

Ramachari: Brahmin Village Headman

February 21, 1963

Ramachari's relatives live both nearby and at the Mysore border near Anantapur. His ancestors moved here several generations back--he doesn't know when. They maintain ties to the Anantapur area. They go there once or twice a year to visit.

When Ramachari was arranging his marriage, he decided that if he married near-by then there would be a greater chance of fights with his in-laws, so he decided to marry further away. There he is always welcome, being further away, and not getting involved in local disputes.

He had three sons by his first wife, one of whom died recently. The others are studying. When his first wife died, he remarried, taking his first wife's sister's daughter.

Christianity in Amrabad

M.N. Jeevaratham was born at Gurdipalli, Deverakonda district, about 1912. His grandparents became Christians through the preaching of Jacob from Nalgonda. Two of Jeevaratham's uncles were preachers His father was a farmer and coolie.

Jeevarathanam studied at the Deverakonda mission school through the 3rd form. He then taught there for four years. In 1932 he married a woman from Tirmulapuram who was a student at the school. She also became a teacher.

John Voth put Jeevarathnam in the villages during the summer to teach and do evangelism. John Wiebe sent him to Shamshabad for a year's study under Lohrenz. He then became a preacher and went to Amrabad in 1936. He started a school in his house and witnessed to his fellow caste people. The work began in the hamlet and grew. Now about fifty families in the hamlet of Chintalonpalli are Christians, all but two live in that hamlet.

Jeevaratham works through relatives of believers. He has started a work in Munnatur with eight families, and in Padra with six. Termulapuram has Eliah and six families.

He has ten children. The oldest, Ruthamma, is at home. David and Suvarna are at Mahbubnagar, Esther at Nagerkurnool. Sharamm, Ruth and David are at home. Israel is a compounder at Jadcherla. Marohamma is married and in government service. Padmamma is in basic training.

A Translation from Telugu to English

Translated by: Etala David Solomon

SATYA HARISHCHANDRA

Mashoorabada-Yakshaganam, Secunderabad: 1974

By: Chervirala Bhagaiah Kavi(Total pages 49)

Pages1-26.

“Kan” Lover of Gauri. Ornament of Naga Clan,
Primordial leader, O Shiva
I will bow before you, O Citizen of Mashurabad.

“Kan” O, Master of all toil,
I will greatly praise you within myself
Succeed me in my composition.

“Kan” O mother god, Alineelaveni- queen Padmaja
You are carried on peoples’ shoulders
I pay you my obeisance, O daughter of mount,
Be my inspiration.

“Kan” I will not miss to bless my parents,
teachers, ancient writers, and modern poets.

Comment: This is the program on the drama, Satya Harishchandra

“Kan” Though I have neither seen grammar books nor been a student of grammar
I have determination to compose this work trusting Shiva, the savior of all.

Rambha and Urvashi enter:

“Kan” Love of Lord, three-eyed person, lover of Parvati
resident of blue mount, I will praise you fully in myself.

The tone of the play:

We Rambha and Urvashi, have come to entertain the court. We dance (Bharata natyam). We divert the minds of hermits. We have arrived to worship the poison swallowing god, the citizen of Mashurabad.

“Ch.Kan” You ladies of smooth bodies. Whence have you come? Tell the purpose of your visit to the audience. We will with joy tell to the people on earth with cymbrels and drums. We will sing praises to appease the Shiva of Mashurabad.

Rambha and Urvashi-Duet

We will begin with our story. Listen attentively! We are people of the sky. I am Rambha and she is Urvashi. We dance to serve the court of god. We play with gods (devathalu) and taste the heavenly drink. We praise the god who came to live in Mashurabad.

Tone of the play:

We are unique women. In beauty we are incomparable, often we dance in god’s court. The beauty of our body goes beyond the color of Gold. Our eyes are wide as a top. We adore Shankar, the god of Mashurabad.

Comment:

Having uttered these words, the heavenly (gandharva) women left as Mathali the prime minister enters the scene.

Prime Minister: Very good but who composed this play?

Commentator: Poet Chervirala Bhagaiah

P.M: Ok, king Devaki’s chariot is coming, let me make arrangements. Be silent!

Com: you noble man let me hear your good name.

P.M: Good, listen.

