ordeal. let the queen undergo an ordeal before all the people and let me live again with her, pure." Saying "Very well," they had erected outside the city large, high pavilions and inside them rows of platforms. The kings, citizens, ministers, et cetera sat on them, and the Khecaras also, Bibhisana, Sugriva, et cetera.

Then at Rama's command the Lord of the Kapis himself went to Pundarikapura, bowed to Vaidehi, and said: "For you Rama has sent the car Puspaka. Now get in it and come to Rama's presence." She said: "Even now the pain from my *abandonment* in the forest is not allayed. Why then shall I go to Rama again who would cause more pain?" He bowed again and said: "Do not be angry. Raghava is seated on a platform with all the citizens and kings for your purification." On this information Janaki, who already longed for purification, got into the car and went to Ayodhya.

When she arrived at the garden Mahendrodaya, she got out and was presented with a reception gift by laksmana who had come and the kings bowed to her. Saumitri, seated in front with the kings, said, "Purify your own city and your own house by entering, queen." Sita said: "When my purification has been attained, I shall enter this city and house. Otherwise, friend, *slander* will not be suppressed at all." Quickly the kings related this assertion of Sita's and Rama himself came and spoke harshly to Vaidehi according to law. "If there was no pleasure with Dasasya while you were staying in his house, undergo an ordeal before all the people for your purification."

Sita smiled and said: "No one else is wise except you, who without knowing any fault of mine had me abandoned in the forest. First you punished me; now you test me. You are clever, Kakuttha. Certainly, I am ready for that." Embarrassed, Rama said: "I know there is no fault of yours. This is said for escape from the fault invented by the people."

Janaki said: "I assent to the five ordeals.³¹⁷ I will enter a blazing fire, eat rice, mount the scales, drink the heated bath-water of gods, seize the ploughshare with my tongue. Say which is pleasing to you."

Just then, standing in the air, Siddhartha and Narada, too, and all the people, having restrained the tumult, said, "Sir! Sir! Raghava! *Sita* is certainly a virtuous wife, a pattern of *fidelity*. Do not cause any doubt about it here." Rama said: "Oh, people! Is there no propriety in you? She has been injured in the past by you alone, inventing a fault. You say one thing; before, you said something different.

But say nothing of that. How was she guilty then and virtuous now? There is nothing to prevent your ascribing a sin again. Therefore, let Sita enter a blazing fire for proof." Saying this, Rama had a ditch dug three hundred cubits long and deep as two men and had it filled with sandal-fuel. In the meantime Jayabhusana, son of King Harivikrama, living in the north row of Vaitadhya, who had eight hundred wives, saw his wife Kiranamandala asleep with his maternal uncle's son, Hemasikha. He banished (her) and took the vow himself at that time. She died and was born a Raksasi, Vidyuddanstra. At that time Jayabhusana came to the suburbs of Ayodhya and stood in pratima and Vidyuddanstra tormented him. His *omniscience* developed and now the gods, Sunasira and others, came with the intention of celebrating his festival.

Having seen this (ditch) of Sita's, the gods explained to Sakra^s, "Sita is going to enter the fire because of false censure of the people." Hari^s ordered the infantry-general to attend Sita and he himself held the sage's omniscience-festival. At Rama's command the servants made the ditch blaze with sandal wood on all sides, so that it was hard on the eyes to look at it. When Rama had seen it terrible with flames, he thought in his heart: "Alas! What is this very difficult thing now impending! She, a virtuous wife, will surely enter the fire unhesitatingly. Verily the course of an ordeal, like destiny, is difficult. Her exile with me, the kidnapping by Ravana, again the *abandonment* by me, and this also have been done by me."

While Rama was reflecting thus, Sita stood near the fire, recalled the Omniscient, and made a truth-declaration: "O guardians of the universe and all the people, listen. If I desired any man except Rama, may this fire burn me. Otherwise, may it have a gentle touch like water." Saying this, recalling the salutation to the Five, she gave a leap into the fire.

When she entered it, the fire was extinguished quickly and the ditch filled with clear water became a tank. Sita was seated on a lion-throne on a lotus on top of the water, like Padma, by the power of the gods, delighted by her character of a virtuous wife. The water looked like the water of the ocean with a whirlpool making a humming sound in some places, in some places a roaring sound, the sound of a drum in other places, and in others the noise patapata; in some places the sound of dilidili, in others that of khalakhala. The rising water- of the tank, like that of the ocean with high waves, began to *inundate* even the large platforms. The Vidyadharas, again excited, flew up in the air and the people of the earth cried, "Save us, *Sita*, virtuous wife!" Sita turned the high water back with her

hands and by her power it became again the size of the tank. With close rows of blue lotuses, night-blooming white lotuses, red lotuses, and white lotuses, with a concert by bees excited by the fragrance, with an abundance of hansas, beautiful with jeweled stairs from the masses of waves crashing together, the tank appeared to have both banks paved with jewels. Narada and others danced in the air, proclaiming Sita's virtue, and the gods, pleased, rained flowers on Sita. "Hail to the virtue, hail to the glorious virtue of Rama's wife," was the people's proclamation, instantly filling the space between heaven and earth. When they had seen their mother's power, Lavana and Ankusa, delighted, went to her, swimming like hansas. Smelling their heads, Vaidehi seated them, one on each side, and they had the fine appearance of young elephants standing on the two banks of a river.

Saumitri, Satrughna, *Bhamandala*, Bibhisana, Sugriva and others bowed to Vaidehi with *devotion*. Rama also, having a very charming *splendor*, approached Sita and, filled with *remorse* and shame, said, his hands folded: "O queen, pardon that I abandoned you in accordance with the wishes of the people who alleged a non-existent sin because of their own character. You survived by your own power when you were abandoned in that forest with cruel wild animals; and there was this ordeal, too, but I did not command that. Pardoning me for all this, now get in Puspaka, go to the house, and be happy as before with me."

Sita said: "There is no fault of yours, nor of the people, nor of anyone else, but of my past deeds. Afraid of actions which cause a whirlpool of such pain, I will take *mendicancy* which destroys them." With these words Maithili pulled out her hair with her own hand and handed it to Rama, like the Lord Jina^s to Sakra^s. Kakutstha swooned at once and before he recovered, Sita went to the presence of the *Muni* Jayabhusana. Muni Jayabhusana, omniscient, initiated Maithili properly, and placed her devoted to penance in the retinue of the chief-*sadhvi*, Suprabha.

11. RAMA'S EMANCIPATION

When he had been sprinkled with sandal and had regained consciousness, Raghudvaha declared: "Where, pray, is *Sita* Devi, the virtuous wife? Ho! Earth-dwellers and sky-goers, if you do not wish to die, quickly show me my wife even though her hair is pulled out. Friend! Friend Saumitri! Come! Quivers! Quivers! Bow! Bow! That these, comfortable, are indifferent when I am in distress!"

To him seizing his bow with these words Laksmana bowed and said: "Elder brother! Elder brother! What is this? The people are your servants, surely. Just as you, devoted to the law, terrified of a fault, abandoned *Sita*, so she, terrified of existence, devoted to her own good, has abandoned everything. Here in your presence *Sita* herself tore out her hair and took initiation properly under Jayabhusana. Just now the sage's *omniscience* has risen and his omniscience-festival must of necessity be celebrated by you. Lady *Sita* is there, master, having taken the great vows, showing the path to emancipation, as she, blameless, showed the path to being-a good wife."

His temper restored, Rama said, "It is well that my wife has undertaken *mendicancy* before this omniscient." With these words, the chief of the Raghus went with his retinue to Jayabhusana, bowed, and listened to a sermon from him. At the end of the sermon he asked: "I do not know, myself, whether I am capable of emancipation or not. Please tell me that." Then the omniscient said, "You are not only capable of emancipation but you will attain emancipation from this same birth, having become omniscient." Rama asked again: "Emancipation would result from mendicancy; and that from *abandonment* of everything. But it would be very difficult for me to abandon Laksmana." The *muni* said: "Your power and wealth must necessarily be enjoyed. At the end of that, association being abandoned, having adopted mendicancy, you will attain emancipation."

Former births

Bibhisana bowed and asked: "Because of what action in a former birth did Ravana kidnap *Sita* and Laksmana kill him in battle? Why are Sugriva, *Bhamandala*, also Lavana and Ankusa, and I exceedingly devoted to Raghudvaha?"

The blessed muni explained: "Here in the southern half of Bharata in the city Ksemapura there was a merchant, named Nayadatta.

He had two sons, Dhanadatta and Vasudatta, by Sunanda; and they had a friend, a Brahman, named Yajnavalkya. In this city there was a merchant, Sagaradatta, who had a son, Gunadhara, and a daughter, Gunavati. Gunavati was promised by Sagaradatta to Nayadatta's son, Dhanadatta, who had suitable *qualities*. But her mother, Ratnaprabha, from avariciousness gave Gunavati secretly to a rich man of that place, named Srikanta. Yajnavalkya knew that and, unable to endure the deceiving of his friends, told his friends, the sons of Nayadatta. Then Vasudatta went and killed Srikanta in the night and Vasudatta was struck down by Srikanta with a sword. Both became deer in the Vindhya forest and Gunavati, who had died unmarried, became a *doe* there. On her account they fought there also and died; and in the same way they passed through many births with mutual hostility.

At that time Dhanadatta, depressed by his brother's death*, impious, wandering at night saw some monks one time when he was hungry. He asked them for food* and one of the munis said, 'Even by day monks do not have any collection of food, drink, et cetera. It is not fitting for you to eat or drink at night, good sir. Who knows the contact of living creatures in food, et cetera in such darkness?'

Enlightened by him with such words, as if sprinkled with nectar on his heart, he became a layman. After death he became a god in Saudharma. After falling, he became the merchant Padmaruci, a very devout layman, the son of Dharani and Meru, in the city Mahapura. One day he happened to be riding to the *cow-pen* when he saw an old bull that had fallen on the road and was dying. Compassionate, he dismounted from his horse*, approached him, and spoke the formula of homage to the Five Supreme Ones in his ear. By its power he became after death Vrsabhadhvaja, the son of King Chatracchaya and Sridatta, in the same place.

One day, strolling at random, he went to the spot of the old bull and recovered memory of former existences at the sight of the place of the former birth. He had a shrine built there and on one of its walls he had the dying old bull painted, a man reciting the formula of homage in his ear, and near him his horse with a saddle. He instructed the guards there, 'If anyone should look at this picture and understand it completely, I must be informed about him at once.' With these instructions he went to his house.

One day the best of merchants, Padmaruci, went to that shrine to worship. After he had worshipped the Arhat he looked at the picture on the wall and said with astonishment, 'All that agrees with me.' Informed by the guards, Vrsabhadhvaja went there and asked

the man, 'Do you know the events of the picture?' 'some time ago I recited the formula of homage to that bull when he was dying. I have been painted here by someone knowing about it,' he said. Bowing to him, Vrsabhadhvaja said: 'I, who was this old bull, have become a king's son by the power of the formula of homage. To what birth would I, having an animal-birth at that time, have gone, if you, compassionate, had not recited to me the formula of homage? You are in every respect my teacher, my master, my divinity. Enjoy this large kingdom which was given to me by you.'

After saying this, Vrsabhadhvaja wandered with Padmaruci, no separation being made, observing a layman's vows. After they had fully observed the state of a layman for a long time, they died and became powerful gods in the heaven Isana. When he fell Padmaruci became the son, named Nayananda, of Nandisvara by Kanakabha in the city Nandavarta on Mt. Vaitadhya to the west of Meru. After he had enjoyed the kingdom, he became a *mendicant*. (After death*) he became a god in Mahendra. When he fell, he became the son of King Vipulavahana by Padmavati in the city Ksema in East Videha, named Sricandra. After he had enjoyed the kingdom and had become a mendicant at the end under *Muni* Samadhigupta, he became the Indra of Brahmaloaka.

When he fell, he became Padma here, the powerful Balabhadra, and Vrsbhadhvaja's *soul* became in turn Sugriva. After wandering through births, Srikanta's soul became a prince, son of Sambhu and Hemavati, named Vajrakantha, in the town Mrnalakanda. After he had wandered through births, Vasudatta became Sribhuti, son of *Vijaya*, the chaplain of King Sambhu, and Ratnacuda. After various births, Gunavati became the daughter of Sribhuti and Sarasvati, named Vegavati.

One day, when she had grown up, she saw *Sadhu* Sudarsana^s, engaged in pratima, being worshipped by the people, and she said jeeringly: 'Listen! This muni was seen before sporting with a woman whom he has sent elsewhere. Why do you worship him, people?' After hearing that, all the people changed quickly and began to revile the muni together with spreading the news of his sin. The sage took a vow, 'I will not break my fast until this accusation against me has been completely removed.'

Then Vegavati's mouth became swollen from the anger of the gods. She was rebuked severely by her father when he knew her transgression* against the sadhu. Terrified by her illness and her father, she said in a loud voice to Muni Sudarsana before all the people: 'You are entirely blameless. This same sin was falsely

alleged against you by me myself, master. Pardon me, ocean of forbearance.' After hearing this speech, the people again worshipped the *muni*. From that time Vegavati was cured and she became a laywoman.

When King Sambhu had seen her, beautiful, he asked for her (in marriage). Sribhuti replied, 'I will not give her to a false believer.' Sambhu killed Sribhuti and enjoyed her by force. 'May I be able to kill you in another birth,' she cursed him. Released by Sambhu, she became a *mendicant* under Aryika Harikanta and, when her life was completed, went to Brahmaloaka. When she fell, by the power of the *nidana** she became *Sita*, Janaka's daughter, for the destruction of the lord of the Raksases, who was Sambhu's *soul*. Because of the false accusation of a sin against Muni Sudarsana^s, she was falsely accused by the people here.

After wandering through births, Sambhu's soul was born as the son, named Prabhasa, of the Brahman Kusadhvaja and Savitri. One day he became a mendicant under Vijayasena, practiced severe penance, enduring trials. He saw Kanakaprabha, lord of Vidyadharas, start on a pilgrimage to Sammeta, magnificent as Indra. He made a *nidana*, 'May I have such magnificence as he because of this penance.' After death*, he was born in the third heaven. After falling, he became Ravana, lord of Khecaras, your elder brother,³¹⁸ who had made at that time a *nidana* for the magnificence of Kanakaprabha. The Brahman, Yajnavalkya, who was the friend of Dhana-datta and Vasudatta, became you, Bibhisana, after wandering through births.

When Sribhuti was killed by the king, he went to heaven. Then he fell and was born Punarvasu, a Vidyadhara in Supratisthapura. Afflicted by love, he kidnapped Anangasundari, daughter of Cakrin Tribhuvananda, in the province Pundarika. Anangasundari fell from his aerial car into a thicket, when he was bewildered by fighting with Vidyadharas sent by the cakrin. After making a *nidana* for winning her, Punarvasu became a mendicant, went to heaven, fell and became Laksmana. Left in the forest, Anangasundari practiced penance, fasted, and in the end was *devoured* by a serpent. Having died with concentrated meditation*, she became a goddess in the second heaven and, after falling, was born as Visalya, chief-queen of Laksmana. Gunavati's brother, Gunadhara, wandered through births and became Prince Kundalamandita. After observing the vows of a layman for a long time, he died, and was born as *Sita*'s full brother, King *Bhamandala*.

Now there were in Kakandi two sons of the Brahman Vamadeva and Syamala, Vasunanda and Sunanda. Once upon a time a *muni* came to their house and, fasting for a month; was fed by them with *devotion*. Because of their liberality to him, after death they became twins in the Uttarakurus, and then gods in Saudharma after they died. Falling, they became the two sons of King Rativardhana and Sudarsana^s in Kakandi, Priyankara and Subhankara. After they had guarded the kingdom for a long time, become mendicants, and died, they became gods in Graiveyaka and, after falling, they became Havana and Ankusa. Their mother in a former birth, Sudarsana, wandered through births for a long time and was born as Siddhartha, the teacher of Rama's sons."

After hearing the muni's speech, many attained the *desire* for emancipation, but Krtanta, Rama's general, became a *mendicant* at that same time. Then Kakutstha got up, bowed to Jayabhusana, approached Sita, and "Reflected: "How will my wife Sita, a princess whose body is as soft as a sirisa^B, endure the discomfort of heat and cold? How will she bear the load of self-control, which exceeds all loads, difficult to bear even in the heart? Or rather, she, whose wifely *fidelity* Ravana was not able to destroy, will observe her vow for self-control also in the same way." With these reflections, the elder brother of Laksmana paid homage to Vaidehi; and Laksmana and the other kings, their minds purified by faith, also did so.

Sita's death

Now Rama returned to Ayodhya with his retinue; and Sita and Krtantavadana practiced severe penance. After he had performed penance Krtantavadana went to Brahmaloaka and Sita performed various penances for sixty years. At the end she fasted for thirty-three days and nights, died and was born the Indra Acyuta with a life-term of twenty-two sagaras.

Initiation of Laksmana's sons

Now there was a king of Vidyadharas, Kanakaratha by name, in the city Kancanapura, on Mt. Vaitadhyā. He invited kings, Rama, Laksmana and others with their sons to the svayamvara^{*} of his daughters, Mandakini^s and Candramukhi. From the kings seated there *Ananga-lavana* was chosen by Mandakini and Ankusa by Candramukhi of their own accord. Laksmana's sons, all the two hundred and fifty, Sridhara^s and the others, got up at the same time to fight from anger. Hearing that they were arming themselves, Lavana and Ankusa said: "Who will fight with them? Brothers must

not be killed (by each other). As there was no quarrel of the fathers, elder and younger, just so may there not be any between their sons, us and them.” Knowing this speech of theirs from spies, the sons of Laksmana, astonished, blamed themselves about to start a wicked action. Suddenly they attained a *desire* for emancipation, obtained their fathers’ approval, and took the vow at the lotus-feet of *Muni Mahabala*. At that time Anangalavana and Ankusa, whose marriages had taken place, went to Ayodhya with Sirin and Sangrin.

