

Tradition and Culture

- The uniqueness of Indian culture lies in its strong social system and family values .
- The elders are considered the driving force and so are respected and loved .
- The guests are considered as gods and are treated with respect and love, even if by foregoing some of the personal pleasures.
- Indians are always ready to help one another in times of need.
- The philosophy of distributing joy and sharing sorrows is also an important part of Indian culture.
- Unity in diversity can be seen here which teaches tolerance and respect for others.

Kalidasa's Biography

Kalidasa is a legendary Sanskrit poet and dramatist. There's very little information about Kalidasa's personal life. Most of the scholars accept the fact that he lived during the middle of the 4th and early 5th centuries A.D. Most of his plays and poetry are mainly based on Hindu mythology and philosophy. He was an ardent worshipper of goddess Kali, and the literal meaning of his name is servant of goddess Kali.

Malavikagnimitra is considered to be the first play of Kalidasa, among his existing plays. It narrates the story of King Agnimitra, who falls in love with the picture of Malavika, an exiled maid servant. Soon the queen comes to know about her husband's passion for this maid and exasperated with anger imprisons Malvika. But destiny takes its turn and Malavika is discovered to be the original princess and thus legitimizing their relationship.

The second play is Shakuntala which is Kalidasa's masterpiece. This play is world renowned and translated in English and German. It is about King Dushyanta, who falls in love with Shakuntala, a beautiful girl of humble background. They are happily married and suddenly destiny takes a brutal turn and the king goes back to the court for some important business. On the other hand Shakuntala is cursed by a saint that the King would forget her. Later the saint becomes calm by listening to the requests of Shakuntala and asserts that the king will be reminded of Shakuntala when he sees the ring given by him. She loses the ring while taking bath in the river and things become worse when she comes to know that she is pregnant. Finally true love wins when a fisherman discovers the ring, and seeing it the king is reminded of his love.

Among the existing plays of Kalidasa, Vikramorvashe is the last play. It is the most mystical of his plays. This play is about the king (Pururavas) who falls in love with Urvashi, a heavenly damsel. She writes love letters on a birch leaf to her lover and goes back to heaven to enact in a celestial play. Captivated in her lover's thought she spoils the play by calling her lover's name while performing in the play. She is punished for spoiling the play and is exiled from heaven. She goes through a series of unfortunate events and finally unites with her lover and lives happily with him on earth.

Apart from plays, he also wrote poems. His few poetic works are Raghuvamsha ("Dynasty of Raghu") and Kumarasambhava ("Birth of the War God"), as well as the lyric Meghaduta ("Cloud Messenger").

Look to this day

- kalidasa

Look to this day:
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course
Lie all the verities and realities of your existence.
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendour of achievement
Are but experiences of time.

For yesterday is but a dream
And tomorrow is only a vision;
And today well-lived, makes
Yesterday a dream of happiness
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well therefore to this day;
Such is the salutation to the ever-new dawn!
– ancient Sanskrit poem –