Prime minister’s profile:

I am Mathali, a righteous one. I have punished the sinful with my might. I am well built. I am known all over. I am honored. Am courageous and wise. I worship the god of Mashurabad. All men praise me as the prime minister of Suranadh. I have come to enjoy the drama..

Devendrudu- Entry:

O clear voice, a sure killer of all ignorance, you who have serpent as ornament. The lord of divinities has come on a white elephant. His fame is spread to ten corners of the earth. Heavenly beings declare him. The musical bands have been beaten. The female divinities welcome him with all the glory. The one who defeated the wicked, enters Mashurabad victoriously as eight rulers of earth bless him. I bless him with folded hands.

“Kan”: Lord, who are you, you are great and your glory and your fame is not ordinary. Please come as we serve you.

Curtain opens:

I am Indra, known as Devendra. I am a mine of character. Round faced and mighty one. Courageous and victor. Praised by many. Have come to this play with expectation. I worship Shiva, the blue-necked god.

“Indra.”: Listen, I tell the story of Dwarakanadha. I rule the heavenly world forever. Shachi my wife is praised by divinities. Our son Jayanth is beautiful. Brihaspati is our teacher. I am ferocious warrior. Many call me learned chef. I rule 33 crore divinities.

Tune-Adi:

You ruler of the world, mighty warrior, and doer of good, welcome. You bring peace to the earth by killing the wicked, come. You head of the divinities, bright as hundred million suns, bringer of order to the world, you ruler of the heavenly realm, welcome. Doer of good deeds, husband of Shachi, disciple of Brihaspathy (god of learning) and son of Parvati, come. I will think of Shankar the God of Mashurabad. I will pray for a blessing with gifts.

Devendra's entry into the auditorium:

Let us assemble that the audience may enjoy, as Rambha and Urvashi dance. The scholars and the singers may bless the viewers with joy. Let us worship Shiva, as the sound of the drums echo the four corners of the land. Let us remember to prostrate before the god who chose Mashurabad as his abode. (Indra takes a seat as the audience praise him).

The entry of Monks:

We sages have arrived. We are broad-minded. We bless those who truly seek god. We are teachers of Vedas (Holy Scriptures). We are philosophers. We are enemyless and we befriend the righteous. We stand by those who walk after truth. We have overcome sensualities. We bless Shiva, the one who has snake as his garland.

Introducer: O noble sages, please let the audience hear your names.

Word of Vashista:

I have practiced eight ways of knowing god with determination. I am son of Shrasta. I am well-wisher of all.

Word of Viswamitra:

I am son of Gadhi. I am a great sage and kindhearted. I am the best among the monks. People address me as Viswamitra.

Word of Brihaspathy:

I teach gods and god of gods. I am well versed in all scriptures, lover of deeper divine truths. People call me Brihaspathy.

Word of Narada:

“Kan” I am son of Sarasagarbha. I commute between three worlds with ease. I have come with expectation. I adore Narayana, the creator. I am Narada.

Comment: Devendra reveres all the monks and points them to their appointed seats only to inquire in return:

Debate between Indra and Vashista:

Monks, I propose a question, answer it.

Vashista: Please word the question that is in your mind, we will answer.

Indra: You visit all three worlds, who is the king on earth who does not lie but keeps his words?

Vashista: Harishchandra, the king of Ayodhya, the righteous king, keeps his words.

Indra: Is he that great? I have neither known nor heard about such a human being.

Vashista: Be it confirmed. Harishchandra is the son of Trishanka. He is from the family of Pankajamitra, a mighty king.

Indra: I am pleased to know about such a true story. The god of Mashurabad is my witness.

Comment: At the mention of this, Viswamitra rose to his feet in anger and said.

Viswamitra: You principleless man, how can you utter such a false story, that too in the presence of divinities and the chief god?

Vashista: Truth have I spoken, but what can I do, your mind does not let you hear truth. Instigating fight is your nature, enough, enough.

Dispute- tune

Viswamitra: You mean Vashista; you are out of your mind and are barking. You have exalted a human king in the Assembly of god, do I not know that king?

Vashista: You merciless man, can you not stop rationalization of matters. Why do you find fault with Harishchandra, the man of character.

Viswamitra: King bribed you, and he is your disciple, that is why you exalt such an unknown person. What else can you say than he is good. It is better to shut your mouth you low caste fellow.