Death of Bhamandala

Now Bhamandala stood one day on his palace roof in his city and, pure in mind, reflected: “If I subdue the two rows, unstumbling, everywhere with ease, and wander at the end, having taken initiation, I would have my wishes fulfilled.” As he was thinking this, lightning struck him on the head. He died, and became a twin in the Devakurus.

Emancipation of Hanumat

Now Hanumat went to Meru in Caitra to worship the shrines and, as he returned, he saw the sun as it was setting. He thought, “Just as there is rising (of the sun), so there is setting. The sun is evidence that everything is transitory, alas!” With this reflection, he went to his own city, bestowed the kingdom on his son, and took *mendicancy* under Acharay Dharmaratna. Seven hundred and fifty kings took mendicancy after him and his wives took initiation and remained with *Arya Laksmivati*. After thoroughly consuming his karmas gradually by the fire of meditation*, after attaining sailesi, Srisaila went to the *abode* from which there is no return.

Death of Laksmāna

Knowing that Hanumat had become a *mendicant* Raghudvaha thought: “Why did he abandon the comfort of wealth and take this wretched initiation?” The Indra of Saudharma knew by clairvoyance this thought of Rama’s and said in his council: “Indeed, the course of karma is uneven. Rama, who has his final body, laughs at *dharma** himself and, on the other hand, praises comfort which consists of sense-objects. Or rather, it is well known that there is a very deep mutual affection between Rama and Laksmana, the cause of attachment to existence.” From curiosity two gods there went to Laksmāna’s house in Ayodhya to test their affection. By using sorcery they suddenly showed Laksmāna all the women of the household weeping pathetically. “Oh, Padma, lotus-eyed, sun to the lotuses of

relatives, what is this sudden death* of yours terrifying to the universe?" Seeing the women of the household lamenting in this way, beating their breasts, their hair disheveled, Lakshmana, sorrowful, said: "Is he, my brother, the life of very life, dead? Has this been done by malignant Krtanta by using trickery?" As he was saying this, Saumitri's life departed with the speech. The ripening of karma is hard to overcome. He remained seated on his lion-throne, leaning against a golden pillar, his eyes protruding, motionless, like an image to be *anointed*. Seeing Lakshmana lifeless, the two gods, sorrowful, said to each other, "Alas! what have we done? Why did we kill this man, the support of the universe, alas!" Blaming themselves very much, they went back to their own heaven.

Seeing Lakshmana lifeless, the women of the household and their attendants wept, their hair disheveled. Hearing their lamentation, Rama went there and, ignorant of the calamity, said: "What has happened? While I am alive, my younger brother lives. Some disease affects him. Medicine is the remedy for that." Saying this, Rama summoned physicians and astrologers and had repeated use made of charms and spells. At the uselessness of charms and spells Raghudvaha swooned. Having regained consciousness finally, he lamented in a loud voice. Bibhisana, Sugriva, Satrugna and the others, shedding tears, cried at the top of their voices, "We are killed." Kausalya and the other mothers and their daughters-in-law, weeping, swooned again and again, crying pathetically. Then from the wailing at every street, every house, every market, pure grief resulted, the thief of all other sentiments.

Initiation of Lavana and Ankusa

The princes Lavana and Ankusa bowed to Rama and said: "To-day we have become very terrified of existence because of the death* of our younger father. Death falls upon every creature suddenly. Therefore men must be intent upon the next world from the very beginning. Give your consent to our initiation. Henceforth it is not fitting for us to remain at all in the house of those left by our younger father." They bowed to Rama and both took initiation under *Muni* Amrtaghosa and in course of time reached emancipation.

Rama's grief

Because of his brother's death and the separation from his sons, Rama swooned again and again and said from *delusion*: "Some disrespect was shown today by me, brother, that you suddenly adopted such a silence. While you are in this condition, brother, I

have been abandoned by my sons. Verily, hundreds of evil spirits enter men's hundred weak points." Bibhisana and the others together went finally to Rama talking in this unbalanced way and said with sobs: "You are the resolute among the resolute, like a hero among heroes, lord. Therefore put aside this shameful weakness. Now it is said by the people that Saumitri's funeral ceremonies together with the perfuming and *anointing* of the body must be held at a suitable time."

Rama, angry with them for saying this, his lips trembling, said: "My brother lives, certainly. What speech is this of yours, villains? The funeral rites together with burning in a fire of you all with your brothers must be made. Let my younger brother be long-lived. Brother, brother, speak quickly, Laksmana dear. Surely this is an intrusion of wicked people. Why do you disturb me so long? Or yet, anger on your part before base people is not suitable, friend." With these words Raghava put him on his shoulder and went elsewhere.

Rama sometimes took him to the bath-house and bathed him himself and then *anointed* him with ointments with his own hand. Sometimes he had divine food* brought and a dish filled and he himself set it before him. Sometimes he set him on his own lap, kissing his head repeatedly; and sometimes he put him to sleep on a couch covered with bed-clothes. At times he talked to him and answered himself. Sometimes he became a *masseur* and rubbed him himself. Six months passed as Rama, all duties forgotten, performed such confused acts, crazed from affection.

Hearing that he was thus crazed, the sons of Indrajit and Sunda and other hostile Vidyadharas came, wishing to conquer Rama. They *besieged* with soldiers Ayodhya, whose chief Raghu was crazed, like hunters, strong in trickery, besieging a mountain-cave whose lion was asleep. Rama took Laksmana on his lap and twanged his bow, Vajravarta, the cause of the end of the world unseasonably.

Then at the trembling of his throne Jatayus came to Rama with gods from Mahendra because of his strong friendship from a former birth. Saying, "Even now the gods are on Rama's side," the Vidyadharas, the sons of Indrajit and others, fled quickly. "Rama, a friend of the gods, who has Bibhisana in front of him, will kill us here," terrified and ashamed, they reached a strong *desire* for emancipation. They, feeling the desire for emancipation, approached *Muni Ativega* and took initiation, their faces averted from the state of householders.

Then the god Jatayus in order to enlighten Raghava stood before him and sprinkled a dry tree with water repeatedly. He threw

dry dung on a rock and planted a bed of lotuses; he sowed seed at the wrong time with a dead ox and a plow. He threw sand on a machine and pressed it for oil. He showed Rama other useless things like these. Rama said to him: "Sir, why do you water a dry tree uselessly? Does a pestle grow just anywhere, to say nothing of fruit? Why do you plant a bed of lotuses on a rock, foolish man, or sow seeds in a desert with dead oxen? There would not be oil from sand. Why do you press it, stupid? In all cases your efforts are wasted as you do not use proper means."

Jatayus smiled and said: "If you know this, sir, why do you carry a corpse on your shoulder, a sign of ignorance?" Rama embraced Saumitri's body and replied: "Why do you say an unlucky thing? Get out of my sight."

While Rama was saying this to Jatayus, the god Krtantavadana, knowing it by clairvoyance, came to enlighten him. Putting a woman's corpse on his shoulder, he went near Rama. Rama said to him, "Are you crazy, carrying a woman's corpse so?" Krtanta replied: "Why do you say an unlucky thing? She is my wife. But why do you yourself carry a corpse? If you know that my wife, whom I am carrying, is dead, are you not intelligent enough to know that there is a corpse on your own shoulder?"

Understanding being restored by various reasons pointed out by him in this way, Rama thought, "Is it true that my younger brother does not live?" Then the two gods, Jatayus and Krtanta, announced themselves to Rama, who had received enlightenment, and went to their own *abode*.

Rama's life as a muni

Then Rama performed the funeral rites of his younger brother. Wishing to take initiation, he instructed Satrughna to take the kingdom. Satrughna, averse to existence, refused the kingdom, saying, "I shall follow you, honored sir." Then Raghava, eager himself for the fourth object of existence, gave the kingdom to Anangadeva, the son of Lavana. He went to the presence of the muni, Suvrata, belonging to the line of Munisuvrata, indicated by the layman Arhaddasa. There Rama took the vow with Satrughna, Sugriva, Bibhisana, Viradhita³¹⁹ and other kings. When Ramabhadra had gone forth (to life as a muni), sixteen thousand kings went forth from disgust with existence. Thirty-seven thousand beautiful women became mendicants and they joined the retinue of the *sadhvi* Srīmatī. The sage Rama, imbued with knowledge of the Purvas* and

Angas, practiced penance for sixty years at the guru's feet, persevering in various vows.

Then Rama, whose vihara was secret with his guru's permission, went alone, fearless, to a mountain-cave in a forest. At the same dawn, as he was engaged in meditation*, *Muni Ramabhadra's* clairvoyance arose. Seeing the whole universe, fourteen rajjus in extent, as if it were in his hand, he knew that his younger brother had been killed by two gods and gone to hell. The worshipful Rama reflected: "I was Dhanadatta in a former birth. Laksmana was my younger brother, named Vasudatta. In that birth also he died with his duties uncompleted in the same way. In this birth Vasudatta's *soul* became Laksmana, my younger brother. In this birth a hundred years passed uselessly while he was a prince; three hundred while he was governor of a province and forty in the expeditions of conquest; eleven thousand, five hundred and sixty while he was king. So his total life of twelve thousand years passed gradually, productive only of hell, as he was lacking in self-control. There is no fault on the part of the gods who killed him by deceit. Such maturity of a creature's karma happens necessarily."

Thus reflecting, Rama, extremely eager to destroy karma, engaged in the penance of complete concentration, being completely indifferent. At the end of a two-day fast, he entered the city Syandanasthala to break his fast, his gaze limited to six feet. The townsmen, whose joy was great, went to meet him, who was a festival for the eyes, coming like the moon to the earth. The women of the town, at the doors of their houses to give him alms, placed dishes filled with various food* before him. The joy of the townspeople became so noisy that the elephants broke their posts and the horses pricked up their ears. Rama did not take from them the food prepared by the citizens because of his adherence to food that had been discarded, but went to the palace. There King Pratinandin refreshed Rama with food that had been discarded³²⁰ and he ate lawfully. The gods made there the five things, the rain of treasure, et cetera and the blessed Ramabhadra went back to the forest.

"May this disturbance of the city not take place again nor this rivalry for me." With this idea, pure-minded, he made this vow: "If alms shall be available here in the forest at the time for alms, then I shall break my fast, but not otherwise." Observing this vow, Rama, entirely indifferent to the body, remained in pratima, engaged in intense meditation. One day King Pratinandin went there, taken by a fast horse* with inverted training. The horse mired in the mud of a pool named Nandanapunya and Pratinandin's army rushed close

behind. After having the horse* raised from the mud and making a camp there, the king bathed, and took his meal with his retinue.

Then the blessed sage Rama completed his meditation* and went there with the wish to break his fast, and the king stood up to greet him. He entertained Rama with the remaining food* and drink and a rain of jewels fell from the sky when he had broken his fast. The sage Rama delivered a sermon and Pratinandin and the others became laymen, observing the twelve vows of right-belief.

Beginning from that time Rama remained in the same place for a long time in the forest, practicing severe penance, being worshipped by goddesses living in the forest. With the *desire* to reach the shore of existence the sage Rama broke his fast at one month, two months, three, and four months. Sometimes he remained in paryanka-posture; sometimes he stood with his arms hanging down; sometimes he sat in utkatika-posture; sometimes he held his arms up. Sometimes he stood on a toe and sometimes on his heel. Meditating in these various postures,³²¹ he practiced severe penance.

One day in his wandering Rama went to Mt. Kotisila which had been lifted in the past by Lakshmana in the presence of Vidyadharas. Rama occupied the mountain, mounted on the ladder of destruction of karma, engaged in pratima, and practiced another pure meditation in the night. Then Sitendra,³²² knowing this by clairvoyance, thought: "If Rama becomes incarnated in worldly existence, I shall be united with him again. I shall make an attack on him, while he is on the ladder of destruction, with agreeable phenomena that he may be a god, a friend of mine."

With these thoughts, Sitendra went to Rama and created by magic a large garden adorned by spring. A flock of cuckoos warbled, the wind from *Malaya* blew, bees flew about humming, rejoicing in the fragrance of flowers. The mango^B, campaka^B, asoka^B, the trumpet-flower tree^B, the bakula^B and other trees at once bore flowers which were fresh weapons* of Manobhu. Sitendra created *Sita*'s figure and women also, and said: "Dear, I am Sita, your wife, present here. I abandoned you then when you were devoted, thinking myself wise. I became a *mendicant*, lord, and afterwards suffered extreme *remorse*. I have been asked by these Vidyadhara maidens today, 'Mistress, be gracious. Make your lord, Rama, our lord. Do you abandon *mendicancy*. Be Rama's chief-queen. We shall be his wives now at your command' Therefore marry these Vidyadhara-maidens, Raghudvaha. I shall dally with you as before. Pardon this disrespect." While Sitendra was saying this, the factitious Khecara-women gave a concert of many kinds (of music), a

remedy for restoring Love to life. *Muni* Ramabhadra was not disturbed by the words of Sitendra, nor by the concert, nor by spring.

Rama's omniscience

Then on the twelfth day of the bright fortnight of Magha in the last watch of the night the brilliant omniscience of the sage Rama arose. Sitendra, devoted, and the other gods celebrated fittingly Rama's *omniscience*-festival. Seated on a divine golden lotus, adorned with divine *chauris*, having a divine umbrella, Rama delivered a sermon. At the end of the sermon Sitendra, who had asked for forgiveness, bowed and asked Rama about the condition of existence of Saumitri and Ravana. Rama replied:

Future births of Ravana, Laksmana, and Sita

"Now Dasanana with Sambuka and Laksmana are in the fourth hell. For people's conditions of existence are subject to karma. After experiencing their life in hell Dasanana and Laksmana will become sons of Sunanda and Rohini, Jinadasa and Sudarsana^s, in the city Vijayavati, the ornament of East Videha, and they will guard the religion of the *Arhats* without interruption. Then having died, they will become gods in Saudharma; after falling, they will become laymen again in Vijayapuri. Then after death* they will become men in Harivarsa and they will go to heaven, after experiencing death. After falling, they will become the sons of King Kumaravarta and laksmi, Jayakanta and Jayaprabha, in Vijayapuri. Practicing the self-control taught by the Jina^s, after death* both will become gods in Lantaka. Then you, after falling from Acyuta, will be a cakravartin, Sarvaratnamati by name, here in Bharataksetra. After falling, the two will be your sons, Indrayudha and Megharatha. You will become a mendicant and go to Vaijayanta. Indrayudha, the *soul* of Ravana, will acquire the family-determining karma of a tirthakara, after wandering through three pure births. Then Ravana's soul will become a tirthanatha, and you will be his ganadhara, after you have fallen from Vaijayanta. Then the two will go to emancipation, but laksmana's *soul*, your son Megharatha, will go through pure conditions of existence. Then he will be a cakravartin. in the city Ratnaci-tra, the ornament of East Videha in Puskaradvipa. After enjoying a cakravartin's wealth and becoming a *mendicant* in turn, he will be a tirthanatha and will attain emancipation."

Sita visits Laksmana in hell

After hearing this, Sitendra bowed to Ramabhadra and, because of former affection, went where laksmana was enduring pain. He saw Sambuka and Ravana fighting angrily with laksmana with factitious shapes of lions, et cetera. Saying, "There is no pain to you fighting thus," the Paramadharmikas, angered, threw them into firepits. The three, being burned, crying aloud, their bodies* dripping, were dragged by force into a jar of hot oil. Their bodies, oiled, were thrown on a gridiron for a long time and bursting open with the noise, taditi, dripped again.