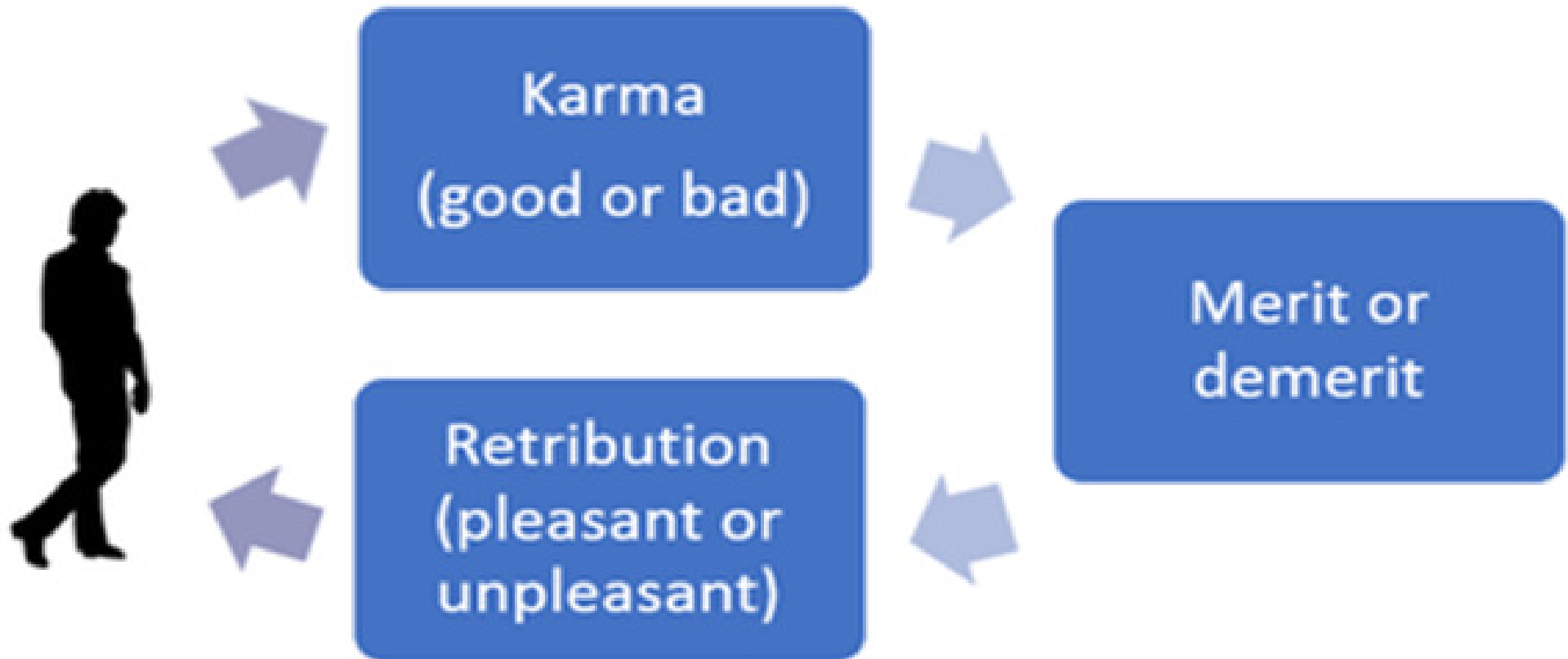


Look to this day Summary

His poem is a perfect word of wisdom for all the people. This tells you the importance of today. The fact that you are able to breathe, it gives you the list of possibilities, the buffet of the courses of action from which you can wisely choose the best one. This poem tells you not to live in either past or future but in the present. Your present, if well spent, will be the happy memories tomorrow and a foundation stone for what is in store for you in the future. So it lays the importance of not being carried away by the past and future, and a reminder to look to this day because in today lies all the "verities and realities of your existence "Read more: <https://updivine.com/famous-poems/look-to-this-day-poem-by-kalidasa>

Karma

- K. J. Saunders



KARMA

(Vasettha Sutta.)

ACTION the whole wide world is fashioning,
By action man is ever being made :
'Tis action fetters every living thing,
As the whole chariot by its pole is swayed

NOTE

By acting, a man creates fresh Karma, the effects of which must work themselves out. Thus the course of the world and the lives and destinies of individuals are being from moment to moment determined. The almost inevitable deduction from this teaching is that *inaction* offers a way of freedom from these fetters, and Eastern monachism tends always to this solution.

The doctrine is well summed up in the Milinda Pañha in words attributed to Gautama :

' Each being has his own action : each is heir to his own action : each is the fruit of his own action's womb : each is kinsman of his own action, and each has his own action as over-lord and protector. It is their own actions that divide men up, allotting them to high or low estate.'

The Sage Nāgasena quotes the above as throwing light upon the inequality of human destinies.

VI

KARMA

(Anguttara Nikāya III. 33.¹)

THE harvest of thy former birth
Must now be reaped upon this Earth
For be they many, be they few,
(O Monks, the Law is known to you
Deeds done in envy or in hate,
Deeds of the fool infatuate,
Must bear their fitting punishment,
Till Karma's energy be spent
For lustful thought and angry word
No entry to thy life afford,
But recognize thy proper doom
And yield just retribution room :
Who seeketh wisdom flings the gate
Wide open to his fitting fate !

NOTE

To see things as they are, and to accept the inevitable with a stoic fortitude—this is true wisdom according to the Buddha.

BALA KANDAM

THE PRIME

authority *well being of Country*
Dame Weal and Dame Earth

featuring on either side,

in the Heavenly Bourne of *boundary* infinite good

with *slaves* servitors of endless Bliss,

power wields He His unique sceptre

over worlds Sevenfold; reigns

as President of un-wilting immortals.

