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How the Nagas Were Pleased

by Harsha

&

The Shattered Thighs

by Bhasa



Translated by
ANDREW SKILTON

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS & JJC FOUNDATION

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WERE PLEASED”

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CONTENTS

CSL Conventions	vii
Preface	xvii

HOW THE NAGAS WERE PLEASED

Introduction	3
Prologue	17
Act One	25
Introductory Scene	53
Act Two	57
Act Three	93
Introductory Scene	129
Act Four	135
Act Five	169

THE SHATTERED THIGHS

Introduction	227
Prologue	239
Supporting Scene	245
Main Scene	267
Chāyā	307
Notes	327
Proper Names, Epithets, and Titles	343
Index	351

ACT TWO

2.10 *tataḥ praviṣati s'ôtkanṭhā MALAYAVATĪ CETĪ ca.*

NĀYIKĀ: (*niḥśvasy', ātma|gatam*) 〔hiaa! taha ṇāma tadā tassim
jaṇe lajjāe maṃ param|muhi|karia dāṇim appaṇā tahiṃ
evva gaṃ si tti aho de appambharittaṇaṃ.〕 (*prakāśam*)
〔hañje, ādesehi me bhaavadīe ādaṇassa maggaṃ.〕

CETĪ: 〔ṇaṃ candaṇa|ladā|gharaṃ bhaṭṭi|dāriā pathidā!〕

NĀYIKĀ: (*sa|lajjam*) 〔suṭṭhu tue sumarāvidaṃ. tā ehi, tahiṃ
evva gacchamha.〕

CETĪ: 〔edu edu bhaṭṭi|dāriā.〕 (*agrato gacchati.*)

2.15 NĀYIKĀ” *āpy anyato gacchati.*

CETĪ: (*prṣṭhato dṛṣṭvā, ātma|gatam s'ôdvegam*) 〔aho se suṇṇa-
hiaattaṇaṃ! kahaṃ, taṃ evva devīe bhavaṇaṃ patthiā.〕
(*prakāśam*) 〔bhaṭṭi|dārie, ṇaṃ ido candaṇa|ladā|gharaṃ.
tā ido ehi.〕

NĀYIKĀ *sa|vilakṣaṃ sa|lajjam ca tathā karoti.*

CETĪ: 〔bhaṭṭi|dārie, edaṃ candaṇa|ladā|gharaṃ. tā pavisia
canda|maṇi|silā|dale uvavisadu bhaṭṭi|dāriā.〕

ubhe upaviṣataḥ.

2.20 NĀYIKĀ: (*niḥśvasy', ātma|gatam*) 〔bhaavaṃ kusum' |āuha, jeṇa
tuvaṃ rūva|sohāe ṇijjido si, tassim ṇa kiñ ci tue kidaṃ.
maṃ puṇa aṇ |avaraddhaṃ *abala* tti karia paharanto
kahaṃ ṇa lajjasi?〕 (*ātmānaṃ nirdiśya, madan'āvasthāṃ*)

Thereupon enters MÁLAYAVATI, lovesick, and her MAIDSERVANT. 2.10

HEROINE: (*sighing, to herself*) Oh my heart! You made me turn away from that man out of embarrassment then, but now of your own accord you go right to him. You are so selfish. (*out loud*) Maid, show me the way to the altar of Her Ladyship.

MAIDSERVANT: Actually, Miss, you were going to the sandal vine bower!

HEROINE: (*shyly*) Thank you for reminding me. Come then, we may as well go straight there.

MAIDSERVANT: Come on, Miss, come along. (*She goes ahead.*)

The HEROINE goes in another direction.

2.15

MAIDSERVANT: (*looking back, surprised, to herself*) Oh, she's so absent-minded! Look how she's started off for that place of the goddess. (*out loud*) Miss, actually the sandal vine bower is over here. So come this way.

The HEROINE does so, shy and embarrassed.

MAIDSERVANT: Here is the sandal vine bower, Miss. May the princess go in and take a seat on the moonstone bench.

They sit down.

HEROINE: (*sighing, to herself*) Lord armed with flowers, though he has surpassed you in bodily beauty, you have done nothing to him.* But me, who has not offended you, how come you feel no shame striking me, presumably because I'm weak: a woman? (*observing herself,*

2.20

nāṭayantī, prakāśam) 「hañje, kīsa uṇa edamḥ ghaṇa|palla-
va|ṇiruddha|sūra|kīraṇam tādīsam eva candāṇa|ladā|
gharaam ṇa me ajja sandāva|dukkham avaṇedi?»