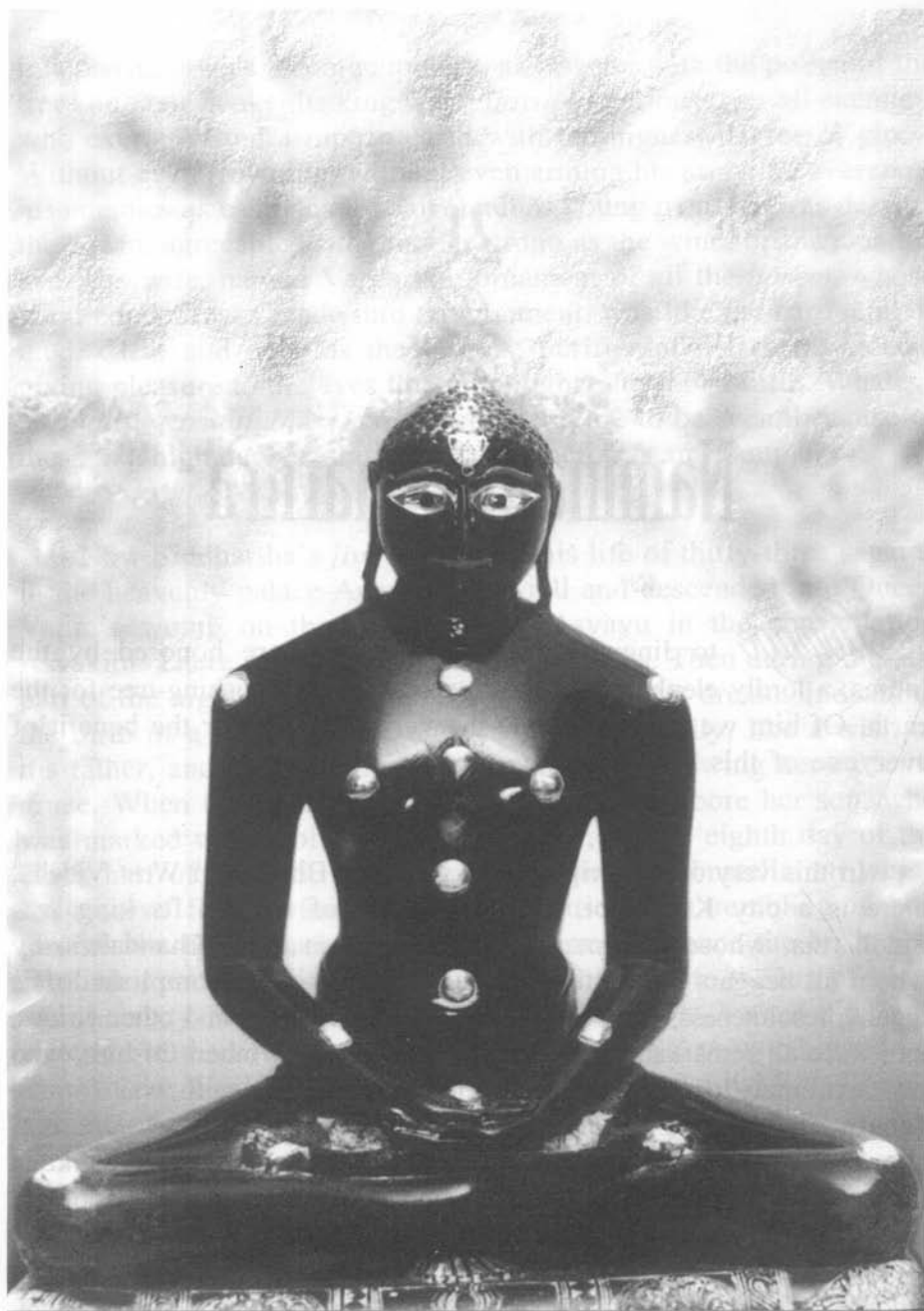
Seeing their pain of this kind, he said to the demons, "Villains, do you not know that these were the best of men? Go far away, demons. Release these noble men." Restraining the demons with these words, he said to Sambuka and Ravana, "Why do you not abandon your former hostility, on account of which you have come to this hell, now that its consequences have been seen?" Restraining them with this speech, Indra related to Saumitri and Ravana the story of Rama's *omniscience* for the sake of their enlightenment.

They said: "You have done well, ocean of *compassion*. By your pure instruction our pain has been forgotten. A long dwelling in hell has been won for us by the various cruel actions committed in a former birth. Who will take away its pain?" Filled with compassion, Sitendra said, "I will take you three from this hell to heaven." With these words he lifted up the three of them with his hand, but they fell from his hand, splitting into pieces instantly like quicksilver. Their bodies went together again and he raised them in the same way, but they fell again just as before. Then they said to Sitendra, "When we are lifted up, the pain is very great. So let us go. Go to heaven." leaving them, Sitendra went away, bowed to Rama and then went to Nandisvara, et cetera, to make a pilgrimage to the eternal *Arhats*. As he was going in the country, Devakuru, he saw King *Bhamandala's soul*. From former affection Sitendra enlightened him completely and went to his own heaven.

Rama's emancipation

His *omniscience* having arisen, the blessed worshipful Rama enlightened persons capable of emancipation for twenty-five years on

earth. Having passed a life of fifteen thousand years, his purpose accomplished, he undertook sailesi and reached an *abode* giving eternal delight and bliss.



Shree Munisuvrat Swami Bhagwan

21



Naminatha Charitra

Homage to Jinendra Nami, whose feet are honored by the Indras, a lordly elephant* for the tree of karma, a wishing-tree for the earth. Of him we shall celebrate the very pure life for the benefit of everyone of this world and the next.

Previous incarnations

In this very Jambudvipa in the province Bharata in West Videha, there is a city Kausambi, the store-house of wealth. Its king was Siddhartha, whose com-mands were unbroken like Akhandala's, by whom all beggars were made to have their desires accomplished. His dignity, resoluteness, generosity, heroism, intelli-gence, and other virtues, too, were all remarkable, as if in rivalry with each other. Of him, who was extremely prosperous, the widely expanded wealth was for the benefit of everyone like the shade of a tree on the road. *Dharma** alone made her dwelling in his very pure mind constantly like a rajahansa on a lotus. One day disgusted with existence he abandoned his wealth like straw and took initiation at the feet of *Muni* Sudarsana^s. He acquired body-making karma of a tirthakrt by some of the *sthanakas*, observed the vow completely, died, and went to Aparajita.

His parents

Now in this Jambudvipa in this very Bharataksetra there is a city Mithila whose citizens were zealous in *dharma*. The circle of the walls, filled with jewels, gold, palaces, and markets, looks like a treasure-box of the earth. On all sides in it ponds in the gardens,

inlaid with jewels, become muddy, as it were, with the pollen of the trees on their banks. Its king was *Vijaya*, victorious over all enemies, who exercised indraship on earth with the highest degree of glory. Without even frowning, without even arming his army, he overcame his enemies as easily as love overcomes young men. He was deep as the ocean, agreeable as the moon, strong as the wind, brilliant as the sun. His wife, named Vapra, the ornament of all the *harem*, whose good conduct was made into an ornament, was like the earth embodied. Clear and deep as the Ganga^s, purifier of the earth, indeed, giving pleasure to the eyes like moonlight, she shone forth. Whatever *qualities truthfulness*, virtue, et cetera, are to be seen, because of these to a high degree, she alone of women was an example.

Birth of Nami

Now Siddhartha's *jiva* completed his life of thirty-three sagaras in the heavenly palace Aparajita. He fell and descended into Queen Vapra's womb on the full moon of Asvayu in the constellation Asvakini. There was a light in the three worlds. Then during the last part of the night Queen Vapra saw fourteen great dreams indicating the birth of a tirthakrt. The embryo grew gradually, like a wish of his father, and made his mother comfortable, knowing her extreme grace. When the time was completed, the queen bore her son, who was marked with a blue lotus, gold color, on the eighth day of the black half of Nabhas, (the moon being) in the constellation which has a horse* for a divinity (Asvini). Because of the trembling of their thrones the Dikkumaris came and performed at once the birth-rites of mother and son properly. Sakra^s took the Lord to the top of Meru and the sixty-four Vasavas, Acyuta and the others, bathed him with water from the tirthas. At the end of his bath Sakra worshipped the Lord of the World with flowers, et cetera, waved a light, and began a hymn of praise.

Stuti

"Teacher of the path to emancipation, destroyer of all karmas, destroyer of passions, hail to you, Supreme Lord! I bow to you, remover of wrong doctrine, leader of the world, bestower of true enlightenment, Teacher of the World. The world has a lord with you, superintendent of every dominion, humbler of the wicked, unchangeable benefactor. Gatherer of the seed of *dharma**, bearer of the wealth of supernatural *qualities*, author of chapters of sacred knowledge, homage to you, blessed One. Henceforth dharma will spread from you warning away from wrong paths, showing the road

to emancipation, teaching. We are the servants of you, the founder of a new tirtha, undertaking a wealth of penance, governing the world, lord. Taker of emancipation, giver of fearlessness to everyone, I have taken refuge* with you, refuge of the three worlds. As you have become my lord in this birth, Lord of the World, may you be also in other births. I-have no other wish.”

Childhood

After this hymn of praise, Vasava^s took the Lord of the World and put him down at Lady Vapra's side according to custom. At dawn King *Vijaya* held his son's birth-festival with great joy accompanied by releases from prison, et cetera. While the Lord was in the womb, the city Mithila was *besieged* by enemies and Queen Vapra immediately ascended to the top of the palace-After seeing Vapra, the enemy submitted to King Vijaya as the consequence of her embryo. For that reason the name Nami was given him. Tended by nurses appointed by Sakra^s, daily Naminatha grew like another moon.

King

Childhood left behind, fifteen bows tall the Master married a maiden at his father's command. After he had passed twenty-five hundred years from birth, he accepted the kingdom given by his father, knowing the fruit of pleasure-karma. When five thousand years had passed from the time he took the kingdom, the Lokantika-gods said to the Lord, “Found a *congregation*.” After establishing his son, Suprabha, on the throne, Lord Nami gave gifts for a year with money brought by the Jrmabhakas.

Initiation

Surrounded by kings, Suprabha and others, and by gods, Sakra and others, the Lord went to Sahasramravana in a *palanquin*, Devakuru. The Lord entered the grove which had a multitude of bees engaged in kissing the kadamba^B, the gardener occupied with gathering jasmine blossoms^B, the surface of the ground made red by the falling trumpet-flowers, with heaps of sirisa-flowers^B made into a couch for lovers, with the rainy season indicated even in hot weather by masses of spray pouring forth from the water-wheels being worked. In the last watch of the ninth day of the black half of Asadha in Asvini the Lord became a *mendicant* with a thousand kings, observing a two-day fast. Mind-reading knowledge arose then and on the next day he broke his fast with a milk-dish in the house

of King Datta in Virapura. The rain of treasure, et cetera were made by the gods and King Datta made the platform, and the Lord wandered elsewhere for nine months.

Omniscience

Then he went to Sahasramravana, the place of initiation, and stood in pratima beneath a bakula^B, observing a two-day fast. The Lord Nami's brilliant *omniscience* appeared on the eleventh day of the bright half of Marga in the constellation Asvini because of the destruction of the destructive karmas. At once the gods made a *samavasarana* ornamented with an asoka tree a hundred and eighty bows tall. There the Lord circumambulated the asoka, bowed to the *congregation*^{*}, and sat down on the eastern lion-throne, facing the east. At once the Vyantaras created images of the Lord placed on lion-thrones in the other directions. The holy fourfold congregation remained in the proper places and the Indra of Saudharma bowed to the Blessed One and recited a hymn of praise.

Stuti

“Homage to you who are three-eyed because you see the whole world with an eye named ‘omniscience.’ Homage to you, Supreme Lord, endowed with thirty-four supernatural powers, whose speech has thirty-five supernatural powers. We worship your speech, Lord, which conforms to all languages, charming with grammaragas, Malava, Kaisiki, and others. At the sight of you people's snares of karma disappear, even though strong, like serpent-nooses at the sight of Tarkasya. At the sight of you people slowly, slowly ascend the series of *gunasthanas* like a ladder to emancipation. You are the source of joy, Master, when you have been remembered, heard, praised, meditated on, seen, touched, worshipped by any means whatever. Surely we had merit in the past with merit as a consequence, master, by which you, offering unusual happiness, were brought into our range of vision. Let my heavenly kingdom, et cetera, be entirely different in every way, but do not let the words of your teaching depart from my heart, lord.”

After praising the Master's *qualities* in these words, Hari^s became silent, and the Teacher of the Three Worlds delivered a sermon.

Sermon on layman's dharma

“Verily worldly existence is worthless. Money is fickle as a moving wave. Even the body is transitory, resembling a flash of

lightning. Therefore a wise man would acquire complete indifference to them and would strive for *yatidharma*,^{323*} wishing to die on the road to emancipation. If he is not able to do that, nevertheless desirous of it, he would exert himself for the layman's *dharma**, consisting of twelve parts.³²⁴ The layman, zealous, should pass day and night constantly in actions of mind, voice, and body that are according to dharma. He should arise at dawn, reciting praise of the Supreme Ones, recalling, 'What are my practices? What is my family? What are my vows?' Clean, after worshipping the god in his house with flowers, food*, and hymns and after resolving not to commit faults so far as possible, he should go to a temple. After entering, he should *circumambulate* the Jina^s three times according to rule and after worshipping him with flowers, et cetera, he should praise him with the best hymns. Then, pure-minded, he should make a public resolution, in the presence of the gurus, to avoid faults, accompanied by service. Rising at the sight of him, approach at his arrival, placing the folded palms to his head, himself offering a seat, moving a seat with *devotion*, homage, personal service, following on his departure: this is service to a guru.

Then, having returned and gone to a suitable place, intelligent, he should think about wealth without any obstacle to dharma. Then he should make the midday puja and, after eating, he should study the *esoteric* meanings of the sastras with people learned in them. Next, after worshipping the gods again at twilight and after performing the daily duties, he should make his best study. At the proper time, purified by thinking of gods and gurus, he should take a little sleep, generally avoiding *incontinence*. At the end of sleep he should think of the true nature of women's bodies*, reflecting on their *abandonment* by the noble munis. He should think: 'Women, charming outside, are filled with liver, blood, impurities, phlegm, marrow, and bone, bags of skin sewed together with sinews. If there should be an exchange of the exterior and interior of a woman's body, its lover should afford protection from vultures and jackals. If Love wishes to conquer the world with woman as a weapon, why does not he, foolish, take a small feather as a weapon! Oh! Oh! the world is deceived by Sankalpayoni (Kama^s). Therefore, I shall dig up the root of *desire* for him.' Whatever injurious fault may exist, he should meditate on an antidote for it, attaining joy among monks free from faults.

Reflecting with perseverance on the miserable condition of existence of all creatures, he should look for emancipation, which is the source of natural bliss, for them. 'Who, whose mind is uncon-

fused, would not trust to laymanship where there are the Jina^s, god, *compassion*, religion, gurus and sadhus? May I not become a cakravartin, *deprived* of the religion of the Jina. May I be even a slave, even poor, possessed by the religion of the Jina. When shall I resort to the practices of the monks, all association abandoned, wearing old clothes, the body wet from impurities, following the habits of the bee?³²⁵ Abandoning evil association, touching the dust of the guru's feet, when shall I, practicing meditation*, be able to cut off existence? When will the bulls rub their shoulders against me like a pillar when I am practicing kayotsarga* outside the city at midnight? When will the old leaders of the herds of deer snuffle at my face as I am seated in the lotus-posture in the forest with a young deer on my lap? When shall I make no distinction between an enemy and friend, straw and women, gold and a stone, a jewel and mud, emancipation and existence?' He should make such wishes, bulbs of the vine of extreme joy, to mount the series of *gunasthanas*, the ladder to the house of emancipation. Observing this conduct *zealously* day and night, engaged in the described conduct properly, even a householder becomes pure."

After hearing this sermon of the Lord many people became mendicants and among them were seventeen ganadharas, Kumbha, et cetera. At the end of the sermon of the Lord of the World, Kumbha delivered a sermon. At the end of his sermon Sakra^s and the others bowed to the Lord and went to their respective abodes.

Sasanadevatas

Originating in that *congregation**, the Yaksha Bhṛkūti, three-eyed, four-faced, gold color, with a bull for a vehicle, with four right arms holding a citron^B, spear, and hammer and one in abhaya-position and with four left arms holding an *ichneumon*, axe, thunderbolt and rosary; and likewise the goddess Gandhari, fair-bodied, with a *hansa* for a vehicle, adorned with two right arms holding a sword and in varada-position and with two left ones both holding citrons, became the messenger-deities of Lord Nami.

With them always near, the Lord wandered over the earth for twenty-five hundred years less nine months.

His congregation

There were twenty thousand monks, forty-one thousand nuns, four hundred and fifty who knew the fourteen purvas*, sixteen hundred who had clairvoyant knowledge, twelve hundred and sixty who had mind-reading knowledge, sixteen hundred who had *omnis-*

cience, five thousand who had the art of transformation, one thousand disputants, one hundred and seventy thousand laymen and three hundred and forty-eight thousand laywomen (in the *congregation**) of the Lord.

His emancipation

Knowing that it was time for his emancipation, the Lord went to Mt. Sammeta with a thousand monks and began a fast. At the end of a month on the tenth day of the black half of Vaisakha in the constellation Asvini, the Master and the monks reached an *abode* from which there is no return. Lord Nami's age was ten thousand years twenty-five hundred as prince, five thousand as king, and twenty-five hundred in the vow. Six hundred thousand years elapsed from the nirvana^s of Munisuvrata to the Lord Nami's nirvana. The Indras and the gods came there and held the emancipation-festival accompanied by funeral rites of Sri Nami and his retinue.

1. HARISENACAKRI CHARITRA

Now while the Jinesvara^s Nami was wandering (as a *mendicant*), Harisena was cakrin and his life is related.

Previous births

Here in Bharata in Ananta's Tirtha there was a king charming among men, named Narabhirama, in the city Narapura. In the course of time, terrified of existence, he adopted *mendicancy* and became a powerful god in the heaven Sanatkumara.

His parents

Now there is a capital city, Kampllya by name, the ornament of Pancaladesa, equal to heaven in magnificence, unshakable by enemies. Mahahari was its king, like Hari^s in strength, the ornament of the Iksvaku family, famous on earth. His queen was Mera, lotus-faced, ornamented with good conduct, making the earth adorned with her beauty.

His birth

Narabhirama's *soul* descended into her womb and a powerful cakradhara was announced by the fourteen great dreams. At the proper time she bore a son, gold color, named Harisena, fifteen bows tall. He was consecrated as heir-apparent.

Expedition of conquest

One day, when he was ruling his ancestral kingdom, with great strength of arm, the cakra- jewel appeared in the *armory*. Gradually his other thirteen jewels: the priest, carpenter, steward, general, et cetera, appeared. Following the cakra's path, he went to the east to Magadhatirtha. He conquered the Prince of Magadhatirtha at the beginning of his expedition of conquest. Then he went south and, long-armed, he subdued the god, Lord of Varadaman, dwelling at the southern ocean. Going to the west, he conquered the god, Lord of Prabhasa, having unbroken strength like Bidaujas on earth.