He is but the Father of Arangam – City

engirt by fair lush groves.

To wipe out the woes of goodly immortals

that like sinking navy

in the billowy sea, struggle with bated breath,

He wills and thinks

to level Lanka where fell demons dwell;

and to restore the world to peace;

He deigns and becomes

a beacon of Solar Race

radiant in gorgeous Ayodhya;

He, the sole offspring of Kowsalya's House,

The heir-prince to Emperor Dasaratha,

the raincloud scud of Mercy,

शक्ति (a baton carried by a monarch)

never forgotten

abides by the Vedic Sage strong in Sastras;
guards his *yagna*;

takes out the guts of taunting Thatakai;

sacks the lives of impish demons;

frees the Woman embedded from the cursed
stone-step;

breaks the adamantine Bow thunder-strong;

weds Maithili;

quells the Killer of Kings

a score and more, disarming his *mazhu*

a fiery battle-axe, infallible bow and arrow,

nulls his *askesis* to naught;

and repairs to the auric

towered, gem-laid-mansion-contoured

Ayodhya

and is chosen the crowned-elect

for the lion-throne; pause...

SECTION OF CHILDHOOD

With Goddess Lakshmi and mother earth on both sides,
In the land of people where virtues are endless
With people with endless great pleasure,
Ruling over the seven worlds in a strict manner,
And being the chief of Devas who never get tired,
And surrounded by crowds of people, The lord of Sri Ranga,
Becoming similar to the boat helping one to cross the deep sea,
Providing great support to all,
For removing the sorrow of devas,
For subduing the Sri Lanka of the Rakshasas,
And for providing salvation to the people of earth,

In the very great city of Ayodhya,
Rama was born as the son of Kausalya ,
And the son of the king Dasaratha,
And scion of the clan of the Sun god,
With all great qualities in him,
And he walked with the great sage to protect his Yaga,
Killed the ogress Thadaga who came and opposed him,
And also took the life of many Rakshasas who attacked him,
And made a stone in to a damsel,
And broke the bow given by Lord Shiva,
Then married princess Mythili,
Took the bow of Parasurama , who killed twenty one generation of
kings,
And also took off the effect of all austerities done by him,
And reached the town of Ayodhya along with his friends,

AYODYA KANDAM

AYODYA

Hard hearted crone Kooni
beguiles Kaikeyi to wrench a bubo-boon
in enormity which the generous
but plagued King denies not;
by sinister bond of word, he bids adieu;
“O, Prince of our clan, go and dwell
in the woods”. Deserting the domain,
renouncing the crown, leaving
his mother that begot him,
forfeiting the dark tusker-herd,
all cattle, horses, chariots,
with armorial covers and caparisons none,
clad in cuscus grass of calm grace,
looking utterly altered,
timidly accompanied by Vaideki
of soft tender sober mien; a person's look
or character

Him, his younger, guarding
with bow and sword,
he leads into the woods
where roam deer, mammoths, stallions wild...
Devoted Guhan ferries Him
across Ganga into the forest.
raw and ripe fruits, his meagre eat;
scarce sleeps on the rock
beneath some odd tree-shade;
camps at Chitrakoot.

“What have you obtained, Kaikeyi why sinned
to evict your son, to sprit me away
to heavens?”, “readiness is all”, saying thus,
Dasaratha ascends the sky.

Unto Chitrakoot of bee-hovering
groves and verdure slopes
young Bharatha and Sumatra
with Vasishta and retinue,
with herds of elephants, steeds
and chariots, arrive;

to whom He offers His wooden footwear
as surrogate, granting sovereign
power, elephants, steeds

and demesne entire; giving leave,

to Dhandakaranya He moves

in the weal augured direction

to set right aright and set at ^{nothing} naught the wrong.