Vashista: Why do you bark worthless words in the presence of god. Though mountains fade away and seas dry out the king will never lie.

Viswamitra: I will defeat the king. This is my vow. God of Mashurabad is my witness. Indra has heard my vow.

Comment by Viswamitra:

Vashista listen, I pledge that I will see that Harishchandra will continue to say lies. I will show that you defend Harishchandra since he is your among your disciples. I will reveal your falsehood.

Comment by Vashista:

You mean minded, no body in this world can make Harishchandra lie. What are you before me? Why do you challenge me? You do not consider that you will be deceived.

Comment by Viswamitra:

In the midst of the hermits and the divinities you have exalted the name of that ruler, you mediocre. May be your are either drunk, or forgot to be wise, you unrighteous man. I will make the king lie in public, this I vow today.

Comment by Vashista:

I vow before the head of gods, in case you succeed in making the king say lie, and in the event my people deplore me , I will renounce my ascetic life. what will you do if you fail, declare it now O Viswamitra.

Viswamitra: By hook or crook I will make him lie. If I fail, I will coronate Harishchandra as Indra. Let no man doubt that. I am committed to do this, and the band of monks will applaud this.

Comment:

Devendra, interrupts in between and says,

Indra: Why do you debate so harshly? Take it easy. It is sun set now. I will adjourn the assembly for today. Ponder on my good rule in this world.

Comment: Being dismissed, the ascetics headed towards their hermitages.

Entry of Chandramati:

“Kan” Lord, the master of Kashi, merciful to all creatures.
Defeater of the devil Pakasura, I worship you in my heart.

Play –tune:

O, resident of Kashi city, god of charisma and lord of my heart. You who travel on an ox and wear serpent as ornament, O you who ate destructive poison to save the gods, redeemer from wickedness, gracious one, three eyed and victor over death, savior of good people and of the world, you native of bright Mashurabad temple, you lord of the weak, hear my petition.

Chandramati: “Kan” You have entered the auditorium praising the husband of the daughter of the Mountain, your handmaidens have accompanied you. Help us know who are you, that the men may enjoy.

Chandramati: As you wish I will tell my story and the audience will applaud.

Screen opened- Tune – Tripura:

I am Chandramati. I am committed to serve my husband all ways. I am his darling. I have arrived on an elephant, as my maidens adore me. I am woman of character and repute, I long to hear the epics of the black throat god of Mashurabad.

Duet

Hear my entire story. It is my joy to say it. I am native of the city of Ayodhya.. Ayodhya is full of fortresses, towers, tall mansions, and lively gardens with lilies, jasmynes, and lakes everywhere. You would witness chariots with elephants and soldiers of valor and alert civilians. You would find Vedic teachers and epics and many monks and men of tranquility around. One can see well-known fighter castes and rich who can even lend money to Kubera the richest person. You can find servants who are committed to the task
This city is ruled by king of the earth, the mighty one, the man of truth, Harishchandra the master of earth. He does justice always, he is my husband.(for all this) I will praise the god of Mashurabad.

Tune-Adi

You good mind hear. I am Chandramati. I serve my man only, hence a righteous woman. I am of fame. I have arrived here with my servants. Lohitasya is our son. Can one grasp our greatness? We are of the Sun family. I willingly worship the god of Mashurabad.

Comment: Chandramati leaves the audience having said the above. Harishchandra (the king) arrives.

“Kan” You, who live in heavenlies, ruler of the universe, I prostrate. Rule me lord.

Tune- Ata

King of kings, the best of kings has arrived. The ruler of forests has come amidst all the kingly glory. He is son of sun clan, lover of wisdom, soft spoken, has come. Wise ministers, alert army, and prophesying priests accompany him. He enters the scene as the dancers dance. He is courageous, and just man. His band has followed him. He worships the god who lives in Mashurabad.

Commenter: You remind us the bright sun and the beauty of humans, who are you, help us know.

Screen opens:

I am emperor Harishchandra; I have good background. I defeat the prideful. I am well built. I rule in Ayodhya. I worship the god of Mashurabad.