Going to the great river Sindhu, strong as an elephant* of the quarters, he, the tenth *cakrabhrt*, reduced her gradually to submission. Then he approached Vaitadhya and, skilled in the conquest of the quarters, he subdued the Prince of Mt. Vaitadhya according to

rule. Then he himself, active, subdued the god Krtamala and afterwards the west district of the Sindhu through the general.

He entered Tamisra, whose door had been opened by the general, with an elephant that had the gem-jewel set on the right frontal boss. He crossed Unmagna and Nimagna by a bridge and traversed it (Tamisra) whose interior was lighted by circles drawn by the cowrie-jewel.

He left it by the north door which had opened of its own accord and conquered the independent Mlecchas named Apatas. He had the west district of the Sindhu conquered by the general and he himself conquered the Prince of Ksudrahimavat. After writing his name on the peak Rsabha with his *cowrie*, turning back to the Ganga^s, he had the east district of the Ganga conquered by the general. He accepted tribute from the Vidyadharas living in both rows and he himself conquered Natyamala later. The cakravartin entered the cave Khandaprapata opened by the general and left as before, following the cakra. He had the east district of the Ganga conquered by the general and the king himself camped at the Ganga.

The nine treasures living in Magadha (tirtha) at the mouth of the Ganga submitted voluntarily from the power of his very great merit. The Indra to Glory, by whom the glory of a cakravartin had been completed, by whom six-part Bharata had been conquered, went then to Kampilya. His enthronement as cakrin was made by gods and men and a great festival was held in the city for twelve years. His commands being observed by kings in all Bharata, long-armed, he enjoyed pleasures without injury to *dharma*.*

Emancipation

One day, disgusted with existence, he dismissed the kingdom with ease and became a *mendicant*, eager for the festival of attainment of emancipation. As prince, Harisena passed three hundred and twenty-five years, as governor of a province the same, one hundred and fifty years in the expedition of conquest, eighty-eight hundred and fifty as *cakrabhart*, and three hundred and fifty in the vow. Having kept severe vows completely, when he was ten thousand years old, his destructive karmas having been destroyed, his *omniscience* having appeared, Harisena went to the *abode* of continual bliss.

2. JAYACAKRI CHARITRA

Herewith is related the *meritorious* life of Cakrin Jaya, victorious, who belonged to the *congregation** of Blessed Nami.

Previous births

There was a king, named Vasundhara, in the city Sripura in Airavata in this same Jambudvipa. Depressed in mind by the death* of his wife Padmavati, he installed his son, Vinayandhara, on the throne. Hearing true doctrine, enlightened, he became a *mendicant* at the side of *Muni* Varadharma in the grove Manohara. He practiced *mendicancy* properly for a long time, died, and became a god in the seventh heaven.

His parents

Now there is a city Rajagrha, the ornament of Magadha, the sole *abode* of Sri, like a full brother of Amaravati. Its king was named *Vijaya*, victorious, belonging to the Iksvaku family, prominent on the path of law. His queen was named Vapra, endowed with good conduct, with a wealth of beauty and grace like a goddess come to earth.

His birth

In the course of time, King Vasundhara's *jiva* fell from Sukra and descended into her womb. A son, named Jaya, twelve bows tall, indicated by fourteen dreams, gold color, was born from her.

He was enthroned by his father and one day the cakra-jewel, the first sign of a cakrin, appeared in his *armory*. Also the umbrella, the gem, the staff, the sword, the skin, and the *cowrie*: his seven one-sensed jewels appeared. The priest, the steward, the horse*, the elephant* the general, the carpenter, and the woman: his seven five-sensed jewels appeared.

Expedition of conquest

For the sake of conquest, he went east to the eastern ocean, following the cakra. There he made *submissive* the Prince of Magadha-tirtha. Then he turned to the southern ocean and subdued the god, Lord of Varadaman. For even a god on earth is not equal to a cakravartin. Then he went to the western ocean and easily subdued the god, the Lord of Prabhasa, by one arrow that was shot. Then he

subdued Sindhu, like a second ocean (sindhuraja), and, resembling Indra, the god, the Prince of Mt. Vaitadhya. He himself subdued the god named Krtamala and had the west district of the great river Sindhu subdued by the general. Long-armed, he entered and left Tamisra properly and conquered the Kiratas, named Apatas. He conquered the west district of the Sindhu by the general and, powerful as a god, subdued the Prince of Himavat. He wrote his name on Rsabhakuta with the *cowrie*, turned, and conquered the east district of the Ganga^s by the general. He himself subdued Ganga and the lords of the Vidyadharas, and Natyamala living at the door of Khandaprapata. He left Vaitadhya by the cave Khandaprapata and quickly conquered the east district of the Ganga by the general. The nine treasures, Naisarpa, et cetera, located at the mouth of the Ganga, submitted to him when he was encamped at the Ganga. Then he went to his own city, his glory of a cakravartin having been completed, and his enthronement as a cakrin was made by gods and men.

With unbroken strength he enjoyed the six-part earth and in course of time, terrified by existence, he became a *mendicant*.

Three hundred years passed while Jaya was prince and the same while he was governor; one hundred passed in the conquest of the quarters; nineteen hundred in the rank of cakrin; and four hundred passed in the vow.

Emancipation

After he had completed his life of three thousand years and had kept the vow, *omniscience* having appeared at the destruction of the destructive karmas, Jaya attained emancipation, an *abode* of imperishable bliss.

May the six: Rama, Laksmana, Dasanana, the Tirthakrt Nami, the *Cakrabhrt* Harisena and the Cakrabhrt Jaya, who have been described in the preceding, give pleasure to your ears.

FOOTNOTE

1. **Refuge 4:** Namely, Arhat, *siddha*, *sadhu*, and *dharma*. Seventeen *sagaropamas*. (Pg-2)
2. Sakra's car. (Pg-3)
3. Bowed at the lord's feet. (Pg-5)
4. Prebirth of Acala. (Pg-7)
5. Prebirth of Asvagriva. (Pg-7)
6. Prebirth of Triprstha. (Pg-7)
7. **Krodhagara:** A room to which an angry queen retires in order to gain something desired. as 'krodhagara.' (Pg-7)
8. **Strategies of war:** conciliation, war, marching, encamping, dividing the forces of the enemy, taking refuge with an ally. (Pg-9)
9. The Pandanus odoratissimus, the screw-pine, a favorite tree in India. (Pg-10)
10. Devapuja gurupasti svadhyayah samyamastapah |
Danam ceti grhastlianath satkarmani dine dine ||
Worship of the gods, attendance on gurus, study, self-restraint, penance, liberality an good duty of a laymen. (Pg-12)
11. I.e., gold and antimony. (Pg-13)
12. I.e., dark. (Pg-13)
13. Because of his connection with water. (Pg-13)
14. 'Horse-necked' into 'Cut-neck.' 'Neck' really means 'head,' of course.' 'Horse-headed' into 'Beheaded.' (Pg-16)
15. A symbol of frailty. (Pg-17)
16. Money, elephants, chariots, horses. (Pg-17)
17. Sesa. But only the water in which an idol has been bathed, of all the offerings, may be accepted putting on head, eyes so as to purify our self. (Pg-22)
18. I.e. the sun and moon 'dwell together' on the night of the new moon. (Pg-24)
19. A mountain between India and Lanka. When Indra clipped the wings of the mountains, Mainaka took refuge in the ocean. (a saying) (Pg-24)
20. One of the nakshatras, 'asterisms.' (Pg-24)
21. The point is in the abhimukha and another name for the krkalasa, i.e., pratisurya. (Pg-26)
22. Triprstha's mother was his half-sister. (Pg-26)
23. Acala, the full brother of Mrgavati. (Pg-26)

24. Voice, foot, and goad. (Pg-26)
25. There are 8 of these. (Pg-27)
26. Triprstha. (Pg-28)
27. The belief is that Sarabhas leap up at clouds under the *delusion* that they are elephants and so *perish*. (Pg-28)
28. The dove is the messenger of Nirrti or *Yama* (divinities of death). (Pg-28)
29. Also, 'from death.' (Pg-28)
30. Another name for Vaitadhya. Used here, of course, for its meaning, 'rich in victory.' (Pg-29)
31. Narada, in addition to his many accomplishments, is considered a fomentor of *strife*. (Pg-30)
32. *Radhavedha*. (Pg-34)
33. Like an elephant playfully whipping it of. (Pg-34)
34. 'Kaumodaki' is the club-weapon of Vishnu. (Pg-34)
35. Jatayus, king of the vultures. (Pg-34)
36. The cakra makes the seventh. (Pg-37)
37. Heavenly musicians. (Pg-43)
38. Elephants are traditionally susceptible to music. (Pg-43)
39. Padma=Laksmi, goddess of wealth. (Pg-46)
40. A drop of water on the tip of a blade of kusa is the visual symbol of extreme instability. (Pg-46)
41. The vaikriya-bodies were made of jewels. (Pg-47)
42. A *jati*, which Clements. (Pg-47)
43. I.e. the Jahnavi, the Ganges, flows into the Eastern Ocean. (Pg-47)
44. The same as Satabhisaj. (Pg-48)
45. Apparently 'broad jumps' and 'high jumps.' (Pg-49)
46. The last month of the cold weather. (Pg-52)
47. The general of the Gandharvas. (Pg-53)
48. A missile with the shape of a mouse's tail.' (Pg-54)
49. Because a *nidana* is forbidden. (Pg-55)
50. In one of the twelve heavens. (Pg-55)
51. I.e., persons of rank entitled to an umbrella. (Pg-58)
52. Hansas do not like rain. (Pg-58)
53. Indra's bow. (Pg-59)
54. The sesame has very abundant oil, (Pg-59)
55. Name of the jewel worn on the breast by Krsna or Visnu. (Pg-59)
56. I.e., *honesty*. (Pg-62)
57. Ksetraja. One of the twelve kinds of permissible sons. (Pg-63)

58. Adhvara, the Soma sacrifice. (Pg-63)
59. A sacrifice in honor of Indra. It is both an isti and animal sacrifice. (An isti is the offering of milk, butter, grain, etc., as distinguished from animal and Soma sacrifices.) Spirituous liquor is drunk. (Pg-63)
60. All well-known sacred trees which are still worshipped. (Pg-63)
61. Vegetables growing underground are forbidden to Jains, as they are considered to contain numerous *souls*. (Pg-63)
62. Kaulas are followers of left-hand sakti. The text here refers to the 'five Ms' that are permitted by them: madya, mansa, Matsya, nidra, *maithuna*. (Pg-63)
63. The total is 72 lacs. (Pg-64)
64. Bharat or airavat here are the 'names' of '*vijaya*' (khanda) of videhas and not our traditional bharat Khetra and ravat khetra is the 5 bharat and 5 Airavat. (Pg-65)
65. With a play on his name. Varman means 'armor.' (Pg-66)
66. Well-water, the shade of a banyan tree, a brunette woman, a brick house are warm in cold weather and cool in hot weather. (Pg-68)
67. The gunja, the *Abrus precatorius*, has red berries. (Pg-68)
68. Two moves in some game played with dice and men, probably similar to backgammon. (Pg-69)
69. They die after the nuptial flight. (Pg-71)
70. I.e., he would' lose face.' (Pg-71)
71. I.e. a Naga. (Pg-72)
72. Svayambhu instead of Meraka of whose friends they were originally. (Pg-73)
73. In the expeditions of conquest of the cakravartins, the cakra preceded them in the air. (Pg-73)
74. Nirjara may be either akama, 'involuntary or kama°, 'voluntary.' (Pg-75)
75. for the dramatic 'junctures.' (Pg-79)
76. The same as tamala. The color meant here is black, or very dark. (Pg-83)
77. An expression indicating wide-spread glory. (Pg-83)
78. *Sarnga* was the name of Vasudeva's bow. (Pg-84)
79. One of the two trees used to kindle the sacred fire. (Pg-84)
80. As water of the reception-gift. (Pg-88)
81. This statement that indriyani are present in all jivas is misleading in its wording. It sounds as if all the senses were present in all jivas, whereas it really means that some sense

- is present in all jivas. (Pg-90)
82. The 'combinations' are of the opposite pairs. (Pg-90)
 83. This statement is correct, but ambiguous. All 14 classes are both paryapta and aparyapta, but not all the subdivisions. The *asanjinin*-manusya-pancendriya are only aparyapta. (Pg-91)
 84. I have seen nowhere else this distinction in the first gunasthana. a mithyatvin may have such virtues as mercy, charity, nobility of character and as such be placed in the first gunasthana. (Pg-91)
 85. An *avali* is an extremely small division of time. (Pg-91)
 86. The duration of the third gunasthana is usually described as an antarmuhurta. (Pg-91)
 87. That is, a *Muni* may fluctuate between the sixth and seventh *gunasthanas*. (Pg-91)
 88. Apurvakarana and nivrttibadara are both the eighth gunasthana. (Pg-91)
 89. **Skandh (matter):** Atoms (*anu* or paramanu) are indivisible parts of Matter (skandh), separated from skandha (an aggregate, or object). *Anu* (unit of space) is practically the same as *pradesa*, but *pradesa* is an indivisible part of skandha joined to skandha, whereas *anu* is an indivisible part separated from skandha. A collection of *pradesas* joined together makes a skandha. (Pg-92)
 90. The characteristic of matter is 'gandha' not bandba. i.e. smell. (Pg-92)
 91. Space is the only *substance* which extends beyond loka into aloka. (P. N.-92)
 92. Here ananta is infinite and asankhya is innumerable. Where infinite and innumerable are of 9 types. (Pg-92)
 93. Properly speaking kala has no 'atoms,' nor pradesas. Infinite past and infinite future time's are measured, understood and used generally as 'units of' time. Like hour, day, year, century etc to pudgalaparavert Kala.
(See chart for Kala) The interpretation that kala is believed to be and object (because of its usefulness), though not really an object with other view point kala is changes in *Atma* and *pudgala*. Indivisible unit 'samaya' when passes it becomes past, the one which is going to come is future and the present samaya-a single unit is 'kala'. (Pg-92)
 94. The shrines, of course, represent *dharma*, the golden houses artha, and the mirrors Kama. (Pg-96)

95. Twins really, sons of the Sun. (Pg-100)
96. The Alstonia scholars. (Pg-100)
97. **Seven fields:** The 'seven fields' are Jain shrines, statues, scriptures, monks, nuns, laymen, laywomen. (Pg-101)
98. A safflower sari seems to have been the usual garment of a sati. Technically, she would not be a sati (window), as her husband was still living, but it amounts to the same thing. (Pg-101)
99. Evidently considered a fighting-fish. (Pg-104)
100. I.e., if it is already manifest. The anantanubandha-kasayas that are in existence, but not yet *manifested*, pass on in a succession of births. Hence the name. (Pg-107)
101. Obviously, one cup is made from a leaf that could be made to hold liquid and one from a leaf that could not; drop by it is word and spined. (Pg-108)
102. The *ascetic* Dvaipayana was beaten by drunken princes of Dvaraka and vowed revenge. In his next birth he was an Agnikumara and burned Dvaraka and all its inhabitants except Krsna and Balarama. After Dvaraka was burned, it was covered by the ocean. (Pg-108)
103. Frail, but the argument seems reversed. Certainly ksama would be easier for a strong character than a weak one. (Pg-108)
104. That is, the penalty for pride in high caste is low caste in another birth, et cetera. (Pg-109)
105. That is, the early *ganadharas* knew all the scriptures by heart. (Pg-110)
106. **Emotion** (*Bhava*) is ardent love which produces a change in eyes and brows.' 'Feeling (bhava) is the first touch of emotion in a nature that was previously unaffected Lila (sportiveness) is 'imitation of a lover in the actions of a fair-limbed maiden. (Pg-111)
107. Counterfeit money. (Pg-111)
108. Rjubhava is the result of alocana. (Pg-112)
109. It isn't the first alphabet. It is 'Mine' here in interpreted. (Akara = mine) source for something. A kind of Vyantara. (Pg-112)
110. The eleventh gunasthana. (Pg-112)
111. **Kasayas:** In the case of the other kasayas; *krodha*, *mana*, and *maya*, in respective opposites: kasayas; *krodha*, *mana*, and *maya*, *ksanti*, *mardava*, and *arjava*, belong to the yatidharmas. Santosa (content) takes the place of *mukti*-

nirlobhata. (Pg-113)

112. I.e., technically. A layman does not have virati. (i.e. he is viratavirat) I.e., he became a Samanika. (Pg-118)
113. The sarasa is the Ardea Sibirica, the blue Indian crane. (Pg-120)
114. By chance. (Pg-120)
115. A decorated wooden pillar used in the festival to Indra, now obsolete. (Pg-120)
116. The Datura, the seeds of which are one of the most common and deadly poisons of India. says that the seeds "Enter into the composition of certain alcoholic beverages and render the consumers of these literally mad." (Pg-121)
117. A nakshatra, constellation, Spicavirginis, in ascendancy in the autumn. (Pg-127)
118. I.e., 'my husband.' (Pg-129)
119. In confirmation of a gift or promise. (Pg-132)
120. A marriage of inclination without ceremonies. It is one of the 8 recognized forms of marriage. (Pg-132)
121. The serpent-missile was obstructed by the garuda-missile, and the fire-missile by the water-missile. (Pg-133)
122. Prajnapti. (Pg-134)
123. The elephant-jewel among the 14. (Pg-135)
124. Tumburu and Narada: the generals of Sakra's and Isana's Gandharva-armies. (Pg-136)
125. **Acamamlavardha-mana:** Acamamla (or acamla) is dry food, such as rice, pulse, or flour-cake without ghi or dressing. Acamamlavardha is a series of fasts broken by such meals. The whole penance lasts 14 years, 3 months, and 20 days. (Pg-136)
126. *Takra* is butter-milk with part of water; but he also uses it as the name of butter-milk in general. (Pg-138)
127. Yogapata (°patta) is the secret traditional knowledge handed down orally by a guru to a disciple as his successor. (Pg-140)
128. His father, as a pure Brahman, of course could not eat with Kapila. (Pg-144)
129. If he did not tell the truth, his sin would be as great as the killing of a Brahman. (Pg-144)
130. In such a case a princess who wishes to marry a prince of her own choice may be sent without preliminaries to the prince's town and the marriage takes place there. (Pg-145)
131. I.e., there was a three-day fast at the beginning and end of