SECTION ON AYODHYA

When it was decided that he (Rama) would become a king,
Hearing the servant maid Kooni's words,
Kaikeyi asked for very cruel boons,
And hearing those harsh words,
With a very depressed and confused mind the king (Dasaratha) said,
"Oh son of the clan, you go and live in the forest",
And bid him farewell,
And not desiring for the land,
Leaving the mother who gave him birth, and leaving the country,
Leaving elephants, horses and chariots,
Not wearing ornaments and wearing the hides of trees,
With his body parts losing their beauty,
With the company of very tender hearted Vaidehi,
Followed by the young prince (lakshmana)armed with sword and bow ,
Crossing the forest populated by,
Deer, elephants and tigers,

Crossing the Ganges with the help of Guha the great devotee,
Entering the forest and eating ripe and raw fruits found there,
Sleeping on stone benches in the shades of trees,
And when he was living in Chitra koota,
Dasaradha told, “What did you get Kaikesi,
By putting blame on your son ,
And I am going to the heaven happily”
And ascended to the heaven,
And then Bharatha along with,
Sage Vasishta, Sumanthra,
Followed by elephants, horses, foot soldiers,
Reached Chitra koota and saluted Lord Rama,
Rama gave his brother Bharatha his wooden sandals,
And requested him to rule over the country,
Along with elephants, horses and army and bid him farewell,
And entered the forest of Dandakaranya(Punishing forest),
For doing the duty that he was born to do,

ARANYA KANDAM

THE FOREST

Assuring grace to the Vedic sages,
saying, 'Fear Not', He strums the bow;
scares the spiteful foes; spares them
in forgiveness; accepts the long bow
bestowed by the sage supreme
of fecund Tamil.

In an upsurge of burning lust, *fertile*
swearing, "I shall oust Sita", *an increase*
comes the amber hot urgent

Soorpanaka. Her long nose and ears
twain, He chops in twos;

kills Karan and Dhooshanan;

wherefore she wails with her hands beating
her head; flees to hilly Lanka

for refuge. *a place of safety from danger*

Evil-engine swift demon

to grab the oscillant-spear-eyed dame

gambits a shapely deer to lure her;

steals in, robed ochre,

tempt
a light yellowish brown

*knighthood
woman*

SECTION ON FOREST

After assuring the Vedic sages, “do not fear”,
And killing Kabanda who had glowing eyes by arrows
And receiving the blessed bow from the great Tamil saint(Agasthya),
And cutting off with a sharp sword,
The thin nose and the two ears ,
Of the very angry Soorpanaga,
Who due to her great passion, claimed that she is equal to Sita,
And after taking the life of Kara and Dhooshana,
she keeping her hand on her head ,
Ran to the mountainous Sri Lanka,
And there the cruel Rakshasa without pity,
Decided that he would take away Sita Devi,
And created a magical deer ,

Made her cross the line made of brick powder,
And deceiving her like the grown up Bamboo splitting in to
three,
And when she was alone in the hut made of leaf,
Kidnapped the Goddess Lakshmi from there,
Took her to Sri Lanka surrounded by sea on all sides,
Not realizing that she is really a poison to the Rakshasas,
And kept her imprisoned in the garden there,
Meanwhile , the king of Ayodhya seeing that magical deer has
disappeared,
And becoming extremely sorry to realize that Sita has been
abducted,
And after sending Jatayu to Vaikunta by doing his funeral rites,
Without sleeping either in the day or night,
Wandering all over the forest again and again,
And killing Kabanda by just one arrow,
And eating the fruit given by Sabari,

KISHKINDA KANDAM

KISHKINDA

He allies in friendship
with monkey-king
whose dominion ranges thro' the woods;
fells *mara* trees seven;
shoots an arrow through
the breast of Vali swelling big in pride;
confers the pearly crown of joy
on the concerned brother of his,
and bides his time with him,
to search for lost Vaideki;
summons the strong
brilliant Maruti; orders him
to comb all airts, for intelligence.

ಒಳಗೊಂಡ

ವ್ಯಾಪ್ತಿ

ಒಳಗೊಂಡ

After making friendship with the monkey king(Sugreeva) hiding in the forest,

After piercing the seven Mara mara trees,

After sending an arrow deep inside,

The chest of the of the strong Vali,

After giving the kingship to the younger brother,

And after reminding the need for search of Sita,

To the king of monkeys and correcting him,

And sending the very able Hanuman ,

As an emissary to search her,

SUNDARA KANDAM

THE BEAUTY

Flourishing talented Hunuman
flies over the vast seas;
enters the triple-forted Lanka;
finds young Vaideki of delicate
breasts banded amid
the thick prison-groves; pleads:
"An appeal. Ma, listen:

Ayodhya is a unique place,

One night, with long jasmine garland

You have had him (your lord).

Kaikeyi with qualms, high spirited yet, *a feeling of doubt*
has brought her boon in reserve to effect;

hapless compliant King *unlucky*

could hardly relent; so *finally agree after opping*
bade farewell: "O, Prince of the clan,

May you go into the woods and dwell".

