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THE CLAY SANSKRIT LIBRARY has been created to introduce classical Sanskrit literature to a wide international readership. This literature combines great beauty, enormous variety and more than three thousand years of continuous history and development.

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Twenty-eight leading scholars from eight countries are cooperating to produce fresh new translations that combine readability and accuracy. The first twelve titles will appear in February 2005, co-published by NYU Press and the JJC Foundation; in August 2005 six new titles will be published; and within the next five years the Clay Sanskrit Library will grow to about a hundred titles. The selection will focus on drama, poetry and novels, together with the famous epics.



Introduction to the Clay Sanskrit Library

By John Clay

The great national epics of India, the Maha·bhárata and the Ramáyana, reached their definitive form around the beginning of the common era. By their authority and comprehensive character they dominated Hindu literature for several centuries, as familiar episodes and themes were reworked. But Buddhism and Jainism developed their own literary traditions.

From early in the common era, a vast creative literature of novels, short stories, plays and poetry began to develop. Some took their subject matter from the national epics or the Buddhist scriptures, but many other sources also provided inspiration.

This new literary culture was vibrant and vivid. The dramatists wrote plays about palaces full of dancing girls, and gardens where peacocks screeched at the approach of the monsoon and elephants trumpeted in the stables, eager for combat or mating. Courtiers intrigued for influence and promotion. Merchants set off on their voyages with sadness at separation, and returned with joy and vast profits. The six seasons spun by at breakneck speed. Lovers kept their trysts in the cane groves down by the river. Holy men preached that worldly pleasures were worthless, and often were exposed as hypocrites.

This second flowering of classical Sanskrit literature lasted for more than a millennium. We shall bring to a worldwide audience the entire text of the two national epics, and fifty or more titles from the heyday. We hope that readers will find much to enjoy.

केयूराणि न भूषयन्ति पुरुषं
हारा न चन्द्रोज्ज्वलाः
न स्नानं न विलेपनं न कुसुमं
नालंकृता मूर्धजाः।
वाण्येका समलं करोति पुरुषं
या संस्कृता धार्यते
क्षीयन्ते खलु भूषणानि सततं
वाग्भूषणं भूषणं॥

Keyūrāṇi na bhūṣayanti puruṣaṃ
hārā na candr'ōjjvalāḥ
na snānaṃ na vilepanaṃ na kusumaṃ
n' ālaṃkṛtā mūrdhajāḥ
Vāṅy ekā samalaṅkaroti puruṣaṃ
yā saṃskṛtā dhāryate
kṣīyante khalu bhūṣaṇāni satataṃ
vāg|bhūṣanaṃ bhūṣaṇam.

Armllets do not embellish a man,
Nor strings of pearl, gleaming like the moon,
Nor a bath, nor ointment, nor flowers,
Nor well-groomed hair.
Eloquence alone adorns a man,
Refined to perfection.
Ornaments are supposed to wear off,
But eloquence is an ornament for ever.

Bhartri-hari's "Politics" 15

The following pages present six new CSL volumes to be published in August 2005 (pp.6–17):

- The Emperor of the Sorcerers* (volume two) by Budha-svamin. SIR JAMES MALLINSON
The Epitome of Queen Lilāvati (volume two) by Jina-ratna. R.C.C. FYNES
The Four Soliloquies by Shúdraka, Shyamílaka, Vara-ruchi & Íshvara-datta. CSABA DEZSÖ & SOMADEVA VASUDEVA
Maha-bhárata Book Nine: Shalya (volume one). JUSTIN MEILAND
Rákshasa's Ring by Vishákha-datta. MICHAEL COULSON
Ramáyana Book Four: Kishkindha by Valmíki. ROSALIND LEFEBER

These are followed by descriptions of the launch collection of twelve volumes, published in February 2005 (pp.18–65), here presented with sample pages from the books themselves:

- The Birth of Kumára* by Kali-dasa. DAVID SMITH
The Emperor of the Sorcerers (volume one) by Budha-svamin. SIR JAMES MALLINSON
The Epitome of Queen Lilāvati (volume one) by Jina-ratna. R.C.C.FYNES
The Heavenly Exploits: Buddhist Biographies from the Dívyavadána (volume one). JOEL TATELMAN
Love Lyrics by Ámaru, Bhartri-hari & BÍlhana, GREG BAILEY & RICHARD GOMBRICH
Maha-bhárata Book Three: The Forest (volume four). WILLIAM J. JOHNSON
Much Ado About Religion by Bhatta Jayánta. CSABA DEZSÖ
Ramáyana Book One: Boyhood by Valmíki. ROBERT P. GOLDMAN
Ramáyana Book Two: Ayódhya by Valmíki. SHELDON I. POLLOCK
The Recognition of Shakúntala by Kali-dasa. SOMADEVA VASUDEVA
Three Satires by Nila-kantha, Ksheméndra & Bhállata. SOMADEVA VASUDEVA
What Ten Young Men Did by Dandin. ISABELLE ONIANS

THE EMPEROR
OF THE SORCERERS
VOLUME TWO

BY BUDHASVĀMIN

TRANSLATED BY
SIR JAMES MALLINSON



The second volume of Budha-svamin's *EMPEROR OF THE SORCERERS* continues the racy telling of a lost Indian narrative cycle *THE LONG STORY*, framed by Nara-vāhana-datta's magical adventures on his quest to become Emperor of the Sorcerers.

For Volume One please see pp. 21–24.

Volume Two of Budha-svamin's "Emperor of the Sorcerers" begins with the merchant Sánudasa telling the story, an epic in itself, of how he acquired Gandhárva-datta, his daughter whose hand Nara-váhana-datta, the hero of the book, has just won in a lute contest. In this and the tales of how the prince comes by his next two wives, the reader's tour of ancient India continues, extending to the far south and beyond, to magical islands of gold, before heading north to Varanasi. Along the way, we learn of, among other things, flying sorcerers, transvestite ascetics clad in skulls, the finer points of gambling with dice, the perils of trading by sea, the rivalry between fate and human effort and the difference between town and country mice. Sadly, the surviving manuscripts of the texts break off while our hero is in pursuit of only the sixth of his twenty-six wives.

Look at those bamboos on the other bank of the river. A strong wind is blowing in our direction from the opposite bank and bends them over to this one. Get a good grip on a bamboo which is neither too thin, too bendy, too rotten, nor too dry. When there is a lull in the wind and the bamboo straightens up, get down gently on the other bank. Any man who hangs on to a piece of bamboo that is rotten or dry or otherwise unsound will fall and his body shall turn to stone. This is called the "bamboo path." It is as terrifying as the path to the next world, but is quickly and easily crossed by men who are able and intrepid.

SIR JAMES MALLINSON translates and edits Sanskrit literature full time for the JJC Foundation, co-publishers (with NYU Press) of the Clay Sanskrit Library.

THE EPITOME
OF QUEEN LĪLĀVATĪ
VOLUME TWO
BY JINARATNA

TRANSLATED BY
R.C.C FYNES



The second volume of THE EPITOME OF QUEEN LĪLĀVATĪ concludes Jina-ratna's story. Embodied souls undergo all too human adventures in a succession of lives, as they advance to final release.

For Volume One please see pp. 26–29.

Jina-ratna, Jain scholarmonk, completed his poem in the year 1285CE in western India, in Jábali-putra, modern Jhalor in the state of Rajasthan. As its title suggests, “The Epitome of Queen Lilávati” is an epitome of a much larger work, “The Story of the Final Emancipation of Lilávati,” composed in 1036 by Jinéshvara, also a Jain monk. While Jinéshvara was a reformist of lax monasticism, and his original was considered highly conducive to liberation, Jina-ratna wrote his epitome at the request of those who wished to concentrate on its narrative alone. The primary purpose of Jain narrative literature was to edify lay people through amusement; consequently the stories are racy, and in some cases the moralising element is rather tenuous. The main feature of Jain narrative literature is its concern with past and future lives. There developed a genre of soul biography, the histories, over a succession of rebirths, of a group of characters who exemplified the vices of anger, pride, deceit, greed and delusion.

From then on, in the morning, in the afternoon, in the evening, at midnight, at every moment, the King would have her sing and dance, as if it were a new thing. Every day, the King gave to her divine food and unguents and divine ornaments and clothes, finer than his own. And as the King continued to give her manifold objects of desire, gold and such, he did not see behind or in front, as if blinded by his heart's desire. Thereupon, the ministers spoke together, “This kingdom will be utterly ruined, since on the destruction of the treasury there will be certain destruction of the King's army.”

R. C. C. FYNES is Principal Lecturer in South Asian Culture at De Montfort University, Leicester. He is the author of *The Lives of the Jain Elders*.

THE FOUR SOLILOQUIES

BY ŚŪDRAKA, ŚYĀMILAKA,
VARARUCI & ĪŚVARADATTA

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY
CSABA DEZSŐ &
SOMADEVA VASUDEVA



Four monologue farces composed by four authors of the fourth-fifth centuries CE. The four are traditionally presented together, united in plot but divergent in style.