- the fast and 60 one-day fasts with fast-breaking-days after each fast-day, making a total of 128 days. This fast is also called Karma-caturtha. (Pg-146)
132. The *abode* of the Siddhas. (Pg-147)
133. A festival held on the full moon-day of the month Karttika in honor of Karttikeya. (Pg-149)
134. Nikacita. (Pg-152)
135. A legendary serpent with the tail of a serpent and the head of a cock. The vehicle of the sasanadevi of Parsvanatha is usually portrayed as a kurkutahi. (Pg-153)
136. Abandoned following the deer to save the queen. (Pg-153)
137. Though bearded, his conduct was not manly. (Pg-155)
138. A *gajadhvaja* is one of the 4 banners regularly set up in a *samavasarana*. (Pg-158)
139. The 14 purvas, part of the original canon. (Pg-158)
140. Balatapas. Penance with wrong insertion. (Pg-159)
141. Vyasana. Addiction for 'Gambling, others' wives, etc. (Pg-161)
142. His father was Triprstha, the first Vasudeva. (Pg-163)
143. One of the sources of pearls. (Pg-165)
144. A class of gods representing the sun in the twelve months. (Pg-165)
145. The fifth sandhi (division) of the drama. (Pg-172)
146. The penance starts with a three-day fast, then a fasting day, then 37 fasts of one-day alternating with fast-breaking , then a three-day fast and a fast-breaking day, making a total of 82 days for the series. (Pg-178)
147. 'A woman that bears only one child.' have found nothing to support the belief that a hen-crow lays eggs once. (Pg-178)
148. Of course, not our Santinatha, but one in Videha in a past period. (Pg-179)
149. **Grahanasiksa and Asevanasika:** Grahanasiksa is the study of the sutras, the acquisition of knowledge of religious practices; Asevanasiksa is the practice of them (Pg-180)
150. A *siddhacaitya* or *°ayatana* is a temple to the 'eternal *Arhats*.' There are 4 of these: *Rsabha*, *Vardhamana*, *Candra-nana*, *Varisena*. They are so-called because there are always *Arhats* by these names in existence somewhere in the universe. (Pg-185)
151. Ksemankara became a Jina in Videha. (Pg-187)
152. TO make them speak their husbands' names. (Pg-188)
153. The noose with which he seizes transgressors. (Pg-189)

154. For the 14 jewels of a cakravartin. (Pg-190)
155. A vidya. (Pg-191)
156. Food diminished by one mouthful in dark fortnight and increased in the light fortnight. (Pg-192)
157. That is, to the body of Santimati which his *soul* has just left. (Pg-192)
158. I.e., they were afraid their *emaciated* bodies would leave them in death and they practiced penance before this could happen. (Pg-193)
159. A son of Indra. (Pg-193)
160. Which live on rain drops. (Pg-200)
161. Demons in hell. (Pg-200)
162. **Tirthakrllinga:** This is the devadusya that Sakra gives a future Tirthakrt at the time of his initiation. That is the only garment that he uses thereafter. He can always be recognized by this cloth. (Pg-203)
163. Ganesa. (Pg-206)
164. Their bellies were so *emaciated* that they were sunken like the hells. (Pg-206)
165. I.e., there would be fasting for 3 days, followed by fast-breaking, then 32 fast-days alternated with 32 fast-breaking days, then a three-day fast, followed by a fast-breaking day. Thus the entire penance consisted of 72 days. (Pg-208)
166. **Acamamla:** One acamamla meal is eaten, then a day's fast, then two meals (one a day), then a fast. The meals are increased by one each time: 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. up to 100. There are 5,050 days on which an acamamla meal is eaten and 100 fast days, making a total of 14 years, 3 months, and 20 days. (Pg-208)
167. Bile is appeased by the bitter, astringent and sweet tastes. Milk and sugar both belong to the madhura (sweet) group. (Pg-209)
168. An animal-birth. (Pg-211)
169. Its quality is heat. (Pg-212)
170. I.e., a life in *Sarvarthasiddhi* would be followed by the last incarnation. (Pg-213)
171. The *cakrabhrt* had clairvoyant knowledge. (Pg-218)
172. The fringed end of the garment is gathered up and waved at the moon with a circular motion. (Pg-221)
173. I. e. the Cakrin's cakra, which is rimmed with flames. (Pg-222)
174. It is obvious that 'lion' for jagara would not do at in this

- case. (Pg-222)
175. Patala, the *Bignonia suaveolens*, whose flowers are red. (Pg-227)
176. The *Mimosa sirissa*. It flowers in April and May. (Pg-227)
177. The *Grislea tomentosa*. (Pg-227)
178. Spring. It is now summer. (Pg-227)
179. One of the 19 divine *atisayas*, the *caitya* tree, is omitted. (Pg-228)
180. I.e., they permit themselves to be subject to the senses.] (Pg-230)
181. When they meet. (Pg-232)
182. fruit, garments, flowers, perfumes, and ornaments. (Pg-232)
183. The *kusmanda* is a symbol of extreme delicacy. (Pg-235)
184. The words of the Brahman were a favorable *omen*. (Pg-237)
185. *Kamapala*. (Pg-238)
186. A fragrant ointment. (Pg-242)
187. White. (Pg-243)
188. I.e., the King of Hastinapura. (Pg-245)
189. **Kaivalya** with reference also to its meaning ' *omniscience*.' Also meaning "You are within yourself" (Pg-246)
190. A round club of wood, studded with iron nails. (Pg-247)
191. I.e., golden. (Pg-249)
192. *Pramada*, with a play on *mada*. (Pg-250)
193. **Obstacles** to giving, to receiving, to strength, to enjoyment of objects used once, to enjoyment of objects used repeatedly, laughter, liking (for objects), dislike (of objects), fear, disgust, sorrow, sexual, love, wrong-belief, ignorance, sleep, lack of self-control, love, hatred. (Pg-251)
194. The fruit of the *jujube* is yellow when ripe. (Pg-252)
195. I.e., *delusion* is the parent of love and hate, the sources of all faults. (Pg-253)
196. A *sadharana jiva*, i.e., plant-lives with many *souls* in one body. They are one extreme and people near emancipation the other. (Pg-253)
197. *Sresthin* is used throughout this story quite in its modern use in the form *Sheth* (*setha*), which is a form of address for persons prominent in the business world, generally Jains or Hindus of the *vaisya* caste. (Pg-254)
198. I.e. of worldly existence. (Pg-256)
199. I.e., the first birth in this biography. (Pg-266)
200. Pre-birth of *Bali*. (Pg-268)
201. The last ocean. (Pg-269)

202. Inverted order the garuda-banner was the Vasudeva's.
(Pg-269)
203. I.e., a recent convert. (Pg-271)
204. 'A man in the state between a Jain *sadhu* and a layman.' I.e.,
a layman who is very advanced in indifference to worldly
matters, almost a *sadhu*. (Pg-272)
205. Ahalya was the wife of the sage Gautama and was seduced
by Indra. (Pg-274)
206. Mars. (Red with Rage) (Pg-275)
207. Pre-birth of Prahlada. (Pg-277)
208. Striveda, i.e., he would be born as a woman. (Pg-281)
209. A 'lunar mansion of which there are 27, considered a
daughter of Daksa and the wife of the Moon. (Pg-282)
210. Malli means 'jasmine,' not 'garland'; but the jasmine is very
generally used in making garlands. (Pg-283)
211. The puspamandapa is the flowers strung above the pratima
in the inner shrine. (Pg-283)
212. Green & Other colour stone. (Pg-284)
213. An ornamental bath-house is built and the princess bathed
by attendants and gorgeously dressed and ornamented.
(Pg-284)
214. Upamana, (Compare) in contrast with upameya, the subject
of comparison. (Pg-285)
215. Parivrajika here means a Hindu *sadhvi*. (Pg-286)
216. A bunch of darbha is kept in the mouth of the water-jar and
is used to sprinkle the water. (Pg-286)
217. The sandal tree has a special attraction for serpents.
(Pg-289)
218. Dhatus or elements. (Pg-289)
219. I.e., the birth next to the last. (Pg-290)
220. I.e., Malli. (Pg-290)
221. Krsneksu must be the dark purple sugar cane. (Pg-290)
222. Kunda, *Jasminum pubescens*, blooms in winter. (Pg-290)
223. Lehya, such as syrup; cusya, such as sugar-cane. (Pg-292)
224. The 4 upayas. (Pg-295)
225. The lowest rank among the gods. (Pg-298)
226. As a protection against thieves. (Pg-303)
227. I.e., acts that can be criticized from the standpoint of coun-
try, caste, or family. (Pg-303)
228. I.e., he knows how to distinguish between what should and
should not be done, or he knows the characteristics of vir-
tues or faults of the *soul*. (Pg-303)

229. I.e., by the Svetambar jains. (Pg-304)
230. Hansas do not like rain. (Pg-307)
231. The goddess attendant on the Tirthankara, but she assists others also. If anyone prays for assistance with faith, she will receive it. These sasanadevatas hold responsibility until others come. Lord Mahavira's Sasanadevatas are still on duty. (Pg-309)
232. A kind of litter. (Pg-309)
233. Noted for its frailty. (Pg-310)
234. With reference also to the rut-fluid. (Pg-310)
235. Her father. (Pg-312)
236. The crane is a symbol of deceit. (Pg-314)
237. I.e., the Jains *Muni*'s. (Pg-314)
238. Vidya here evidently is vidyacarana. (Pg-314)
239. Antimony trisulphide. I.e., black. (Pg-318)
240. His brother-in-law in lanka. (Pg-319)
241. The *sadhu* recited the namaskara so the monkey could hear it. (Pg-320)
242. With a play on 'right' and 'left' as 'favorable' and 'un-favorable.' (Pg-323)
243. Rahu is depicted as a bodiless head. (Pg-324)
244. The Indra of the Raksasas. I.e., 'Ten-faced,' (Pg-325)
245. I.e. 'Ten-faced.' (Pg-325)
246. I.e., meditation. (Pg-329)
247. Vidyas are goddesses attached with the Mantra. (Pg-329)
248. Vaivahika is not father-in-law, but a son's or daughter's father-in-law, a connection for which there is no word in English. Sumalin was not, in fact, the bride's father-in-law, but grandfather-in-law. (Pg-331)
249. I.e., 'sending to sleep.' (Pg-331)
250. Indra had killed Malin and given Lanka to Vaisravana. (Pg-332)
251. The 'little' is the kingdom and the 'much' is emancipation. (Pg-332)
252. A cousin, as were they all. (Pg-333)
253. With play on kumbha, the finial of a spire and the boss of an elephant. (Pg-333)
254. That is, funeral rites have been performed, as it were. (Pg-334)
255. This is the first mention of Candrodara. The sons of Adityarajas were Valin and Sugriva, mentioned just above. (Pg-335)

256. This is the first mention of Marica. (Pg-335)
257. The sami is used to kindle fire by friction with the asvattha. (Pg-336)
258. To the starting-point. (Pg-337)
259. Called Suprabha, above. (Pg-338)
260. 'May you obtain *dharma*.' (Pg-343)
261. Ravana and his two brothers. (Pg-343)
262. This would include persons with the 3 higher kinds *Atma* (Pratyaksha) of knowledge. (Pg-345)
263. When a king had to be chosen from among the people, because there was none by succession, when a suitable person was found, the elephant trumpeted, the horse neighed, the pitcher sprinkled him, the chauri fanned him, and the umbrella stood over him. (Pg-348)
264. I-e., he was a celibate, but did not observe all the details of the strict celibacy of monks. (Pg-351)
265. Bibhisana. (Pg-355)
266. Really his uncle. (Pg-355)
267. His great-uncle. (Pg-355)
268. This is his last birth. (Pg-360)
269. Proverbial as inseparable. (Pg-363)
270. Pavananjaya. (Pg-363)
271. But Vasantatilaka accompanied her. Bhiksuki (Parivrajika) would not be a Jain *sadhvi*. They never went alone. (Pg-365)
272. Such as are sting at weddings. (Pg-375)
273. The wedding-ribbon. (Pg-375)
274. The first' black market.' (Pg-378)
275. The 4 ranges named Vaksaskar Mountain, have the shape of elephant-tusks. (Gajadanta) (Pg-383)
276. With a play on the meaning of kalapurna, 'moon.' (full-moon) (Pg-386)
277. I.e. half-barbarians, Mlecchas. (Pg-386)
278. *Saturn* in Indian astrology is represented as an old man. (Pg-391)
279. The Western Vindhya range. (Pg-397)
280. The banyan is a favorite haunt of the attendants of Kubera. (Pg-400)
281. **Dharmadvara** has a peculiar Jain usage. It is the permission to leave with a certain amount of property. dharmadvara is what can be taken in the name of religion. (Pg-401)

282. The *oblation* to Agni, consisting chiefly of milk, oil, and sour grael. (Pg-406)
283. It is forbidden for Jains to eat at night. (Pg-411)
284. I-e Suparnas, a division of the Bhavanavasins. (Pg-414)
285. The name of a forest in the Deccan. (Pg-414)
286. Our sparsausadhi, of course, as = amarsausadhi. (Pg-415)
287. The *Rajoharan* made of wool which the monks carry. (Pg-416)
288. The impostor. (Pg-425)
289. Candrarāsmi. (Pg-425)
290. I.e. monkey = Vanara. (Pg-431)
291. The day-blooming lotus. (Pg-435)
292. Tamas, with a play on its meaning as the source of ignoble *qualities*. (Pg-435)
293. To keep them from tinkling. (Pg-436)
294. There are puns on the adjectives and names of the trees which are purely a matter of sound and cannot be reproduced. (Pg-439)
295. Hanumat. (Pg-439)
296. A sort of magic noose. Literally 'snake-noose.' (Pg-440)
297. I.e. of little worth? (Pg-440)
298. Life and glory. (Pg-443)
299. Ketu is represented as a body with sword and Rahu as his head. (head cutoff while fighting) (Pg-445)
300. Hands, feet, and head. (Pg-445)
301. This is Malin form Dasakantha's namy. Not the brother's Mali & Sumalin of Vanara's. (Pg-446)
302. As a support. (Pg-450)
303. Laksmāna. Garudastha = Visnu = Vasudeva. (Pg-451)
304. Where copper becomes gold from kotivedha-rasa. (Pg-457)
305. Of the funeral rites. (Pg-460)
306. A method of showing affection. (Pg-462)
307. With a play on spiritual and physical mada. (Pg-465)
308. I.e. a fire in each and direction and the sun. (Pg-466)
309. Silimukha is defined as an arrow with a point like a sill, which is a worm. (Pg-468)
310. Nataranga. (Pg-470)
311. An eighth son. (Pg-470)
312. With a play on candrika and his name. (Pg-472)
313. These are really names of countries. (Pg-480)
314. in. I.e., father and uncle. (Pg-482)
315. The boys' tutor. (Pg-483)

316. They were standing on tiptoe, looking upwards. (Pg-484)
317. **Ten ordeals** are usually given as standard. There are 5 ordeals prescribed for the exoneration from an accusation, but they do not correspond with the five *Sita* suggests. They are: the balance, the fire, the water, the poison, and the bath-water. The ordeal of the fire is quite different from *Sita*'s. It consists of carrying a red-hot ball of fire in the hand protected by certain leaves. Taptamasa, lifting a weight of gold out of heated oil, and dharmadharma, drawing concealed images of virtue and vice out of a vessel filled with earth. (Pg-486)
318. He is talking to Bibhisana. Ravana. is not usually called a Khecara. (Pg-491)
319. I.e., Viradha. (Pg-497)
320. Monks cannot accept food that has been prepared for them. They must take what is surplus. (Pg-497)
321. For the postures. (Pg-498)
322. *Sita* in her incarnation as an Indra. (Pg-498)
323. The way of life of monks. (Pg-506)
324. The 'twelve parts' here are quite same as the standard 12 vows of the layman. (Pg-506)
325. Taking alms like a bee. (Pg-507)

APPENDIX

A.

HARD WORDS

The words with a terminological meaning that occur frequently in the text are 'Italized' as 'Hard word' and are given here with meanings.

