

Vidagdha Madhava

ACT 1

May the pastimes of Sri Krsna reduce the miseries in the material world and nullify all unwanted desires. The pastimes of the Lord are like shikarini. They overpower the pride of even the nectar produced on the moon, for they distribute the sweet fragrance of the concentrated loving affairs of Srimati Radharani and the gopis. May the Supreme Lord who is known as the son of Srimati Sachi devi be transcendently situated in the innermost core of your heart. Resplendent with the radiance of molten gold, He has descended in the age of Kali by His causeless mercy to bestow what no incarnation has ever offered before, the most elevated mellow of devotional service, the mellow of conjugal love.

Narrator: What is the need for such an elaborate introduction! Gentlemen! Please here me! Last night Lord Siva in the role of a devotee, spoke to me in a dream. He said, “O Rupa Gosvami, O expert dramatist, this delightful place is near Kesi tirtha on the slope of Govardhana Hill. This grove, on the bank of the Yamuna river, is very pleasant and it is full of aromatic and beautiful flowers. At this moment, eager to see the forest of Vrndavana, the advanced devotees, expert at relishing the mellows of devotional service, have arrived here. The minds of these devotees is full of love for Sri Krsna, the son of Nanda. Krsna is the crown jewel of all youths and he is decorated with many fresh flowers. He is as playful as a maddened cuckoo and he is the original tutor of all flute masters. He is an ocean in which the sharks, which are the minds of the gopis, perform pastimes. The devotees who have now arrived are extremely fortunate. In this place the gopis searched for the Lord and in this grove by the Yamuna the festive rasa dance occurred. Constantly hearing of the pastimes of Krsna the Lord of Gokula, the advanced devotees, expert at relishing the mellows of devotional service, constantly cry and roll about on the ground. Thus they pass their days with great difficulty. Therefore at this very moment, agitated by separation from Mukunda, they are about to give up their lives. Please protect them by giving them a little of the nectarean river of Lord Mukunda’s pastimes. My mercy will fully empower you to do this.” These were the words of Lord Siva, the spiritual master of the universe. I shall now obey his order. Even though the poetry in this play of mine may not be very beautiful, the learned devotees will take delight in it, because it is fragrant with the descriptions of Lord Hari. Just as an intelligent devotee, after bowing down, reverentially drinks the nectarean water which has bathed the salagrama sila, even though that water may have originally come from a well. Now, remembering the worshipable Supreme Personality of Godhead, I will unfold the poetry of this wonderful drama. Sri Krsna, the eternal Supreme Personality of Godhead, stays within the centre of the great and splendid forest of Vrndavana, decorated with many groves and elegant pavilions. He is an unlimited ocean of mercy. He is very

pleased to perform pastimes in Vraja, and he engages in amorous pastimes with the gopis. May He always delight me. When this play is performed, those unacquainted with the nectar of transcendental mellows will become indifferent, and those expert at relishing the mellows of devotional service will become delighted, just as the poetic cuckoos are greatly pleased by the same mango that was neglected by the prosaic camels. Springtime had arrived and the full moon of that season inspired the Supreme Lord, who is complete in everything, with new attraction to meet the beautiful Srimati Radharani at night to increase the beauty of their pastimes.

Purnamasi: I am going to bring Srimati Radharani to Sri Krsna, the Supreme Personality of Godhead. O king of actors, have my words, which are like a bouquet of flowers, become a decoration for your ears? Have you heard me?

Narrator: O, how is it that the celebrated Purnamasi has arrived here! Just see! In the company of a friend, Nandimukhi, she has slowly left the house of Maharaja Nanda and is entering the street. She wears a reddish garment on her breast, and she is the white-haired wife of Sandipani Muni. She is the disciple of Narada and she appears as splendid as Savitri the wife of Brahma.

Nandi: O mother, if you are going to bring about the meeting of Sri Krsna with Srimati Radharani, then why did Radharani leave the land of Gokula, which is so favourable for that meeting and secretly resided in the sacred village of Santanu-vasa?

Purnamasi: Because of fear of cruel King Kamsa my child.

Nandi: O mother, how did the king find out about Srimati Radharani?

Purnamasi: Kamsa learned about Srimati Radharani's great beauty in this way; although the treasure of Radharani's transcendental qualities was carefully concealed, the knowledge of it was nevertheless spread far and wide. Those qualities are just like musk perfume, which, even if carefully hidden, clearly manifests its sweet aroma.

Nandi: O mother, Yasodadevi's nurse Mukhara, brought her grand-daughter Radharani to Gokula, and arranged for her to accept the hand of Abhimanyu, the son of Jatila, in marriage. Never could a more unsuitable match have been made! Radharani cannot tolerate the touch of the hand of any man other than Krsna. O mother, how can you remain aloof when this is happening?

Purnamasi: Why should I be concerned?

Nandi: How can you speak in this way?

Purnamasi: (laughing) This false marriage of Radharani is simply a trick that yogamaya has played to cheat Kamsa. Radharani and all the other gopis are Krsna's intimate lovers eternally.

Nandi: And now that Radharani has returned to Gokula, you have become free of anxiety.

Purnamasi: O child, what you say is true. I am no longer worried about Kamsa, although now I am beginning to worry about Abhimanyu.

Nandi: Why are you worried?

Purnamasi: Noticing that the black bumblebee of Krsna is fond of sporting amongst the creepers which are the gopis, Abhimanyu has become jealous and now he desires to take the golden lotus flower, which is Radharani to Mathura.

Nandi: Now yogamaya will intercede.

Purnamasi: O daughter, independent yogamaya appears to be standing aloof.

Who can understand her activities?

Nandi: Is there any other way to stop him?

Purnamasi: O child, simply by speaking sweet and clever words I will stop this shallow Abhimanyu.

Nandi: O respect mother: Govardhanamala is appointed by King Kamsa to watch over the activities of Gokula. Why does he not become angry at Krsna for performing pastimes with Candravali?

Purnamasi: O daughter, Govardhanamala is very proud and he does not consider the royal order very important.

Nandi: What happened on Candravali's first meeting with Kanha?

Purnamasi: O daughter, when they first met they expressed intense love for each other, and further schemes on my part became at once superfluous.

Nandi: O respected mother, how did you develop such great love for Krsna, and how, understanding that your worshipable Lord Krsna had taken birth, did you leave the city of Ujjayini, and arrive, for the first time in Gokula?

Purnamasi: O daughter, this was possible by the wonderful instruction I received at the lotus feet of my spiritual master, Narada.

Nandi: Does the greatly fortunate Sandipani Muni know that you are now staying in Gokula?

Purnamasi: O yes, He has sent our son Madhumangala, to engage in service here.

Nandi: You are very kind to Madhumangala. You have given him the friendship of Krsna, who is like the moon which enlivens the lotus eyes of Nanda Maharaja.

Purnamasi: O daughter, Srimati Radharani is the be all and end all of my life. Please try to expand her love for Krsna.

Nandi: O respected mother, Srimati Radharani already loves Kanha to the highest extent.

Purnamasi: How do you know this?

Nandi: Because whenever in the course of an ordinary conversation she hears the name 'Krsna', she experiences the emotion of intense love and the hairs of her body stand upright in ecstasy.

Purnamasi: O daughter this is very appropriate because I do not know how much nectar the 2 syllables 'Krish-na' have produced. When the holy name of Krsna is chanted, it appears to dance within the mouth. We then desire many many mouths. When that name enters the holes of the ears, we desire many millions of ears. And when the holy name dances in the courtyard of the heart, it conquers the activities of the mind, and therefore all the senses become inert.

Nandi: O respected mother, accompanied by Lalita, Visakha, Srimati Radharani worshipped the sungod. Candravali along with Saibya, Padma and other friends also worshipped goddess Parvati. I can only guess that it was by the mercy of these goddesses that these gopis attained such wonderful love for Kanha.

Purnamasi: This is true. When the gopis of Vraja, whose eyebrows are very beautiful, went to the forest to collect paraphernalia for worship they met Krsna, and their love for him became awakened.

Nandi: The spontaneous love of Srimati Radharani for Krsna inspired her friends, and created their good fortune.

Purnamasi: O daughter, according to my instruction please ask the clever artist Visakha to draw a picture of the son of Nanda to delight the lotus eyes of her friend Srimati Radharani.

Nandi: O mother, I will certainly carry out your order.

Purnamasi: Then, on the pretext of carrying a gift of candies, I will enter the middle of Vrndavana forest. I will delight the 2 ears of Madhava with the sweetness of the 2 auspicious syllables; “Radha”.

Nandi: O respected mother, just look at him. He is going from Gokula to Vrndavana accompanied by Balarama, Madhumangala, Sridama and other friends. He is caressed by his affectionate parents, Nanda and Yasoda.

Purnamasi: The beauty of Krsna’s eyes surpasses the beauty of white lotus flowers, his yellow garments surpass the brilliance of fresh decorations of kunkum...His ornaments of selected forest flowers surpass the hankering for the best garments, and his bodily beauty possesses mind-attracting splendour, greater than the jewels known as emeralds. Now you go to Visakha and I will go, carrying a gift of candies. (They exit).

18 Scene 2 (Krsna enters)

Krsna: (looking ahead with great happiness): These beautiful cows are as white and splendid as crystal mountains. I think that the celestial river Ganges has descended from Indra’s city, taking the form of these cows. It has done this simply to delight and serve the auspicious Yamuna river, which is performing pastimes here in Vrndavana.

Nanda: My dear son you have spoken very well. But now let us look at the opulence of the pasturing ground behind us. (He turns around) From Govardhana Hill to Kaliya lake your pasturing ground appears very beautiful and opulent. You can see many tops of trees which have a multitude of branches, surrounding the large goshallas. And it all appears as large and expansive as the ocean.

Krsna: My dear friend Madhumangala, my father and mother have followed me for a great distance. We should now enter the groves to grace the cows.

Yasoda: My dear son, do not forget to return home this afternoon. The palatable lunch I will carefully cook for you, will get cold if you delay.

Madhumangala: O Yasoda, queen of Gokula, please listen....promise that I will take care of the cows so that there will be no fault on Krsna’s part: (Krsna glances at him affectionately). Actually Krsna enters the groves because he is joyfully enchanted by the gopis who are eager to enjoy pastimes with him...(his speech remains unfinished)

Krsna: (embarrassed) This careless fool will now describe my pastimes with the gopis. I must use my intelligence to stop him. (Shakes his head).

Madhumangala: O friend, why do you check me as I speak to your pious mother?

Krsna: (aside) Alas, because of this inconsiderate fellow, I have fallen into a network of embarrassment.

Madhumangala: O mother Yasoda, he hastily enters the forest, in yellow garments in order to play with his friends the cowherd boys.

Krsna: (joyful) What other intention could I have?

Yasoda: My dear Madhumangala, to speak the truth, Lalita and the other gopis tell me that the cowherd boys greatly harass them.

Nanda: My dear wife, is there some suitable young girl in Gokula whome we can marry this boy to?

Yasoda: O pious husband, He is only a little boy, accustomed to drinking milk. Is this the proper time to marry him off?

Madhumangala: (to Krsna aside) O friend, although you are only a small child accustomed to drinking milk, thousands of young gopis eagerly drink the nectar of your lips. (Krsna smiles).

Nanda: O child, O Mukunda, look at your mother. Gazing at the great beauty of your moon-like face, as aromatic as a lotus flower, her garments are constantly becoming moistened with a rain of joyful tears from her eyes and the shower of milk from her waterpot like breasts. (Nanda embraces Krsna). The great joyfulness of touching you brings a pleasant coolness to me. That coolness is more pleasant than the coolness of camphor, the moonlight, the cooling Nalada root, the lotus flower or sandalwood paste.

Krsna: O father, the cows have become very hungry and they are standing here waiting for me. Please return home.

Nanda: Let us do what Krsna says. (Affectionately looking at Krsna, Nanda and Yasoda exit).

(Krsna looking ahead)

Balarama: O Sridama, look, look. My dear friend Sridama, see how this forest of Vrndavana is full of transcendental trees and creepers. The tops of the creepers are full of flowers and intoxicated bumblebees are buzzing around them. Humming songs that please the ear and even surpass the Vedic hymns.

Krsna: O friend Madhumangala, staying here with you and the other cowherd boys, I will delight the birds, beasts, and other inhabitants of the Vrndavana forest with the sound of my flute. (Krsna places the flute to his lips).

Balarama: (amazed) Look, the living entities and even the inanimate objects are acting contrarily to their inherent natures. When Lord Hari, who performs pastimes on the bank of the Yamuna river, plays the flute, the waters of the streams become stunned and solid. The rocks become softened and melt, and the mountains give up their immobility, tremble and move about.

Madhumangala: O! How wonderful this is! The cows have drunk the sweet river of nectar which has emanated from the sound of Krsna's flute, and they are now stunned with intense happiness. They are sprinkling the fresh flowers and creepers with the great streams of milk trickling from their udders.

(Madhumangala nudges Krsna's hand) My dear friend the flute, the son of a family of bamboos, why have you become so proud? It must be because you are producing such an intoxicating sound. You do not actually produce the sound, however, for you are only the instrument.

Voice from the sky: The transcendental vibration of Krsna's flute blocked the movements of the clouds, struck the gandharvas full of wonder and agitated the meditation of great saintly persons like Sanak and Sanandana. It created wonder in Lord Brahma, wrought intense curiosity that agitated the mind of Bali Maharaja, who was otherwise firmly fixed, made Ananta, the carrier of the planets, whirl around, and penetrated the strong coverings of the universe. Thus the sound of the flute in the hands of Krsna created a wonderful situation.

Balarama: (joyfully looking up says to himself) How is that the sage amongst the demigods, Narada Muni, stays within the clouds and recites the verses, playing upon his vina?

(Another rumbling sound emanates from the clouds)

Madhumangala: (looking upwards with fear) Help! Let us flee! Let us flee.

Sridama: O crazy fellow, why are you speaking so foolishly?

Madhumangala: (frightened looking upwards) O foolish cowherd boy, do you not see? A four-headed Yaksha or Rakshasha is coming towards us. He is riding on a swan and he is accompanied by a naked ghost, who holds onto a serpent. (Madhumangala looks again and trembles) A Danava whose body is covered with eyes is followed by a horde of demons, which I surmise will become the servant of the dead king Kamsa. (Frightened, Madhumangala hides, placing his head behind Krsna).

Krsna: (aside) How is it that these controllers of the directions have become attracted by the sweetness of the sound of the flute, and are now staying within the clouds?