“The Four Soliloquies” date to the Gupta era, the time of Kali-dasa, but nothing certain is known about their four authors. Though stylistically divergent, they share a common plot: the hero is an inept, bungling procurer, who mismanages his client’s love-affairs to an unexpectedly successful completion. A wide and comic spectrum of India’s urban society is scandalized. The verse below illustrates the popular Sanskrit style of punning, that is the deliberate fusion of two senses in one phrase. Such single phrases demand two parallel translations:

Whoever sees me,
hangs around : *flees elsewhere*
entertains polite chitchat : *shuts up*
even if in hurry : *even if there is no hurry.*
Even *in a congestion* : *if there is a danger of injury*
everybody
happily : *their hair standing on end*
gives way : *tramples onwards.*
Nobody detains me for long : *Within no time someone*
harasses me,
fearing that they may obstruct my affairs : *no matter*
how rudely.
Widely travelled men : *Those who are familiar with its*
inhabitants
declare
the fame of this best of cities to be : *alleged fame of this*
worst of cities
well-deserved : *a mystery.*

CSABA DEZSŐ is Assistant Lecturer in Sanskrit in the Department of Indo-European Linguistics at Eötvös Loránd University, Budapest. SOMADEVA VASUDEVA translates and edits Sanskrit literature full time for the JJC Foundation, co-publishers (with NYU Press) of the Clay Sanskrit Library.

MAHĀBHĀRATA
BOOK NINE

ŚALYA
VOLUME ONE

TRANSLATED BY
JUSTIN MEILAND



Half-way through the eighteen-book, hundred-thousand-verse MAHA·BHĀRATA, Book Nine is the fourth of the five war books. Shalya betrays his sister's sons to lead their paternal cousins in battle against them. His story is completed in this first volume.

For MAHA·BHĀRATA Book Three, volume four, please see pp.38–41.

“The Book of Shalya” is the ninth book of the MAHA-BHÁRATA. It portrays, in grand epic style, the last day of the great battle between the Káuravas and the Pándavas, recounting in gory detail the final destruction of king Duryódhana and his army. This, the first of the Book’s two volumes, focuses on Shalya’s short-lived role as general of Duryódhana’s army. Tempted over to the Káuravas’ side by his weakness for luxury and wealth, Shalya had previously fought as the charioteer of the great hero Karna. However, after Árjuna’s slaughter of Karna—to which Shalya himself contributed as a favor to the Pándavas—the Káurava army becomes leaderless and Shalya is consecrated as its general. Martial speeches, heroic duels, and bloody massacres abound on the battlefield, until finally Shalya is killed by king Yudhi-shthira, in accordance with the inexorable proceedings of fate. At Shalya’s death, king Duryódhana flees and takes refuge in a lake.

A river arose on the battlefield that flowed to the other world. Its waters were blood, its eddies were chariots, its trees were banners, and its pebbles were bones. Its crocodiles were arms, its streams were bows, its rocks were elephants, and its stones were horses. Its marshes were fat and marrow, its swans were parasols, and its rafts were maces. Littered with armour and turbans, its beautiful trees were flags. Abounding in wheels and teeming with three-bannered chariots and poles, this horrifying river flowed full of Kurus and Srínjayas, inspiring delight in heroes and filling the timid with dread.

JUSTIN MEILAND translates and edits Sanskrit literature full time for the JJC Foundation, co-publishers (with NYU Press) of the Clay Sanskrit Library.

RĀKṢASA'S RING
BY VIŚĀKHADATTA

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY
MICHAEL COULSON



The aristocrat who wrote this vigorous political play eschewed sentimentality in favor of realistic characterisation and forceful action. Rākshasa, incorruptible minister of the deposed king, flees abroad and plots his vengeance, while Kautilya, the new king's subtle minister, seeks to win him over.

The final, benedictory stanza of this political drama may refer to Emperor Chandra Gupta II (r. c.376-415 CE). Other than this clue to the date of the author, all we know about him is that he came of a princely family, and would have had political experience. The play is set just after Alexander's invasion of India (c.325 BCE) when the first Emperor Chandra Gupta seized the throne and founded the Maurya dynasty. The exemplary Rákshasa is the loyal exiled chief minister of the deposed dynasty. But his opponent, far from being the villain of the piece, is a kind of super-hero—the inhumanly competent ascetic Kautilya, to whom is ascribed India's famous handbook for rulers, a precursor to Machiavelli. Kautilya struggles not to destroy Rákshasa but to win him over to be his successor as Chandra Gupta's chief minister, so that he himself can retire from politics.

Rákshasa [to himself]:

*When I think how little Fate has been my ally in the
struggle*

*And how devious has been the plotting of Káutilya,
For all my successful winning of his subordinates,
My nights pass in sleepless bewilderment.*

*Contriving the first faint outlines of a plot, and then
elaborating,*

*Causing the hidden seeds to germinate unsuspected,
Cleverly managing the crisis, drawing together all the
sprawling threads—*

*In these painful anxieties of creation I am working like a
playwright.*

MICHAEL COULSON (1936–1975) taught Sanskrit at the University of Edinburgh. He is the author of *Sanskrit: an introduction to the classical language* and *Three Sanskrit plays*, translated with an introduction.

RĀMĀYANA
VOLUME FOUR
KIṢKINDHĀ
BY VĀLMĪKI

TRANSLATED BY
ROSALIND LEFEBER



The fourth of the seven books of the RAMĀYANA, “Kishkíndha” presents the hero Rama at the turning point of his fortunes. In order to secure the assistance of the monkey kingdom in searching for his abducted wife, Rama intervenes in the dynastic struggle between two monkey brothers.

For RAMĀYANA books One and Two, please see pp.46–53.

After losing first his kingship and then his wife, Rama goes to the monkey capital of Kiskindha to seek help in finding Sita, and meets Hānuman, the greatest of the monkey heroes. The brothers Valin and Sugrīva are both claimants for the monkey throne. In exchange for the assistance of the monkey troops in discovering where Sita is held captive, Rama has to help Sugrīva win the throne. The monkey hordes set out in every direction to scour the world, but without success until an old vulture tells them she is in Lanka. The book concludes with Hānuman's supernatural preparation to leap over the ocean to Lanka to pursue the search.

The tragic rivalry between the two monkey brothers is in sharp contrast to Rama's affectionate relationship with his own brothers and forms a self-contained episode within the larger story of Rama's adventures. Rama's intervention in the struggle between Sugrīva and Valin is the chief moral focus of this book.

Now when Valin saw Rāghava and mighty Lākshmana, he spoke these words which, though harsh, were civil and consistent with righteousness: "Because of you, I have met my death while in the heat of battle with someone else. What possible merit have you gained by killing me when I wasn't looking? ... I did not know that your judgement was destroyed and that you were a vicious evildoer hiding under a banner of righteousness, like a well overgrown with grass. ... I did no harm either in your kingdom or in your city, nor did I insult you; so why did you kill me, an innocent, forest-ranging monkey, living only on fruit and roots, when I ... was not fighting against you?..."

ROSALIND LEFEBER is Lecturer Emerita in Sanskrit at the University of Toronto.

THE BIRTH OF KUMĀRA

BY KĀLIDĀSA

TRANSLATED BY
DAVID SMITH



The greatest long poem in classical Sanskrit, by the greatest poet of the language, Kali-dasa's BIRTH OF KUMĀRA is not exactly a love story, but a paradigm of inevitable union between male and female played out on the immense scale of supreme divinity.

ISBN 0-8147-4008-1

This greatest of court epics describes events leading up to but not including the birth of Kumára (also known as Skanda or Karttikéya), the war god destined to defeat the demon Táraka. The gods attempt to deploy Kama, the Indian Cupid, to set the ascetic supreme deity Shiva on fire with love for Uma (also known as Párvati), the daughter of the god of the Himalayan mountain range. Kama's mission fails and the enraged Shiva turns his flaming third eye on the love god, burning him to ashes. Next Párvati herself turns to intense asceticism in order to win spiritual power and thereby the husband for whom she longs. She succeeds and the climax of the poem is Shiva and Párvati's marriage and cosmic lovemaking, and Kumára's divine conception.

To win Shiva's love, Párvati lives outdoors come rain or shine:

*Excessively heated by twofold fire:
by the sun in the sky and by fires fed by fuel,
at the end of the hot season drenched with fresh showers
she along with the earth gave off rising steam.
Pausing a moment on her eyelashes,
beating against her lower lip,
breaking up in the fall
on to the protrusion of her breasts,
slithering into the three folds of skin below,
the first drops of water
eventually reached her navel.*

DAVID SMITH is Reader in Indian Religions at Lancaster University. He is the author of *Ratnákara's Hara-vijaya: An Introduction to the Sanskrit Court Epic, The Dance of Siva: Religion, Art and Poetry in South India* and *Hinduism and Modernity*.

THE BIRTH OF KUMÁRA

«Krodhaṃ prabho saṃhara saṃhar' êti!»
yāvad giraḥ khe marutāṃ caranti
tāvat sa vahnir Bhava|netra|janmā
bhasm'|āvaśeṣaṃ Madanaṃ cakāra.

Tivr'|ābhiṣaṅga|prabhavena vṛttiṃ
mohena saṃstambhayat' êndriyāṇām
ajñāta|bhartṛ|vyasanā muhūrtaṃ
kṛt'|ôpakār' êva Ratir babhūva.

Tam āśu vighnaṃ tapasas tapasvī
vanas|patiṃ vajra iv' āvabhajya
strī|saṃnikarṣaṃ parihartum icchann
antar|dadhe Bhūta|patiḥ sa|bhūtaḥ.