CETĪ: (*sa/smitam*) 「jāṇāmi aham ettha kāraṇam! kin tu a|
sambhāvaṇīam ti bhaṭṭi|dāriā ṇa taṃ paḍivajjadi.»

NĀYIKĀ: (*ātma|gatam*) 「ālakkhida mhi imāe! taha vi pucchi-
ssam dāva.» (*prakāśam*) 「hañje, kiṃ tava edīṇā? kahehi
dāva, kiṃ taṃ kāraṇam?»

CETĪ: 「eso de hīa'acchido varo.»

NĀYIKĀ: (*sa|harṣam sa|sambhramam c' ōthāy' āgrato dvi|trāṇi*
padāni gatvā) 「kahim, kahim so?»

2.25 CETĪ: (*utthāya sa/smitam*) 「bhaṭṭi|dārie, ko «so?»»

NĀYIKĀ *sa|lajjam upaviśy' ādho|mukhī tiṣṭhati.*

CETĪ: 「bhaṭṭi|dārie, ṇam edamhi vattu|kā mā, eso de hīa'|
acchido varo devīe diṇṇa tti siviṇae patthāvide jo tak|
khaṇam evva vimutta|kusuma|cāvo via bhaavaṃ maara|
ddhao bhaṭṭi|dāriāe diṭṭho. so de imassa sandāvassa
kāraṇam. jeṇa evaṃ sahāva|sīdalaṃ pi candāṇa|ladā|
gharaam ṇa de ajja sandāva|dukkham avaṇedi.»

acting a state of infatuation, out loud) Maid, how come this very same bower of sandal vines, where the sun's rays are blocked by these thick shoots, isn't taking away my horrid fever today?

MAIDSERVANT: *(with a smile)* I know what's going on here! But the princess wouldn't agree, and she'd say it's impossible.

HEROINE: *(to herself)* She's seen through me! Even so, I'll just ask. *(aloud)* What are you on about, maid? Just say, what is the reason?

MAIDSERVANT: It's this *treat: husband* after your heart's desire!

HEROINE: *(with delight and agitation she gets up and takes two or three steps)* Where, where is he?

MAIDSERVANT: *(getting up with a smirk)* Who's "he," Miss? 2.25

The HEROINE sits down shyly and remains with her face cast down.

MAIDSERVANT: Actually I was going to say this, Miss, that the chap who was described in the dream as a *treat: husband* given by the goddess after your heart's desire, was His Lordship with the *mákara* banner, but as if minus his bow and arrows, that the princess saw at that very moment.* He's the cause of this fever of yours. That's why even this naturally cool bower of sandal vine isn't taking away your horrid fever today.

NĀYIKĀ: (CATURIKĀYĀ *alakāni sajjayanti*) 𑀧hañje, Caūriā khu
tvaṃ. kiṃ de avaraṃ pacchādīadi. tā kahaïssaṃ.

CETĪ: 𑀧bhaṭṭi|dārie, ṇaṃ dāṇiṃ eva kahidaṃ imiṇā var'|
ālāva|matta|jaṇideṇa sambhameṇa. tā mā santappa. jāi
ahaṃ Caūriā, tado so vi bhaṭṭi|dāriaṃ a|pekkhanto ṇa
muhūttaṃ pi aṇṇahiṃ ahiramissadi tti, edaṃ pi mae
ālakkhidaṃ eva.

2.30 NĀYIKĀ: (*s'āśram*) 𑀧hañje, kudo me ettiāṇi bhāa|dheāṇi?

CETĪ: 𑀧bhaṭṭi|dārie, mā evaṃ bhaṇa. kiṃ Mahu|mahaṇo
vaccha|tthaleṇa Lacchiṃ an|uvvahanto ṇivvudo hoi?

NĀYIKĀ: 𑀧kiṃ vā su|aṇo piaṃ vajjia aṇṇaṃ bhaṇidum jāṇādi?
sahi, ado vi sandāvo ahiadaraṃ maṃ bāhei, jaṃ so mah"|
āṇubhāvo vā|mettaeṇa vi a|kida|paḍivattim a|dakkhiṇa
tti maṃ sambhāvaïssidi, (*iti roditi*)

CETĪ: 𑀧bhaṭṭi|dārie, mā roda, (*utthāya candana|pallavaṃ
grhītvā nisṭīḍya hrdaye dadāti.*) 𑀧ṇaṃ bhaṇāmi mā roda
tti. aaṃ khu thaṇa|paṭṭa|diṇṇo candana|pallava|raso
imehi avirala|paḍantehi assu|bindūhi uṇhī|kido ṇa de
hīa|sandāva|dukkhaṃ avaṇedi, (*kadalī|patraṃ ādāya
vījati.*)

HEROINE: (*touching CHÁTURIKA's curly locks*) Maid, you certainly are *Cháturika : a clever girl*. Why hide any more from you? I will tell you.