Word	Meaning
Abandonment	1. Give up. 2. Forsake, desert.
Abhavya	A Soul who never attains Moksha
Abhayadana	Gift of fearlessness
Abhigraba	Special vows taken by sadhus according to their particular notions, resolution of time, or feeling
Abhinaya	Mode of conveyance of the theatrical pleasure to the audience
Abhyahrta	Which food has carried and give to the monk
Acarya	Head of a group of monks
Acchidya	Where food taken by force from some body for monk
Achelaka	Nudity
Adamantine	Vajra, diamond
Adhakarmika	The fault in food, which a layman has prepared especially for Jain monk
Adharma	1. Medium of rest 2. Non religious activities.
Adhyavapura	Which food has been made for monk in advance for is arrival
Afflicted	Suffered, effected
Age-karma	Stage of life: a stage or phase in the lifetime of somebody or something (Denoting life span of a soul in a particular body)
Ahara	Food
Aharaka	A type of the body
Ahinsa	Non-violence
Aisvarya	Power, wealth
Ajivika	The way one makes a living
Ajnana	Ignorance, lack of knowledge

Word	Meaning
Akarana	Having food without occasions
Akasa	Space
Akincanta	Non Possession
Akincanya	A aparigrahata, non possession
Akrosa	Abuse
Aksayatritya	The 3rd day of bright vaishakh month
Alabha	Failure in receiving (alms)
Amavasya	When the longitudes of the sun and moon are equal ,no moon day
Amorousness	Expressing or feeling love
Ananga	Love
Anantanubandhaka (eternal)	Existing always; without an end or (usu.) Beginning.
Ananugamika (Jnana)	It is extinguished if they change place
Anasana	Fasting
Anavasthita	In some cases it is fluctuating
Angara	When a sadhu praises good food,(burning)
Animate	Having life.
Anisrsta	A food which drinks from a common store without asking
Anointed	Applied oil or ointment , as a religious ceremony
Antarangari	The internal enemies
Anubandha	The worst degree of anger, or of the other passions
Anugamika (Jnana)	It is not extinguished
Anukampa	Compassion ,kindness
Anuklesa	Bodily austerities
Anuvrata	Minor vows pertaining only to lay-people
Aparigraha	Non-possession
Aparinata	When food has not been properly prepared ,non matured
Apramana	More than the prescribed amount
Apratyakhyana	Partial vow-preventing
Apriti	Discontent
Arati	Dislike
Arhats	Worthy to worship; an epithet of one who has attained kevalajnana; a synonym for kevalin, a tirthankar.

Word	Meaning
Arjava	Honesty and genuineness: honesty in the expression of true or deep feelings, sincerity
Armory	Arsenal, stock, arms depot, ordnance depot, supply, array
Arrogant	Conceited, haughty, egotistic,
Arta	Unhappy, sorrowful, painful
Asana	Solid food or meal
Asanjnin	A type of the creature without mind
Asastropahatam	Where the life is not destroyed, not killed by any killing agent
Asteya	Not stealing
Astikya	Affirmation
Asunder	Into different parts or pieces:
Atheists	Disbeliever, unbeliever.
Atisayas	Excellence
Attributes	Regard as belonging to, characteristic quality ascribed to a person or thing.
Audarika	Physical , the physical body of all men and animals
Auddesika	Addition of food for muni
Aunodarya	Partial fasting
Aupasamika	Suppression of karma
Auspicious things (8)	Eight favorable or felicitous things
Austerities (tapas)	Penance
Avadhi	Period
Avagraha (1)	Penetrability, periphery owned or possessed.
Avagraha (2) (Jnana)	A perception of something by the senses
Avaricious	Greedy for wealth: showing an unreasonably strong desire to obtain and keep money
Avasarpini	Descending round , regressive half-cycle
Avasthita	Constant and unfluctuating
Badara	A type of the creature with gross body (which can be seen)
Bala	Strength
Bards	Poet, composer, wordsmith,
Beatitude	Perfect bliss or happiness.
Benevolent	Kind: showing kindness or goodwill

Word	Meaning
Bhadrasana	Throne (8 mangal)
Bhakta	Food
Bhaktapratyakhyana	Abstaining from food (till death)
Bhakti	Devotionalism
Bhamandala	Halo behind the head
Bhava	Emotions / feelings, good state of mind
Bhavana	Meditation (reflection)
Bhaya	Fear
Bier	A place to put dead body , stand for casket: a table on which a casket or a corpse is placed
Bilious-attack	Nauseated: unsettled in the stomach, as if about to vomit
Bland	Free of stress: free from anything annoying or upsetting
Blemishes	Spoiling fault: something that spoils somebody's reputation or good record
Bludgeons	Heavy club.
Body-making-karma	Physical form of human or animal: the complete material structure or physical form of a human being or animal
Brahmacarya	Celibacy, continence
Brhaspati	Jupiter
Budha	Mercury
Cakrabhrt	A person, who has the army in cakra-formation and rules the world
Candala	A sweeper class (caste)
Candra	Moon
Carya	Wandering
Caturvinsatistava	Praise of the twenty-four arhats
Censurable	Censor, harsh of criticism, expression of disapproval
Cessation	A stop, pause, or interruption, especially a permanent discontinuation
Chadmastha	One who still has four ghati karmas (a non. Kevalin)
Charitra	Life sketch
Chastity	Being chaste, sexual abstinence; virginity , simplicity of style or taste
Chauris	Hair-fly whisk
Chedasutras (6)	A part of agam , 45 agams

Word	Meaning
	The jain cannons
Cikitsa	Medication for sick person
Circumambulate	Formal walk round or about a person or a thing
Citadel	Fortress, protecting or dominating a city.
Clamor	Loud or vehement shouting or noise.
Cochineal	Red food coloring: a red dye obtained from the crushed dried bodies of female cochineal insects. .
Collyrium	Medicated eye-lotion (decoration)
Compassion	Pity inclining one to help or merciful, sympathy, empathy, concern, kindness, consideration, care
Conciliated	Make calm and amenable; pacify; gain the goodwill.
Condiment	Food seasoning used at table: salt, pepper, mustard, relish, or a similar substance added in small amounts to food, usually at the table, to improve or adjust its flavor
Conjecture	Guesswork: the formation of judgments or opinions on the basis of incomplete or inconclusive information
Conjunction	Joining, connection
Coquetry	1. Flirt to act coyly and flirtatiously 2. Act frivolously to act casually or frivolously
Coronation	The ceremony of crowning a sovereign or a sovereign's consort
Courtesans	A prostitute
Cow	Large female mammal
Cowrie	A bone of the creature, which used for coins
Crevice	Fissure: a narrow crack or opening, especially in rock
Criterion	Standard for judging things by: an accepted standard used in making a decision or judgment about something (often used in the plural)
Curnayoga	When a sadhu performs some miracle by divine powder

Word	Meaning
Cymbals	A musical instrument consisting of a concave brass or bronze plate
Dana	Donation, liberality
Dandapani	Yama- god of death
Dansa	Sting's insects
Darpana	Mirror , 8 mangal
Dayaka	When the condition of the giver forbids accepting alms from him
Debasing	Make something inferior: to reduce something in value or quality
Deluding-delusion	A false belief, illusion, moha
Deprived	Without basic needs satisfied: lacking the things needed for a comfortable or successful life
Derided	Ridicule: to show contempt for somebody or something
Derision	Mocking scorn: contempt and mockery
Desa	Country
Desavirati	The set of restraints prescribed for a Jaina layman
Desire	Unsatisfied longing or craving, lust, wish
Desisted	Cease something: to stop doing something
Despondent	Discouraged: extremely unhappy and discouraged
Destitute	Lacking necessities of life: lacking all money, resources, and possessions necessary for subsistence
Devotion	Worship
Dhanya	The '17 kinds of grain'
Dharana	Remembered knowledge leading to recognition
Dharma (1)	Religion, Nature of a thing person
Dharma (2)	Medium of motion
Dharmakathin	One who delivers admirable religious lectures
Dharmopagrahadana	Donation for religion
Dhatikarman	When the muni plays with the layman's children
Dhatu (in body)	These are chyle, blood, flesh, fat, bone, marrow, semen

Word	Meaning
Dhruvya	Permanence, consistent
Dhuma	When a sadhu blames poor food
Diadem	Crown, circlet, coronet
Discerning	Having good judgment.
Discriminating	Discerning, sharp, astute, selective, sharp, astute
Disparagement	Criticize: to refer disapprovingly or contemptuously to somebody or something.
Dissension	Disagreement giving rise to discord.
Dissimulation	Hide something by pretense: to disguise or hide true feelings, thoughts, or intentions
Doe	A mature female , female mammal:
Downy	Soft and fluffy.
Dravya	Substance; external
Dutakarman	When monk gives or passes information.
Dvesa	Hate
Elixir	A substance once believed to prolong life indefinitely, or to transform base metals into gold
Eloquent	Expressive, fluent, articulate, persuasive, stirring, powerful
Emaciated	Thin, wasted, withered, shrunken, gaunt, pinched
Emancipation	Liberation, deliverance, release
Embarrassment	Humiliate
Embodiment	Embodying of something: the act or process by which something is made tangible or visible
Enticed	Tempt by offering something attractive:
Equanimity	Peace , silence , patience , composure, calmness, level-headedness, equability, self-control
Esoteric	1. Restricted to initiates: intended for or understood by only an initiated few 2. Abstruse: difficult to understand 3. Secret: secret or highly confidential
Eulogized	Praise in speech or writing..
Ewers	Large jug with a wide spout:
Exalt	Promote, raise, elevate, intensify, boost,

Word	Meaning
	lift, praise, laud, acclaim
Exhilaration	Elation, high spirits, animation, happiness, joy, delight
Extirpating	Completely remove something undesirable: to completely get rid of, kill off, or destroy somebody or something considered undesirable (formal)
Extol	Praise somebody or something: to praise somebody or something with great enthusiasm and admiration
Exuded	Transitive verb show particular quality clearly: to communicate a particular quality or feeling in abundance and very clearly, usually through general behavior and body language A voice that exuded confidence Membrane, or cut, or ooze out slowly
Family-determining-karma	Lineage: all the people who are descended from a common ancestor in a family (through this karma)
Fastidious	1. Excessively discriminatory; fussy. 2. Easily disgusted;
Festoon	Garland, decoration, on a gate
Fickleness	Changeable: likely to change, especially in affections, intentions, loyalties, or preferences
Fidelity	1. faithfulness, loyalty. 2. strict accuracy.
Fillet	A boneless piece of meat or fish. B (in full fillet steak) undercut of a sirloin.
Finials	Ornamental top or end of a roof
Fortitude	Determination: strength and endurance in a difficult or painful situation
Gana	A groups of kulas
Ganadharas	1st pupils of the tirthankars.
Garrulity	Verbosity: excessive or pointless talkativeness
Gati	There are four of these, divine, human, animal and hell being, four conditions of existence
Gaurava	Greatness
Gavyuti	1/4th of a yojana or 2000 dhanushya
Glana	A sick monk

Word	Meaning
Glutton	Greedy person
Gourd	1. A fleshy fruit , hard-skinned fruit: a hard-skinned fleshy fruit produced by several different plants related to cucumbers and squash. 2. Genera: curcurbita, lagenaria
Granthi	Knot
Gratifying	A please, delight. Be please by compliance.
Guna	Attribute , quality
Gunasthanas	Steps of the development of a soul
Gupti	Control of mind, body, and speech.
Harlot	Prostitute
Haughty	Arrogant and disdainful.
Heralded	To welcome or announce somebody or something with enthusiasm
Hiyamanaka (Jnana)	Deteriorating and disappears completely
Hoarfrost	Frozen water vapour on vegetation etc.
Honesty	Uprightness, sincerity, morality, trustworthiness, goodness
Horripilation	(literary), goose - flesh.
Hundaka	Where every part of the body is misshapen
Hypocritical	Falsely claiming high principles , insincere, two-faced, duplicitous, deceitful, phoney, false
Ichneumon	Mongoose (noted for destroying crocodile eggs)
Ichor	Fluid flowing like blood in the veins of the gods, elephants etc
Inanimate	Not endowed with, or deprived of, life
Incongruity	Something out of place: something that does not seem to fit in with or be appropriate to its context
Inconsistency	Something that contradicts something else or that is not in keeping with it
Indolent	Averse to exertion.
Indradhvaja	A flag staff with a large banner on the top , and thousand small flags 8 mangal
Ingini	A kind of death attained by own's own wish
Ingratiate	Seek to please somebody: to try to win

Word	Meaning
	somebody's favor
Inimical	Not favorable: unfavorable to something
Insignia	Badges, distinguishing marks.
Inundate	Overwhelm: to overwhelm somebody with a huge quantity of things that must be dealt with
Invincible	Unbeatable, unconquerable, invulnerable, unshakable, indomitable
Irreproachable	Faultless, blameless.
Jantu	Worms, insects (invertebrate's)
Jati	Caste , Father's family , (Mother's family)
Jhallari	Flat piece of metal used as musical organ
Jiva	Soul
Jnana	Knowledge
Jnanadana	Teaching, giving of knowledge
Kalasa	Pitcher ,(8 mangal)
Kalyanaka	Auspicious moments in life of tirthankar
Kansha	Acceptance of other doctrines
Karunya	Pity, compassion for the afflicted
Kasaya	Passions
Kausala	Expertness
Kavi	One who composes literary productions
Kayotsarga	Abandonment of the body, a standing or sitting posture of meditation
Kevala-festival	That festival which celebrate in the happiness in the omniscient knowledge of god
Kevalajnana	Omniscient knowledge
Kevalisamudghata	Soul procedure where, Kevalin to equalize his ayus and vedaniyakarma, adjust the karmas
Khadya	Solid food
Kiln	Industrial oven: a specialized oven or furnace used for industrial processes such as firing clay for pottery or bricks and for drying materials such as hops or timber
Knowledge-obscuring-karma	All that can be known: all the information, facts, truths, and principles learned throughout time, is obstructed

Word	Meaning
Krita	Which food has been bought for muni.
Krodha	Anger, extreme or passionate displeasure.
Ksamayitva	Forgiveness for any fault from his family and also others
Ksanti	Patient self-control; tolerance. forbearance
Ksaya	Destruction
Ksayika	Permanent destruction of karma
Ksayo-pasamika	Combined suppression and destruction
Kubja	Hunchback
Kula (1)	Family (Mother's family)
Kula (2)	A group of sects
Labdhi	Acquisition , achievement by purity of soul
Labha	Wealth
Lesya	Karmic stain, the color of which indicates a soul's degrees of purity (6 types) krsna etc , an aura
Licentious	Sexually immoral: pursuing desires aggressively and selfishly, unchecked by morality,
Linpeing	Representation, substance, and actual existence
Lipta	When the layman gives food with his hand soiled with another thing
Lobha	Greed excessive desire, esp. For food or wealth.
Litter	The explanation couch for carrying passenger. A conch with poles on either side, used to transport a single passenger on people's shoulders or on animals.
Lobhapinda	When a muni goes for alms from a desire for good food
Madhyasthya	Tolerance or indifference to those who are uncivil or ill-behaved.
Mahavratas	Five necessary vows for jaina monks.
Maithuna	Sex
Maitri	Friendliness to all creatures , friendship for all creatures
Mala	Dirt on body
Malapahrta	When the food has been taken from

Word	Meaning
	underground place
Malaya	Name of the mountain
Malevolent	Wanting to cause harm: having or showing a desire to harm others
Malignity	Desire to do evil: intense hatred and a strong desire to do harm
Malodorous	Smelling bad: smelling unpleasant or offensive
Mana	Conceit excessive self-pride: a high opinion of your own qualities or abilities, especially one that is not justified, personal vanity; pride.
Manapinda	When the layman has made a wager with other monk
Mandaka	A large thin cake made of millet and wheat flour
Mandalas	Disk of orb , assemblage
Mangala	Mars
Manifested	Expression , distinctness , declared of policy and aims
Mantradosa	When a muni does something to oblige the layman
Manusottara	Name of the mountain , beyond which no man can go
Manusyaloka	Human dwellings (2.5 dvipa + samudra)
Mardava	Humility 1. Humbleness, meekness. 2. Humble condition.
Masseur	Person who gives massage for a living.
Mati	Intellect
Matijnana	Knowledge of intellect
Matsyayugma	Twin fish , 8 mangal
Maya	Deceit deception, esp. By concealing the truth ,dishonest trick.
Mayapinda	When muni employs tricks or buffoonery in order to procure alms
Mendicant , mendicancy	One who live's on alms , a non-house holder , a saint, sadhu, muni, who has renounced the world
Meritorious	Having merit, intelligent, brilliant
Mirage	Optical illusion: an optical illusion of a sheet of water appearing in the desert or on a hot road, caused by light being

Word	Meaning
	distorted by alternate layers of hot and cool air
Mithyadarsana	Wrong belief
Mithyadrstiprasansana	Praise of false doctrine
Moat	Defensive ditch round a castle etc., usu. Filled with water
Mockery	1. Derision, ridicule. 2. Counterfeit or absurdly inadequate representation. 3. Ludicrously or insultingly futile action etc.
Morbid	1.(of the mind, ideas, etc.) B given to morbid feelings. 2 colloq. 3 med. Of the nature of or indicative of disease.
Mortification	Religion self-imposed hardship: the use of self-imposed discipline, hardship, abstinence from pleasure, and especially self-inflicted pain in an attempt to control or put an end to desires and passions, especially for religious purposes
Mukti or nirlobhalta	Freedom from greed
Mulagunas	Five necessary rules for jaina monks.
Mulakarman	When he teaches them how to obviate evils by roots
Mulasutras(4)	A part of agam , 45 agams The jain cannons
Multyfacet doctrine	Having several facets principle of religious
Munificent	Ample: characterized by generosity
Myrobalan	Fruit used in dyeing: the dried fruit of a tropical bush that resembles a plum. Use: dyeing, making ink.
Naimittika	One who knows or teaches prognostication
Nandi and anuyog 2 sutras	A part of agam, 45 agams The jain cannons
Naya	Partial truth, view points
Nidana	Wish for reward for penance , (in this life or future lives)
Niggardly	Small or inadequate: very small or inadequate in quantity, inadequate
Niksepa	Categories