3.75 Śail'|ātma|j' āpi pitur ucchiraso 'bhilāṣaṃ
vyarthaṃ samartha lalitaṃ vapur ātmanaś ca
sakhyoḥ samakṣaṃ iti c' ādhika|jāta|lajjā
śūnyā jagāma bhavan'|ābhimukhī kathaṃ|cit.

CANTO 3 – LOVE'S DEATH

“Lord, hold back your anger,
hold back!” —
even as the cries of the wind-gods
crossed the sky,
that fire born from the eye
of Shiva who is Being,
reduced to ashes Intoxicating Love.

The swoon brought on
by this overwhelming blow
shut down Rati's senses;
and, making her ignorant
of her husband's ruin,
did her good service
for the moment.

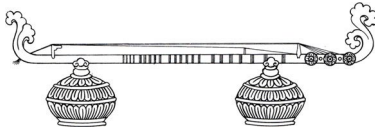
The ascetic, who'd suddenly smashed
his asceticism's interruption
as a thunderbolt does a tree,
wished to avoid the presence of women
and disappeared with his creatures,
he the Lord of Creatures.

The mountain's daughter too,
judging her lofty father's wish
and her winsome body were worthless,
and all the more ashamed
it happened before her two friends,
feeling empty,
somehow or other went off
in the direction of her home.

3-75

THE EMPEROR
OF THE SORCERERS
VOLUME ONE
BY BUDHASVĀMIN

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY
SIR JAMES MALLINSON



Budha-svamin's *EMPEROR OF THE SORCERERS* is a racy telling of the celebrated lost Indian narrative cycle *THE LONG STORY*, framed by Nara-vāhana-datta's magical adventures on his quest to become Emperor of the Sorcerers.

ISBN 0-8147-5701-4

Budha-svamin tells the astonishing epic tale of the youthful exploits of prince Nara-váhana-datta. It is indeed a great story, as its Sanskrit title declares. Epic in scope and scale, it has everything that a great story should: adventure, romance, suspense, intrigue, tragedy and comedy. The reader is taken from royal palaces to flying sorcerers' mountain fastnesses via courtesans' bedrooms and merchant ships.

The frame story narrates Nara-váhana-datta's progress culminating in his enthronement as Emperor of the Sorcerers, winning twenty-six wives along the way. Unfortunately, the surviving manuscripts of the text break off while he is in pursuit of his sixth wife.

Volume One's adventures end with his lute contest and marriage to Gandhárva-datta. The fast and witty narrative eschews lengthy description and provides fascinating insights into ancient India.

I said, 'I'm worried because I don't know how to interact with a young woman. You must quickly turn me into a man-about-town!'

He replied, 'The saying that horses are tamed in the hour of battle has today proved to be true! One cannot become a man-about-town by instruction. It's like spiritual liberation-mastered through repeated practice. But I'll tell you in brief: copy whatever her ladyship does.'

SIR JAMES MALLINSON translates and edits Sanskrit literature full time for the JJC Foundation, co-publishers (with NYU Press) of the Clay Sanskrit Library.

5.255 Tacca|deva|kulaṃ tena ghaṭitaṃ kila tādr̥ṣam
draṣṭum icchā samutpannā yena duṣ|cakṣuṣām api.
Brahmadattena dattaṃ ca dhana|rāśim anuttamam
na gr̥hṇāti sma vakti sma «gurur me labhatām iti.»

Evam uktvā Mahāseno mahatā dhana|rāśinā
sarva|sva|haraṇāt trastaṃ toṣayām āsa Pukvasam.
Viśvilo 'pi muhūrtena Vārāṇasyāḥ parāgataḥ
ākāśa|yantram āsthāya praviṣṭaś ca gr̥hān niśi.

Atīte māsa|mātre ca Viśvilaṃ Pukvaso 'bravīt
«adya mām āha nṛpatiḥ śanair utsārya sa|smitam:
5.260 «Ākāśa|yantra|vijñānam jāmatre kathitaṃ tvayā
yan mahyam api tat sarvam arthine kathyatām iti!»

Mayā tu kathitaṃ tasmai «na tasmai kathitaṃ mayā
tasmai tu kathitaṃ prītaiḥ śilpibhir yāvanair iti.»

Rājñā tu kupiten' ōktaṃ «n' êdam loka|vaco mṛṣā
«śilpinaḥ saha śāṭhyena jāyanta iti!» ghuṣyate.
Tad idam śāṭhyam ujjhitvā man|nideśam samācara
anyathā jīva|loko 'yaṃ su|dr̥ṣṭaḥ kriyatām iti!»
Tad rakṣatā mama prāṇān sa|putrān anujīvinaḥ
rājñe tad yantra|vijñānam arthine kathyatām iti.»

5.265 Viśvilas tu pratijñāya śvaśurāya «tath' āstv iti
rātrau Ratnāvalīm suptām pratibodhy' êdam abravīt:
«Āmantraye 'haṃ bhavatīm gacchāmi sva|gr̥hān prati
upāyais tava pitr' āham asmāt sthānād vivāsitaḥ.
Ākāśa|yantra|vijñānam prāptuṃ mattaḥ sa vāñchati
pracchādyam ca tad asmābhir nidhānam kṛpaṇair iva.
Tad āstām tāvad ātmā me tava vā dayitaḥ pitā
vijñānasy' āsya rakṣāyai tyajeyaṃ bhavatīm api.»

Apparently the wooden temple he has built is such that 5.255
even the evil-eyed want to see it. And when Brahma-datta
gave him unsurpassed riches, he refused them, saying that
his guru should have them.”

After he said this, Maha-sena gratified Púkvasaka, who
had been scared that all his property would be taken away,
by giving him great riches. Víshvila returned from Varánasi
in an instant, mounted on a flying machine, and went into
his house that night.

After just one month had passed, Púkvasaka said to Ví-
shvila, ‘Today the king dismissed the court and, with a
smile, said quietly to me: “You have told your son-in-law 5.260
the science of flying machines. Tell me all about it too: I am
keen to find out!”’

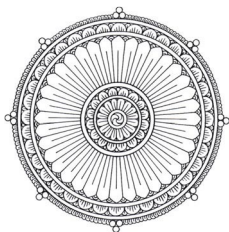
But I said to him, “I did not tell him about it; he was
told about it as a reward by Greek artisans.”

The enraged king replied, “It’s not for nothing that they
say that artisans are born liars! Very well, stop lying and carry
out my orders, or take a look at the world of the living for
the last time!” So, please teach the science of flying machines
to the greedy king, and thereby safeguard my life and my
dependents and their children.’

Víshvila agreed, saying ‘So be it,’ to his father-in-law, but 5.265
in the night he woke the sleeping Ratnávali and said, ‘I bid
you farewell: I am going home. Your father has contrived
to have me banished from this place. He wants to learn
the science of flying machines from me but we must keep
it hidden as misers do treasure. So be it. Never mind myself
or your beloved father, I would abandon even you in order
to safeguard that science.’

THE EPITOME
OF QUEEN LĪLĀVATĪ
VOLUME ONE
BY JINARATNA

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY
R.C.C. FYNES



Written in 1285 CE by the Jain poet-monk Jina-ratna, THE EPITOME OF QUEEN LĪLĀVATĪ is undeservedly almost unknown outside India. Embodied souls undergo all too human adventures as they pass through a series of lives on their way to final liberation from the continual cycle of death and rebirth.

ISBN 0-8147-2741-7

THE EPITOME OF QUEEN LILÁVATI tells the stories of the lives of a group of souls as they pass through a series of embodiments on their way to final liberation from the continual cycle of death and rebirth. It abounds in memorable incidents and characters, such as Dhana, the rich merchant who attempted to justify cheating in trade, Padma-ratha, who while invisible attempted to seduce the ladies of the royal household, and Vasun-dhara, the bogus holy man who was caught in a compromising position with a female dog.

The purpose of these stories, which are related to Queen Lilávati and her husband King Simha by the teacher-monk Sámara-sena, is to promote the ethic of Jainism, which holds that strict adherence to a nonviolent way of life is the key to liberation from the troubles of the world. In the end, Queen Lilávati, King Simha and the other leading characters attain perfect knowledge and liberation.

He was able to enter the palace among the throng of people, and, gaining the women's apartments, the criminal violated the women. In his turn, the King found that they lacked sexual desire. Suspecting an intrusion, he interrogated the chamberlain, who said that he had seen no one at all. Then plumes of smoke were raised from wheat flour scattered over the ground. Having rubbed away the lampblack from his eyes, Padma-ratha became visible and was captured.

R. C. C. FYNES is Principal Lecturer in South Asian Culture at De Montfort University, Leicester. He is the author of *The Lives of the Jain Elders*.

THE EPITOME OF QUEEN LILÁVATI

«aho mātṛ|doṣ'āpatti|vidyāyāḥ sphūrjitaṃ mahat.»

Śighraṃ dadāno dīnārāṃs tasya lakṣam adān nṛpaḥ
ten' āpi tad vilasatā pure nyaṣṭhāpyat' ā|khilam.

Rājñ" ōce «kiṃ paṭaḥ pūrṇaḥ,» «svāmin saṃpūrna eva hi
muhūrtaṃ śodhyatāṃ dev' ādy' āiva mauhūrttiko' vadat.

160 Tato rājā snāta|liptaḥ paridhitsuś ca taṃ paṭam
tena dhūrtena karṇ'ānte sthitvā guptam abhānyata:

«Jārajo n' ōpalabhate 'sya rūpa|sparśa|vaibhavam»

rājā vyacintayad «vastu|sva|rūpaṃ bahudhā bhavet.»