Duet:

Listen, I will tell the history of king Dwaraka.. I am from Ayodhya.. It is delighted like the city of Devendra. It is built in a radius of 200 miles. From all angels it is bright. We have learned Brahmins who are teachers of Vedas. Our men of valor can even fight with an elephant. Civilized people, committed servants, I rule with distinction. People on earth call me Harishchandra, the truth teller. Chandramati is my queen. She is a woman of beauty and saintliness. Lohitasya, our son is charming and admired. I worship the lord of universe.

Tune-adi

I am born in the clan of Sun. I do good works. I am Harishchandra. I am a man of courage and valor. I am compassionate and known allover. I speak nothing but truth. I am very wealthy. I make wise decisions on daily routines, I am king of the earth. I have wounded crores of enemies. I am son of Trishanka. I am likened to the mount of Meru. I love people of my court. I worship the creator who has made Mashurabad his abode. I have come to chair the assembly as my colleagues amuse.

Harishchandra summons the assembly:

Minister, let us call for the meeting, now. Let the court people occupy their respective seats. As the scholars, poets, singers and dancers, princes and others praise the king. Let the dancers dance and victory bands sound every now and then, while the enemy hearts melt. The hearts citizen's amuse. The king seats on his throne after he worships the god of the city.

Comment: Ordering his assembly, the king says to Keerthi Sekhar thus:

Hari: Is every citizen safe in city, Keerthi Sekhar?

Min: All the people are safe by your kindness.

King: Do the soldiers guard people from robbers and rowdies?

Min: The soldiers follow your order very intently, O King.

King: Do the kings under my thumb pay tributes regularly, Keerthi Sekhar?

Min: In obedience to your orders, all the princes paid their dues.

King: The god of Mashurabad protects us.

Comment: As the king said these things Viswamitra the sage enters the court. Harishchandra goes to respect the sage and asks the sage thus:

Haris: I bow before you O son of Gadhi, the compassionate as a sea, the peaceful one, I salute you.

Viswa: Let your name be spread, O king. I wish you well.

Debate-tune:

King: Your coming has fulfilled my desire, O sage of sages.

Viswa: I have come with a great purpose O King; I will let you know that.

King: Whatever you ask I will provide, I will not lie, O sage of sages.

Viswa: I have desired to fulfill a task; hence I have come as a guest to you.

King: What do you need, please mention, I will provide it immediately, O sage of sages.

Viswa: I am in need of money O king, I am confident of your alms.

King: Take as much money as you want, so that the god of Mashurabad may be happy.

Comment: Viswamitra says:

Gift me a measure of money that of a man sitting on an elephant and throwing a pearl to the sky, O king.

Comment: Harishchandra replies

“Kan” For this you need not have troubled your self to come all the way, O sage. You should have just sent sent a word through your disciple.

Debate-tune:

Haris: I will gift as much as you have asked O sage, take now.

Viswa: Great, I have appreciated your respect to the sages; I have not found a king like you on the earth.

Haris: You great sage, you need not exalt me, take to satisfy your need.

Viswa: When I am need I will come and take, do not lie, O king.

Haris: I consider not keeping the word as a great sin. Even in your dream do not think I will go back on my word.

Viswa: the god of Mashurabad bless you O compassionate king.

Comment: Leaving the court Viswamitra creates illusory animals and sends them to destroy the crops of the kingdom. The farmers were not able to tackle the wild beasts, and they come to report to the king.

Come Ramreddy, Ranga Reddy, let us go right away to our king. The troubles from these wild animals have increased. The harvest and grass are licked away. The Jawar crop is eaten by the wild pigs. We have not known a drought such as this. Chenna Reddy, Foxes and wolves have increased our struggles, I have not seen this all my life, O Yenki Reddy. I feel very sad as I look at the crop. Maze crop is licked away by the insects. We will plead with the king to hunt down these animals with the grace of the god of Mashurabad.

Comment: the farmers arrive and fall on the feet of Harishchandra and say:

Dialog between the king and the farmers, tune-ata

Farmers: Greetings, greetings O majesty, save us from these beasts. We cannot live in the village like before. We do not know what to do. Please save us.

King :Do not be afraid O, farmers, I assure you of protection O farmers. Tell me quickly the

purpose in your coming. Believe me I live redeem you from all fear.

Farmers: Ferocious wild beasts are destroying our crops, O king. We are stricken by this. Save us.

King: For this simple reason do not be afraid. I will hunt them down, free you from this trouble and make you merry.