Madhumangala: (looking and sighing deeply) These wicked demons have become agitated and stunned with fear only because of the musical sound of my friends flute. It is for this reason that I remain alive. (He openly and proudly struts about) O wicked demons! Stand! Stand! By cursing you or by striking you with arrows from my bow, I shall crush your lowly heads! (Shaking a stick he jumps about for a moment).

Balarama: (smiling) O friend, do not speak in this way. These 2 persons are Lord brahma and Lord Siva. On their left are Indra and the other leaders of the demigods.

Madhumangala: Indeed this is so. (Sighs with relief) I who am full of knowledge cannot help but laugh at you cowherd boys. Thinking these demigods were Rakshashas, you became frightened and began to flee.

Krsna: O Friend of the demigods, you have transferred your own faultiness onto them.

Rama: Look, look! With his eight ears Lord Brahma is listening to the new flute music of Krsna. Brahma has lost all composure and is rolling in ecstasy on the back of his swan. (Again there is vina music in the sky) Krsna's mouth is like the moon and when that moon rises and emanates the nectar of the flute sound, the ocean which is Lord Siva overflows beyond its boundaries. Just see, how, after hearing the transcendental sound of Krsna's flute, Indra, the king of heaven is crying in his heavenly kingdom. From his teardrops falling on the ground, Vrndavana appeared to have become a celestial residence for the demigods.

Krsna: (aside) My mind shrinks from performing pastimes in the presence of these elderly persons. Let me go further on. (He goes under some trees). O friend, Madhumangala, just see the charming beauty of the forest in the springtime, My dear friend, this forest of Vrndavana is giving great pleasure to our senses in various ways. Somewhere bumblebees are singing in groups and in some places mild breezes are cooling the entire atmosphere. Somewhere the creepers and tree twigs are dancing, the malika flowers are expanding their fragrance, and the overabundance of juice is constantly flowing in showers from the pomegranate fruits.

Madhumangala: How friend how can I delight in your forest of Vrndavana which simply fills me with fear? I become delighted when I see the 4 kinds of palatable foodstuffs cooked by mother Yasoda, the queen of Gokula. Those foodstuffs are certainly enchanting to the senses.

Krsna: O friend, you should offer obeisances to this forest of Vrndavana. In this forest there are ancient creepers, which can grant whatever you desire.

Madhumangala: O dear friend, everyone says that you are very truthful. I will

now experiment to see if this is actually so. (Madhumangala folds his hands) O creepers, I offer my respectful obeisances to you. My friend is very hungry. Please give him many sweet laddhu candies.

(Carrying a plate of candies in her hand, Purnamasi enters)

Purnamasi: O moon-faced Krsna, these candies are relished by the greatest epicures. Please take them.

Rama: (smiling) O friend, just see the generosity of this ancient creeper!

Purnamasi: O Balarama, the generosity of that elderly gopi is well known.

Krsna: O pious woman, which elderly gopi do you mean?

Purnamasi: O moon-faced boy, I am speaking about Mukhara-gopi...

Krsna: What is her granddaughter's name?

Purnamasi: Her name is Radha and she is as delightful as moonlight.

Krsna: (the hairs on his body stand upright, and he says to himself) From the conversation of Mother Yasoda and Mother Rohini, I have repeatedly heard of the great beauty and transcendental qualities of this girl (He becomes embarrassed and trembles)

Purnamasi: (aside) Seeing Krsna's embarrassment, Balarama has now gone away from Krsna's side.

Krsna: (again he says to himself) I must conceal my love for Srimati Radharani, and these ecstatic symptoms. (Speaking openly) O pious gopi, you should prepare opulent decorations for a great festival on this pleasant day. Just see these large and ancient creepers full of flowers.

Purnamasi: (smiling) O clever Krsna, the opportunity for Your festival has now arrived. By the desire of the cowherd men, the beautiful gopis will all assemble in this place full of budding and blossoming flowers.

Krsna: (with his head tilted, he smiles and glances at Purnamasi). O pious woman, what are you saying?

Purnamasi: (laughing) O playful boy, don't be worried. I am not saying anything contrary to your wishes. However when the gopis leave their houses empty, your friends will easily steal their butter and yogurt.

Krsna: O deceptive gopi, why are you laughing? Just look at this: When the gopis collect beautiful blossoming flowers, they break the twigs and branches in my forest of Vrndavana! It is your duty to stop them!

Purnamasi: O charming boy, when the gopis notice how you are so nicely decorated with bunches of flowers, they become delighted. In these circumstances how can I prevent them from picking flowers? (Or they become agitated) by cupid. In these circumstances how can I restrain them?)

Krsna: O elderly gopi, your hair is as white as crane feathers and you speak crooked words. Although the gopis are offenders, you continue to take sides with them.

Purnamasi: O beautiful boy, how is it that Srimati Radharani and the gopis have become offenders? All they have done is stolen some flowers from your favourite punnaga tree. (Or all they have done is stolen the mind which is the property of you, the best of males).

Krsna: (aside) O how is it that destiny has again brought me news of Srimati Radharani. This news enchants my mind.

Madhumangala: (aside) How is it that Krsna has become so agitated by the sound of the name Radha. (Openly) O friend, do not become so agitated simply because

of this.

Krsna: (with loving anger) Fie on you talkative friend! What has agitated me?

Madhumangala: Don't be angry. I'm talking about these beautiful, mind-attracting (manohara) laddus.

Krsna: O friend, I was confused. Some laddus are called manohara and others mauktika.

Madhumangala: (laughs) O friend, I am not trying to bewilder you by making a pun on the name of the star 'Radha'. How am I bewildering you?

Purnamasi: (aside) As this boy teases Krsna, Krsna appears to have become embarrassed, because his heart is full of love for Radha. Thus all my desires have now become fulfilled. (Openly) O handsome boy, the star Radha moves in the sky. How can you attain her, even if you greatly desire - it, if you remain on this earthly planet?

Krsna: (smiling he glances at the sky and afterwards approaches Balarama) O noble Balarama, it is now midday. Please take the cows to the shore of the Yamuna river and let them satisfy their thirst. Also take these delicious laddu candies and enjoy them. I wish to rest for a moment with my dear friends, Sridama and Subala.

(Rama and the cowherd boy friends exit).

Purnamasi: (aside) I must go and see if the picture of Krsna is completed. (Thus having greeted Sri Krsna she circumambulates him).

Krsna: (takes one step and then pauses) O friend Sridama, have you ever seen this Radha, the most beautiful girl in the universe.

(Sridama smiles with embarrassment and lowers his face)

Subala: O friend, how can you ask if he has seen her before? Radha is his sister.

Krsna: Let us go to this grove of kadamba trees near the bank of the river. My mind is greatly agitated by the thought of Radha. I will try to absorb it in the pastimes of playing the flute. (They exit).

Purnamasi: (walking about, she notices Radha and Lalita. Purnamasi becomes joygul) Why is my child Radha playing here, accompanied by her friend who is making her laugh? (She hides behind a creeper).

The beauty of Srimati Radharani's eyes forcibly devours the beauty of the newly grown lotus flowers, and the beauty of her face surpasses that of an entire forest of fully blossomed lotuses. Her bodily lustre seems to place even gold in a painful situation. Thus the wonderful, unprecedented beauty of Srimati Radharani is awakening in Vrndavana.

Purnamasi: For the present I will avoid joking with these two and instead I will go to Vishaka. (Purnamasi exits).

(Followed by Lalita, Radha enters)

Radha: O Lalita, what is the noble Purnamasi doing?

Lalita: O friend, she is constructing an altar at the base of a tamal tree for the worship of Your sun-god.

Radha: (looking ahead) I think this is the forest of Vrndavana, whose beauty you have described again and again.

Lalita: O friend, this is the banyan tree where Kanha performs pastimes.

Radha: (agitated, she says to herself) What sweetness is in these 2 syllables!

(Openly) O friend, whom did you say?

Lalita: (smiling) I said Kanha.

Radha: (aside) O this name is very enchanting to the minds of beautiful young girls. I wonder what the owner of this name is like? (Concealing her emotions she speaks openly) O friend, I think I will go now and collect gunja berries in this grove.

Lalita: (jokingly) O friend, your body is so beautiful that even a shadow of its beauty cannot be found anywhere in the universe. Although your eyes are eagerly moving to gather these gunja berries, do not enter this grove of creepers. In this place resides a demigod who performs pastimes in this grove. His beautiful complexion is as dark as black eye cosmetics. He easily casts a spell on beautiful young girls, and attracts them to become his lover.

Radha: (somewhat frightened, she gives up her joking smile) O friend Lalita, you know that you are attracted by this demigod.

Lalita: (Laughs) Why should he try to attract me? It is not I that he wants to attract, but you who are so dazzlingly beautiful.

Radha: (She listens and becomes full of wonder. She says to herself) Amazing! What an enchanting sound! (She loses composure).

Lalita: (Looking at Radha, she says to herself) She is like a tender young deer that has just fallen into the hunter's net.

Radha: (with great difficulty, she regains composure. She says to herself) I must find the person who has made this sound, which is like a river of nectar.

Lalita: (approaches Radha) O Radha, please tell me what is happening within your pure mind?

Radhika: Why do you say this? Why do you think something extraordinary is happening?

Lalita: O dear friend, please tell me why you have become so suddenly overwhelmed?

Radhika: (embarrassed) I do not understand what sorts of sounds is now moving from this grove of kadamba trees and entering my ears, O friend, because of this sound, I have attained a situation which is greatly condemned for a chaste housewife.

Lalita: Ah, it is the sound of the flute.

Radhika: (agitated) What sort of Flute sound is this? This sound makes me tremble, even though it is without snow. It pierces me, even though it is not a weapon. This sound makes me burn, even though it is not at all hot. I understand the nature of this flute music! Let us not speak deceptively. Some charming mantra has been read by some clever magician.

(Vishaka enters, carrying a picture in her hand).

Vishaka: (Observes Radha and says to herself) She appears completely transformed. She may have been bitten by the sound of Kanha's flute. I will ask her about it.

O white-faced Radha, the tears from your lotus eyes are muddying the ground. Your breathing is causing your upper garments to dance, and the hairs of your body are standing on end. I think these ecstatic symptoms are being manifested because of the sweetness of the sound of Lord Madhava's flute, which has now entered your ears.

Radhika: (not hearing Vishaka's words, Radha trembles): O Lalita, I hear that sound again.

Lalita: O delicate Radha, a sound is now gliding from the mouth of the flute on the

shore of the Yamuna river. That sound is the Garuda which defeats the snakes of the gopi's composure, and that sound is the Danvantari who cures the severe illness of the gopi's shyness. That sound is the Agastya Muni who drinks the ocean of the pious gopi's pride.

Radhika: O friend, there is a greatly painful emotion in my heart. If it does not go away I will not be able to sleep.

Vishaka: O Radha, in my hand I am holding the medicinal herb which will cure your disease. Please take it.

Radhika: O Vishaka, let us go to this shady place full of blossoming lotus flowers, near the courtyard, and we shall look at this medicine of yours. (They exit).

ACT 2

Nandimukhi: Purnamasi has ordered me in the following way: "Nandimukhi, I have heard that my child Radha is feeling very ill. Please go to hear and learn about her situation." For this reason I am now about to go to Mukhara's house. (She begins to go and then sees Mukhara) How is it that Mukhara is now coming here? Why is she crying?

Mukhara: Alas! Alas! I am ruined! I am very unfortunate!

Nandi: O pious Mukhara, why are you crying?

Mukhara: Because of Radha's suffering my child.

Nandi: What is wrong with her?

Mukhara: She speaks as if she has gone mad. She speaks incoherently saying, "It is not proper for my garland to be blackened by these cruel bumble-bees! I am only a young girl. Why then do you joke with me? Immediately leave this courtyard." Lotus-eyed Radharani speaks in this way while awake, and again while she sleeps. In this way she passes day and night with great pain.

Nandi: (aside) This sort of talking is not a symptom of madness. Rather it is the sign of Radha's good fortune to participate in Krsna's pastimes.

Mukhara: I shall approach Purnamasi and describe the situation to her. Please go to the grove of Vetasi trees and observe Radha's activities yourself. (They exit) (Served by her 2 friends Lalita and Vishaka, Radha enters).

Radhika: (Agitated, she says to herself): O broken heart, simply by seeing this person's picture you have attained this, difficult to understand, state of intense love for him.

Lalita and Vishaka: O Radha, you appear to be greatly agitated. Why do you not tell us the cause of your agitation?

(Radha sighs and turns her head away)

Vishaka: (Confronting Radha) O friend, why are these anxieties tearing apart your peace of mind and why are your reddish garments becoming so covered with perspiration? O Radha, you are as beautiful and fair as a yellow champak flower. Why has this trembling forcibly broken the steadiness of your body? Please tell us the truth about this. It is not auspicious to conceal this from your servants.

Radhika: O merciless girl, why do you speak in this way? Look (at this picture) and remember.

Vishaka: Even with great effort, I cannot remember! How can I have offended you.

Radhika: O madwoman, it is you who has thrown me into this deep lake of

burning fire.

Vishaka: How have I done that?

Radhika: (with malice and impatience) O crooked liar, you are the friend of the serpent in this picture! Stand! Do not move! (Radha loses self-control and continues) The person in this picture stepped out of the picture. He was as splendid as emeralds, decorated with a peacock feather, and very youthful. (Radha's voice becomes choked-up. Lalita and Vishaka look at each other with raised eyebrows). When he smiled and moved his eyebrows, my mind became deranged. Alas the moon of my mind burned like fire and the fire of my appetite for food, became as cool as the moon.

Lalita: Did this happen in a dream?

Radhika: The person in this picture shone with a sort of dark moonlight. This moonlight excited intense emotion within my heart and I have become unable to perceive the distinction between day and night, wakefulness and dream.

Vishaka: (intentionally) O Radha, this is only a momentary bewilderment of your mind.

Radhika: (indignant) Untrusting gopi, stop this! Why do you try to cover up for your offense? Elaborately decorated with markings drawn in kumkum, this fickle and lust boy stood at the base of a kadamba tree. When I teasingly said, "No! No! NO!", that mischievous boy smiled and forcibly touched me with his hand, which seemed like a petal (or leaf) which had grown from his creeper like arm. His complexion bore the lustre of a slightly opened lotus petal. I so eagerly desired that he touch me with his lotus hand that I became full of anxiety, and I could no longer understand where I was, who I was or what I was doing. (Agitated, she says to herself) O wicked heart, O monkey, are you not ashamed to love 3 persons simultaneously? You love Kanha and you also love this boy who played the flute, and now you love this dark complexioned youth (who appeared in this picture) O heart, when I destroy my body, I will also destroy you who are wretched and hopeless.