Utkṣipyā bāhuṃ so 'py āgād Dhanam dhūnam śiraḥ paṭam
sāmāntās tuṣṭuvur bhūpo dadhyau «vīkṣe 'smi kiṃ na hi.

Manye prarsūr na me śuddhā.» tūṣṇiko 'sthāt tato nṛpo

dhūrto 'vag «muñca vāsāṃsi m" āitaiḥ śobh" āsya naśyatu.»

Rājñ" āmucat tatas tāni paryadhāpyata taṃ paṭam

itas tataḥ karau kṛtvā māyayā tene māyinā.

165 Rājā spaṣṭaṃ yathā|jātam ātmānam abhivīkṣate
sāmāntās t' ūcur «utkṛṣṭā paṭa|śrīr vīkṣyate prabho.»

Dhūrto vyajñāpayad «deva pāda|cārikayā pure
pādo 'vadhāryatāṃ sarve yen' ēkṣante paṭa|śriyam.»

4. THE COUPLE DECEIT AND THEFT

entire royal household into thinking, 'Oh, the mighty thunderclap of the knowledge of the disgrace of my mother's transgression!' Making speedy payments, the King gave him one hundred thousand gold pieces, and he spent it all on enjoying himself in the city. Asked by the King if the robe was finished, the astrologer replied, 'It has just been finished at this very moment. Let Your Majesty be purified right now.'

Then as the King, bathed and anointed, was eagerly waiting to don the robe, the swindler stood by his ear and secretly whispered to him: 160

'A son by his mother's paramour cannot apprehend its form and tangibility.' The King thought, 'May its essence and form appear manifold!' He raised his arms and approached Dhana, who was pretending to shake the top of the robe. The barons applauded, but the King thought, 'I can't see anything. I suppose my mother was unchaste.' Therefore the King remained silent. The swindler said, 'Take off your clothes lest the robe's brilliance be obscured by them.' So the King removed them and was dressed in the robe by that swindler, who moved his hands here and there to support the illusion. The King saw himself as clearly as the day he was born, and the barons said, 'How excellent the splendor of the robe appears, Your Majesty.' 165

The swindler said, 'Let Your Majesty process on foot around the city so that all may behold the splendor of the robe.'

THE HEAVENLY EXPLOITS
BUDDHIST BIOGRAPHIES
FROM THE DIVYĀVADĀNA
VOLUME ONE

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY
JOEL TATELMAN



THE HEAVENLY EXPLOITS are “Buddhist Biographies from the *Dīvyavadāna*.” The worldly face of religious literature, these animated morality tales have inspired audiences across Asia for more than two millennia.

ISBN 0-8147-8288-4

The DÍVYAVADÁNA, or “Heavenly Exploits,” is a collection of thirty-eight Buddhist biographical stories. The genre of narratives of an individual’s religiously significant deeds is as old as Buddhism, and its manifestations are as widely spread across Buddhist Asia, in classical and vernacular languages, down to the present day.

Volume One contains the stories of Shrona Koti-karna, Purna, Prince Súdhana and Makándika. The first two stories are fine examples of the type of tales of adventurous seafaring merchants whose moral virtue and religious observance lead to material wealth. Súdhana’s is a prince’s long and dangerous heroic quest, while the brahmin ascetic Makándika offers his nubile daughter to the Buddha in marriage.

Where religion meets the world, these narratives present something for everyone.

Then the wanderer Makándika approached the Lord and said: ‘May the Lord behold my virtuous daughter, Anúpama, a lovely young woman beautifully adorned. Since I give this amorous girl to you, live with her like a true sage, like the moon in the sky with Róhini.’

The Lord reflected, ‘If I speak conciliatory words to Anúpama, what will happen is that she will go to her death sweating with passion. Therefore I shall speak repellent words to her.’

JOEL TATELMAN is Senior Editor at the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada. He has also published *The Glorious Deeds of Purna*, a translation and study of the Púrnavadána.

Yāvat pañca|mātraiḥ preta|sahasrair dagdha|sthūṇā|sadr-
śair asthi|yantravad ucchritaiḥ sva|keśa|roma|praticchannaiḥ
parvata|saṃnibh' |ôdaraiḥ sūcī|chidr' |ôpama|mukhair anu-
parivāritaḥ Śroṇaḥ Koṭikarṇaḥ. te kathayanti, «sārtha|vāha,
kāruṇikas tvam. asmākaṃ tṛṣṣ" |ârtānāṃ pānīyam anupra-
yaccha.»

1.50 Sa kathayati, «bhavanto 'ham api pānīyam eva mṛgayāmi.
kuto 'ham yuṣmākaṃ pānīyam anuprayacchāmi?» iti.

Te kathayanti, «sārtha|vāha, preta|nagaram idam. kutaḥ
khalv atra pānīyam? ady' âsmābhir dvēdaśabhir varṣais tvat|
sakāśāt «pānīyaṃ pānīyam» iti śabdaḥ śrutaḥ.»

Sa kathayati, «ke yūyaṃ bhavantaḥ kena vā karmaṇ'
êh' ôpapannāḥ?»

Ta ūcuḥ, «Śroṇa, duṣ|kuhakā Jāmbudvīpakā manuṣyāḥ.
n' âbhiśradadhāsyasi.»

«Aham, bhavantaḥ, pratyakṣa|darśī. kasmān n' âbhiśrad-
dadhāsyē?» te gāthāṃ bhāṣante:

1.55 Ākrośakā rośakā vayaṃ
matsariṇaḥ kuṭukuñcakā vayam.
dānaṃ ca na dattam aṇv api
yena vayaṃ preta|lokam āgatāḥ.

«Śroṇa, gaccha! puṇya|maheś' |ākhyas tvam. asti kaś cit
tvayā drṣṭaḥ preta|nagaraṃ praviṣṭaḥ svasti|kṣemābhyāṃ nir-
gacchan?»

THE STORY OF SHRONA KOTI·KARNA

At that moment, five thousand hungry ghosts, resembling scorched pillars and towering skeletons, covered in hair from head to toe, with bellies like mountains and mouths like the eyes of needles, expectantly surrounded Shrona Koti·karna. They said, “Caravan-leader, you are a compassionate man. We are tormented by thirst! Give us water!”

He replied, “Sirs, I, too, am hunting for water. Where 1.50
can I find water to give you?”

Said they, “Caravan-leader, this is a city of hungry ghosts. How could there be water in this place? Just now, for the first time in twelve years, in your presence, we heard the word ‘water’.”

Koti·karna said, “Who are you, sirs? And what deed led you to be reborn here?”

They replied, “Shrona, the men of India are a skeptical lot. You won’t believe us.”

“I can see what’s before my own eyes. Why shouldn’t I believe you?” The hungry ghosts recited this stanza:

Abusive and wrathful were we, 1.55
Envious and stingy were we.
We gave not the smallest gifts:
That’s why we have come to the realm of hungry
ghosts.

“Leave this place, Shrona! You are great due to merit acquired in previous births. Have you seen anyone enter a city of hungry ghosts whose good fortune and forbearance enabled him to depart?”

LOVE LYRICS

BY AMARU, BHARTṚHARI

TRANSLATED BY
GREG BAILEY

& BY BILHAṆA

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY
RICHARD GOMBRICH



This anthology of LOVE LYRICS of three Indian poets from the fourth to the eleventh centuries CE conjures up an atmosphere of love both sensual and social, ever in tension with love's rejection or repression.

ISBN 0-8147-9938-8

Ámaru's sophisticated seventh-century CE "Hundred Poems" are as much about the social aspects of courting, betrayal, feminine indignance and masculine self-pity as about sensuality.

Bhartri-hari's anthology "Love, Politics, Disenchantment" is the oldest of the three, from the fourth century. Interwoven throughout his three hundred idiosyncratic stanzas is a constant sense of skepticism about sensuality and love, economic and social power, and rejection of society and culture.

In the eleventh century, Bīlhana composed his intense "Fifty Stanzas of a Thief," a thief's rhythmic remembrance, in the moments before his execution, of robbing a princess's affections, and the clandestine pleasures of their love in both separation and enjoyment.

The flavor of all these poems is the universalized aesthetic experience of love.

*Still when alone I recollect the smile
Which tasted nectar-sweet upon her lip;
I see the fastenings of her braided hair
Slip from their place, and see the garlands slip;
The wandering gaze, the string of pearls which rests
Kissing a pair of full uplifted breasts.*

—"The Love Thief"

GREG BAILEY is Reader in Sanskrit at La Trobe University, Melbourne. RICHARD GOMBRICH has for the past twenty-eight years been Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford University. He is General Editor of the CLAY SANSKRIT LIBRARY.

LOVE LYRICS

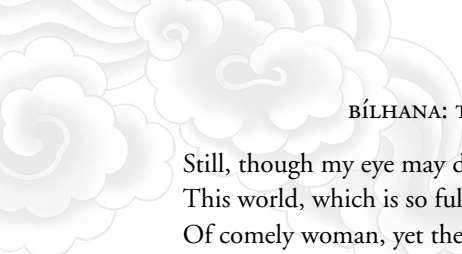
Ady' âpi jātu nipuṇaṃ yatatā may" âpi
dr̥ṣṭaṃ dr̥ṣā jagati jāti|vidhe vadhūnām
saundarya|nirjita|rati|dvija|rāja|kānteh
kānt" |ānanasya sadr̥sām vadanaṃ guṇair na.