Farmers: How can we pay our taxes, O King, We are empty handed. We have never faced such a difficulty. Have mercy on us, we are your children.

King: I will not demand taxes from you now, pay whenever you can. I will bless the lord of Mashurabad.

Harish: Hearing the words of the king, the farmers left the court, then the king says looking at the minister.

Harish: Make arrangements to proclaim to the citizens that we are going to hunt down the evil animals and rid people of their fears.

Comment: As the prime minister leaves the hall to make arrangements to announce the news, Chandramati enters the hall and says to her husband, the king thus:

Chandramati: My lord, I have a simple request to make, please grant it to me.

Haris: O respected woman, reveal what is your desire, I will grant it with interest, doubt not.

Dialog : Chandramati- Harischandra, tune

Chandramati: All the maidens whisper that you should not venture to hunt down the wild animals.

Haris: The wicked animals have been troubling my people darling, I will return quickly as soon as I kill them.

Chandra: I will come with you on this trip my lord, to view the marvels of the nature.

Haris: Do not, because women will be afraid by looking at the wild beasts, O darling.

Chandra: When you are there my lord, how can I be afraid.

Haris: Why is this wild wish, my darling? I will return back very quickly as soon as I kill them.

Chandra: I am born in warrior class O lord, and I am wife of the king, the son of Sun, how can I be afraid O king.

Haris: I am pleased with your determination, O wife. The god of Mashurabad be your protector.

King's comment:

You crown of women, listen. Is it good that you come with me on this trip! You will be afraid the minute you see the ferocious animals, you person of pleasant eyes. I will return before the sun set, be free of your worry and stay home.

Chandramati's comment:

You king of kings. I have never lived without your presence. Be merciful to me. I will walk in your foot steps. I will not be terrified even if the wild animals growl. Please allow me to go with you.

King: Ok, you crown of women, I will let you go with me. As he said this:

Lohitasyudu enters:

“Kan” Man of Parvati, redeemer of sins and wearer of cobra, you who travel on an ox back, I bless you, rule me.

Tune:

I am a lad, the son of Harishchandra, the ruler of the land. My father is a man of character, amuser to good people. But a terror to the wicked people. I am beautiful like Madana, a righteous man. I am the

fruit of the womb of Chandramati. I am famous among all the princes on this earth. I am learned of all kinds of education. I worship the god of Mashurabad, the destroyer of evil people.

King: Noble man, your body shines like a rising sun, you leap like an young lion. Help us know who you are?

Lohituni- tune:

I am Lohitasya, the son of Harishchandra, the king of men, The sons of the earth bless me always. I am son of Chandramati, the woman of good deeds. I follow the foot steps of yatindra. I will seek good ever. I offer my praises to the god of Mashurabad.

Comment:

Lohitasya enters and says to his parents thus:

Comment: I greet you parents. Greetings to the mother who bore me. I have come to your presence with joy. Bless me with abundance.

Haris: long live my son

Chandra: son may you have long life.

Haris: My dear son why have you come with bow and arrows ? What are you up to? tell us that we may be proud of you.

Lohit: All the princes who go for hunting take necessary arms. So also me. I want to go with you hunting.

Haris: Being happy at what his son said. Harishchandra tells to his prime minister thus:

Let us go to the wilderness to destroy the evil animals and return quickly to the kingdom with fame and truth.

Comment: With his wife , son and soldiers Harishchandra enters the forest and says to Chandramati :

Hari-Tune-ata

Have you observed the wonders of this wilderness, O woman. Large trees and great fruit trees abound here so that your eyes may be satisfied. Do not be terrified by the roars of the Lions, tigers and leopards, O beautiful, woman. I will kill them with my arrows. Peacocks, parrots and doves make a joyful noise. The cool breeze brings in the smell of the flowers. I hope your wish is fulfilled. Those who believe in the god of Mashurabad should visit this forest.

Comment: As Harishchandra began to hunt, Vashista appears to him standing.

Haris: Greetings, you best of the hermits. Accept my touching of your beautiful feet. I am over joyed at your presence.

Vashista: Crown of kings, why have you come to this forest with your wife, the son of Gadhi has decided to trouble you, leave the forest immediately.