Lalita: Alas, cupid's friend, springtime, has now appeared, and spoiled this entire area. Where can we find refuge from him?

Radhika: O friend, when the aromatic breeze from the malaya hills plays, and the playful cuckoos sing very melodiously, and when the buzzing bumblebees pierce my heart with their agitated flurry, I feel as if I were about to give up my life. All these are simply causing me great pain.

Lalita and Vishaka: (crying tears) How have you become so overwhelmed by these terrible sufferings? We cannot guess what is your desire, now can we understand the difficult-to-attain condition of your heart.

Radhika: (sighs) My dear friend, these palpitations of Radha's heart are extremely difficult to cure. Even if one applied some medical treatment, it would only end in defamation. I will now instruct you how I may be cured. If this creeper were wrapped about my neck as a noose, and I were hanged then you would certainly cure my disease of love.

Lalita and Vishaka: (agitated) Do not speak in this terrible way! Do not take away the life of your friends! You will soon attain the goal of your desire.

Radhika: O friends, you counsel in this way because you do not understand the wickedness of wounded Radha's heart.

Lalita and Vishaka: Our dear friend Radha has told us everything.

Radhika: No. NO! Her great shame has prevented her from revealing everything.

Lalita and Vishaka: Simply by seeing you, we can understand your intense love. What does your external embarrassment matter?

Radhika: Since I have heard of a person called Krsna. I have practically lost my good sense. Then, there is another person who plays his flute in such way that after I hear the vibration, intense madness arises in my heart. And again there is still another person to whom my mind becomes attached when I see his beautiful lightening effulgence in his picture. Therefore I think that I am greatly condemned, for I have become simultaneously attached to 3 persons. It would be better for me to die because of this.

Lalita and Vishaka: (joyfully) How is it possible for you and the other beautiful girls of Gokula, who are all like you, to reject the son of Nanda, the prince of Gokula, and fall in love with some other person? Please hear this, the 3 persons you love are all the same person. They are that very clever Kanha.

Radhika: (breathes a sigh of relief and says to herself) O heart, be comforted. How you ardently desire to attain the person (Sri Krsna) who resides within the hearts of all living beings.

Lalita and Vishaka: O beautiful Radha, even though a champak creeper may anoint the entire atmosphere with waves of sweet fragrance, that creeper was born in vain, if the bumblebee who is Lord Madhusudana does not drink honey (in its flowers or) joyfully perform pastimes there.

Nandi: How has Radha come here? (Approaches Radha) All glories to you, my dear friend. All glories to you.

Radhika: (concealing her emotions) O friend, I hope you are well.

Nandi: O beautiful and foolish friend, you are not very intelligent. Although you are only a young girl, this great agitation within your heart has certainly been caused by the cupid of Vrndavana.

Lalita: O unnecessarily suspicious gopi, you can see that Radha is trembling and the hairs of her body are standing upright because she feels the chill of the cool southern breeze. Why do you make this terrible accusation?

Nandi: (smiles) O unperceptive gopi, do not criticise the southern wind in this way! If the breeze is the cause of Radha's trembling, tell me then why we gopis do not also tremble with the hairs of our bodies standing upright. Radha, who is very beautiful, is trembling because of the sidelong glance of the emperor of all handsome young men. His sidelong glance, which is more enchanting than millions of cupids, is constantly performing pastimes within her heart. Therefore please speak the truth. Was the bliss of Gokula, Sri Krsna, seen by her in this way?

Vishaka: Yes, it is true.

Nandi: O Radha, you have only recently grown past childhood and you are the object of your relative's affection. Playfully moving within the house, you delight your husband. It is therefore amazing that you have become intoxicated by the enchanting qualities of the lover of the wives of the cowherd men. I shall now go so that I may quickly bring noble Purnamasi. (She exits).

Radhika: (she reflects for a moment) How is it that we chaste young gopis are about to quickly and immodestly transgress the auspicious rules of pious conduct? (She continues her speech full of longing) Krsna is expert at the art of glancing from the corners of his eyes, and he is the king of the handsome cowherd men and charming gopis of Gokula. How is it possible for him to neglect us?

Purnamasi: O Mukhara, why do you think Radha is suffering from a severe illness?

Mukhara: O noble gopi, please listen. Upon seeing peacock feathers in front of her, this girl suddenly begins trembling. When she sees sometimes a necklace of gunja she sheds tears and cries loudly. I do not know what kind of new ecstatic influence has entered the heart of this poor girl. It has imbued her with the dancing attitude of a player creating wonderful, unprecedented dances on a stage.

Purnamasi: (aside) This is the extreme passion of new love, which is very great and intense. (Openly) O Mukhara, I understand the nature of this disease. Kamsa and others, who are rulers of dynasties of demons, are searching for Radha. For this reason she has become obsessed in this way.

Mukhara: O noble gopi, what is the remedy?

Purnamasi: The remedy is a glimpse of the demon's enemy, (Krsna).

Mukhara: O noble gopi, this will certainly not please the crooked Jatila.

Purnamasi: O Mukhara, I shall tell her, "O Jatila, do not be afraid. I will by my mystic power, bring a representation who is just like Krsna."

(Mukhara offers her obeisances and leaves).

Purnamasi: (approaches Radha) O child, now my desires are fulfilled and I am greatly happy.

(Concealing her emotions Radha offers obeisances).

Purnamasi: (aside) Lotus-eyed Radha has become embarrassed and she is endeavouring somehow or other to conceal the great emotional upheaval raging within her. This upheaval is caused by the untamed fresh sweetness of the pleasure of the intoxication of Krsna, who is like the young king of the elephants and who performs pastimes on the bank of the Yamuna river. That sweetness now victoriously sports in the grove of Radha's heart. (She whispers to Nandimukhi) O Nandi, Radha's heart is agitated with great intense waves of love, and it is not possible to describe her activities. You should know that this is a manifestation of the wonderful, great and difficult to understand power, of the great hero of conjugal love. Just see how wonderful it is! Great sages meditate upon Him after being relieved from all material transactions, and with great difficulty they situate Him within their hearts. In contrast, this young girl is trying to withdraw her mind from Krsna so that she can apply it to material activities of sense-gratification. What a regrettable thing it is that this girl is trying to drive away from her heart, the same Krsna who is sought after by great sages through severe austerities and perseverance.

Nandi: O noble gopi, I am bewildered. I cannot understand this kind of love.

Purnamasi: O child, you have spoken the truth. These symptoms of intense love are very difficult to attain. Listen. My dear beautiful friend, if one develops love for the son of Maharaja Nanda, all the bitter and sweet influences of this love will manifest in one's heart. Such love acts in 2 ways. The poisoness effects of that love defeats the severe and fresh poison of the serpent. Yet there is simultaneously transcendental bliss which pours down and defeats the poisoness effects of the snake, as well as the happiness derived from pouring nectar on one's head. It is perceived as doubly effective simultaneously poisonous and nectarean. Let us go to Radha and observe her ecstatic love. (The approach her) O child, we would like to ask some questions of you. O Radha, your self-control, affectionate dealings and pious deeds are famous in the town of Gokula, and you also have taken birth

in a prosperous and pious family. Yet you have decided to become cruel to your friends. Why are you not ashamed to do this?

(Radha becomes discouraged and alarmed. Embarrassed she approaches Lalita).

Lalita: O noble gopi, Radha should explain her position to us. I became very perplexed when you spoke the following description of your offense. You said, “O noble and saintly gopi, I take an oath upon your feet, that I have not committed any offense. Even though I struck him with the blue lotus flowers and leaves which decorated my ears, this dark complexioned rascal would not give up the pleasure of embracing my body.”

Purnamasi: (She glances at Radha with apparent malice) O beautiful bewildered girl, why do you not stop these arrogant attacks from Krsna.

Radhika: (with anger) My dear mother, what can I say to you? Krsna is so cruel that he often attacks me on the street, and if I want to cry out loudly, this boy with a peacock feather on his head immediately covers my face so that I cannot cry. And if I want to go away from the scene because I am afraid of him, he will immediately spread his arms to block my path. If I pitifully fall down at his feet, then this enemy of the Madhu demon, in an angry mood, bites my lips! Mother, just try to understand my situation and don't be unnecessarily angry with me. Please tell me how I can save myself from these terrible attacks of Krsna's.

Purnamasi: (aside) Radha's tree of love (for Krsna) is no longer shaking at the root. (It has become very firm) O Radha, why are you so eager to engage in pastimes with this person you have seen in a picture. Why do you hope to become happy in this way? Why do you want to see this contrary person, Krsna? The burning fire of these bitter pastimes is destroying you, just as snow destroys a lotus flower.

Radha: (She recognises Krsna approaching and says to herself) O auspicious person, because of having faith in the words of your friends, we have seen your divinely youthful form, marked with signs of your pastimes. How can we understand you with our simple minds? Please cool down our eyes; we who are now feeling the intense heat of a volcanic fire (due to this vision).

Purnamasi: (glancing at Radha with affection) O child, please enter for a moment in this solitary place full of flowers. Write a letter to him (Krsna) and your 2 friends will carry it to him. (Accompanied by Lalita and Vishaka, Radha exits).

Purnamasi: (beginning to walk) O Nandimukhi, the loud sounds of the herd of transcendental surabhi cows is now filling the sky. Krsna must not be far from here. I think I shall now go to take my bath. (The exit) (Krsna enters)

Krsna: (with anxiety) Radha is as splendid as lightning and a source of wonder to the eyes. Ever since the time when I first accidentally saw her, my mind has become trapped in an unending circle of anxious thoughts. It has become indifferent to all other sources of happiness, as if it had become a yogi. I asked my friend to bring the pleasant, garland of flowers. Why does he delay? (Carrying a garland in his hands, Madhumangala enters).

Madhumangala: Why has my friend become so troubled in mind? Oh well, when the occasion arrives I shall understand the reason. Krsna trembles when he sees a golden coloured champak flower. I think that golden-complexioned Radha, decorated with splendid fresh kumkum, has become the tilak decoration drawn on the writing paper of Krsna's mind. (Madhumangala approaches Krsna and offers him the garland). Please take this.

Krsna: (as if he had not heard) She has the lustre of an unblossomed ketaki flower growing on a golden mountain. She is as splendid as a lightening bolt. Will that lightening bolt ever decorate my chest, as smooth as a multitude of clouds?

Madhumangala: (aside) Now I understand. (Openly, with a loud voice) O dear friend, why do you not see that I am crying in your presence?

Krsna: (concealing his emotions) O friend, I did not see you, because I was entranced by the beauty of this champak creeper.

Madhumangala: You speak the truth. You were actually looking at this winding champak creeper.

Krsna: O friend, it is not possible to trace out where this creeper goes, by its own will.

Madhumangala: O friend, please stop this cunning evasiveness for a moment. Speak plainly. Why has your heart become so despondent and empty?

Krsna: (smiles) O friend, it is because I did not have my garland.

Madhumangala: You should say 'kala' (girl) and not 'mala' (garland).

Krsna: This is a false suspicion.

Madhumangala: You do not understand that the peacock feather has fallen from your head, and before your eyes the garland has fallen from your neck. O young elephant who performs pastimes in the groves of Vrndavana, these events are caused by the great prowess of the bumble bees which are the eyes of Radha.

Krsna: (aside) How is it that this rascal understands everything? I cannot fool him. (Openly) O friend, what you say is true. Just as the full moon in the month of Jyaishta violently agitates the water of the Ganges River, in the same way, Radha has completely changed the situation of my mind.

Madhumangala: This girl is now standing before your eyes.

Krsna: Indeed it is true. She has come here because of Subala. (He becomes eager and anxious) With the moving creepers of her eyebrows, and with her sidelong glances moving in all directions, Radha appears to be instructing the deer in the art of gracefulness. Her lips are as beautiful as bimba fruits and when cupid sees her, he becomes terribly angry and prepares to shoot me with an arrow from his incomparable bow of flowers.

Madhumangala: Perhaps you have seen each other before?

Krsna: No! No! O friend, alas! Whenever the cooling and splendid moon of her face begins to rise on the path of my eyes, my mother, uttering a million criticisms, persistently leads me home for supper.

Madhumangala: O friend, there are many beautiful gopis. Why do you love only Radha with such fervour?

Krsna: O friend, an extraordinary sweetness resides within Radha. My dear friend, I speak truthfully, since seeing the beautiful, splendid face of Radha and her charming eyes, when I remember the moon or the lotus flower, my lips curl in distaste

Madhumangala: When I first saw you I surmised that you had fallen in love. What is this extreme beauty that you speak of?

Krsna: You speak truthfully friend. If you study Radha with your own mind you will begin to perceive something of her unlimited glory.

Lalita: (off-stage) O dear friend, now you may see Krsna, the prince of the cowherd men.

Krsna: O friend, a young girl is speaking nearby. Let us be silent. (Lalita and Vishaka enter).

Lalita: Just see by good fortune, we have met Krsna. Let us go to him. (They approach him) O bliss of Gokula, all glories to you!

Krsna: O friend Lalita, I think that you have come to the middle of Vrndavana forest to collect beautiful flower petals. (Aside) O heart be encouraged, I think this flower petal has grown from the seed of your desire.

Madhumangala: O Lalita, what is the use of this leaf, simply full of letters. You should rather give us a leaf with sugar candy on it!

Krsna: O friend, please read the letter. This letter may be a drinking vessel full of nectar for our ears.

Madhumangala: O friend, indeed we have seen the generosity of your cowherds but today we were fed with the 4 kinds of foodstuffs by the wives of the yajnik brahmanas and so I offer my respectful obeisances to our brahmana community. (Thus he reads the letter).

Radha's letter: O dearly beautiful, the artistic loveliness of your picture is now impressed within my mind. Since you are now living within my mind, wherever I wish to run, because I am agitated by impressions of you, I find that you, O my friend, are blocking my path.

Krsna: O friend, this verse is very difficult to understand. Please read it again. (He reads it again. Krsna becomes blissful and says to himself) Pious girls are generally very afraid to transgress the rules of morality. Because this girl neglects those rules, I can understand that her love is very great. (Krsna becomes excited and openly says) O Look, look! Accompanied by all my affectionate friends, I wander on the edge of the forest tending the cows. In this way I have become averse to hearing any news about women. These unchaste girls should not be allowed to freely pollute the men of this community. I shall quickly go and complain to the elderly cowherd men. (With feigned indignation Krsna struts about quickly).