30 Ady' âpi tām kṣaṇa|viyoga|viṣ'|ôpameyām
saṅge punar bahutarām amṛt' |âbhiṣekām
maj|jīva|dhāraṇa|karīm madanāt sa|tandrām
kiṃ Brahma|Keśava|Haraiḥ? su|datīm smarāmi.

Ady' âpi rāja|gr̥hato mayi nīyamane
durvāra|bhīṣaṇa|karair Yama|dūta|kalpaiḥ
kiṃ kiṃ tayā bahavidhaṃ na kṛtaṃ mad|arthe
vaktuṃ na pāryata iti vyathate mano me.

Ady' âpi me niśi divā hr̥dayaṃ dunoti
pūrṇ' |ēndu|sundara|mukhaṃ mama vallabhāyāḥ
lāvaṇya|nirjita|rati|kṣata|kāma|darpaṃ
bhūyaḥ puraḥ pratipadaṃ na vilokyate yat.

300



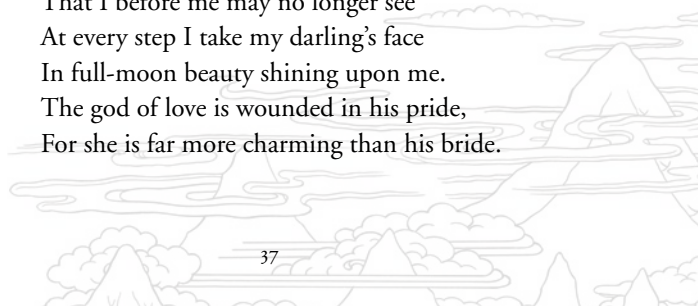
BÍLHANA: THE LOVE THIEF

Still, though my eye may diligently search
This world, which is so full of every kind
Of comely woman, yet the counterpart
Of my beloved's face I cannot find.
She conquers by the beauty of that face
Both Love's beloved and the moon in grace.

Still I recall the white-toothed girl, from whom
It was poison for a moment to be parted;
Then in renewed embrace anointing me
With copious nectar, she new life imparted,
Herself fatigued by love; if she is mine,
Why do I need the trinity divine?

Still my mind flinches at the memory
How from the royal palace I was led
By fearsome men, who, ineluctable,
Seemed envoys from the ruler of the dead.
In grief I cannot tell how for my sake
There was no effort that she did not make.

Still does it pain my heart by night and day
That I before me may no longer see
At every step I take my darling's face
In full-moon beauty shining upon me.
The god of love is wounded in his pride,
For she is far more charming than his bride.



MAHĀBHĀRATA
BOOK THREE
THE FOREST
VOLUME FOUR

TRANSLATED BY
WILLIAM J. JOHNSON



“The Forest” is Book Three of the MAHA·BHĀRATA, “The Great Book of India.” This final quarter of the account of the Pāndavas’ twelve-year exile in the forest contains four stirring stories that are among the best known in Indian literature.

ISBN 0-8147-4278-5

Book Three of the great Indian epic the MAHA-BHÁRATA, “The Forest” covers the twelve years of the Pándavas’ exile in the forest, a penalty imposed upon them by the Káuravas because they have lost a rigged dicing match. A number of the colorful stories told to relieve the tedium of life in “The Forest” are now among the best known in Indian literature.

The present volume consists of its concluding four episodes: “The Story of Rama,” “The Glorification of the Faithful Wife” (Sávitri’s story), “The Robbing of the Earrings” and “About the Drilling Sticks.”

From a hero overcoming great odds, to a virtuous wife who rescues her family, and Indra tricking Karna, and Yudhi-shthira’s victory in the verbal contest with the tree spirit, these disparate stories speak to common human concerns across cultures and centuries.

Slender lady, I came out with you to gather fruit. I got a pain in my head and fell asleep in your lap. Then I saw a terrible darkness and a mighty person. If you know, then tell me—was it my dream? Or was what I saw real?

So speaks Sátyavat, newly rescued from the god of death by Sávitri, his faithful wife, at the heart of one of the best-loved stories in the literature of India.

WILLIAM J. JOHNSON is Senior Lecturer in Religious Studies at Cardiff University. He is the author of *The Sáuptika-párvan of the Maha-bhárata: The Massacre at Night* and *The Bhágavad-gíta*, translated with an introduction and notes.

YAKṢA uvāca:

«Priya|vacana|vādī kiṃ labhate?
 vimṛśita|kārya|karaḥ kiṃ labhate?
 bahu|mitra|karaḥ kiṃ labhate?
 dharṃe rataḥ kiṃ labhate? kathaya!»

YUDHIṢṬHIRA uvāca:

«Priya|vacana|vādī priyo bhavati.
 vimṛśita|kārya|karo 'dhikaṃ jayati.
 bahu|mitra|karaḥ sukhaṃ vasate.
 yaś ca dharma|rataḥ sa gatiṃ labhate.»

YAKṢA uvāca:

«Ko modate? kim āścaryam? kaḥ panthāḥ? kā ca vārttikā?
 vada me caturaḥ praśnān, mṛtā jīvantu bāndhavāḥ.»

YUDHIṢṬHIRA uvāca:

115 «Pañcame 'hani ṣaṣṭe vā śākaṃ pacati sve gṛhe
 an|ṛṇī c' āpravāsi ca sa vāri|cara modate.
 Ahany ahani bhūtāni gacchant' 'īha Yam'ālayam
 śeṣāḥ sthāvaram icchanti. kim āścaryam ataḥ param?
 Tarko 'pratiṣṭhaḥ, śrutayo vibhinnā,
 n' āika ṛṣir yasya mataṃ pramāṇam,
 dharmasya tattvaṃ nihitaṃ guhāyāṃ.
 mahājano yena gataḥ sa panthāḥ.
 Asmin mahā|moha|maye kaṭāhe

ABOUT THE DRILLING STICKS – CANTO 313

The *yaksha* said:

What does the utterer of pleasant words attain?
What is to be gained by the man who performs his
actions after consideration?
What does the man who has made many friends
obtain?
What does the man devoted to the Law attain? Speak!

YUDHI-SHTHIRA said:

The utterer of pleasant words becomes popular;
The man who performs his actions after consideration
acquires an abundance;
The man who has made many friends lives happily;
And the man devoted to the Law attains a good rebirth.

The *yaksha* said:

“Who is happy? What is quite extraordinary? What is
the path? And what is the news? Answer my four questions,
and your dead brothers shall live.”

YUDHI-SHTHIRA said:

“The man who, O water-goer, on the fifth or sixth day, 1
cooks vegetables in his own home, who has no debts and is
not in exile, is truly happy. Day after day creatures here go to
Yama’s realm; the rest go on wanting something permanent.
What could be more extraordinary than that?

Reasoning has no foundation,
The revealed texts contradict one another,
There is not one sage whose opinion is authoritative,
The truth concerning the Law is hidden in a cave.
The way the great have gone—that is the path.
In this boiler made from delusion,

MUCH ADO
ABOUT RELIGION
BY JAYANTA BHATTA

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY
CSABA DEZSŐ



Unique in Sanskrit literature, Jayanta's play is a curious mixture of fiction and history, of scathing satire and intriguing philosophical argumentation. A work of true genius, MUCH ADO ABOUT RELIGION is a rewarding read for everyone interested in the culture of classical India.

ISBN 0-8147-1979-1

The play satirizes various religions in Kashmir and their place in the politics of King Shánkara-varman (883–902 CE). Jayánta's strategy is to take a characteristic figure of the target religion and unmask him as a fraud. By turning his victim's own religious doctrines against him, Jayánta makes a laughingstock of both the philosophy and its adherents.

The leading character, Sankárshana, is a young and dynamic orthodox graduate of Vedic studies, whose career starts as a glorious campaign against the heretic Buddhists, Jains and other antisocial sects. By the end of the play he realizes that the interests of the monarch do not encourage such inquisitorial rigor and the story ends in a great festival of tolerance and compromise.

The graduate and his disciple spy on a breakfast in a Buddhist monastery:

Boy: Look, here are buxom maids ready to serve the food and catching the eyes of the monks with their flirtatious glances. And there some kind of drink is being served in a spotless jar.

Graduate: There is wine here, masquerading as 'fruit juice,' and meat allegedly fit for vegetarians. Oh, how painful this asceticism is!

Classical Sanskrit literature is in fact itself bilingual, notably in drama. Women and characters of low rank speak one of several Prakrit dialects. The sample on the next page is an example of Prakrit speeches, marked with opening and closing corner brackets. The Sanskrit paraphrase is provided in endnotes to the volumes.

CSABA DEZSŐ is Assistant Lecturer in Sanskrit in the Department of Indo-European Linguistics at Eötvös Loránd University, Budapest.

2.10 KṢAPA°: (*sa/sneham*) 「Kiṃ imassim̐ bāla|bhāve vi te dukkha|kāraṇam̐?»

CETAḤ: (*niḥśvasya*) 「Ayya, ciṭṭhadu eṣe maha ḍaḍḍha|vuttam̐te. Jiṇa|rakkhida|bhikkhu|paṭṭim̐ me ācakkhadu bhavam̐.»