Word	Meaning
Niksipta	When the food is placed among animate things
Nimantana	Making an offer samachari (code of conduct for sadhus)
Nimitta	When a sadhu takes the role of a fortune teller
Nirveda	Indifference to worldly objects
Niti	Ethics
Nymphs	Any of various semi-divine spirits regarded as maidens and associated with aspects of nature.
Obeisance	1. Bow, curtsy, or other respectful gesture. 2. Homage.
Obstruction	Obstructing or being obstructed.
Ocher	Brownish yellow colour
Ogre	Monster
Omniscience	Knowing everything of infinite past and future of all
Orb	Sphere: a sphere or spherical object
Ospreys	Large bird of prey feeding on fish.
Ostracized	Exclude from society: to banish or exclude somebody from society or from a particular group, either formally or informally
Padapopagamana	As before, but is not allowed to move at all
Padastha	A type of meditation
Padipuccha	Giving notice samachari (code of conduct for sadhus)
Paean	Expression of joy or praise: a written, spoken, or musical expression of enthusiastic praise or rapturous joy
Pakhandin	Heretic , hypocritical
Palanquin	Covered litter for one.
Palyopama	Innumerable years (of time)
Pana	Drink
Pancaparamesthina-maskriya	Homage to the arhats, siddhas, acaryas, upadhyayas, and to all the sadhus in the world.
Panegyrist	Praise: extravagant praise delivered in formal speech or writing
Paramadhami	Meanest of the deity

Word	Meaning
Paramanna	Rice boiled in sweet-milk
Paraphernalia	Items of property given to a wife on her wedding
Paravrtti	Which food has been makes any exchange for monk.
Parigraha	Acquisition
Parisaha	Calamities or troubles
Paroxysm	Sudden outburst of emotion: a sudden and uncontrollable expression of emotion paroxysms of grief
Parsers	Analyzer: somebody or something that analyzes something into its component parts
Partisans	Unreasoning, supporter of a party, cause, etc.
Partridge	Medium-sized game bird: related to pheasants and grouse.
Paryapti	Fullness, being enough
Paryaya	Intermediate from (temporary phase)
Paurusi	The 8th period of a day
Payomuc	The Meghakumaras (gods of rain)
Perception-obscuring	Perceiving: the process of using the senses to acquire information about the surrounding environment or situation the range of human perception - obstructing karma
Perennial	Recurring or enduring: constantly recurring, or lasting for an indefinite time
Pericarp	Seed husk, bur
Perish	Decay
Permanence	Stability , eternal
Persistence	Quality of persisting: the quality of continuing steadily despite problems or difficulties
Personified	A figure of speech
Perspicuously	Clear and comprehensible
Perturbation	Being perturbed: disturbance and trouble, a disturbed and troubled state, or the act of disturbing and troubling somebody or something
Pestilence	Plague, epidemic, disease, virus, bubon-

Word	Meaning
	ic plague, endemic, pandemic
Phlegmatic	Calm, unexcitable.
Pihita	When the food is covered with animate things
Pindastha	A type of meditation
Pitchers	Pot with nozzle
Placenta	Organ in the uterus of pregnant mammals nourishing the fetus through the umbilical cord and expelled after birth.
Porridge	Cereal coked with milk
Prabhavana	A type of gift
Prabhrtika	A food for muni, prepared before arrival of them
Pradaksina	Circumambulation
Praduhkarana	Like a lamp or make a fire for a monk
Prajna	Knowledge, obscure
Prakirnakas (10)	A part of agam , 45 agams The jain cannons
Pramana	Dimensions, organ of knowledge
Pramitya	Which food has been borrowed for muni.
Pramoda	Joy, delight
Pranas	Breath , soul.
Prasuka	Alms fit for monks
Pratiharya	Miraculous phenomenon around tirthankar's
Pratikramana	Repentance for any fault committed
Pratyakhyana	Determination to avoid faults in future, abstinence
Pratyeka	Individual; solitary
Pravachani	One who knows the scriptures
Prayascitta	Repentance of transgressions, confession and penance
Preceptor	Teacher, instructor.
Precipice	A very dangerous situation
Prerogative	Right or privilege exclusive to an individual or class.
Priti	Joy
Procreation	Bring in to the existence by the natural process of reproduction.
Promulgation	Declare something officially; to proc-

Word	Meaning
	laim or declare something officially, especially to publicize formally that a law or decree is in effect
Proneness	Affinity, disposed to something: inclined to do or be affected by something, prone to exaggerate
Propitiatory	Placatory, conciliatory, soothing, conciliatory, calming
Propitious	Favorable and likely to lead to success
Pudgala	Matter
Pugilist	Professional boxer
Purusasinha	A man lion
Putika	A pure food, but impure on account of the first fault
Qualities	Makings, ingredients, fixings, ingredients
Quiescence	Inactive or at rest
Quintessence	Embodiment: the purest or most perfect example of something
Quivered	Tremble: to shake rapidly with small movements
Radhavedha	An archer must hit the left eye of a doll from the moving chakras
Raga	Love
Rajoharan	A whiskbroom of wool as a symbol of utility of monks for compassion of small insects while sitting etc.
Rasa	Choice food
Rasatyaga	Giving up the taste food
Rati	Passion, fervor, desire, rage.
Ratnasaila-	Mountain of jewels
Raudra	A type of meditation, evil
Ravi	Sun
Rddhi	Riches and high position
Recourse	Use of others for assistance:
Refuges	Shelter from pursuit, danger, or trouble.
Remorse	Deep regret for a wrong committed. Compassion,
Requital	Pay something back: to return in kind a kindness or hurt that somebody has done
Resplendent	Brilliant, dazzlingly or gloriously bright.

Word	Meaning
Retaliate	Repay an injury, insult, etc.
Retrograde	Moving backward, inverse
Reverberate	Reflected
Rhetoric	1. Art of effective or persuasive speaking or writing. 2. Language designed to persuade or impress (esp. Seen as overblown and meaningless).
Roga	Illness, diseased
Rucakadvipa	A dvipa which is a circular mountain-range,
Rupa	Beauty
Sadharana	General, infinite soul's in one body
Sadharmika	A coreligionist
Sadhvi	A jain mendicant female
Sagacity	Wisdom or discernment: profound knowledge and understanding, coupled with foresight and good judgment
Sagaropama	10 crores X crores palyopama
Sahasamravana	A garden with thousand mango trees
Saiksaka	A young monk , new one
Samacari	A rule of the group of jain monk (code of conduct)
Samacaturasrasams-thana	A perfectly symmetrical body
Samadhi	Deep meditation in which the meditation loses his identity
Samavartin	Impartial
Samavasarana	Holy assembly of the jina's made by gods
Samhrta	Which food taken from another versed for monk
Samiti	(self-) regulation, carefulness (5 types)
Samlekhana	Rejects all food and water untill death.
Samsara	Temporal or transient world
Samstava , stuti	Praise , eulogy , adulation
Samudghata	Bursting forth; expansion of the soul to the limits of the loka-akasa (7 types)
Samvega	Agitation leading to disenchantment perpetual apprehension of mundane miseries the apprehension of the miseries of the world
Samyag-jnana	Right cognition , Knowledge

Word	Meaning
Samyak darshan	Right philosophy , perception , vision
Samyak sraddha	Right - belief , faith
Samyaktva	Right - belief
Samyama	Control power of restraining, esp. Self-restraint ,means of restraint. , means of regulating.
Sangha	A group of ganas, 4 fold communion.
Sanjvalana	Perfect conduct-prevention
Sanka	Doubt , suspicion
Sankita	When a sadhu takes food about whose purity there is doubt
Sanyojana	When the muni puts together the ingredients for a good meal
Sapta-bhangi	Seven view points to relate a thing
Sarvarthasiddhi	A name of god's abode of residence of highest magnificence
Sarvavirati	Total restraint of a mendicant
Sata	Pleasure
Satiety	State of overindulgence:
Satkara	Kind treatment , Welcome
Saturn	The cruel planet (sani)
Satya	Truthfulness
Sauca	Pureness, cleanness, Piousness
Sayya	Lodging
Scepters	Staff as a symbol of sovereignty.
Sequel	Something following something else: something that happens after something else, especially as a consequence of it
Servitor	Archaic servant, attendant.
Sham	Feign, pretend to be.
Shila	Stone, rock
Shrutkevali	One who knows all the scriptures thoroughly and can explain
Siddha	One who has obtained magic power, liberated-souls like kevalin
Sieve	Meshed utensil
Siksavrata	Vows of spiritual discipline
Sila	Austerity good conduct
Silanga	The 18 thousand permutation and combination's of good conduct
Sita	Cold

Word	Meaning
Sitadhyana (Sukla)	A type of meditation , pure in form
Slander	False and damaging utterance about a person.
Soul inclination	Way of the soul , a disposition or protensity of the soul
Souls	Spirit , Atma , self , living entity
Sovereignty	Supreme authority, independent state: a politically independent state
Splendor	Magnificence, glory, grandeur, brilliance, finery, impressiveness
Srivatsa	It is originally a curl of hair on chest of tirthankars
Sruta	Learning
Srutajnana	Knowledge derived from instruction and reasoning
Sthairya	Firmness in jain doctrine
Sthapana	Which food is reserved for the muni (keeping a side)
Sthavara	Immobile beings, such as plants immobile, with bodies having one sense only
Sthavira	A muni 60 years old , or 20yrs of diksha
Strife	Conflict; struggle.
Subhadhyana	A type of good meditation
Submissive	Obedient, passive, compliant, acquiescent, subservient, docile
Substance	Material, physical, bodily
Sukla	White
Sukra	Venus
Sunrta	The vow of truthfulness (not uttering untruth)
Suppliant	Supplicating person.
Susrusa	Serve
Sustenance	Nourishment, means of support.
Svadhyaya	Study of sacred texts
Svadya	Tasty , delicious, betel, ginger
Swastika	Ancient symbol formed by an equal-armed cross with each arm continued at a right angle.
Swoon	Faint, unconsciousness
Taijasa	Electric body, electric body of mundane souls which always accompanies them, electric

Word	Meaning
Tapasvin	One who practices severe penance
Tirthaseva	Service to the holy places
Tithis	A date of the calendar
Tonsured	A religious ceremony of head shaving
Torana	A decoration on the door of the house or temple etc, garlanded flowers
Traducing	Disparaging things about somebody or something
Tranquillity	Calm , serene , unruffled
Transgressions	1. Action violating law or code: a crime or any act that violates a law, command, or moral code 2. Commission of wrongs: the committing of acts that violate a law, command, or moral code 3. Overstepping limit: an act or the process of overstepping a limit
Trasa	Movable
Triad	Trinity of heaven, earth, and humankind
Trifle	Thing of slight value or importance.
Trnaspars	Injury from thorns
Trusa	Thirst
Truthfulness	Honesty, accuracy, truth, candor, frankness, openness, reliability
Unctuous	To charm or convince
Unwrought	Un refined and shaped
Upadhyaya	Preceptor , who makes learn samachari (code of conduct for sadhus) and scriptures
Upagrahikarma	Ayus, nama, gotra, and vedaniya.
Upangas (12)	A part of agam , 45 agams The jain cannons
Upasama	Suppression of karma
Upasana	Worship , devotion
Upasarga	Calamity, preposition
Upayoga	Applied consciousness ,conscious activity
Usna	Hot
Utpada	Birth, comes into existence, origin; acquisition
Utsarpini	Ascending round, progressive half-cycle
Uttarasanga	Handing the scarf end around mouth.'

Word	Meaning
Uttaravaikriya	Additional body
Uvasampaya	Receiving initiation
Vadha	Injury, killing
Vadin	One who counters debates
Vaiyavrtta	A attendance to the jain monk, service to others
Vamana	Dwarfish body
Vandana	Homage
Vanguard	Front line, front, advance guard
Vanipaka	When he professes to person that the layman favors
Vanspati	Vegetables
Vapi	Stepwell , 8 mangal
Vardhamana (1)	Powder-flask , 8 mangal
Vardhamanaka (2) (jnana)	Its sphere of influence increases greatly
Variegated	Having patches of different colors: marked with or containing patches of different colors
Vartamana yoga	Reply to an invitation, to come for alms by a sadhu.
Vasaksepa	A powder of sandle wood.
Vassals	Follower
Vedya	Feeling
Viaticum	1. Communion given to somebody dying: communion given to somebody who is dying or in danger of dying 2. Provisions for journey: provisions or money for a journey
Vicikitsa	Hate , aversion , compassion
Vidyapinda	When a muni makes a showoff of his learning to acquire food.
Vidyavat	One who has the vidyas, prajnapiti etc.
Vigama	Perish
Vigilance	Watchfulness, caution.
Vijaya	The divisions of videha, victory
Vinaya	Respective, reverence
Vipaka	Out come
Visvakarman	Creator
Vitalities	The ability to sustain life, vital power
Vixen	Spiteful woman.

Word	Meaning
Volunatary	Without force
Vrtteh samksepana	Limitation of food
Vyutsarga	Giving up attachment to the body, etc.-- internal austerity, renunciation of egoistic thoughts
Wane	Show less lighted area: to show a decreasing illuminated surface
Whetstone	Stone for sharpening tool or weapon
Yacana	Begging of alms, clothes, medicines, place to stay etc.
Yatidharma	Monk hood, muni, sadhu ascetic life
Yogapinda	When a muni teaches people spells, tricks for food
Yojana	A distance of the eight miles, approximately or 3200 miles, some where it is 8 miles
Zealously	Energeticly , delightfully

B.

REFERENCE FOOTNOTE KEYWORDE

The "Footnote" form part 1-2-3 that occur frequently in the original matter are given in here with '*' mark.

Footnote Keyword

Key Word	Footnote no.	Part no.
Abhigraha	81	1
Abhinaya	161	1
Acamamla	220	1
Acamamla Vardhamana-Tapa	166	1
Acara (5)	317	3
Ahamindras	25	1
Akarmabhumis	396	1
Amavasya	230	1
Antarangari	4	1
Anubandha	42	1
Apramattasamyata	366	1
Arta	7	1
Arts of men (74)	524	1
Arts of women (64)	525	1
Asastropahatam	17	1
Aspects (niksepa)	1	1
Astangatyoga	480	1
Astaprakaripooja	484	1
Astikaya	299	3
Atisaya	322	3
Aupasamika-Jnana	177	1
Auspicious (8)	121	1
Auspicious of human body	121	1
Auspicious signs in holy person	121	1
Avadhi-Jnana	171	1
Avagraha	264	1
Avagraha	291	1
Avasyaka	95	1
Avasyaka	329	3
Ayurveda	75	1
Badaras	28	1
Bandhana	290	3
Bharanda	249	1

Key Word	Footnote no.	Part no.
Bhavana	46	1
Bhaya (fear)	301	3
Bodies	123	1
Brahmaguputi	303	3
Buddhis	401	3
Chakra	287	3
Classes of Karma	82	1
Collyrium	257	1
Congregation	6	1
Darsanacara	309	3
Darshan	40	1
Darshana	93	1
Darshana	97	1
Death	99	1
Dharma	7	1
Dharma	296	3
Dharmadvara	281	2
Dhatu	61	1
Dhyana	277	1
Ekatvasrutavicara	372	1
Elephant	101	1
Emotion (Bhava)	106	2
Eternal statues	276	1
Faults of alms	16	1
Faults of god	412	3
Food	56	1
Gati	54	1
Gaurava	291	3
Ghatikarma	345	3
Grahanasiksa and Asevanasiksa	149	2
Grain (dhanya)	318	1
Gramatraya	65	1
Guilds	215	1
Gupti	33	1
Homage to the five	400	3
Horse	209	1
Human life	288	1
Indradhvaja	122	1
Internal enemies	409	3

Key Word	Footnote no.	Part no.
Janghacarana and Vidyacarana	89	1
Jatimada/Kulamada	281	3
Jnanacara	308	3
Kaivalya	189	2
Kalyanakas	320	2
Karanas	174	2
Karmabhumi	416	2
Kasayas	111	2
Kayotsarga	19	3
Khetra 7	335	3
Kos	167	3
Krodhagara	7	2
Ksamayitva	55	2
Kunkuma	271	2
Lamps	275	2
Mada	302	1
Mahavrtta	275	1
Manahparyaya-Jnana`	172	1
Mandalas	226	1
Mati Jnana	169	1
Measure	7	1
Meditation	7	1
Mouth-cloth	290	1
Multyfacet doctrine	3	1
Musical Instruments	63	1
Nantvasrutavicara	368	1
Nidana	298	2
Nine categories	26	1
Obstacles	193	2
Ordeals ten	317	2
Padmasana	272	1
Palya, or palyopama	43	1
Pancaparamesthinamaskriya	57	1
Paramadhami	47	1
Paramanna	360	1
Parisaha (22)	307	1
Planet	108	1
Postures	289	1
Pramada	517	1

Key Word	Footnote no.	Part no.
Pramana	392	1
Pranas	28	1
Pratiharya	388	3
Purva	98	1
Purvas (14)	127	1
Rajlok	112	1
Rajoharan	300	1
Raudra	7	1
Refuge (4)	1	2
Sagaropama	580	1
Sagitagitam uccaiscaturvidham	512	1
Sakrastava	127	1
Salya	292	3
Samacari (10)	95	1
Samdhi	556	1
Samhanana	105	1
Samiti	33	1
Samsthana	104	1
Samyam	36	1
Sanjna	294	3
Seven fields	97	2
Shrutkevali	24	1
Sikavratas	318	1
Silanga	34	1
Skandh (matter)	89	2
Soul-colour	426	1
Span of Karma	173	1
Srivatsa	130	1
Strategies of war	8	2
Sukla	7	1
Suksmasamparaya	213	1
Svayamvara	213	1
Tapas	305	3
Three-Phrases (Origination, perishing, permanence)	General note	All part
Tirthakrllinga	162	2
Transgression	251	3
Trees of paradise	505	1

Key Word	Footnote no.	Part no.
Triguṇti	273	3
Trikarana	311	3
Upagrahikarma	482	1
Upasarga	297	3
Upayoga	64	1
Uttaraguna	18	1
Vaiyavṛtta	96	1
Vanaspati	503	1
Vartamana Yoga	23	1
Vasaksepa	191	3
Vibhava	166	3
View point's of a thing	190	3
Vikatha	295	3
Vimana	111	1
Vinaya fourfold	489	1
Weapons (Sastra)	61	1
Wonders	384	3
Yatidharma	304	3

C.