Madhumangala (concealing a smile) O crest jewel of the brahmacaris, pause for a moment and defeat these foul-mouthed gopis with an expert reply. Cause them to flee with your words. I myself shall go to Yasoda, the queen of Gokula, to describe all the activities of these impudent gopis. (Madhumangala touches Krsna's hand for a moment). (Amazed and bewildered, Lalita and Vishaka exchange glances)

Krsna: O friend Vishaka, from the looks in both of your eyes, it seems as if you will block my path wherever I go, therefore I will attend to it; although I think it must be some other young boy who has agitated the heart of your Radha.

Vishaka: O lotus-eyed Krsna, who else performs such enchanting pastimes in Vrajamandala as you, and who else is able to violently agitate the lofty mountains which are the hearts of the pious gopis? Who else could have lifted Govardhana Hill with a tiny fragment of his unfathomable strength? For these reasons we think that only you are described in this letter.

Madhumangala: O talkative, girl, stop! Please stop! I myself saw how the cowherd men, with their upraised sticks, held up Govardhana Hill. Why do you praise our dear friend Krsna in this way? He did not hold up the hill.

Krsna: O Lalita, enough of this topic of conversation. Speak no more.

Lalita: O beautiful Krsna, you delight all the inhabitants of Gokula. Why is only this one gopi experiencing distress on your account?

Madhumangala: O bewildered girl, Krsna is just an intimate relative to us, and he is very learned in all the scriptures. How is it possible for him to transgress the rules of morality in this way? Therefore all your crying in this forest is useless.

Vishaka: (aside) This garland of gunja was worn by Radha. I shall now give it to Krsna. By observing his response I will be able to understand his actual feelings towards Radha. (Openly) This red and black garland of gunja is very excellently beautiful. May it hang upon your neck? Alternate translation (Radha is very beautiful and she is invested with all transcendental qualities. Her heart is always full of feelings of intense love for you, and her mouth is always engaged in chanting your name. May she become the garland of gunja which decorates your neck?) (She places the garland upon his neck).

Krsna: (smiling, with feigned anger) Although these gunja berries are very red, hard and nicely rounded, they are very crooked and appear to be unripe. I have no wish to accept a garland made of these inferior berries. Alternate translation (This garland is an ambiguous message of love from some young girl. Although great love is intended, it appears very harsh to me, and although it is very cleverly presented, it is very crooked. I have no desire to accept this garland). (In a bewildered state Krsna removes the garland and returns it.)

Vishaka: (aside) Krsna's bewildered condition is a sign of our good fortune. (She covers the garland with a cloth)

Lalita: By our good fortune, we have seen the amazing and unflinching vow of brahmacharya of Krsna, the lover of millions of gopis. We should now approach Radha and stop her from doing anything further, for she has fallen in love with a most unsuitable boy.

Vishaka: O friend, your counsel is very appropriate.

Lalita: O Vishaka, please go to our dear friend radha. Give her this garland and console her. I myself shall go to Purnamasi and inform her of the situation. (They exit).

Madhumangala: O friend, even though you yourself desire her, why do you cause to agitate the mind of this girl? Indeed, it appears that this will be a staircase extending up the mountain of regret.

Krsna: O friend, you speak truthfully. I recklessly laughed at this girl.

Madhmangala: Look, the 2 gopis have gone out of our sight.

Krsna: Upon hearing of my cruelly, moon-faced Radha may establish some kind of tolerance in her aggrieved heart. But then she might turn against me. Or, indeed, being fearful of the lusty desires invoked by the bow of formidable Cupid, she might even give up her life. Alas! I have foolishly uprooted the soft creeper of her desire just when it was ready to bear fruit.

Madhumangala: What should we do to counteract this situation?

Krsna: O friend, I do not see any alternative but to write a reply to Radha's love letter.

Madhumangala: What sort of ink should we use to write this letter?

Krsna: A letter written in the red fluid of roses would certainly enchant a young girl's mind.

Madhumangala: Praskanda tirtha, nearby is decorated with a great forest of roses. Let us go there. (The exit).

Radha: (unhappy) Desiring the happiness of his association and embraces, my dear friend, I have disregarded even my superiors and relaxed my shyness and

gravity before them. Furthermore, although you are my best friend, more dear to me than life, I have given you so much trouble. Indeed, I even put aside the vow of dedication to my husband, a vow kept by most elevated women. Oh alas! Although he is now neglecting me, I am so sinful that I am still living. Therefore I must condemn my so called patience.

Vishaka: (respectfully) O friend, please do not lament, do not lament. (She places the garland to Radha's nose).

Radhika: (regaining consciousness) This garland is certainly very wonderful. At one moment it causes me to faint, and now that very same garland is reviving my consciousness.

This garland is the topmost ointment for the limbs. O friend, Sri Krsna is the very jewel of all attraction. The name of this flute-player is the mantra which subjugates and brings under control, those who constantly hear it. This rejected garland of his is the great medicinal herb for the heart which cures our fainting condition. Who would not praise the great and inconceivable power of these 3 things.

Radhika: (aside) Because Krsna, who possesses such wonderful transcendental qualities has neglected this body of mine, this body may as well be dead. How is it that I shamelessly continue to maintain this body? I shall now remedy the situation.

Radha: (aside) I shall enter the waters of the Kaliya lake and drown myself. (Openly) O Vishaka, please inform my superiors that I desire to worship the sun-god, and have gone to the holy place named Dvadasaditya tirtha, for that purpose.

Vishaka: O dear friend, you must remember that the noble gopi Jatila has instructed me to remain with my dear friend at the present time. Therefore let us both go.

Radhika: (perplexed) Although Munkunda neglects me, the hostile and unfulfillable hope to attain him, burns nevertheless. O friend, I shall take shelter of the deep waters of the Yamuna river, the sister of the Lord of death, to extinguish that fire.

Vishaka: Just look at the auspicious signs appearing in our path. For this reason please do not speak in this way.

Radhika: (looking ahead) Why has the sun set so unexpectedly?

Vishaka: This is not the sunset but the splendid, blossoming roses of Praskanda-tirtha, which are very dear to the sun-god. Let us gather these roses to make rose-scented water.

(Krsna and Madhumangala enter)

Krsna: O friend, these roses are thieves who have stolen away this beauty from Radha's lips.

Madhumangala: Presee the huice from these roses and write a reply to Radha's love letter.

Krsna: (Trembling at amazement) This is not Ilavrta-varsa, near mount Sumeru, the golden mountain of the demigods. Why then do I see this golden effulgence in all directions? Ah yes, by hearing the tinkling sound of jewelled ankle-bells, I can understand that the demigoddess who rules over beauty has now entered the forest of Vrndavana to perform pastimes.

Madhumangala: Ah, the deer has now placed her foot in the trap she was seeking.

Krsna: (blissful) O friend, you have nicely understood. Let us hide behind this tree and hear what they say. (They hide behind a tree).

Radhika (Crying tears, she rests her hand on Vishaka's shoulder) Now this person may only be remembered when we talk of him.

Vishaka: (also crying tears) O friend, everyone says that you are grave, patient and full of all good qualities. How is it that you have become so agitated.

Radhika: O friend, because of this rascal, I have lost all of my good qualities. His chest is like a dam that is very competent to check the current of the river of my patience. His face is like the moon which has become dedicated to cause the forest of lotus flowers, which are my pious activities to wither away. His two arms are the pillars used in the sacrificial ceremony to exorcise my perpetual shyness. Alas, o friend, the snake which is the movements of his eyes, is swallowing everything.

Krsna: (to himself) O beloved, Madhava has also become stunned by your charming beauty, and he has also lost all his good qualities.

Radhika: (folds her hands and look at the sky) O Krsna, O killer of Putana, I was engaged in my own childish activities at home, and because of my childish innocence I did not know right from wrong. Therefore is it good for you to have forced us into being so much attracted to you and then to have neglected us? Now you are indifferent to us. Do you think that this is right?

Krsna: (to himself) O beloved, if one desires to continue living, will he ignore the creeper bearing medicinal herbs to maintain his life?

Radhika: (sighs) O friend, please wear my favourite necklace. (She removes the necklace from her neck).

Vishaka: (checks her by force) Stop. Why do you burn me in this way? Please wait for Lalita. I will weep profusely.

Radhika: My dear friend, if Krsna is unkind to me, there will be no need for you to cry, for it will not be due to any fault of yours. I shall then have to die, but afterwards please do one thing for me. To observe my funeral ceremony, place my body with its arms embracing a tamal tree, like creepers so that I may remain forever in Vrndavana undisturbed. This is my last request.

Krsna: (crying tears) O friend, see how great her love is.

Radhika: (aside) I am agitated with intense longing. (Openly) When my worship of the sun-god is completed, there is one more thing that I want to request. After I have died, please gather as many flowers as the number of times I have bathed at this holy place. (She takes 2 or 3 steps in the direction of the tirtha and again speaks to herself). Alas, I shall never again be able to see the enchanting face of Krsna, which is as splendid as the moon, and bewilders the residents of the 3 worlds with its beauty. (Full of longing, she returns and says openly) Be merciful to me, be merciful. Please show me his picture again.

Vishaka: O friend, there is no paper here to draw a picture on.

Radhika: (anxious) Then I will meditate upon him, and in this way he shall appear before me. (She becomes absorbed in meditation).

Krsna: O friend, I have never before drunk such an intoxicating nectar for the ears. Therefore we must present ourselves before her. (They emerge from behind the tree).

Vishaka: (with great respect) O friend, by good fortune, your pleasant meditation has become successful. Immediately open your eyes!

(Radha opens her eyes slightly and becomes amazed).

Vishaka: He for whom you were prepared to destroy yourself, being struck by the arrows of cupid has now appeared before you. The raging fire of pure love caused your delicate body to burn. O friend, this playful person, crowned with a peacock feather decoration in his hair, and who is the lord of your life, is now in your presence.

Radhika: O how sweet this dream is.

Vishaka: O untrusting gopi, you have never before experienced a dream like thi, where you have not even fallen asleep.

Krsna: With the movements of her eyes, this beautiful gopi causes cupid, wielding arrows of flowers to flee. She moves with the slow and graceful gait of the king of elephants, and the beauty of the red bimba fruit which are her lips, has conquered the charming splendour of the nearby lotus flowers.

Radhika: (her eyes dance on the form of Krsna, and she says to herself) Excellent, excellent. O heart, by good fortune you may see this form of Krsna for a moment.

Krsna: (smiles) O rascal Vishaka, I have diligently searched for you, and now, by good fortune I have found you. Someone, with a similar form as yours, has bewildered me and stolen away my delightful garland of unripe gunja berries.

Madhumangala: Just see how our garland is resting on Radha's neck. Take it from her.

Krsna: O friend, although you are very knowledgeable, this advice of yours is not ver proper. I do not remember ever having seen such a beautiful young girl, even in a dream.

Radhika: (aside) Although Krsna is jesting, I am afraid that he is speaking about me with honesty.

Vishaka: (laughing) O Krsna, O great ocean into which the rives of young gopis flow. Stay, stay! At present I can still see the marks your gopi friends on your limbs.

Krsna: (Joyful to himself) When Radha smiles, waves of joy overtake her cheeks and her arched eyebrows dance like the bow of cupid. Her glance is so enchanting that it is like a dancing bumblebee, moving unsteadily due to intoxication. That bee has bitten the whorl of my heart.

Jatila: (offstage) O grand-daughter Vishaka!

Krsna: why has Jatila, whitened with old-age, so unexpectedly arrived?

Jatila: (Glancing ahead, she says to herself) Why is Krsna here? (Openly) O Vishaka, why have you forgotten the sandalwood paste mixed with perfume?

Krsna: (aside) At this moment when the chakora bird is about to drink theeffulgence of the crescent moon, this mass of clouds has appeared to cover that moon. (Openly) Maternal aunt of my mother, I offer respects to you.

Jatila: O enchanting boy, do not look at the young gopis with such crooked eyes.

Madhumangala: (laughs) O gopi as hard as the thunderbolt of Indra which is fashioned from the bones of Dadhici, the glance of my dear friend Krsna is always exalted and noble. It is your eyes that are squinting. Therefore you should grant a benediction to yourself, so that your eyes may no longer squint in this way.

Jatila: O lover of the young gopis, why have you come here?

Krsna: O noble gopi, who would not be attracted by the beauty of these roses, which are so amazingly and extraordinary red?

(Alternate translation) O noble gopi, who would not be attracted by Radha, who is as beautiful as roses, and whose love is very amazing and extraordinary.

Jatila: (aside) Because of my contact with Mukhara, I knew that he was presently here at this place. (Openly) O charming boy you must immediately leave this place.

Krsna: O talkative old gopi, why are you so agitated? I shall leave when I wish.

Jatila: (looks at Krsna with crooked eyes) O why shouldn't I be in anxiety? The entire earth has been washed of its sweetness. Upon me rests the burden of overseeing the welfare of my newly-married daughter-in-law. You fearlessly wander all over the pasturing grounds causing your eyes to dance.

Krsna: O suspicious old gopi, don't talk nonsensically. What have you heard about the activities of your daughter-in-law? Whatever you may have heard, I can justify my respectable character.

Jatila: O Vishaka, why are you here?

Vishaka: O pious gopi, I saw a way-ward deer, and became astonished. (She glances at a deer) O merciless deer, you abandoned your beautiful mate, who always affectionately accompanied you, and instead you uselessly wander from forest to forest artistically leaping and playing.

Jatila: O foolish, whimsical girl, give up this infatuation with a deer.

Madhumangala: O dear friend, look! Although this young parrot is thirsty, it will not accept the sweet pomegranate fruit.

Krsna: (smiling) O pomegranate tree, this parrot has become fascinated by the redness of your flowers, which make you appear also beautiful. He is standing aloof and wondering whether your fruits are ripe.

(According to Visvanatha Chakravarti, Krsna wonders whether the fruits of ecstatic love of God have become ripened on the tree of Radha).

(Moving her eyes, Vishaka glances at Radha).

Radha: (aside) For a long time I have not drunk the nectarean words of Krsna, and I have not placed my sidelong glance upon his face. O friend, I have finally attained the delightful opportunity to associate with Hari, and wicked fate is already obstructing me, using this old woman.

Jatila: (aside) Because of the noble-mindedness of my daughter-in-law, the sight of this Kanha could not have caused any calamity. (Openly) O Vishaka, look! The afternoon is ending. Let us hurry to the temple of the sun-god. (They exit).