KṢAPA°: 「Bālie, eso khu Jiṇa|rakkhida|bhikkhū abbhamaṭtare atta|sissāna majjhe vakkhānaṃ kareṃto ṇiaggoha|rukka|maṭṭe ciṭṭhadi. tuvaṃ puṇa khaṇam̐ uvavisia vaṇṇehi dāva attāṇo ṇivvea|kāraṇam̐.»

CETAḤ: (*upaviśya niḥśvasya*) 「Ayya, kiṃ eṣu śaṃsāla|hadāe lajjā|ṇihāṇe vaṇṇiyadi?» (*roditi.*)

KṢAPA°: (*akṣiṇī cetasy' oṭpumsayan*) 「Bālie, vaṇṇehi. hiaa|nivviseṣo khu eso jaṇo bāliāe.»

2.15 CETAḤ: 「Bāla|kumālika yyeva pavvajida mhi maṃḍa|bhāñī.»

KṢAPA°: 「Tado uṇa?»

CETAḤ: 「Tado īś'īśi|ubbhijyaṃta|vilala|juvvaṇa|lakkhaṇāe aṇicchaṃtīe yyeva me aśikkhida|maṇa|laśāe keṇa vi taluṇa|khavaṇaena śīla|khaṃḍaṇā kadā.»

KṢAPA°: (*saharṣam ātma/gatam*) 「Amaa|ṇai yyeva me uvaṇadā.» (*prakāśam*) 「bālie, īrisa yyeva saṃsāra|ṭṭhidī. tado uṇa?»

CETAḤ: 「Ayya, tado kāl'|amaṭale śaṇiṃ śaṇiṃ muṇia|maṇa|laśaṃ maṃ palihalia ṣe khavaṇae aṇṇaśsim̐ ḍaḍḍha|muṭṭhīe vuḍḍha|khavaṇiāe paśatte.»

PRELUDE TO ACT TWO: LUSTFUL ASCETICS

MENDICANT: (*with affection*) You are just a child, but you 2.10
already have a reason to be unhappy?

DOGSBODY: (*with a sigh*) Sir, let us not waste our breath for
my execrable story. Please tell me the whereabouts of the
monk Jina-rákshita.

MENDICANT: Little girl, this monk Jina-rákshita is inside,
delivering a lecture to his disciples, under the *nyag-rod-
ha*-tree. But sit down for a second and tell me now the
cause of your disillusion.

DOGSBODY: (*sits down and sighs*) Sir, what point is there in
relating now the piled-up shame of a girl whom life has
crushed? (*He cries.*)

MENDICANT: (*wiping the DOGSBODY's eyes*) Tell me, my mop-
pet. I am no different from your heart, sweetie.

DOGSBODY: Ill-fated that I am, I turned a recluse when I 2.15
was just a little girl.

MENDICANT: And then?

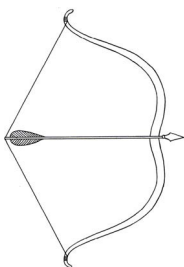
DOGSBODY: Then, as the delicate signs of my youth were
becoming slightly visible, but I was still not familiar
with the savor of passion, some young monk offended
my decency, entirely against my will.

MENDICANT: (*joyfully to himself*) I've chanced upon a river
of nectar! (*openly*) C'est la vie, sweetie. And then?

DOGSBODY: Sir, then later on, as I had gradually become
conversant with the savor of passion, that monk dumped
me and got stuck on another firm-fisted* old nun.

RĀMĀYANA
BOOK ONE
BOYHOOD
BY VĀLMĪKI

TRANSLATED BY
ROBERT P. GOLDMAN



Valmīki's RĀMĀYANA is one of the two great national epics of India. The first book, "Boyhood," introduces the young hero Rama, sets the scene for the adventures ahead and begins with a fascinating excursus on the origins and function of poetry itself.

ISBN 0-8147-3163-5

Rama, the crown prince of the city of Ayódhya, is a model son and warrior. He is sent by his father the king to rescue a sage from persecution by demons, but must first kill a fearsome ogress. That done, he drives out the demons, restores peace and attends a tournament in the neighboring city of Míthila; here he bends the bow that no other warrior can handle, winning the prize and the hand of Sita, the princess of Míthila. He and Sita and his brothers and their wives return in triumph to Ayódhya, and are fêted.

The epic proper is prefaced by an elaborate account of the origins of the poem and of poetry itself and a description of its early mode of recitation. This preamble is of great importance to an understanding of traditional Indian thinking on the subject of emotion and literary process.

Who exemplifies proper conduct and is benevolent to all creatures? Who is learned, capable, and a pleasure to behold? Who is self-controlled, having subdued his anger? Who is both judicious and free from envy? Who, when his fury is aroused in battle, is feared even by the gods?

This is what I want to hear, for my desire to know is very strong. Great seer, you must know of such a man.

ROBERT P. GOLDMAN is Professor of Sanskrit and Indian Studies at the University of California at Berkeley. He is director and general editor of the massive translation project of the critical edition of Valmíki's RAMÁYANA and has also translated Book Five, *Súndara*, with SALLY P. GOLDMAN, with whom he has co-authored *Deva-vani-pravéshika: An Introduction to the Sanskrit Language*.

Ity uktvā bhagavān Brahmā tatr' āiv' āntar|adhīyata
tataḥ sa|śiṣyo Vālmīkir munir vismayam āyayau.

Tasya śiṣyās tataḥ sarve jaguḥ ślokaṃ imaṃ punaḥ
muhur muhuḥ prīyamāṇāḥ prāhuḥ ca bhṛṣa|vismitaḥ:
«Sam'ākṣaraiś caturbhir yaḥ pādair gīto maha"rṣiṇā
so 'nuvyāharaṇād bhūyaḥ śokaḥ ślokatvam āgataḥ.»

2.40 Tasya buddhir iyam jātā Vālmīker bhāvit'|ātmanaḥ:
«kṛtsnam Rām'āyaṇam kāvyam īdṛśaiḥ karavāṇy aham.»

Udāra|vṛtt'|ārtha|padair mano|ramais
tad" āsya Rāmasya cakāra kīrtimān
sam'|ākṣaraiḥ śloka|śatair yaśasvino
yaśas|karam kāvyam udāra|dhīr muniḥ.

3.1 ŚRUTVĀ VASTU samagraṃ tad
dharm'|ātmā dharmā|saṃhitam
vyaktam anveṣate bhūyo
yad vṛttam tasya dhīmataḥ.

Upasprśy' ōdakaṃ saṃyañ muniḥ sthitvā kṛt'|āñjaliḥ
prācīn'|āgreṣu darbheṣu dharmen' anveṣate gatim.

Janma Rāmasya sumahad vīryam sarv'ānukūlatām
lokasya priyatām kṣāntim saumyatām satya|śīlatām,
Nānā|citraḥ kathās c' ānyā Viśvāmitra|sah'|āyane
Jānakyās ca vivāham ca dhanuśas ca vibhedanam,

3.5 Rāma|Rāma|vivādam ca guṇān Dāsarathes tathā
tath" ābhiṣekaṃ Rāmasya Kaikeyyā duṣṭa|bhāvatām,
Vyāghātam c' ābhiṣekasya Rāmasya ca vivāsanam

THE CREATION OF POETRY

When the holy lord Brahma had spoken in this fashion, he vanished on the spot, and the sage Valmíki and his disciples were filled with wonder.

Then all his disciples chanted that *shloka* again. Delighted and filled with wonder, they said over and over again: “The *shoka*, grief, that the great seer sang out in four metrical quarters, all equal in syllables, has, by virtue of its being repeated after him, become *shloka*, poetry.” Then the contemplative Valmíki conceived this idea: “Let me compose an entire poem, called the *Ramáyana*, in verses such as these.” 2.40

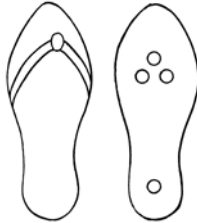
And thus did the renowned sage with enormous insight compose this poem which adds to the glory of the glorious Rama, with hundreds of *shlokas* equal in syllables, their words noble in sound and meaning, delighting the heart.

AND SO IT CAME ABOUT that the righteous man, having learned the entire substance of that story, exemplary of righteousness, the tale of wise Rama, sought to make it public. First the sage sipped water in the prescribed fashion. Then, seated on *darbha* grass with the tips pointed east and cupping his hands reverently, he sought through profound meditation the means of access to this tale. 3.1

Rama’s birth, his great strength and kindness to all, the people’s love for him, his forbearance, gentleness and truthful nature, the various other marvelous stories told on the journey with Vishva-mitra, Jánaki’s wedding, and the breaking of the bow, the dispute between the two Ramas and the virtues of Dasha-rathi, Rama’s consecration and Kaiké-yi’s wicked nature, the interruption of the consecration and the banishment of Rama, the king’s grief and lamentation 3.5

RĀMĀYANA
BOOK TWO
AYODHYĀ
BY VĀLMĪKI

TRANSLATED BY
SHELDON I. POLLOCK



AYÓDHYA is Book Two of Valmīki's RAMĀYANA, one of the two great national epics of India. The young hero Rama sets out willingly from the capital with wife and brother for a fourteen-year banishment, which will entail great suffering and difficult choices in the books ahead.