MAIDSERVANT: Actually, Miss, you told it just now by your flurry at the mere mention of your *treat : husband*. So don't distress yourself. If I am *Cháturika : a clever girl*, then it's also clear to me that, while he's not seeing the princess, he isn't interested in anything else either, not for a moment.

HEROINE: (*tearfully*) Maid, how can I be so lucky?

2.30

MAIDSERVANT: Don't speak like that, Miss. Can the slayer of Madhu rest easy without carrying home Lakshmi on his chest?*

HEROINE: Don't nice people know how to say anything other than pleasant things? My dear, even this makes the fever torment me more. That gentleman will think that I was rude, not behaving properly towards him with even a word. (*Saying this she starts to weep.*)

MAIDSERVANT: Don't weep, Miss. (*Getting up and taking a sandal shoot and crushing it, she drips the sap over MÁLAYAVATI's heart.*) Really, I tell you, don't weep. Hmm. This juice from the sandal shoot that I've put on your bodice is actually warmed up by the endless rain of tear drops. It's not going to take away the horrid fever in your heart. (*Taking a banana leaf, she fans her.*)

NĀYIKĀ: (*hastena nivārayanti*) 𑀓sahi, mā vījehi. uṅho khu eso
kadali|dala|māruo.ꣳ

2.35 CETĪ: 𑀓bhaṭṭi|dārie, mā imassa dosam karehi.ꣳ

𑀓kuṇasi ghaṇa|candaṇa|laā|
pallava|saṃsagga|sīdalaṃ pi imaṃ
ṇīsāsehi tumaṃ cia
kadali|dala|māruaṃ uṅhaṃ.ꣳ [1]

NĀYIKĀ: 𑀓sahi, atthi ko vi imassa dukkhassa uvasam' |ôvāo?ꣳ

CETĪ: 𑀓bhaṭṭi|dārie, atthi, jadi so iha āacche.ꣳ

tataḥ praviśati NĀYAKO VIDŪṢAKĀŚ ca.

NĀYAKAḤ:

2.40 vyāvṛty' āiva sit' |âsit' |êkṣaṇa|rucā
tān āśrame śākhinaḥ
kurvatyā viṭap' |âvasakta|vilasat|
kṛṣṇ' |âjin' |âughān iva
yad dr̥ṣṭo 'smi tayā muner api puras,
ten' āiva mayy āhate,
puṣp' |êṣo, bhavatā mudh" āiva kim iti
kṣipyanta ete śarāḥ? [2]

VIDŪṢAKAḤ: 𑀓bho vaassa, kaḥim khu gaam de dhīrattaṇaṃ?ꣳ

NĀYAKAḤ: vayasya, nanu dhīra ev' āsmi! kutaḥ,

ACT TWO

HEROINE: (*warding her off with her hand*) My dear, don't fan me. The breeze from this banana leaf is so hot.

MAIDSERVANT: You can't blame this leaf, Miss. 2.35

It's you heating the breeze from this banana leaf
with your sighs,
Even though its cooled from passing through
the dense shoots of the sandal vines.

HEROINE: My dear, is there any remedy for this unhappiness?

MAIDSERVANT: If he were to come here, there is, Miss.

Thereupon the HERO and his COMPANION enter.

HERO:

I was seen by her too in front of the sage, 2.40
just when she turned back,
Her eyes shining light and dark, making the trees
in the hermitage
Look like a flood of dappled deer flashing amid
the undergrowth.
Since I've been stricken by that, flower-arrowed Lord,
why do you fire these arrows without point?

COMPANION: Old chap, just where has your firmness gone?

HERO: I'm firm alright, my friend! Because,

nītāḥ kiṃ na niśāḥ śaśāṅka|rucayo?
 n' āghrātam indīvaram?
 kim n' ōnmīlita|mālātī|surabhayaḥ
 soḍhāḥ pradoṣ'ānilāḥ?
 jhaṅkāraḥ kamal'ākare madhulihām
 kiṃ vā mayā na śruto?
 nirvyājaṃ vidhureṣv a|dhīra iti mām
 ken' ābhidhatte bhavān? [3]

atha vā, na samyag ahaṃ bravīmi! vayasy' Ātreya,

2.45 strī|hṛdayena na soḍhāḥ
 kṣiptāḥ kusum'lēṣavo 'py Anaṅgena
 yen' ādy' āiva puras tava,
 vadāmi dhīra iti sa katham aham? [4]