Comment: At the warning of Vashista, Harishchandra begins to return back and finds a place to take some rest on the way, and as they slipped into sleep, Viswamitra ponders in himself saying:

Viswamitra- tune-ata:

How shall I net Harishchandra? How can I make him lie. He has promised to gift me with immeasurable money. I want to dethrone him and send to the forests. I have taken an oath in this regard, in the presence of god. I will harass him, much. I will make him realize his pride. I will bless the god of Mashurabad.

Sisam: I have caused the death of the son of Paramesti. I have sent Trishanka to heaven . I am known

as bachelor through my quarrelsome jobs. I have created creatures over and against the creator. I have bestowed long life to Ambarisa. It is nothing for me to make Harishchandra lie?

Comment: Harishchandra creates two alluring women and sends them to Harishchandra saying:

Alluring Women enter the scene- tune - play

We are women to allure. Viswamitra has created us. We are beautiful as the lotus. Our stature is likened to the gold. Our breasts are like round balls. Our tone is like the shell sound. Our neck smells like scent. We allure men and have come to rouse passions of the king. We bless the god of Mashurabad. We have come with great expectations.

Maiden: Who are you, you seem like the wives of Madana (the passion rouser). Without any jerk please tell the audience.

Matanga: Woman, we are a creation of Viswamitra and are sent to allure king Harishchandra to lie.

Matanga Women-tune

O women, where should we go, where can we spot the king? We were told that he is such a charming person; we will marry the man of the clan of Sun and enjoy the days of honeymoon. We came believing the god of Mashurabad.

Comment: As the Matanga virgins were approaching the rest place of the king, Harishchandra dreams a bad dream and begins to share it with Chandramati, his wife saying:

Debate-tune-play

Haris: Darling, I have dreamt but not am able to describe it, I am troubled, my mind is swinging, I am not able to spell it.

Chandra: What is your dream my husband, why don't you share it with me. I am troubled seeing you shaken.

Haris: I share it my wife, it is my fate, an angry Brahman appears and kicks my crown fall down.

Chandra: Be strong O king, you are good willed and man of good deeds, let it not trouble you.

Haris: O woman of character, the dream also has that we renounce the entire kingdom to that hermit and go to forests with bare minimum clothing.

Chandra: You are a seeker after truth. You will never lie eternal king. You rule the earth with glory, nothing will touch you.

Haris: Woman, with the grace of the god of Mashurabad we will regain the kingdom at the end is part of the dream.

Comment: My lover, this seems to be the work of Viswamitra, we should not stay here any longer. As Chandramati said this, the alluring women arrived and say;

Matanga: Listen, O crown of humans. You man of glory and fame, man of truthfulness, you discerning one, protector of lowly people, wise man, we salute you.

Haris: Women, who are you, what are your names, what is the purpose of your coming?

Matanga: King of kings we are women created

Haris: What may I do for you? Please let me know. It will be my privilege to meet your need.

Debate-tune

Matanga: King of the earth sleep with us, we are not able to bear our passion, quick please.

Haris: god forbid. you women, you are ignorant of me. Get out of here you, who walk like elephants.

Matanga: It is not right to refuse women who have come with passion for you. Our sensual desire is unbearable, o king.

Haris: You beautiful women, I consider other women as my mothers.

Matanga: You are known to meet the needs of the people. We are weaker sections please do not mistreat us.

Haris: Food, clothing and ornaments I will present Ask how much of these you want.

Matanga: You our mate, sleep with us nothing more we ask.

Haris: You are speaking beyond limits. I will have to punish you, and the god of Mashurabad is my witness.

Haris: You are unworthy of my audience. How dare you request for such shameless things. This shows your nature.

Debate-tune

Matanga: You beautiful king, is it right on your part to say like this? You descendent of Sun clan, sleep with us.

Haris: If you go unheard of my warning I will punish you without mercy, right now.

Matanga: We are constrained by our desires, if not fulfilled we will die o king. Have compassion on us and grant our request.

Haris: You women of low caste, show your passion with one who matches yours.

Matanga: We have sought you with our passion, why are you so upset and ask us to get out of here ,o man of valor?

Haris: If you do not listen to my instruction, o women, I will order to get you out of here, so that the monks may be pleased.

Matanga: Can you speak like an impotent, O king? Do you think that the god of Mashurabad will be pleased with your statement?