Calamity - a sudden disastrous event.

With Lakshman, He as bidden has done;
has greatly joined Guhan
of sharp javelin on River Ganga;
has, for a time, stayed in Chitrakoot:
there young Bharathan's submission!
Hasn't the silly crow pecked at your breast
And your Lord's blade of grass chased
him through all three worlds to make
him caw in calamity. O, Potent Rama,
I Seek refuge in you". In pity, hasn't
(your lord) plugged an eye of his, for life!

having
great power

secretly do

So has a deer nearly gold but fatuous,
sneaked in, pranced sweet;

silly and
pointless

for love, for you, hasn't he
tried his bow, trumped it, to destiny-cry
leaving Lakshman on guard,
who has to let you alone
for his sake in a moment?

His is this signet ring

engraved design

Truly the Emperor of Ayodhya's",

Thus he says, -

Soft locked Sita too

pranced - move with high steps

espies the ring of Her spouse *Catch sight of*
who once broke the bow; recognizes
its verity, places it
on her head in pious agony of *extreme suffering* ecstasy
and approves;
mighty Maruti pulls down
the Lankan King's grove-prison;
sets ablaze the city spread;
brings woe; quells the raging
pride of Lankan King;
returns to the sublime
Feet-pair of the King of Ayodhya

PRETTY SECTION

The great and efficient Hanuman crossed the great sea,
And went to the garden within three walls of Sri Lanka,
Saw Vaidehi the pretty damsel with great bosom,
And told her to hear what he has to say,
“In one place in the city of Ayodhya one day,
The very disturbed Kaikeyi who was decorated by jasmine garland,
Asked for a boon and the king who became very sad and told,
“Oh son of the clan , go to the forest” and bid him farewell,
And he along with Lakshmana went there,
Became great friends with the very valorous Guha,
And he sent back Bharatha who came to Chitra koota to salute him,
And at that time a crow touched your bosom and ran all over the
three worlds,
And shouted, “Oh great one, Oh Rama, I seek your protection”,
And he pierced one of its eyes with that arrow,

And later a golden deer came to that area and played there,
And as per your dear request Rama went chasing him,
And later Lord Lakshmana also parted from you,
And this finger- ring is the identification given by king Rama,”
And then gave her the ring of identification,
And Sita who decorates her hair with flowers,
Seeing the ring of the one who broke the bow said,
“Hanuman this identification is right”
And kept it on her head and cried,
And the very efficient Hanuman,
Destroyed the garden of the king of the Lanka,
Killed his sons and other relations,
And burnt the entire island of Lanka,
Destroyed the anger of the king of Rakshasas,
And later fell at the tender feet of the king of Ayodhya.

YUDDHA KANDAM

WAR AND AFTER

With wild bear, monkey and ape armed,

to campaign on the cruel Lankan,

He carries on the tidal coast; *the weight of a vehicle without its load*

well endears the prospective Vibeeshan

promising him the vast sea-circled Lanka,

He tames the roaring ocean to a whirl

with one contending dart. *one pointed missile*

Yard-squirrel even serving him,

a bridge of ledge of rock he builds;

marches on to the other shore;

pulvers Lanka to dust;

Kumban, Nikumban succumb;

Indrajit is slain; Kumbakaranan crunches;

the morale of demons shatters;

endear - cause to be loved or liked

they scatter as beads of nacre
the ten heads of Lankan King;
and his score of shoulders slip.
Arches His bow raining darts
chopping arms on daring war-field.
Lovely lotus-borne four faced one
Three eyed lord, the chosen Eight,
The elect Eleven, the twice-six Adithyas
and the twins sacred beside
other celestials downpour flowers!
The Great serpent gifts the crest-jewel
bowing at His feet-pair.
with fair Dame of weal elegant,
Royal Vibeeshan, celestial chief by,
He flies an aerial chariot exquisite
picks the famed Guha and his retinue
en route; reaches the citadel'd Ayodha;
after a ceremonious dip in waters sacred,
puts His princely coat on the waist,
wears crown, garland, ear-ring
and such supreme jewels, laces too;

Bharathan, Lakshman, brother Satrugan
dancing attendance day and night,
before chank nonpareil is held in hands,
He and consort Sita take
their especial throne well wrought
He wielding the unique sceptre regal
governing all with life of grace.