Krsna: O friend, this Radha is like the moonlight which follows the full moon (Purnamasi). Therefore let us go to Purnamasi. (They exit)

ACT 3

(Followed by Lalita, Purnamasi enters)

Purnamasi: O child, on my account, the son of Nanda, has become embarrassed to associate with your friend Radha.

Lalita: O noble gopi, great souls are difficult to understand. They do not immediately reveal their minds.

Purnamasi: (glancing ahead) O child, just see how Madhu-mardhana (the killer of the Madhu demon) is happily sporting with Madhumangala in this garden of kadamba trees. The flute of Krsna's pastimes measures 3 fingers in length, and it is bedecked with indra-nila gems. At the ends of the flute are arusa gems (rubies) glittering beautifully, and in the middle of it is plated with gold and set ablaze with diamonds. This auspicious flute, pleasing to Krsna, is glittering in his hands with

transcendental brilliance.

Krsna: (Enters showing signs of regret) Due to embarrassment, Radha suddenly turned her face from me, as her smiling friend held the corner of her garment. How is it that today I failed to embrace Radha between my arms? O friend Madhumangala, her eyes are like that of the khanjarita bird and her blossoming, graceful feminine gestures, have completely stolen away the bumblebee of my mind. (With longing) Radha once said the following words, “O friend, my favourite pearl-necklace has broken and I must now search for the scattered pearls’. Using this trick, she affectionately glanced at me from the corners’ of her charmingly, bewildered beautiful eyes, even in the presence of her elders.

Purnamasi: (sees Krsna from a distance and says apprehensively) Murari’s slightly agitated eyes move about and his sighs cause his garland of vicalika flowers to wilt. Who is the fortunate, beautiful girl in Gokula, who has quickly brought the Lord to this state of meditation? O child, Radha is certainly the cause of this.

Krsna: (seeing Purnamasi he approaches her) O noble woman, I offer respects to you.

Purnamasi: O handsome boy, may you be the chief ornament on the sloping breasts of the gopis.

Krsna: (slightly laughing) Do not give these useless benedictions. With the bud of my hand, I have not even touched this dark-coloured creeper, who is celebrated as the gopi (Tulasi).

Madhumangala: (laughing) O master, we are looking for a golden creeper, not a dark-coloured one.

Purnamasi: (with a playful, joking smile) O Madhava, you are the son of the king of the cowherd men, and you are very well behaved. You are famous in Vraja for the strength of your arms, and for performing hundreds of wonderful pastimes. Why have you so greatly agitated this pious girl?

Madhumangala: O harshly speaking old woman, wait a moment, wait a moment. It is my dear friend who has become agitated by your Radha. He has become so bewildered that he does not understand how he has lost his crown, buffalo horn and stick. He does not know where he has dropped them.

Krsna: (embarrassed) O pious woman, this talkative boy is speaking lies. I will speak the truth to you. I have not fallen in love with your gopis. He should answer this question truthfully here.

Madhumangala: O pious Purnamasi, this is true. This is true. I have never observed that the heart of my dear friend has shown any love for your gopis. On the contrary, it is Their cosmetics that are seen on Krsna’s chest.

Krsna: (affectionately angry) O fool, lie upon you. Although you are my intimate friend, you will not abandon this dishonesty.

Purnamasi: This boy has spoken the truth. O killer of Kamsa, according to your desire you manifest a reservoir of unlimited transcendental qualities, and you are a great ocean of beauty. You are always possessing a multitude of auspicious opulences. Therefore in your pastimes of playing your flute, it is no wonder that when the gopis hear that sound their clothes become loose even inside their homes.

Madhumangala: O pious woman, you have only described the pastimes of his playing the flute. He has done many other things which you do not know. This very day I have seen him take the gopis garments from the shore of the Yamuna

river, and place them on his shoulder with his own hand.

Krsna: (Knitting his eyebrows, he checks Madhumangala) O noble woman, even though the sound of my flute is so attractive, your gopis remain gloriously chaste.

Lalita: Some king of the rascals has certainly taught you some bewitching mantra, or herb by which you have destroyed the happiness of household life for all these pure, beautiful wives of the cowherd men.

Madhumangala: Lalita speaks the truth. Without some powerful mantra, how could this boy, who is by nature as gentle as a fresh cool lotus flower, have put to shame great demons who were as big as mountains.

Lalita: O pious boy, please do not tell us how cool he is. Even the mere remembrance of your friend creates a distressful burning sensation within us.

Madhumangala: O friend, although you are so cooling, the gopis say you are very hot. By touching you, I shall see if this is true. (Madhumangala respectfully places his hand on Krsna's chest). Lalita speaks the truth. (Madhumangala reflects for a moment) O Lalita, I understand, I understand. Your Radha has entered the heart of Krsna and caused him to become very hot, even though he himself has made millions of moons cool.

Lalita: O pious boy, my friend's fragile and unlimited love has been greatly injured by this Krsna. How is it possible for her to enter his heart, which is as hard as a diamond.

Madhumangala: O fickle girl, my friend is full of very intense and beautiful love for your gopi friend. Cheating sleep, he meditated upon her with single-pointed concentration of the mind, just like a king of the yogis.

Krsna: (Turning his face away with embarrassment) Fool, stop these lying jokes.

Lalita: By the grace of providence, my dear friend has become very fortunate.

Purnamasi: O handsome boy, please stop these jokes. Hear what I have to say. O Krsna, you are just like an ocean. The river of Srimati Radharani has reached you from a long distance, leaving behind the tree of her husband, breaking through the bridge of social convention, and forcibly crossing the hills of elder relatives.

Coming here because of fresh feelings of love for you, that river has now received your shelter. But now you are trying to turn her back by the waves of unfavourable words. How is it that you are spreading this attitude (indifference)?

Madhumangala: O even though your intelligence is sharp/pure still you ask this question? Just see how I have constructed this bow of flowers for frightening away cuckoos with their vile warbling.

Purnamasi: O moon-faced Krsna, when this young girl perceives the sweet aroma of the Madhavi creepers, and then again sees how diligently her female companions are guarding the gate, she trembles with fear. When she sees the drops of water on the chandrakanta jewel on her terrace, she suspects the imminent moon-rise and faints with anxiety.

Krsna: (aside) Ah, this is a very painful situation.

Purnamasi: O handsome boy, the neglect of another's love is a greatly sinful deed, which causes very bitter consequences. Just see, the jewel of the day (the sun) is now abandoning the reddened twilight, and it is immersing this world in terrible darkness. (Ashamed Krsna bows his head) (Glancing at Krsna she becomes very happy and says to herself): By good fortune, Krsna is smiling and his right eye is blinking auspiciously. (Openly) You should become the decoration of this grove of mango trees. One of my friends (Lalita or Vishaka) will bring you to the proper

place.

Krsna: (embarrassed) As you say. (He and Madhumangala exit).

Purnamasi: O daughter Lalita, now I am completely happy. Please go now to radha. (Engaged in conversation, Radha and Vishaka enter).

Radhika: O friend, although I have drunk the coconut juice of Krsna's conversation, which is mixed with the camphor of his smile, because I have not drunk the nectar of the touch of his body, I have become greatly emaciated and am no longer able to remain alive, as if I had swallowed poison.

Vishaka: O friend, you do not know how glorious you are. Although, Syamasundara, has become so affectionate towards you because of your intense love for him, you still nevertheless fear that you are impure.

Radhika: O friend, at night the jungle elephant of conjugal love (cupid) has thrown away the fence and fearlessly trampled the multitude of lotus flowers which are my longings to meet Krsna. Alas, even though the glowing moon may rise for a long time, it is possible for those wretched lotus flowers to become happy?

Purnamasi: (Seeing Radha ahead): O daughter Lalita, I am eager to induce your friend Radha to describe her love for Krsna. Please remain silent as I speak to her.

Lalita: I shall do whatever you say.

Purnamasi: (approaches Radha and says with feigned unhappiness) O Radha your eyes are as charming as a pair of khanjana birds. With sweet words Madhava continually begs for the touch of your body. He considers that no other remedy will even slightly cure the agitation of his heart.

Radhika: (as if perplexed) Why should I feel embarrassed here? (She folds her hands) If a delicate rangana creeper is scorched by a blazing forest fire, what can save that creeper, except for the appearance of a dark rain-cloud?

Purnamasi: O Radha, you are the granddaughter of an elderly gopi. How is it that you aspire to attain Krsna, who is very difficult to attain, and whose feet are embraced by the goddess of fortune herself? Please listen to my words, and pacify your mind. Do not become curious to grasp in your hands the moon, which is moving in the sky.

Radhika: (her voice choked up with emotion) Because of your insistence, I shall give up my love for Krsna, the conquerer of the Mura demon. Nevertheless, now that evening is beginning, my mind is very eager to hear some encouraging words from your mouth. Please grant me the benediction that in my next life I may become a bee on a garland of forest flowers. (She hints that she is about to commit suicide, because her love for Krsna is frustrated).

Vishaka: O noble Purnamasi, please protect Radha. Her eyes are wide open and her condition is very frightening.

Purnamasi: (agitated) Alas, the snake of time, which brings great catastrophes has forcibly intruded. (She mercifully embraces Radha) O child, become calm, please become calm. You are now agitated by the manifestation of great love. Please listen and I will tell the truth to you. Desiring a brief glance of you, Lord Siva and the other unlimitedly powerful controllers of the universe, perform severe austerities to achieve this end. Even Krsna has become thin because of his thirst to see you. O beautiful Radha, how can I glorify your indescribable good fortune?

Lalita: With the flute at his mouth, Krsna is now exclusively engaged in singing beautiful songs to glorify your pastimes. Making beautiful ornaments to decorate

you with has become his exclusive activity. Your names have become more pleasing to him than all of the inhabitants of Vrndavana forest. O Radha, the enemy of Kamsa has made for you today a mandala of fragrant creepers.

Radhika: (becoming calm, she says to herself) O fickle mind, even now you do not believe this.

Purnamasi: Lalita, you are very bold. When Vishaka returns here from the base of the Mango tree, accompanied by Mukunda, please conceal Radha from the other gopis, in the previously arranged grove of Karnikara flowers. I must go and attend to my own duties now. (The 3 exit).

Vishaka: (after walking a great distance). I can see Kanha staying under that mango tree.

Krsna: (eagerly glancing behind) The brilliant sun, appearing as beautiful sphere of molten gold, has now set, entering the waters of the ocean. The darkness appearing as a perfect cosmetic for the eyes of these many owls, has caused even the elephants to stumble and stray from their normal course. (Anxiously looking at the path) How is it that I still do not see that gopi friend? (Turning around, he looks behind) Moonlight is very expert at disturbing the sleep of the pious gopis, who appear as beautiful as sleeping lotus flowers. That moonlight threatens to humiliate the lotus flowers and cause their beauty to fade. That moonlight is lamented by those whose lovers never arrive at the place of rendezvous. That beautiful and cooling moonlight is now decorating the eastern sky.

Krsna: (perplexed) The moon has risen, and still Radha's messenger has not arrived. Perhaps Radha considered her religious duties and restrained her desire to see me? Perhaps she was prevented by the harsh and critical objections of her superiors. Perhaps she has fainted in distress, and she is now motionless.

Vishaka: (aside) Krsna is eagerly looking at the path, expecting my appearance. I shall joke with him for a moment. (She turns her face down and becomes silent).

Krsna: O my friend, why are you silent?

Vishaka: O moon-faced boy, I am very unfortunate. Why should I speak?

Krsna: (apprehensive) Why is this?

Vishaka: O handsome boy, Sarasvati, the goddess of eloquence, does not grace me with her appearance. Still it is not proper for me to conceal what has transpired. O prince of Vraja, the wretched Abhimanyu has taken my dear friend Radha to Mathura (Her speech is interrupted by dry crying).

Krsna: (alarmed) When was she taken to Mathura?

Vishaka: At the time when you met noble Punamasi.

Krsna: (grief-stricken) O Vishaka, why was she taken to Mathura?

Vishaka: It was suspected that she had fallen in love with you.

Krsna: How was it detected?

Vishaka: Who would not be able to detect the appearance of that extraordinary love?

Krsna: The uncivilised breeze from the malaya hills fatigues my body, and the moon appears to be scattering blazing particles of fiery dust with its moonlight. Wretched cupid scolds me with the buzzing sound of the bumble bees. I am not able to live without Radha even for a moment. (Krsna becomes bewildered).

Vishaka: (respectfully) O bliss of Gokula, please become peaceful, become peaceful. I was simply playing a joke with you. Although radha is greatly distressed, her life is protected by the delightful garland you gave her.

Krsna: (relieved) O rascal, you are teasing me.

Vishaka: You have forgotten your own nature.

Krsna: O friend, please describe the symptoms of my beloved Radha's love for me.

Vishaka: When radha hears your name, even from a distance, her eyes become like red madira flowers, and she calls out and trembles as if she had become intoxicated. Oh, what more can I say? When by chance she sees a dark rain-cloud (she remembers you), and her mind becomes very eager to embrace your 2 shoulders.

Krsna: Let us go quickly to her. Indeed I can almost see my beloved. (They begin to walk).

Radha: (grief-stricken) Perhaps some obstacle has prevented my friend from going to Krsna. Perhaps Hari did not believe her appeal. Alas, perhaps cruel fate has become my enemy. Perhaps these are the reasons why I cannot perceive, even in the distance, the fragrance of his forest garland.

Vishaka: (as they come within sight of Radha) O Krsna, this girl bowing her head, is constantly gazing at this path shaded by trees. At one moment she rises from her seat, and then again she sits down bewildered. She takes 3-3 steps, glances at Lalita, and again turns around. Just see how she has become devastated by an over-whelming desire to associate with you.

Krsna: Radha is so beautiful that the lustre of her face has eclipsed the moonrise. Her smile is as sweet as a multitude of red lotus flowers, and the splendour of her fingernails and toenails has conquered the loveliness of the stars. Her eyes are as beautiful as the eyes of deer, and she makes the charming dusk appear as insignificant as a blade of grass.

Radhika: (dejected) Why did he reject me so cruelly? Although he is independent, is he controlled by the fragrance and side long glances of other affectionate gopis? Although the world is being engulfed in moon-light, still the son of Nanda has not yet reached this cottage of creepers.

Krsna: (approaching Radha) Because of the excellent mercy of Purnamasi, this girl as beautiful as moonlight is now delighting me.

Radhika: (full of wonder she says to herself) Ah, this person who is the bestower of all good fortune, has now arrived. (She loses composure).

Vishaka: The fortunate gopis, delight the killer of the Madhu demon, with their pastimes and novel jokes. Although I am such a fortunate gopi, my good fortune is insignificant because in my presence my dear friend Radha has become stunned and is rolling on the ground. (In ecstatic love).