SYNONYM

The Sanskrit words used as synonym of a word is listed with its meanings are marked 'S' in matter.

Sanskrit-Name	Meaning
Abhayada	Tirthankar
Adhisvarah	Tirthankar
Aditya	Sun
Amrta	Liberated
Ananga	Love
Anekantavadi	Tirthankar
Angara	Muni
Apath	Tirthankar
Apunarbhava	Liberated
Arhan	Tirthankar
Arun	Sun
Asvah	Horse
Bala	Balabhadra
Balabhadra	Balabhadra
Baladeva	Balabhadra
Bhagirathi	Ganga(River)
Bhanu	Sun
Bhapti	Moon
Bhaskara	Sun
Bhiksu	Muni
Bhismasu	Ganga(River)
Bhupa	King
Bhupala	King
Camabhrt	King
Candra	Moon
Damodara	Aradhacakri
Darpaka	Love
Devadhideva	Tirthankar
Dinakara	Sun
Divakara	Sun
Dvipa	Elephant
Gajaha	Elephant
Ganga	Ganga(River)
Garudadka	Aradhacakri
Govinda	Aradhacakri
Haimavati	Ganga(River)

Sanskrit-Name	Meaning
Hali	Balabhadra
Hari	Lord of God
Hari	Aradhacakri
Harsekhara.	Ganga(River)
Hastin	Elephant
Hayah	Horse
Ibhah	Elephant
Indra	Lord of God
Jahnavi	Ganga(River)
Janardana	Aradhacakri
Jina	Tirthankar
Jinesvara	Tirthankar
Jisnu	Aradhacakri
Kaivalya	Liberated
Kama	Love
Kari	Elephant
Kaumodaki	Conch
Kausika	Lord of God
Kevali	Tirthankar
Khapaga	Ganga(River)
Krsna	Aradhacakri
Ksantiman	Muni
Ksinastakarma	Tirthankar
Kumarasu	Ganga(River)
Kumudanipati	Moon
Kunjarah	Elephant
Madana	Love
Madhava	Aradhacakri
Mahamadah	Elephant
Mahanandana	Liberated
Mahiksit	King
Mahodara	Liberated
Mandakini	Ganga(River)
Manmatha	Love
Mara	Love
Matadjaja	Elephant

Sanskrit-Name	Meaning
Megvana	Lord of God
Moksha	Liberated
Mrgalajchanah	Moon
Mukti	Liberated
Muni	Muni
Musali	Balabhadra
Nagah	Elephant
Nandaka	Conch
Nihsreyasam	Liberated
Nirgrantha	Muni
Nirvana	Liberated
Nrpah	King
Pancajanya	Conch
Parajata	Tirthankar
Paramesthi	Tirthankar
Parthiva	King
Pitamabara	Aradhacakri
Prabhakara	Sun
Purandar	Lord of God
Purusottamah	Tirthankar
Raja	King
Rama	Balabhadra
Ravi	Sun
Rsi	Muni
Rsikulya	Ganga(River)
Sacipati	Lord of God
Sadhu	Muni
Sahasranayana	Lord of God
Sahasransu	Sun
Sakra	Lord of God
Samana	Muni
Sardi	Aradhacakri
Sarngam	Conch
Sarvabhauma	Cakravarti
Sarvadarsi	Tirthankar
Sarvadhukhak-sayah	Liberated
Abhayada	Tirthankar
Sasadharah	Moon
Satakratuh	Lord of God

Sanskrit-Name	Meaning
Siddhapaga	Ganga(River)
Sindhurah	Elephant
Sitamsul	Moon
Siva	Liberated
Smara	Love
Somah	Moon
Sreya	Liberated
Sridhara	Aradhacakri
Sridvara	Ganga(River)
Srivatsa	Conch
Sudarsana.	Conch
Sudhamsul	Moon
Surya	Sun
Svarapaga	Ganga(River)
Svargyapaga	Ganga(River)
Svarvapi	Ganga(River)
Syadvadi	Tirthankar
Tarani	Sun
Tridasadirghika	Ganga(River)
Trikalavid	Tirthankar
Trimargaga	Ganga(River)
Tripathaga	Ganga(River)
Trisrotah	Ganga(River)
Trivikrama	Aradhacakri
Turadgah	Horse
Turagah	Horse
Vaikuntha	Aradhacakri
Vaji	Horse
Vajri	Lord of God
Vasava	Lord of God
Vasudeva	Aradhacakri
Vibhakara	Sun
Visnu	Aradhacakri
Visnupadi	Ganga(River)
Vitaraga	Tirthankar
Yati	Muni
Yogi	Muni
Siddhi	Liberated

D. BOTANICAL NAMES 'B'

The names of tree, herbs, shrubs, flower's etc used in book are listed below with its special features and characteristics's

Sanskrit Name	Botanical Name	Details
Aamra	Mango	Cultivated in many tropical regions and distributed widely in the world, mango is one of the most extensively exploited fruits for food, juice, flavor, fragrance and color, making it a common ingredient in new functional foods often called superfruits. Its leaves are ritually used as floral decorations at weddings and religious ceremonies.
Acacia	Robinia Pseudo	Woody, single. A tree to +15m tall. Bark tan to light grayish. Paired spines present on younger branches. New seasons growth angled, sparsely pubescent.
Agnibhasa	Cephalandra Indica	Its fruit is scarlet when ripe, and is commonly used as a synonym for unsurpassable redness.
Arjaka	Ocimum gratissimum	Its blossoms grow in clusters, the flowers in a cluster number from 3 to 8, and the clusters on a branch from 6 to-10
Arka	Calotropis gigantean	The swallow-wort. Its most common vernacular names are ak, akanda, madar, and mi. Its fluff, arkatula, is an illustration of something easily blown about.
Artemisia	Vulgaris	Or wormwood, supposed to be an antidote for snake-bite
Asanamal- lika Vasanti	Aganosma dichotoma	Divided or forked in pairs
Ashoka	Saraca indica	A tree with beautiful red blossoms which are very fragrant at night. It is said to blossom from a woman's kick

Sanskrit Name	Botanical Name	Details
Atmaltas	Palm	There are roughly 202 currently known genera with around 2600 species, most of which are restricted totropical, subtropical, and possibly warm temperate climates. Most palms are distinguished by their large, compound, evergreenleaves arranged at the top of an unbranched stem.
Bakula	Mimusops elengi	The bark is astringent, tonic and febrifuge. Useful in discharges from the mucous membranes of the bladder and urethra. Also useful in fevers and as a general tonic. Also increases fertility in women.
Bilwa	Terminalia bellerica	The leaves of the Terminalia grow in bunches at the ends of the branches, so it gives little shade.
Campaka	Michelia	Michelia is a genus of flowering plants belonging to the Magnoliafamily (Magnoliaceae). The genus includes about 50 species ofevergreen trees and shrubs, native to tropical and subtropical southand southeast Asia (Indomalaya), including southern China.
Citron	Oeilnlen	A plant causing great irritation
Durva-grass	Cynodon dactylon	The vernacular dub. It is frequently grown over sacred places. It is also an important fodder-grass.
Enasal	Cardamon	The name cardamom (or cardamon) is used for herbs within two genera of the ginger family. Zingiberaceae, namely Elettaria andAmomum. Both varieties take the form of a small seedpod, triangular in cross-section and spindle-shaped, with a thin papery outer shell and small black seeds. Elettaria pods are light green in color, while Amomum pods are larger and dark brown.
Gosirsa	Sandal	A brass-colored, very fragrant sandal.

Sanskrit Name	Botanical Name	Details
Jambu	Eugenia Jarnbns	Is probably the Eugenia Jarnbns, (not E Jambolana). The fruit of E-Jambos is very delicate. It is ready to eat just before the heavy rains and is easily damaged by rain and. hail.
Jasmine	Jasminum grand Florum – Zambac	Two kinds of Jasmine, Jasminum grandiflorum and Jasminum Zambac.
Jujube	Zizpphus mauritianol	Fruit of the Jujube is yellow when ripe.
Kadamba - Vitanah	Mitragyna Parvifolia	Kaim, female kadamba, water kadamba
Kamal	Lotus	Many type of Louts red, white, yellow etc.
Kanchani	Safflower	Carthamus tinctorius, yields both yellow and red dye, red being much more valuble
Kandali	blossoms suddenly	Blooms in winter.
Kappor	Cinnamon	Is a small evergreen tree 1015 metres (32.849.2 feet) tall, belonging to the family Lauraceae, and is native to India, Sri Lanka, Bangladesh, and Nepal
Kaunch	Mucuna pruriens	A plant causing great irritation.
Kesar	Saffron, Crocus sativus	It is a shrub. Leaves are seen towards the base of the stem and are compactly arranged, flowers - either 2 to 3 flowers are in a bunch or one solitary flower is found besides each leaf, flowers are violet in colour. On every flower, there are 3 yellow coloured stamens.
Ketaki	Pandanus – odoratissimus	the screw pine. It forms dense, impenetrable thickets
Kimpaka	Tricosanthes	Has a very good taste, but is fatal
Krsneksu	Sugar cane	Is a genus of 6 to 37 species (depending on taxonomic interpretation) of tall perennialgrasses (family Poaceae, tribe Andropogoneae), native to warm

Sanskrit Name	Botanical Name	Details
		temperate to tropical regions of the Old World. They have stout, jointed, fibrous stalks that are rich in sugar and measure 2 to 6 meters tall. All of the sugar cane species interbreed, and the major commercial cultivars are complex hybrids.
Kunda	Jasminum Pubescens	Blooms in winter.
Kurubaka	Ubarleria	Watt considers it to be Lawsonia alba, the henna plant. The kurubaka is said to bloom from a woman's embrace
Kusa Darbha	Poa Cynosuroides	the same as darbha, a grass used in sacrificial ceremonies. Its leaf has a very sharp point. It is considered very undesirable in cultivated ground
Lavali	Annona reticulata	Bull's-heart, bullock's-heart, custard apple, Jamaica apple, netted custard apple, nettled anón, ox-heart
Mahua	Madhuca longifolia	Leaf buds of the Mahua tree (Madhuca longifolia, family Sapotaceae). The berries are about a centimeter in size, light yellow and are distilled to make a liquor called mahua. The tree is found throughout the Indian subcontinent.
Mainphala	Meyna laxiflora Randia dumetorum	A small apple-like fruit, is tied to the wrist of the bride and groom in Gujarati weddings.
Mandra	Erythrina Stricta	Indian coral tree, tiger claw
Mari	Pepper	Pepper is a flowering vine in the family Piperaceae, cultivated for its fruit, which is usually dried and used as a spice and seasoning. In dried form, the fruit is often referred to as peppercorns. Peppercorns, and the powdered pepper derived from grinding them, may be described as black pepper, white pepper, red/pink pepper, and green pepper, though the terms pink peppercorns, red pepper,

Sanskrit Name	Botanical Name	Details
		and green pepper are also used to describe the fruits of other, unrelated plants.
Panasa	Jasckfruti	The bread fruit has a spiny rind. both the tree and fruit are very large.
Parijat	Nyctanthes Arbor Tristis	Is a species of Nyctanthes, native to southern Asia, from northern Pakistan and Nepal south through northern India and southeast to Thailand with fragrant Flowers.
Patola	Trichosanthes	Which has a very disagreeable taste.
Pippal	Cucculus melanoleucus	Is one of the trees most frequented by the lac-insect
Priyala	Buchanania	Trees, or shrubs; evergreen, or deciduous; laticiferous, or non-laticiferous and without coloured juice; resinous.
Priyangu	Aglaia odorata	Aglaia Roxburgh-iana, Red coloured Flowering Plant.
Punnaga	Calophyllum inophyllum	A large tree of the Coromandel coast with beautiful white fragrant blossoms and numerous stamens arranged in rows.
Sagin-Banana	Musa xparidasiaca	Banana is the common name for a fruit and also the herbaceous plants of the genus Musa which produce this commonly eaten fruit. They are native to the tropical region of Southeast Asia
Sala	Shorea robusta	Ordinarily covered with a thick growth of creepers, to which reference is often made
Saptala	Acacia concinna	The pods are externally detergent and astringent and are used as a cleanser for washing hair and as a hair tonic, and forms a rich, natural lather., The Acacias are prickly climbing shrubs used in hedges to protect fields.
Saptaparini	Alstonia scholaris	Alstonia (devil tree) consists of about 40-60 species (according to different authors), native to tropical and

Sanskrit Name	Botanical Name	Details
		subtropical Africa, Central America, southeast Asia, Polynesia and Australia, with most species in the Malesian region.
Seemul	Bombax Malabaricuin	The silk-cotton tree, is very thorny.
Sephalika	Nyctanthes	The Nyctanthes arbor tristis, the night-flowering jasmine.
Sesame		The sesame has very abundant oil
Sinduvara	Vitex negundo	The leaves possess discutient properties and are applied to rheumatic swellings of the joints and in sprains. It can be applied locally in rheumatic arthritis and sprains.
Sirisa	Albizzia Lebbek	Sirisa wood is extremely hard. Its petals are a symbol of softness and delicacy
Tamalas	Garcinia xanthochymus	Is a plant genus of the family Clusiaceae native to Asia, Australia, tropical and southern Africa, and Polynesia. The genus, with between 50-300 species of evergreen trees, flowering plants and shrubs, is dioecious and several of its elements are apomictic and jayneioumitic.
Tribulus	Lanuginosus	Whose fruit is armed with 3 spikes.
Tribulus	Ido kron	Tribulus is also a derivative Roman era (Latin language) name for the weapon known in English today as the Caltrop[1], which bears strong resemblances with the plant today named Latin: Tribulus terrestris or puncture vine.
Vedika	Castor-oil Pant	The raised seat made around large trees, particularly in villages. Even the castor-bean plant is used for this purpose in the absence of real trees.
Venu	Bamboo	Bamboo is the fastest growing woody plant in the world. but is highly dependent on local soil and climate conditions.

E.

Measurements of Time

Asankhyata Smaya	⇒ 1 Avali	Uncountable period	⇒ 1 Tradition
Sankhyata Avali	1 Ucchvasa	Countable tradition	1 Expiration
Sankhyata Avali	1 Nihsvasa	Countable tradition	1 Exhalation
1 Ucchvasa Nihsvasa	1 prana	1 Expiration Exhalation.	1 Breath
7 Prana	1 Stoka,	7 Breath	1 Stok.
7 Stoka	1 Lava,	7 Stok .	1 Lav
77 Lava	1 Muhurta,	77 Lav	1 Period of 48 minutes
		24 minutes	1 ghadi
		2 ghadi	1 murhut
1 Muhurta	77x49=3773	Ucchvasa	1 Period of 48 minutes
30 Muhurta	77x49=3773	Expiration	
15 Ahorarta	1 Ahoratra	77 Period of 48 minutes	1 Day and night
2 Paksa	1 Paksa	15 Day and night	1 Fortnight
2 Masa	1 Masa	2 Fortnight	1 Month
3 Rtu	1 Rtu	1 Month	1 Seasons
2 Ayana	1 Ayana	3 Seasons	1 Solstice
5 Samvatsara	1 Samvatsara	2 Solstice	1 Year
20 Yuga	1 Yuga	5 Year	1 Yuga
10 Varsasata	1 Varsasata	20 Yuga	1 Century
	1 Varsasahasra	10 Century	1 Period of thousand years.
100 Varsasahasra	1 Varsasatasahasra	100 Period of thousand years	1 Period of lac years
83 Varsasatasahasra	1 Purvanga	83 Period of lakh years	1 Purvanga
84 Purvanga	1 Purva	84 Purvanga	1 Purva
		70, 56,000 cr years	1 purva
		innumerable years	1 palyoppam
		10* 1,00,00,000 ²	1 sagaroppam
		palyoppam	
		10* 1,00,00,000 ²	1 utsrapinni
		palyoppam	(half cyc
		20* 1,00,00,000 ²	1 kalchakra
			Sagroppam

One of the many gifts of absorbing this amazing text is its mind stretching quality reflecting the Tirthankara's wisdom by using irony and paradox. If you think being forceful is the appropriate response - Lord Rushabdev will urge you to see the value in being humble. If action seems called for, Lord Mahavira asks you to consider non action. If you feel grasping will help you acquire what you need or want Vasupujya swami counsels you to let go and be patient. Only 'your karma' is the supreme reality - an all pervasive source of everything. Karma never begins or ends, does nothing and yet animates everything on the this planet Earth of form and boundaries. Moksha is attained by those who practice unceasingly the brilliant trait of knowledge, faith and conduct.



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