Divya Prabandha Ramayanam
is Completed.

SECTION ON WARFRONT

The forest bears and monkeys reached as an army,
To the Sri Lanka ruled by a tyrant,
And sat on the shores of the sea,
And the good Vibheeshana was promised the kingship of Lanka,
And the sea did not bother to help them ,
And the arrow meant to punish the sea killed the fighting animals,
And by the dam that was built till the other shore by use of mountain like stones,
They reached the other shore and pulverized Sri Lanka,
By sending very sharp and powerful arrows,
Killed Kumbha and Nikumbha,
Killed Indrajit and Kumbhakarna,
Killed all rakshasas,
Who danced like mad with sorrow,
And then the ten heads of Ravana,
The twenty shoulders of Ravana fell,
By the rain of arrows from the bent bow,
And in the very victorious battle field,
Lord Brahma, Lord Shiva,

The Ashta dik balakas, Ekadasa rudhras,
Dwadasa Adithyas, and others,
Caused rain of flowers ,
Saluted him with bent heads,
And along with the great lady,
With dear Vibheeshana , with king of monkeys,
And with Lakshmana got in to the great chariot,
Along with the very good Guha,
Reached the walled city of Ayodhya,
Took ceremonial bath,
Wore all ornaments in the waist,
Wore the crown , garland and ear globes,
Wore proper dresses,
Wore several flower garlands,
And was guarded day and night by,
Bharatha, Shatrugna and Lakshmana,
And along with the extremely pretty Sita,
Who decorated her hair with flowers,
Sat in the great throne decorated with lion heads,
And ruled all the seven worlds.

Indian Culture and literature



Fear We Not

- K.G .Seshadri

Subramania Bharati, also called C. Subramania Bharati, in full Chinnaswami Subramania Bharati, Subramania also spelled Subrahmanya, (born December 11, 1882, Ettaiyapuram, Madras Presidency, India—died September 12, 1921, Madras (now Chennai)), outstanding Indian writer of the nationalist period who is regarded as the father of the modern [Tamil](#) style.

The son of a learned [Brahman](#), Bharati became a Tamil scholar at an early age. He received little formal education, however, and in 1904 he moved to Madras (now [Chennai](#)). There he translated English into Tamil for several magazines and later joined the Tamil daily newspaper *Swadesamitran*. This exposure to political affairs led to his involvement in the extremist wing of the [Indian National Congress](#) party, and, as a result, he was forced to flee to [Pondicherry](#) (now [Puducherry](#)), a French colony, where he lived in exile from 1910 to 1919. During this time Bharati's nationalistic poems and essays were popular successes. Upon his return to [India](#) in 1919 he was briefly imprisoned and later rejoined *Swadesamitran*. He was killed by a temple elephant in Madras.

Bharati's best-known works include *Kaṇṇan pāṭṭu* (1917; *Songs to Krishna*), *Panchali sapatham* (1912; *Panchali's Vow*), and *Kuyil pāṭṭu* (1912; *Kuyil's Song*). Many of his English works were collected in *Agni and Other Poems and Translations and Essays and Other Prose Fragments* (1937).

FEAR WE NOT

Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all !
E'en if all the world be ranged against us,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all !
E'en if we're slighted and scorned by others,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all !
E'en if fated to a life of beggary and want,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all !
E'en if we lose all we owned and held as dear,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all !

1

E'ven if the corset-breasted cast their glances,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all !
E'en if friends should feed us poison brew,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all !
E'en if spears reeking flesh come assailing us,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all !
E'en if the skies break and fall on the head,
Fear we not, fear we not, fear we not at all !

2

— Subramanya Bharathi

The people of this world, if against they stand,
There is no fear, there is no fear, nothing like fear.

Although, we are counted cheap and rebuked,
There is no fear , there is no fear , nothing like fear.

If to beg for food, would be a life attained,
There is no fear , there is no fear , nothing like fear.

Loveable possessions if, are lost,
There is no fear , there is no fear , nothing like fear.

2. If clothed bosomed damsels, cast their eyes
There is no fear , there is no fear , nothing like fear.

Poison in the mouth, if fed by friends
There is no fear , there is no fear , nothing like fear.

Shielded armies, if to attack approach
There is no fear , there is no fear , nothing like fear.

On the acme of my head, if the sky did crash and plummet down
There is no fear , there is no fear , nothing like fear.