Lalita: This handsome young man, who enchants the swan of your mind, is now standing before you. O sh Radha, do not become overwhelmed with fear. At this moment courage will help you to fulfil your desires. (She drags Radha forcefully to Krsna). O cheater, the swan of my friend Radha's mind saw you from a great distance and began to tremble, overcome by thirst. In that condition, the swan dived into the lotus flower of your face and was trapped by the network of your restless eyebrows. It is right therefore that you act in this contrary way towards us?

Krsna: Persons of my calibre do not take advantage of weak young women.

Vishaka: O pious boy, this is true, this is true. The kadamba tree at Bhadra-Kali tirtha (where Krsna stole the gopis clothes) is a witness to the truth of this.

Krsna: O friend, lalita, what will make you believe that I am faultless?

Lalita: If we skilfully subject you to a trial-by-ordeal, we may believe you.

Krsna: O crooked girl, put me on trial, as you like. The brilliant effulgence of my good reputation can never become stained with disgrace.

Lalita: In between Radha's golden, pitcher like, raised breasts, there is a young female black snake who is Radha's intimate follower (the fine line of hair extending from her navel). If you can place your hand on the great jewel which decorates that serpent's head, and remain unhurt, the moon of your nonourable reputation will shine without any taint of disgrace.

Krsna: (pretending to be afraid) O cruel girl, you are named Lalita (playful) very appropriately. In this matter of a very insignificant offense, you have prescribed a very severe trial-by-ordeal, where the accused person places his hand in a pitcher containing a poisonous snake.

Radhika: (affectionately angry) O Lalita, stop, Stop! (Knitting her eyebrows, Radha glances at Lalita).

Lalita: Why does Radha criticise me? I am just seeing if he has been completely corrupted (or not).

Vishaka: O Lalita, I know the intention in Radha's heart.

Lalita: Please tell me, I shall listen.

Vishaka: Krsna has already touched so many serpents and he has remained unhurt. He touched the serpent Agha whose form reached up to the clouds, and he also touched Kaliya, who was very proud, angry and hostile, and who belched forth flames. Krsna also touched the serpent who was swallong Nanda Maharaja. That serpent later became transformed into a celestial demigod. Krsna appears to be the guru of the serpents. How will your trial by the ordeal of touching a serpent have any effect on Him?

Lalita: (laughs) O Radha, you do not understand the glorious position of your follower. Look at this, O friend, your romavali in the form of a female serpent, is able to bewilder the crest-jewel of Garuda, whose own shrill cries remove the pride of all the serpents wives.

Radhika: (affectionately angry) O bold Lalita, first you bring me here and then you mock me. I shall go to Vrndavana and tell the elderly gopis about your activities.

Lalita: O bewildered Radha, first determine whether my activities are actually pious or dishonest, and then you may go.

Krsna: O cruel Lalita, because you will not give up this wicked idea, I accept this trial-by-ordeal. (He approaches Radha).

Lalita: (observing Krsna) O clever one, stop, stop! I understand. I understand. At the beginning of this trial, you have become frightened and your agitated hands are trembling. Indeed your whole body is shaking and the hairs of your body are standing upright like peacock feathers. Therefore it has been revealed that you are the sovereign emperor of rascal thieves.

Lalita: O clever boy, you admit it with your own mouth.

Krsna: O friend, because of affection for me, please tell me how I may become free of my offense.

Lalita: Please enter amidst the great and pure liberated souls who have climbed the mountain of perfection in yoga, in a solitary place. Trembling, beg shelter from them. These magnanimous souls will accept even a greatly sinful person because they are full of saintly qualities.

(Alternate translation) Please become the central jewel on the necklace of splendid pearls which decorate the solitary slopes of Sri Radha's breasts. Please enter amidst these pearls and beg for shelter. These saintly pearls will certainly accept you. The Supreme Personality of Godhead, whose arms are broad.

Krsna: O friend, your instruction is excellent. Blissful, he approaches Radha and places his hand upon her.

Radhika: (with a faltering voice) O handsome one, it is not proper for you to do this. (She repels Krsna's hand and then disappears into the trees).

Krsna: (At Radha's departure Krsna becomes alarmed) O friends, where has your friend Radha gone?

Lalita and Vishaka: O charming boy, when we find her, we will certainly tell you. (They approach Radha from behind) O Radha, now you have an opportunity to joke with this playful Krsna. For a moment please conceal your real emotions.

Radhika: (cunningly moving her eyebrows) O Lalita, how can you advise me to joke with him? This bold and reckless deed is very improper for me. I should leave.

Lalita: (approaching Krsna) O moon-faced boy, our dear friend wishes to say something to you, but she has become afraid.

Krsna: O friend, there is no need to be afraid of someone who is submissive and obedient. Radha may order me as she likes.

Lalita: My perplexed mind is greatly inundated by waves of fear and my hands are trembling. My throat has become choked up, my head is spinning and my limbs perspire. O Lord of Vrndavana, I am not able to do very great and powerful deeds. You have come at night from a great distance to this rendezvous. Please forgive my offense.

Krsna: (aside) I cannot understand whether she is joking or whether she speaks in this way out of religious duty.

Radhika: (partly visible) O friend, quickly send him away. No one should see me.

Krsna: (unhappily says to himself) The love of young girls is very flickering. What is not possible for them? (Openly) O Radha, with ardent love you invited me to this secret rendezvous. Is it proper that my purposes remain unfulfilled in this way? It is natural that I am attracted to you, just as iron is attracted to the magnet. I just slightly touched you. Why have you hidden nearby?

Lalita: O Gokulananda, why do you criticise Radha, when you should criticise your own sinful deed! Although there is great mutual affection between You and Radha, this foolish and uncivilised act stands as a great obstacle between the two of you.

Krsna: Look, look friend, those full of great love abandon even the rules of morality in order to approach their beloved. Tara, the wife of Brhaspati who is the spiritual master of Indra, kissed Candra (the deity of the moon).

(Alternate translation) Those full of great love abandon even the objects of material attachment in order to approach the path of devotional service. Therefore if the wife of a very powerful or opulent husband has attained the exalted stage of love of God, she is able to affectionately kiss the Supreme Personality of Godhead Lord Visnu.

Lalita: Who indeed is prevailing in your replies, back and forth. Therefore Radha you should go back to your husband, away from this person who is defeating you.

Radhika: (deliberately approaching Lalita) O Lalita, I shall tell you something and

then return. (Looking at Lalita) My chastity resounds in the mouths of all the dutiful gopis, my family is free from defamation and my husband is opulent and handsome. Nevertheless, by the playful moving of Krsna's eyebrows, cupid conquered my pride with his bow. Now this vain introduction is causing my heart to be overcome with fear.

Krsna: (glancing at Radha he sighs and says to himself) Radha's moving sidelong glances have darkened the colour of her diamond earrings, which now have the lustre of emeralds. Her eyebrows are very beautiful and a smile shines within her words. O mind, do not become dejected. I think that perhaps Radha's aversion to me is an artificial device inspired by her friends.

Lalita: (she sees Krsna's face and whispers to Vishaka) O Vishaka, he understands my intentions. He has uncovered our secret.

Vishaka: yes, its true.

Krsna: (smiles) O Lalita. Radha who is expert at deception, is uselessly trying to trick me. Trying to trick me in this way is like trying to capture a maddened elephant with a spiders web.

Vishaka: O friend Radha, your teasing is now useless. You should now immediately fulfil the desires of your beloved.

Krsna: (with great love) My 2 ears have become deafened by the calling of the cuckoo. Please sure them with gentle and eloquent words of praise. My limbs are burning with the fire of intense love. O beautiful Radha, please fearlessly cool those burning limbs with your embrace.

Vishaka: O handsome one, the goddess of bashfulness has come before us in the form of Radha. In front of her I shall offer words of praise. For that length of time, please remain very cool, calm and gentle. (In her presence).

Krsna: (respectfully) O friend, by nature I am very cool and calm. I shall now become like a garland of blue lotus flowers at the new golden pitcher-like breasts of Radha. (He slowly approaches Radha).

Radhika: (Shrinking away) O Vishaka, why have you abandoned me? I am frightened.

Lalita: O Radha, how can Vishaka conceal and protect you? This garland of lotus flowers is surely competent to protect you because we see that it has attracted many bumblebees. Wear it and it will protect you. (Vishaka means without hands, so Lalita says that because Vishaka is handless she cannot protect Radha).

Radhika: (affectionately angry) O harshly speaking Lalita, although your desires are all fulfilled, you still do not go away.

Vishaka: O Radha, Kanha has consecrated himself to perform the Vedic ritual of giving fearlessness to all the residents of Gokula. Why are you afraid of him?

Krsna: O beautiful Radha, you are certainly much stronger than I. Why are you afraid of me? Assuming the form of the creepers which are your eyebrows, Kaliya, the king of the serpents, surrounds me with his crooked looks. Assuming the form of the sharp corners of your eyes, the demon Dhenuka chastises me. The demon Pralambha, assuming the form of your long braided hair, has violently robbed away my strength. Although I had formerly defeated these demons, now that they have taken shelter of you, they have conquered me.

Lalita: O Kanha, from where has Radha received her superior strength? No one is able to take these transcendental opulences away from you.

Vishaka: O friend Radha the enemy of Kamsa, is very affectionate to his many

swan-like devotees but for some reason you will not release the king of swans, your mind. Therefore you should immediately cast off these bonds by the pastimes of embracing. O deceitful and beautiful faced girl, one cannot attain one's desired tranquility through dishonesty.

Radhika: O sinful Vishaka, you have become corrupted by the breezes wafted from the poisonous creeper who is Lalita.

Krsna: O friend Lalita, how is it that even now Radha will not let me become immersed in the nectar of her mercy? She forces me to stand on the shore of that mercy ocean.

Lalita: O Kanha, give up your cleverness. One cannot attain the mercy of our dear friend Radha immediately, simply by asking for it, as you can with Candravali.

Krsna: How can one attain your friend's mercy?

Lalita: By constant service.

Krsna: (joyfully glancing at Radha) O Radha, shall I draw pictures with sandalwood paste upon your breasts, or shall I decorate your braided hair with a crown of flowers, or shall I use my hand to massage your extremely beautiful limbs which are so greatly afflicted by cupid.

Radhika: (playfully shrinks from Lalita and pointing her finger scolds her) O crooked rascal, you shall remember this. I shall release myself from your hands and go home.

Lalita: (pulling the corner of Radha's sari) O friend Radha, don't go home. I am determined to stop you with my own hand. O deaf girl, how is it that you keep gold tied within the knot at the corner of your sari?

Radhika: Let go of the border of my sari, let go! When I leave this place, I shall inform the pious Mukhara of all these activities.

Mukhara: (calling from off-stage) O granddaughter Lalita, where is your dear friend Radha?

Lalita: O here come the pious Mukhara.

Krsna: (alarmed) I shall go far away. (He goes far away).

Mukhara: (glancing ahead she says to herself) Something which appears to be a dark blue emerald column is attracting my eyes from a great distance. This column has such an extraordinary sweet fragrance. It must certainly be Krsna.

Krsna: O pious woman (half-spoken)

Mukhara: (with pretended harshness) who said that?

Krsna: O pious Mukhara, may you become happy.

Mukhara: O charming boy, how can I become happy as long as your flute is not silent?

Krsna: O pious woman, how has my flute offended you?

Mukhara: You should ask the young girls of Gokula, who although prohibited by their superiors, nevertheless run into the forest time after time, whenever they hear the sound of your flute.

Krsna: You are very appropriately named Mukhara (talkative).

Mukhara: O charming boy, by entering here in the dark of night, you frightened me.

Krsna: You are needlessly afraid. Purnamasi told me that a very amazing deer is roaming here in this courtyard. That is why I came.

Mukhara: O handsome boy, in the morning you shall see this deer. Now you should go home.

Krsna: Old woman, you are as hard as a ram's horn, but I trust what you say. I shall go now. (He disappears into the darkness).

Mukhara: O Lalita, has Kanha actually gone?

Lalita: He certainly has.

Krsna: (aside) This old woman is very agitated. I shall become silent and tug at the corner of Radha's sari.

Mukhara: (her eyes wide open with anger) Impudent Lalita. In my presence Kanha, wearing a yellow dhoti is tugging at the border of Radha's sari. Why are you trying to deceive me. (Krsna becomes a little frightened and retreats).

Lalita: (aside) I shall trick this old woman, who cannot see clearly at night.

(Angrily speaking out) Old Mukhara, you cannot see clearly, but without any reason you have become afraid. This is a dark Tamala tree growing here on the shore of the Yamuna river. A golden bench is situated at the base of this tree and the branches of the tree are moving in the wind. It is these tree branches which are shaking the garments covering the breasts of my friend Radha.

Mukhara: (aside) She is not speaking alie. (Openly) O child, I have become very agitated. I shall go home and go to sleep. (She exits).

Vishaka: O Radha, Kanha's face is covered with perspiration. Please wipe away that perspiration with the border of your sari.

Radhika: (knitting her eyebrows) O Vishaka, since childhood, you have taken a vow to do these things. You should do it.

Vishaka: O Radha, the delightful garland which decorates your neck is speaking the following words, "Do not become angry. You also may be initiated into the performance of this vow."

Krsna: (glancing at the delightful garland Krsna praises it) O Radha, your eyes are as charming and restless as Khanjana birds. I think that tehse delightful flowers must have performed many pious deeds for a long time at the best of holy places because they have achieved the happiness of association of your breasts, a position so difficult for me to achieve.

Radhika: O Vishaka, please remove this withered garland from my neck. The priceless necklace of gunja, obtained by you, was forcibly taken from my neck. I now want it back.

Vishaka: O Gokulananda, my dear friend Radha is very angry with me. She wants this gunja necklace which was taken from her.

Krsna: I shall give it to her. (Thus he approaches smilingly and gives her the garland).

Radha: (aside) on the pretext of offering me the garland Krsna has touched the border of the cloth covering my breasts. (She refrains from knitting her eyebrows).

Vishaka: O Radha, have you attained your desire? Indeed you have.

Radhika: (biting her bimba fruit lips) O impudent girl, stop, stop! (She strikes Vishaka with a lotus flower).

Vishaka: (laughing) O bold Radha, don't become angry. I bestowed upon you the necklace.

Krsna: What austerity may I perform, to be struck by your lotus flower? Please strike me, even if only with the roving corners of your lotus eyes.