ISBN 0-8147-6716-8

In the great city of Ayódhya, the king decides to abdicate in favor of his beloved son Rama; but just as the celebrations reach their climax, a court intrigue involving one of the king's junior wives and a maidservant results in Rama being forced into a fourteen-year banishment. He dutifully accepts his fate, and goes off to the jungle, accompanied by his wife, Sita, and his loyal brother Lákshmana. With the old king dead of a broken heart, another brother, Bhárata, refuses to profit by his own mother's scheming, which leaves nobody to run the city. Eventually persuaded to act as regent, Bhárata consents to do so only on the condition that he live in a village outside the capital and act in Rama's name, having installed that rightful ruler's sandals symbolically on the the throne.

Sita was deeply distraught, and out of love and indignation she began to revile broad-chested Rághava. 'What could my father Váideha, the lord of Mithila, have had in mind when he took you for a son-in-law, Rama, a woman with the body of a man? ... Like a procurer, Rama, you are willing of your own accord to hand me over to others—your wife, who came to you a virgin and who has been a good woman all the long while she has lived with you. ... As I follow behind you I shall no more tire on the path than on our pleasure beds. ... To be with you is heaven, to be without you hell. Knowing how deep my love is, Rama, you must take me when you go.'

SHELDON I. POLLOCK is George V. Bobrinsky Professor of Sanskrit and Indic Studies at the University of Chicago. He has also translated Book Three of the RAMÁYANA, *The Forest*, and is the author of *Aspects of Versification in Sanskrit Lyric Poetry* and the editor of *Cosmopolitanism and Literary Cultures in History: Reconstructions from South Asia*.

An|artham artha|rūpeṇa grāhitā sā tatas tayā
hr̥ṣṭā pratītā Kaikeyī Mantharām idam abravīt:

«Kubje tvam̐ n' ābhijānāmi

śreṣṭhām̐ śreṣṭh'ābhidhāyinīm

pṛthivyām̐ asi kubjānām

uttamā buddhi|niścaye.

Tvam̐ eva tu mam' ārtheṣu nitya|yuktā hit'āiṣiṇī
n' āham̐ samavabudhyeyaṃ kubje rājñās cikīrṣitam.

9.30 Santi duḥsaṃsthitāḥ kubjā vakrāḥ parama|pāpikāḥ
tvam̐ padmam̐ iva vātena saṃnatā priya|darśanā.

Uras te 'bhiniṣṭam̐ vai yāvat skandhāt samunnatam
adhastāc c' ôdaram̐ śātam̐ sunābham̐ iva lajjitam.

Jaghanam̐ tava nirghuṣṭam̐ raśanā|dāma|śobhitam
jaṅghe bhṛśam̐ upanyaste pādaḥ c' āpy āyatāv ubhau.

Tvam̐ āyatābhyām̐ sakthibhyām̐ Manthare kṣauma|vāsini
agrato mama gacchantī rāja|haṃsīva rājase.

Tav' êdam̐ sthagu yad dīrgham̐ rathaghoṇam̐ iv' āyatam
matayaḥ kṣatra|vidyās ca māyās c' âtra vasanti te.

9.35 Atra te pratimokṣyāmi mālām̐ kubje hiraṇmayīm
abhiṣikte ca Bharate Rāghave ca vanaṃ gate.

Jātyena ca suvarṇena suniṣṭaptena sundari
labdh'ārthā ca pratītā ca lepayiṣyāmi te sthagu.

Mukhe ca tilakaṃ citraṃ jātarūpamayaṃ śubham
kārayiṣyāmi te kubje śubhāny ābharaṇāni ca.

Paridhāya śubhe vastre deva|deva carīṣyasi
candram̐ āhvayamānena mukhen' āpratimānanā

THE BOONS OF KAIKÉYI

And so Mánthara induced her to accept such evil by disguising it as good, and Kaikéyi, now cheered and delighted, replied:

“Hunchback, I never recognized your excellence, nor how excellent your advice. Of all the hunchbacks in the land there is none better at devising plans. You are the only one who has always sought my advantage and had my interests at heart. I might never have known, hunchback, what the king intended to do. There are hunchbacks who are misshapen, crooked and hideously ugly—but not you, you are lovely, you are bent no more than a lotus in the breeze. Your chest is arched, raised as high as your shoulders, and, down below, your waist, with its lovely navel, seems as if it had grown thin in envy of it. Your girdle-belt beautifies your hips and sets them jingling. Your legs are set strong under you, while your feet are long. With your wide buttocks, Mánthara, and your garment of white linen, you are as resplendent as a wild goose when you go before me. 9.30

And this huge hump of yours, wide as the hub of a chariot wheel—your clever ideas must be stored in it, your political wisdom and magic powers. And there, hunchback, is where I will drape you with a garland made of gold, once Bhárata is consecrated and Rághava has gone to the forest. When I have accomplished my purpose, my lovely, when I am satisfied, I will anoint your hump with precious liquid gold. And for your face I will have them fashion an elaborate and beautiful forehead mark of gold and exquisite jewelry for you, hunchback. Dressed in a pair of lovely garments you shall go about like a goddess; with that face of yours that challenges the moon, peerless in visage; and you shall strut 9.35

THE RECOGNITION OF SHAKUNTALĀ

BY KĀLIDĀSA

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY
SOMADEVA VASUDEVA



Kali-dasa's THE RECOGNITION OF SHAKÚNTALA scarcely needs an introduction. Admired by Goethe, it was one of the first works of Sanskrit literature to be translated into European languages. Reliving that original fresh appreciation, you can now read it in the hitherto untranslated Kashmirian recension, which raises the text to new heights of perfection.

ISBN 0-8147-8815-7

The play SHAKÚNTALA was one of the first examples of Indian literature to be seen in European translations. It attracted considerable attention, and pained surprise that such a sophisticated art form could have developed without the rest of the world noticing. A good deal of that surprise will be revived by the hitherto untranslated Kashmirian recension.

Shakúntala's story is a leitmotiv that recurs in many works of Indian literature, from the Maha-bhárata to Buddhist narratives of the Buddha's previous births as the bodhi-sattva, and culminating in the master Kali-dasa's drama for the stage. Again and again, the virtuous lady is forgotten by her betrothed, the king Dushyánta, his memory having been erased through a curse, only to be refound thanks to a distinguishing signet ring discovered by a fisherman in the belly of one of his catch.

Shakúntala: This bákula tree seems to hasten me on with its wind-stirred tendril-fingers. I will attend to it. (comes close to the concealed king)

King: (watching) His honour Káshyapa must be blind, that he should employ her in hermitage duties:

*The sage who tries to make
this guilelessly appealing figure
capable of enduring penance,
surely he has set upon cutting
hard shami wood with the edge
of a blue waterlily petal.*

SOMADEVA VASUDEVA translates and edits Sanskrit literature full time for the JJC Foundation, co-publishers (with NYU Press) of the Clay Sanskrit Library.

tataḥ praviśati pariśrānto vidūśakah

VIDŪŠAKA: (*śramam nātayati, niśvasya*) ॠbho diḍḍho mhi!
 edassa miaā|śīlassa raṇṇo vayassa|bhāveṇa ṇivīṇṇo. «aam
 mio! aam varāho!» tti. majjham|diṇe vi gimha|viralā|pā-
 dava|cchāāsu vaṇa|rāisu āphaṇḍīadi. patta|saṅkara|kasā-
 āim pīante kaḍuāim uṇhāim giri|ṇadī|jalāim. aṇiada|ve-
 laṃ sūla|māmsam saūṇa|māmsa|bhūiṭṭham aṇhīadi. tu-
 ra'|āṇa|kaṇṭhaīda|sandhi|bandhaṇānam aṅgāṇam rattim
 pi ṇatthi pakāmaṃ saīdavvam. tado mahanti yyeva pa-
 ccūse dāsīe|puttehim saūṇa|luddhaehim kaṇṇa|ghāḍiṇā
 vaṇa|gahaṇa|kolāhaleṇa paḍibodhīāmi. (*vicintya*) etteṇa
 vi me pāṇā ṇa ṇikkāntā. (*s'/āsūyaṃ vihasya*) tado gaṇ-
 ḍovari piḍiā saṃvuttā. hio kila amhesu ohīṇesu tattha|
 bhavado mi'|ānusāreṇa assama|padaṃ pavīṭṭhassa kila
 tāvasa|kaññā Saūntalā ṇāma mama adhaññadāe daṃ-
 sidā. sampadaṃ ṇaara|gamaṇassa saṅkadham pi ṇa ka-
 redi. ajjha taṃ yeva saṃcintaantassa vibhādaṃ acchīsu.
 tā kā gadi? jāva ṇam kid'|ācāra|parikammaṃ kaḥim bi
 pekkhāmi. (*mandaṃ parikramya vilokya ca*) eso rāā bā-
 ṇasaṇa|hatthāhim javaṇīhim parivudo vaṇa|puppha|mā-
 lā|dhārī ido yyev' āgacchadi. tā jāva ṇam ubasappāmi.
 (*kiṃ cid upasṛtya*) bhodu aṅga|sammaḍḍa|vihalo dāṇim
 bhavia idha yyeva ciṭṭhissam jado evaṃ pi dāva vīsāmaṃ
 lahemi. (*daṇḍa|kāṣṭham avalambya tiṣṭhati*)