Comment: As the women were about to kiss the king with passion, Harishchandra says to his prime ministry :

Haris: Chief of the ministers, these women do not heed my warnings, throw them out holding their neck, so that they may know my anger.

Comment: As per the order of the king prime minister manhandled, pushed them out, and the women reach Viswamitra being insulted and sorrowful.

Matanga: We went at your instigation and we were taught a lesson. Not being successful in tempting the king, we have returned.

Comment: Hearing the story, Viswamitra was enraged, and goes to the king's camp with Nakshatra his disciple and the two women and says to Harishchandra :

Viswa: Is it right for you to reject the women of beauty, who desired you, Will not the hearers disapprove your action, o king?

Debate-tune

Viswa: Refusing women desirous of you is a great sin, o king of the earth.

Haris: O great soul, is it right for you to say this, or I am not sure whether you are testing me?

Viswa: These women are incomparable on this planet, o king, marry them and enjoy.

Haris: Is it right to marry women of low caste, O monk of monks, Is it right for a monk who is friend of Brahma to say this?

Viswa: Listen to my words, get rid of your hard-heartedness, so that the god of Mashurabad may be pleased.

Debate-

Haris: You monk who know everything, is it right for you to throw me into hell. Whatever happens I am not going to marry these women. Son of Gadhi, I will appreciate if you can never raise this issue again. I will be most happy if you can raise an issue other than this.

Viswa: I will surely send you to heaven while in your body along with these ladies, be sure of this, you will be taken to heaven like your father. Assure me that you will not refuse this opportunity. Marry these women and be happy.

Haris: If necessary I will give all my kingdom to these women but will never accept to marry them. Please do not force me, you best of the monks.

Comment: Viswamitra was pleased with this response

Viswa: You gave me the gift of the kingdom, we gladly accept this offer, you man of good history. I have appreciated your generosity. I am pleased.

Debate-tune:

Haris: you chief of hermits, I am not able to understand how did you get this desire for a kingdom.

Viswa: I did not desire it, o king, but you have vowed it to offer it to me.

Haris: Rule it for some days, so that your passion for such a thing may be fulfilled.

Viswa: Enough of your over speech, you have said it and do you want to deny it?

Haris: I will not go back on my word, but is it right for great sages like you to desire?

Viswa: If that is the case make sure that you handover the kingdom at once.

Haris: Do not worry I will meet your desire, so that the god of Mashurabad may be pleased.

Comment: Having said this, Harischandra thinks within himself thus: why have I set out to hunt, even if I have come, why did the Mala (low caste) women desire me against my will, and they are upset about my refusal and have returned with the monk, is it not all an illusion? Sensing her husband's thinking, Chandramati says : We have found a capable person to handover the kingdom, finish the business, and purify our clan.

Respected woman, you have comforted me by saying this. I have given word and I will do it rather than found in sin.

Viswa: You guy, Harishchandra what are you thinking, do you want to hand over the kingdom or are you changing your mind?

Debate-tune:

Haris: I cannot deny what I have said, no doubt, take all the glory of my kingdom, here, I submit it.

Viswa: I am pleased, you king, your name will be known all over. But handover the king's seal, that I may authorize the edicts, so that all the people may obey me.

Haris: Here, take it. Be free of anxiety. Rule people of Ayodhya with mercy, and abundance.

Viswa: Listen, then, You can not be here in this kingdom, Go any where you wish, so that Shankara the god of Mashurabad may be pleased. King, remove the pearl jewels from your neck like the monks, wear common cloths and I order you to get out here. In obedience Harishchandra removes his ornaments and handovers to Viswamitra turns to his people and says:

Hari-tune-ata

Citizens, send me off, have mercy on me. You ministers obey the priest king. Treat him as you treated me. Implement what ever he orders. So that the god of Mashuarabad be pleased.

Comment: Having said this, Harishchandra falls on the feet of the monk and says.

Haris: Leaving behind all the guests and daily rituals I have offered my kingdom to you. Shepherd these people like your own children.

Viswa: You Harischandra, stop teaching me righteousness. You can stay here no more, leave my kingdom at once.

Haris: Ok lord, I am leaving

Chandramati: Monk, greetings.

Comment: as the king moves out

Viswa: Wait , Harishchandra, where is the money that you promised me for the sacrifice. Can you leave the kingdom without making the payment? Even if I have forgotten, is it not your duty to remind me?

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