Lalita: Now that you have offered your body to Lord Hari, how is it that you have become a miser and will not even look at him? If one gives a valuable cintamani

jewel, it is not proper for the donor to withhold the case which carries the jewel.

Radhika: O Lalita, please do not offend my superiors by talking in this way.

Vishaka: O friend, why are you afraid? Purnamasi can expertly propitiate your superiors.

Lalita: (joyful, aside) By her good fortune, my dear friend is now embracing Kanha with the waves of her smiling sidelong glance.

Vishaka: O Lalita, look, look, the moon beautifies the sky, and the effulgence beautifies the moon. O beautiful faced Lalita, the forest of Vrndavana enhances the moonlight, Lord Hari beautifies the forest of Vrndavana, and your friend Radha beautifies Lord Hari. The abode of pure love of God decorates your friend Radha with its splendour.

Lalita: Alas, Alas! O Vishaka, look! The candrakanta jewels are melting. They are washing away the decoration of sandalwood paste on the altar for the worship of the sungod. Come, let us go there. We will lead the way through the flower garden.

Krsna: O dear Radha, do not leave me. (He clutches the edge of her sari).

Radhika: Let me go, let me go! My friends are calling me.

Krsna: O cruel girl, do not lie to me.

Radhika: (smiling) O goddess Sarasvati, I offer obeisances unto you. You will certainly testify to my truthfulness.

Krsna: (gently laughing) You are as splendid as a lotus flower and this black bumblebee (of Krsna) worships the great flood of the sweet fragrance of your super-excellent prema, which has come to him from a great distance. That agitated, humming bumblebee is moving from here to there in the flood of that fragrance, aspiring to taste the sweet nectar of the lotus flower of your mouth. Furthermore, after having observed how the pearls on your necklace have attained the liberation of a residence on your breasts, I desire to attain a tiny particle of that same contact. After having left my affectionate friends and come here alone to enjoy your company, this harshness of yours is unfair. O beautiful, slender girl please give up these injustices and satisfy me with drops of nectar and a festival of intimate union.

(Radha becomes embarrassed) O beloved, look, look, as a small child, the moon was nourished by drinking the nectar of the ocean, lord of the waters. That moon now appears as a pitcher of cooling medicine which removes the fever of the multitude of lotus flowers. Appearing as the chief priest for chanting mantras in the sacrifice performed by the chakravaka birds, that moon is not purifying and beautifying the area near the bank of the Yamuna river. The round moon is now decorated with all the beauty of springtime, and the light of that moon is now kissing the pavilion in the grove. Let us go there. (They exit).

ACT 4

Nandimukhi: Lalita has spoken to me the following words: "O friend Nandimukhi, when the cows enter the cow pens, then Kanha quickly goes near Govardhana Hill. Please go there and tell Subala to remind his friend Kanha about Radha." (She begins to walk) Why is Padma coming here?

Padma: O Nandimukhi, you are very expert. Please tell me some remedy by which I may relieve the agitated Candravali?

Nandimukhi: What is the cause of her agitation?

Padma: You must certainly know. It is Kanha, who delights and charms the entire community of Gokula every evening with his pastimes.

Nandimukhi: Yes, this is true.

Padma: At the present time not even the fragrance of Kanha can be found in the southern part of Vrndavana.

Nandimukhi: Don't become unhappy. I have seen aibya, her forehead decorated with pictures drawn in mineral pigments, and I have seen Syama, her hair, as beautiful as a camara whisk, decorated with garland of forest flowers. I have also seen Bhadra, appearing very beautiful, her shoulders decorated with a garland of gunja. I have seen them in the company of the spiritual master of the gopis, who is right now the guest of Govardhana Hill.

Vrnda: (offstage) The companion of the son of Nanda, the flute, is the original residence of the waves of all wonderful music in the universes. Placing that flute in his left hand with love, his eyes full of bliss, he is slowly wandering, searching for a suitable cave on the summit of Govardhana Hill.

Nandimukhi: O Padma, please delight Candravali with this news and I shall go to Subala. (She exits).

Padma: (looking again) Vrndadevi, who is following us, understands the intentions of this formidable, noble woman. She will use a trick to try to hinder Candravali.

Vrnda: (off stage) Why do you, just like Radha, desire to passionately embrace him, whose intimate association is so difficult to attain? O bewildered girl, don't listen to the words of this proud old woman. Do not go outside. Lord Hari, agitating the beautiful gopis of Vraja with the lustre of the corners of his amorous eyes, and stealing away the rubies which are the gopis minds, is now arriving.

Candravali: (enters looking anxiously in all directions) How is it that Vrnda is speaking a lie? Where is Kanha? (Thus she laments).

Padma: (approaches Candravali) Why do you not drive this terrible blazing forest fire from within your heart? Why do you pollute the bimba fruits which are your lips with these deep sighs? O fortunate and beautiful friend, accompanied by the cries of the peacocks, the Lord of the Yadu dynasty is now resounding in the forest near Govardhana Hill, near our village of Sakhi-sthala.

Candravali: (glances at Padma) Is this my dear friend Padma? (Deeply embraces Padma) I hope that what you have said is true.

Padma: Yes, it is true.

Krsna: (accompanied by Subala, he enters) Look, look. The dimly shining sun is now setting in the peaks of the western mountains. The beginning of the evening, with its faint yawning of darkness is now delighting us.

Subala: O friend, if because of your desire to perform pastimes, you neglect to milk the cows, what will you gain?

Krsna: O friend, someone described the peacocks to me, and thus reminded me of my beloved Candravali. I am now very eager to see her.

Subala: What was the description of the peacocks?

Krsna: This person said to me, "Just see the extended tail feathers of this agitated peacock, who is so furiously dancing for such a long time. The beauty of those feathers chastises the splendour of Lord Indra's rainbow, and the eyes in those feathers seem like a multitude of moving dark moons (Candravali). By hearing this I was reminded of Candravali.

Subala: Please play some charming music on your flute. (Kanha places the flute to his mouth).

Candravali: (hearing the sound of the flute she becomes agitated). This rascal flute performs unprecedented pastimes. It is very amazing to hear.

Krsna: O friend Subala, today we should try to please Candravali.

Subala: Yes.

Padma: Look, the son of the king of Gokula is hastening towards you, and calling to you with his flute.

Candravali: (looking at the flute) My dear friend the flute, you are actually full of many holes of faults. You are light, hard, juiceless and full of knots. But what kind of pious activities have engaged you in the service of being kissed by the Lord and embraced by his hands?

Krsna: (jubilantly looking ahead) O friend, here is Candravali, the moon whose splendour causes the lotus flowers of my eyes to blossom. O beloved, the circle of your face appears like the moon, your fingernails and toenails are also moons, and your forehead appears like the new (crescent moon). Therefore you are very appropriately named Candravali (the possessor of many moons). (She becomes bashful). O beloved, because I became absorbed in killing many wicked demons, I was unable to see your moon-like face, and thus I passed my nights very miserably. Because of your presence I have become free from that great suffering.

Candravali: O handsome one, you are just like a bumblebee who is always seeking new companions. How is it that you wish to enjoy among these gopis who are like withered lotus flowers due to separation from you?

Krsna: O dear Candravali, you appear newer and fresher at every moment. Please cool the burning fire of separation from you with the nectar of your embrace.

Padma: How is it that you are burning with distress simply because of the separation of my dear friend Candravali?

Subala: Don't speak in this way! My friend is staring at Candravali just as a thirsty cakora bird gazes at a cooling water-laden cloud.

Krsna: O beloved please listen. During our separation, when I was in the forest, there was only one thing to relieve my distress. That thing was full of nectar, cooling to the touch, and very sweet. That thing was Radha. (Bewildered) I mean dhara, dhara. (Dhara means a stream of water).

Candravali: (with jealous anger) Then Go! Go serve Radha!.

Krsna: O beloved, I said 'Water' not 'Radha'.

Candravali: Then why did my ears hear something else?

Krsna: O beloved, your ears did not properly hear what I said.

Candravali: (turns her head down, reddened with anger) O generous one, what is the need of this pretense? Today the captivating gold earrings, which are the 2 syllables of Radha's name, have been placed upon my ears and filled them with nectar.

Krsna: O Candravali, your eyes are as beautiful as those of a frightened deer. Your words are very appropriate. Your golden earrings are certainly beautifying your ears. However the nectar like liquid gold coming from your moon-like face and mouth is now agitating my eyes and ears.

Padma: O friend, do not meditate upon your misfortune and become morose, one who is enamoured by Radha will naturally speak the name Radha.

Candravali: (sighs) O friend Padma, this is true.

Krsna: O beloved, there is no cause for you to be suspicious. Because the moons beloved star Radha, which is manifest only during one portion of the moon's phase, shines in the sky. How would it be possible for me to meet this star on the ground?

Padma: You are expert in the 64 arts. It is not at all difficult for you to attain this star, the favourite of the moon.

Krsna: (with humbleness glances at Padma) O Padma, your eyes are like blossoming lotus flowers. When I see the 2 moon like cheeks on the lotus flower of Candravali's face polluted with this false logic, I become greatly frightened, and my heart becomes full of plaintive words. In this condition I cannot become happy.

Candravali: (with feigned mercifulness) O Lord you are the very life of the inhabitants of Goloka. What bewildered gopi would be able to control her intelligence after appreciating your auspicious and transcendental qualities. Therefore do not become frightened and needlessly shrink away from me.

Krsna: (aside) With a sweet expression upon her face, Candravali hides her symptoms of severe anger. (Openly) O beloved this spitting of intensely poisonous words is all useless. These words of anger are actually the sweetest nectar.

Candravali: O Gokulananda, I am not able to show my face before you, because I spoke very arrogantly and offended you. I shall now go home.

Krsna: (appealing) o beloved, be kind to me, be kind to me. I am folding my hands.

Candravali: O fortunate one, I am speaking in a very straightforward way. Why do you suspect that I am speaking untruthfully? Please give me permission to see the deity of Bhadrakali. (Candravali and Padma exit).

Krsna: O friend, the many moons which are Candravali are very splendid. Those moons are now eclipsed by many stronger Rahu planets, and I can no longer see them.

Subala: O friend, why are you speaking in this way? Candravali is a simply girl.

Krsna: O friend, the nature of great souls is very difficult to understand. Although Candravali is very respectful to me, her words are full of the waves which are her humble prayers, and the corners of her eyes are full of sincere honest, she has nevertheless cleverly hidden her anger within her heart. O handsome Subala, let us go to the grove of Bakula trees and there I shall again meet Candravali. (They walk) O friend this grove of Bakula trees is very charming. Look, Look! On the right there is a glittering lake, on the left a pond, and rivulets in every direction. This forest of Bakula trees, full of streams and lakes, is greatly delighting us. (The word Niradhika means abundance of water, but it also can mean without Radha).

Subala: (aside) My opportunity has now arrived. (Openly) O friend, if Radha were present, this place would delight you. Why do you say that it would delight you 'without Radha'? (He takes the second meaning).

Krsna: (embraces Subala) O friend, you speak the truth. Radha's presence would certainly increase the beauty of this grove of Bakula trees. Please tell this to Lalita.

Subala: Yes I shall. (He exits).

(Padma and Madhumangala enter)

Madhumangala: O Padma, I have heard that Candravali became unsatisfied, even though my friend tried to placate her with sweet words.

Padma: Yes, this is true.

Madhumangala: Because of this my friend has become dejected. It would be very fitting if we could arrange to re-unite them.

Padma: O pious boy, I shall certainly allow you to do this.

Madhumangala: (looking ahead) O Padma, look! My dear friend is speaking to a bumblebee in this grove of Bakula trees.

Padma: O noble boy, let us hide in this network of creepers, and listen to what he says.

Krsna: (remembering Radha, Krsna becomes agitated) When my beloved moves the arch of her eyebrows, cupid loosens his bow of flowers. My beloved is like a treasure chest full of enchanting jewels. May she become an ornament for me.

Madhumangala: O Padma, he is speaking about your dear friend Candravali. He longs for her. Let us go and bring her here.

Padma: O noble boy, we have clearly heard his words. He is full of love for her.

Krsna: (with longing) The beauty of her face defeats the splendour of the full moon. Her waist is adorned with a vali (a slight fold of skin on the upper portion of the belly) This verse can also mean - Her face defeats the splendour of the full-moon night. Candravali shines in the middle...(He stops midway).

Madhumangala: O Padma, there is no need to continue listening. Let us quickly go.

Padma: You speak well. (They quickly walk far away)

Krsna: When will I place beautiful Radha upon my chest?

Padma: O pious boy, I say this: My dear friend Candravali is very proud. If she meets Krsna she may treat him with disrespect. Please go to Krsna and tell him this.

Madhumangala: You have spoken well. (He returns and approaches Krsna) O dear friend, by eavesdropping I was able to hear all the words you spoke describing your longing to be with your beloved. Please order me and I shall quickly bring your beloved here.

Krsna: (with praise he embraces Madhumangala) O friend, I give my blessings to you. Please quickly bring her. (Madhumangala and Padma exit).

Krsna: What is the cause of this great anxiety of love? When a bumblebee hums in the grove, my mind thinks it hears the sound of my beloved's jewelled ankle bells. When the grass moves in the wind, my mind thinks that my beloved must have arrived. (Accompanied by Padma and Madhumangala, Candravali enters).

Candravali: O Padma, is this a grove of Bakula trees that I see?

Padma: Yes. Let us quickly go there.

Krsna: (hears the tinkling of the ankle bells) O, I am greatly bewildered by this buzzing of the bumble bees. I should not become bewildered and foolishly think that my beloved is arriving. (He becomes agitated) When there is some hope to attain one's aspiration, a person becomes easily deceived, just as a cataka bird cries twice as much when the clouds arrive (hoping the rain will come). (Krsna becomes very attentive) How is it that I hear the tinkling of ankle bells nearby? (Craning his neck with expectation, he becomes agitated). My beloved has actually arrived! (He rushes to Candravali's side) The bumble bee of my heart is moved by the auspicious radiant fully-blossomed creeper of radhika. (He stops abruptly). This verse may also mean - The bumble bee of my heart is moved by the fully blossomed creeper. You have an abundance of radiant auspiciousness.

(Candravali glances angrily at Madhumangala) (She takes it in the first sense).

Madhumangala: (glancing at Candravali) O friend Candravali, my dear friend is describing your abundant auspicious qualities. (He takes the second meaning).

Krsna: (embarrassed at the awkward situation, he says to himself) O why has he brought Candravali? I shall remedy the situation by flattering her. My friend has awakened Candravali's love for me, and she has quickly come here.