ACT TWO

Then enters the weary buffoon

BUFFOON: (*acting fatigue, sighing*) I'm immobilized! I'm sick of being a side-kick to this hunt-mad king. "Here's an antelope! There's a boar!" and even at midday we charge along forest tracks where the shade cast by trees is sparse in summer. We drink lukewarm, acrid, mountain-stream water, bitter by contamination with leaves. At odd hours we eat spit-roast meat,—mostly fowl. Even at night I may not rest my limbs at will, for their joints are knocked out by the horse-cart. Then, at the crack of dawn, I am woken up by the ear-splitting din of fowlers taking to the forest, sons of bitches! (*reflects*) Despite all of this, my vital breaths have not departed. (*laughs with malice*) And now, a pimple crowns the boil. Just yesterday, as I lagged behind, his majesty, chasing some antelope, entered a hermitage and was, by my ill fate, shown an ascetic's daughter called "Shakúntala." Now he will not even talk of going back to the city. Today he reminisced about her until dawn. What can be done? I will track him down somewhere when he has performed his usual toilet. (*saunters about and looks around*) The king is coming hither, wearing a garland of forest flowers, encircled by his bodyguard of Ionian women bearing bows. So, I will confront him. (*approaching a bit*) That's far enough! Now that I am crippled by the creaking of my limbs I will stay right here. At least in this way I might gain some rest. (*stands leaning on his staff*)

THREE SATIRES
BY NĪLAKAṆṬHA, KṢEMENDRA
& BHALLATA

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY
SOMADEVA VASUDEVA



Three Indian satirists with three different strategies. Bhállata sought vengeance on his boorish new king by producing vicious allegorical and sarcastic verse. Ksheméndra presents himself as a social reformer out to shame the complacent into compliance with Vedic morality. Nila-kantha takes a much blunter approach: little can redeem the fallen characters he portrays, so his duty is simply to warn.

ISBN 0-8147-8814-9

Written over a period of nearly a thousand years, these works show three very different approaches to satire.

Nila-kantha gets straight to the point: swindlers prey on stupidity.

When asked about the length of life, the astrologer will predict longevity. Those who survive will be in awe of him. Who will the dead complain to?

The artistry that beguiles Ksheméndra is as varied as human nature and just as fallible. We are off to a gentle start with Sanctimoniousness – really no more than a warm-up among vices – but soon graduate to Greed and Lust. From there it's downhill all the way, as Unfaithfulness leads to Fraud, and Drunkenness to Depravity; Deception and Quackery bring up the rear. What's this at the very end? Virtue? A late arrival, pale and unconvincing.

Bhállata the disgruntled court poet speaks of a setting sun (his former king and patron Avánti-varma) being replaced by a flickering firefly (the new king Shánkara-deva, who did not continue his predecessor's patronage).

*Only an elephant, who batters towering cliffs
with relentless assaults of his spear-pointed tusk-tips
knows the pain of the thunderbolt-swipes of a lion's paw;
not a jackal, whose spirit perishes at the yapping of a puppy.*

SOMADEVA VASUDEVA translates and edits Sanskrit literature full time for the JJC Foundation, co-publishers (with NYU Press) of the Clay Sanskrit Library.

*Māyā/prapañca/samcaya/
vañcita/viśvair vināśitaḥ satatam
viṣaya/grāma/grāsaiḥ
kāyasthair indriyair lokaḥ.*

5.10 Kuṭilā lipi|vinyāsā
dṛśyante kāla|pāśa|saṃkāśāḥ
kāyastha|bhūrja|śikhare
maṇḍala|līnā iva vyālāḥ.

Ete hi Citraguptāḥ
citra|dhiyo *gupta/hāriṇo* divirāḥ
rekhā|mātra|vināśāt
sahitaṃ kurvanti ye rahitam.

Loke kalāḥ prasiddhāḥ
svalpatarāḥ saṃcaranti divirāṇām,
gūḍha|kalāḥ kila teṣāṃ
jānāti Kalīḥ Kṛtānto vā.

THE GRACE OF GUILF 5: FRAUD

The public
*is relentlessly devastated by scribal bureaucrats,
who deceive all by false accounting
and officious documentation,
who are parasites on the villages in their influence;*
just as the organs of perception,
*: which reside in the body,
which grasp the range of sensory objects
and mislead everyone
with illusory manifestation and resorption,
continuously obstruct illumination.*

Twisted jottings,
resembling the nooses of Death,
can be seen coiling like snakes
on the scribe's birch-mountain.

5.10

For perverse-minded scribes,
who *steal in secret : stealthily take life*,
are hell's scribal recorders of good and evil deeds.
By deleting a mere line
they can make the "possessor" (*sa-hita*),
the "dispossessed" (*ra-hita*).*

Few are the arts of the scribe
which pass as common knowledge.
Perhaps their secret arts are known
to Kali or to the Bringer of the End?

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WHAT TEN YOUNG MEN DID

BY DANDIN

TRANSLATED BY
ISABELLE ONIANS



Of the ten young men, nine are foundlings. They mislay their crown prince and go off separately in search for him. On the way to their reunion all ten make love and make war, so that finally each has won a kingdom, by putting into practice the courtly lesson of moral expedience in both combat and the bedroom.

ISBN 0-8147-6206-9

The crown prince becomes separated from his nine friends. Each of the ten young men has several adventures on his quest to be reunited with the others, culminating in their conquest of all competitor kingdoms. Variegated violence and sorcery figure in their exploits, but love affairs are even more prominent as both motivating factor and indispensable means. Commentators have lambasted Dandin's heroes for their antiheroic, apparently random, escapades, while in fact the architecture of his plot reveals an elegant, instructive construction.

The book stands apart from the mass of classical Sanskrit literature since it is written in prose, not the ubiquitous verse. In an antique tradition where so much is lost to the passing of time, this work has survived thanks, perhaps, to the narrative of one of the ten youths. Mantra-gupta's lips have been so ravished with biting kisses that he is constrained to tell his story without allowing his lips to touch, that is, without using the letters m or p or b. Dandin's artful circumlocutions have a spontaneous feel. The present translation is the first in the long history of translations of this masterpiece to strive to reproduce that effect in English.

*I then made a drawing in my likeness, saying:
'Take this to her. Once she has seen and studied it, she is
bound to ask:
'Can there exist a man who looks like this?'
Respond to her:
'What if there were?'
Then bring me her answer.'*

ISABELLE ONIANS translates and edits Sanskrit literature full time for the JJC Foundation, co-publishers (with NYU Press) of the Clay Sanskrit Library.

viśrabdha|prasuptām atidhaval’|ôttara|cchada|nimagna|
prāy’|âikapārsvatayā cira|vilasana|kheda|niścalām śarad|am-
bhodhar’|ôtsaṅga|śāyinīm iva saudāmanīm rāja|kanyām apa-
śyam.

7.240 Dṛṣṭv” âiva sphurad|Anaṅga|rāgaś cakitaś corayitavya|niḥ-
spr̥has tay” âiva tāvaca coryamāṇa|hṛdayaḥ kiṃ|kartavyatā|
mūḍhaḥ kṣaṇam atiṣṭham. atarkayaṃ ca:

‘Na ced imām vāma|locanām āpnuyām na mṛṣyati mām
jīvitum Vasanta|bandhuḥ. a|saṃketita|parāmṛṣṭā c’ êyam
atibālā vyaktam ārta|svareṇa nihanyān me mano|ratham.
tato ’ham ev’ āghnīya. tad iyam atra pratipattir iti.›

Nāga|danta|lagna|niryāsa|kalka|varṇitaṃ phalakam ādāya
maṇi|samudgakād varṇa|vartikām uddhṛtya tām tathā śayā-
nām tasyāś ca mām ābaddh’|âñjaliṃ caraṇa|lagnam ālikham
āryām c’ âitām:

7.243 ‘Tvām ayam ābaddh’|âñjali

dāsa|janas tam imam artham arthayate:

svapihi mayā saha surata|

vyatikara|khinn” âiva mā m” âivam!›

Hema|karaṇḍakāc ca vāsa|tāmbūla|vīṭikām karpūra|sphu-
tikām pārijātakam c’ ôpayujy’ âlaktaka|pāṭalena tad|rasena

CHAPTER 7: WHAT APAHÁRA-VARMAN DID

Her one side was all but submerged under an exceedingly bright white bedcover, making her look like a flash of lightning lying in the embrace of an autumn cloud, motionless with the exhaustion of long *flashing*, or, in the princess's case, *frollicking*.*

No sooner had I seen her than I was rooted to the spot, 7.240
throbbing with invisible Love's passion. Not only had I lost my desire to rob but she was robbing me of my heart. At an imbecilic loss, I stood there a moment, speculating:

'Unless I can have this lovely-eyed lady, Love, Spring's companion, will not suffer me to keep on living. Yet if I should lay a hand on such an innocent girl without prior sign from her she will for sure cry out in distress, crushing my desire. And I would have destroyed myself. This, then, is my plan.'

I took down a writing tablet smeared with resin paste from the peg where it hung, picked up a paintbrush from a jewel case, and made a sketch of her lying as I have described, with myself at her feet, hands folded together in adoration. I inscribed it with this verse in *arya* meter:*

'Here I am—your slave, 7.243
hands folded in subservience.
I beg of you this one thing:
that you should sleep with me beside you,
and only exhausted after erotic union, and not,
not tired in the way you are now.'

From a golden casket I then took a perfumed betel *pan* preparation, a pinch of camphor and some *pari-játaka* gum. Chewing this all up I spat out the juice, pink as lac, spraying the image of a pair of devoted *chakra-vaka* birds on the

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