(Bashful, Candravali places a vaijanti garland on Krsna's neck).

Krsna: (jubilant) The many desires of the multitude of cakora birds become fulfilled when they serve the single moon. O beloved, you are as beautiful as many moons. It is not very amazing therefore that you delight the two cakora birds of my eyes, which are engaged in your service.

Madhumangala: (proud) O friend, now you have seen how clever I am. Although you possess an unlimited number of transcendental qualities, you were not able to become free from your offense to your dear friend Candravali. I have now released you from that offense.

Krsna: O friend, in relation to the pastimes of cupid, who wields an extra-ordinary bow of flowers, you are very expert at the political manoeuvres of making peace and making war.

Padma: (speaking to Madhumangala) O pious boy, there are some blossoming malli flowers. Let us go and pick them. (Padma and Madhumangala exit).

Krsna: (aside) I do not think that Radha has come to this forest. I shall go somewhere else. (Openly) O beloved, not very far from this place is a grove of fragrant naga-kesara trees. That place is as big and splendid as a city arena, therefore let us go there. (Krsna and Candravali exit).

(Talking to Lalita, Radha enters)

Radha: Friend, look, look! All the directions are covered by a terrible darkness.

Lalita: O dear friend, why have you decorated yourself with these dark ornaments which are suitable for a secret rendezvous in the middle of the night?

Radha: Yes it is so.

Lalita: (smiling she glances at Radha) You have placed necklace of sapphires upon your braided hair, a garland of blue lotus flowers decorates your breasts, your eyes are decorated with black cosmetics and musk. O friend, I think that you have become greatly agitated with the desire to have a secret rendezvous with the enemy of Kamsa, and in this condition you have forgotten the entire world.

Radha: Give up this joking. Quickly show me the path to the grove of naga-kesara trees.

Lalita: O dear friend, here it is. (Lalita timidly walks) O friend, covered with the dark cosmetic of night, your beautiful limbs move through the forest of Kadamba trees. Although you desire a secret rendezvous with the enemy of the Mura demon, your limbs, as splendid as bolts of lightning, pierce the great darkness O Radha, by thwarting your own desire for secrecy, you have become your own enemy.

Radha: Stop these harsh words! Look we are near the grove of Bakula trees. The fragrance of Murari does not madden my nose, and the effulgence of his fingernails and toenails does not illuminate this forest. O dear friend, I suspect that your friend Krsna desires to play a joke upon us, and he is hiding in some secret place, covered by creepers.

Lalita: O friend, come here. I see a grove of Kadamba trees on our left.

Radha: (goes to Lalita) O clever boy, I see you. I see you. Why do you cover yourself with your hands. (She searches in all directions)

Lalita: O friend, give up this searching. Come let us decorate Keli kunja.

Radha: O lotus-eyed friend, please decorate the entrance to Keli-kunja with bakula flowers. Place a goblet of Madhvika nectar near the couch, and decorate the couch with lotus flowers. Please do this and Lord Hari will surely praise you for your skill.

Lalita: (decorates the place in that way) Just see, Kanha is late. Let us enter the grove and wait for him.

Radha: (agitated, walks about) I think that Hari has been stopped somewhere by Padma, who is devoted to pleasing her friend Candravali. For this reason, even though we have come to this cottage in the grove, he has not come here to meet us. Alas, the moon is now rising and delighting the eastern direction, which is presided over by the husband of Sachi, Indra. That moon is the enemy of beautiful girls who desire a secret rendezvous with their lovers. (They exit).

(Krsna enters)

Krsna: (looking in all directions) The bumblebees are no longer enthused to move among the lotus flowers, and the owls are looking for the trees where their nests are kept. The light of the pole-star is gradually fading. IS the sun now eager to rise on the eastern mountains? I do not know if Radha will be greatly angry and disappointed because I have arrived so late. Yes, I shall go to the grove naga kesara trees and pick flowers. (He picks flowers and goes on) Radha will certainly say to her friend: ‘O friend, even now that cheating Madhava has not come.’ How will she be able to pass the night in such great distress? (Walking on, Krsna sees the grove of Bakula trees and laments) Radha has thrown away the mixture of betel nuts and camphor, and she has discarded her charming necklace of emeralds. With her fingernails she has ripped apart the fragrant crown of flowers. In this way the grove proclaims Radha’s great distress. (Walking ahead) This is the altar where Radha worships the sungod. I shall go near to it.

(Accompanied by Lalita and Visaka, Radha enters).

Radha: (looking ahead) O Lalita, look. Your handsome young man is standing near the altar.

Lalita: O friend, become like a golden diety.

Krsna: Here is my beloved accompanied by her friends. I shall go to speak to them. (He approaches them) O Lalita, well done, well done. Now I can see how you are an expert teacher in the matter of giving bad advice. At this altar in the forest, you have now initiated me in the vow of staying awake all night.

Lalita: Ah, what treachery, you did not arrive until the rooster crowed! Resting on a couch of newly blossomed flowers, my friend waited for you. In your absence she considered a moment to be a kalpa.

Krsna: (with feigned arrogance) Ah, she is expert at deception. (He points to the bakula flowers) Tonight, seeing my grief, this Bakula tree also became unhappy. The flowers of this tree continually drip honey, as if they were eyes continually shedding tears.

Lalita: Ah, he is deceptively clever. He used the word ‘kesara’ which can mean either the inner part of the Bakula flowers, or the naga-kesara flowers.

Krsna: (pretending to be disgusted) O Lalita, please stop this clever playing with words. It is not you who are at fault, but I, who desire to befriend such golden-

complexioned gopis, who are so eager to find fault with me.

Note: “Drsta-dosabhih’ can be interpreted to mean - one who finds fault with others, OR or who is himself full of fault.

Vishaka: What fault do you see in the gopis? (She took the second meaning).

Krsna: Look, look. Full of fresh, nectarean water, a charming dark cloud has appeared to alleviate the burning heat of the earth. Golden flashes of lightening appear in that cloud for a brief moment only. (Alternate translation) Full of the nectarean mellow of conjugal love, the charming dark cloud of Krsna has appeared to alleviate the burning distress of the earth. The golden flashes of lightening which are the gopis, stay in that cloud for a brief moment only.

Vishaka: It is proper for the delicate gopis act in that way, Krsna is as harsh as a thunderbolt.

Lalita: O Vishaka, please hear a certain song. (Pointing to a bee, she sings) After having abandoned this champak creeper, full of yellow flowers which are as splendid as fresh gold, this black bee is moving restlessly as if it were a dark streak of lightening.

(Alternate translation) It seems like a fickle paramour of dark complexion has run away, after having abandoned this flower-like, fair complexioned girl, who is just like a champak creeper and whose beauty is enhanced by her deep love.

Krsna: (smiles) You are certainly the queen of all those who speak eloquently.

Lalita: Because you are speaking so proudly and fearlessly, I do not think that you are free from fault.

Krsna: There is a very truthful common saying that youthful girls with crooked eyebrows cannot give up their contrariness. Hearing your eloquent words has not depressed me. On the contrary, now I, who have no superior in eloquent speech, have been conquered.

Lalita: (concealing her actual intentions) Be merciful to Kanha. In truth he is depressed because he has stayed awake all night.

Radha: (glances at him from the corners of her eyes) You are expert in the art of cheating the foolish.

Krsna: (blissful) These blossomed kesara flowers shall decorate your braided hair. Please do not let my efforts go in vain. (He opens the package of flowers). O beloved look at these kesara flowers, the best of all fragrant things. I have now become aromatic just by holding them.

Radha: (with a joking smile) You have become aromatic because of the sweet scent of Candravali.

Krsna: O beloved, your joking words do not offend me. At this very moment the sweet scent of Candravali is indeed emanating from my body.

Radha: (angrily turning away) O Lalita, did you hear that!

Krsna: (smiling) O beloved, why have you become so agitated just because of these syllables which also mean something else. By saying ‘candravali’ I meant an abundance of camphor.

Radha: (smiling) Give me the flowers. (She extends the corner of her sari).

Krsna: (Looking at Radha’s face, he says to himself) Ah, decorated with restlessness, the eyebrows of Radha are expert in the art of Tandava (fierce) dancing.

Vishaka: (whispers) O Lalita, look, look. Because Radha has aimed the enchanting arrow of her side long glance at Kanha, he has become bewildered and is not aware

that he has placed his flute on the edge of Radha's sari along with the flowers.

Lalita: The transcendental cowherd boys are not able to steal away the flute from the son of Nanda, even when he sleeps. The fortunate Radha has nevertheless bewildered him with the art of her side-long glance, and she has stolen away the flute, before his very eyes.

Radha: (aside) This is the same flute which causes the gopis hands to become numbed when they perform their household duties. At night-time this flute attracts the golden-complexioned gopis, even from the laps of their husbands. This flute loosens the gopis tight belts, even in the presence of their superiors. This rascal flute, the property of Gokulamangala is now under my control.

Madhumangala: (from off-stage) O dear, you must have seen my dear friend.

Krsna: How is it that Madhumangala is coming here?

Madhumangala: (Holding a garland in his hand) I have heard from the mouth of Subala, that Radha is staying awake in the middle of the forest. I have therefore come to give her courage. (He approaches Radha) My dear friend, Radha, Krsna appears very charming, garlanded with many forest flowers. He wears glistening golden bracelets, and his limbs bear many decorative lines drawn in colourful mineral pigments. He is the Lord of all the worlds. How is it that, attracted by the waves of your side-long glance, he has become stunned, and now appears as a great dark stone? (Radha smiles).

Krsna: O beloved, my dear friend knows how bewildered I become during the darkness of night.

Radha: O noble boy, now out of affection and courtesy, please instruct me in how to cross over the ocean of this endless forest.

Madhumangala: O friend, it is well that you should understand. You must have remained awake thinking the movements of the creepers was due to wild animals in the forest. All glories to you. Now you know that there are no wild animals here, there is only my dear friend and Lord. Now you can enter into the cottage without any fear, and sleep.

Radha: O noble sir, why do you speak in this way? Alas! In this forest, when I do not for a moment see the series of moon which are the splendour of the tips of the nails of the enemy of Kamsa, then at once the rising moon wounds me and the merciless rising of the sun leaves me completely bereft of hope. In such a condition I am overcome by exhaustion and fatigue. (The first part of this verse may also be taken as follows) When, in the beginning it was seen that in Krsna's grove were the splendour of the tips of Candravali's nails, then...(etc.)

Madhumangala: (He takes it in the second meaning) (aside) Alas, Radha has seen Candravali meet Krsna in this forest grove. I will give up trying to cheat her, I will simply flatter her. (He says openly) O beautiful girl, when he could not see you, Gokula's prince became filled with despair. In that condition, Candravali.... (Halfway through Madhumangala's verse Krsna knits his eyebrows, signalling him to stop. Struck with wonder, everyone gazes at each other).

Madhumangala: (aside) Alas, alas! I am a brahmana boy who spoken very recklessly.

Krsna: (reflecting) I have had a long night. Madhumangala is so exhausted that his throat is now choked with tears. I shall complete the verse he has begun.

(Smiles) Madhumangala meant to say, 'clinging to the sight of the moon (and being reminded of you) I was somehow able to pass the night'. (Candra-moon, avalina-

clinging to)

Madhumangala: Dear friend, you are omniscient, so its natural that you should know the second half of the verse I kept in my heart.

Lalita: Radha, even now you are bewildered? Look at how the handsome limbs of this rake bear the marks of amorous pastimes. (Angrily she says in Sanskrit) My dear girl, turn your heart from this Krsna, whose chest is as splendid as a sapphire and whose side-long glances rest on the breasts of the young girls of Gokula. Do we not already know how this rake attracts respectable girls, pollutes them, and then fearlessly leaves them?

Radhika: Alas! Alas! I have been cheated!

Krsna: Beloved, you rebuke me without any good reason.

Radhika: (taunting him she says in Sanskrit) I know that your eyes are red because some pollen fell in them when, without blinking, you searched for the path to come to me. And I know that the wound on your bimba-fruit lips was created by the cold forest wind. My lord, do not fear I am not criticising you. I have simply been struck by my own destiny.

Krsna: Beloved. I am your submissive servant. I fear even to decorate you. (With ornaments).

Radhika: In all the worlds you are famous as the supreme independent. How is it possible for you to become the submissive, dependent servant of me?

Krsna: I am not alone in my subordination to you. My ten incarnations are also your subordinates. My fish incarnation, Matsya is subordinate to the fish which are your restless eyes. My tortoise incarnation, Kurma is subordinate to the 2 beautiful turtles of your breasts. My boar incarnation, Varaha, subordinates himself to the association of your throbbing chest. My Nrsimha incarnation, who delights Prahlada, subordinates himself to your delightful lips. My Vamana incarnation who bound Bali with ropes is also subordinate to your waist which is bound by a slight fold of skin. My incarnations of Ramacandra, Parasurama, and Balarama are subdued by the beauty of your face. My Buddha incarnation subordinates himself to your intensely beautiful body. My incarnation of Kalki has been subdued by the quarrelsome, crooked nature of your heart.

Radhika: Ah! Lalita! Now have you heard!

Lalita: O Kanha, your incarnations all remain within your self. We can clearly see the symptoms of these incarnations in your character. You possess the restlessness of Matsya, the hardness of Kurma, Varaha's tendency to touch the earth, the cruel fingernails of Narasinga, the expertise at cheating of Vamana, the charming moon-like glow of the destroyer of Ravana's dynasty, the untiring persistence of Parasurama, the intoxication of Balarama, Buddha's wish to torment sacrificial performances and Kalki's ability to overcome all obstacles in order to have a climatic end to his pastimes. Clearly, therefore, Matsya and all the other incarnations are splendidly manifested within you. (Note-touching the earth (go-sangatih) can also be translated as associating with cows)

Krsna: (smiles) Friend, look! Look! Lalita has become unfriendly, Radha has become my enemy. I am now burning in pain and the branchless tree named Vishaka is unable to give me any shade.

(Taking a garland of malli flowers from the hands of Madhumangala. Krsna bows down before Radha and speaks the following praises)

Krsna: O Radha, just like you, this garland is very precious, splendid, delicate and

very fragrant. Let it be the pathway that leads to your heart. I pray that this garland may become like the celestial river Ganges which beautifies the Lord Siva's head of your breasts, which are the abode of crescent-moon-shaped fingernail scratches.

(Moving his eyebrows, Krsna tries to gain Vishaka's sympathy. He hands the garland to her and she in turn places the garland before Radha).

****Missing**

4.45-4.51

Act 5

Act 6

Act 7

Epilogue