VIDŪŠAKAḤ: (*ātma|gatam*) ८ evaṃ ahīrattaṇaṃ paḍivajjan-
 teṇa ācakkhido ṇeṇa hīaassa mahanto āveo. tā evaṃ
 ācakkhāmi. ५ (*prakāśam*) ८ bho vaassa, kīsa tuvaṃ aḷja lahu
 eva guru|jaṇaṃ sussūsia iha āado? ५

NĀYAKAḤ: vayasya! sthāne khalv eṣa praśnaḥ. kasya v' ān-
 yasy' āitat kathaniyam? adya khalu svapne jānāmi s'
 āiva priyatamā (*aṅgulyā nirdīśan*) atra candana|latā|gr̥he
 candrakānta|mani|śīlāyām upaviṣṭā praṇaya|kupitā kim
 api mām upālabhamān' ēva rudatī mayā dṛṣṭā. tad ic-
 chāmi svapn'ānubhūta|dayitā|samāgama|ramye 'sminn
 eva pradeśe divasam ativāhayitum. tad ehi, gacchāvah.

Have I not passed whole nights bright with the moon?
 Have I not sniffed a blue lotus?
 Have I not had to put up with evening breezes
 scented by blossoming *málati* flowers?
 And have I not had to listen to the honey-suckers
 buzzing over a mass of lotuses?
 How can you say, without qualification, that of all
 love-sick people, I'm not firm in public?*

Actually, what I said isn't true! Atréya, my friend,

With my heart on a woman, I cannot bear
 the flower darts shot by limbless Cupid,
 So how can I claim to you today that I am firm?

2.45

COMPANION: (*to himself*) By admitting his want of firmness like this, he reveals the great agitation in his heart. So this is how I'll speak to him. (*out loud*) Haven't you come rather quickly from seeing to your parents today, old man?

HERO: That's a well-placed question, my friend. And who else could I speak to about it? Today, in a dream, I believe I saw that same most beloved woman (*pointing with his finger*) there in a bower of sandal vines seated on a moonstone bench, love-lorn, reproaching me over something and weeping. So I want to spend the day right there on that spot that's so lovely because I met my beloved there in the dream. Come on, let's go.

parikrāmataḥ.

CETĪ: (*karmaṃ dattvā sa/sambhramam*) ॠbhaṭṭi|dārie, pada|
saddo via suṇiadi!

2.50 NĀYIKĀ: (*sa/sambhramam ātmānaṃ paśyanti*) ॠhañje, mā īdi-
saṃ āaraṃ pekkhia ko vi hiaaṃ me tuliadu. tā uṭṭhehi.
imiṇā ratt'āsoa|pādaveṇa ovāridāo pekkhamha ko eso
tti.

tathā kurutaḥ.

VIDUṢAKAḤ: ॠbho vaassa, edaṃ candaṇa|ladā|gharaaṃ. tā
pavisamha.

nātyena praviśataḥ.

NĀYAKAḤ: (*praviśya*)

2.55 candana|latā|gṛham idaṃ
sa|candra|maṇi|śīlam api priyaṃ na mama
candr'ānanayā rahitaṃ,
candrikayā mukham iva niśāyāḥ. [5]

CETĪ: (*nāyakaṃ drṣtvā*) ॠbhaṭṭi|dārie, diṭṭhiā vaḍḍhasi! so
evva de hiaa|vallaho.

NĀYIKĀ: (*drṣtvā sa/harṣaṃ sa/sādhvasaṃ ca*) ॠhañje, imaṃ
pekkhia ṇa sakkuṇomi iha accāsaṇṇe ṭhāduma. kadā i eso
maṃ pekkhe. tā ehi. aṇṇado gacchamha. (*ś'ōrukampaṃ
pada|dvayaṃ dadāti.*)

CETĪ: (*vihasya*) ॠadikādare! iha ṭṭhidaṃ pi ko tumam pek-
khadi? ṇam visumarido antare ratt'āsoa|pādavo? tā iha
eva ciṭṭhamha.

They both move about.

MAIDSERVANT: (*listening with agitation*) I think I can hear footsteps, Miss!

HEROINE: (*looking at herself with agitation*) Maid, whoever it is mustn't see me in such a state and gauge my heart. So get up. Let's hide behind this red *ashóka* tree* and see who it is. 2.50

They both do so.

COMPANION: Here's a bower of sandal vines, old chap. Let's go in then.

They both act entering.

HERO: (*having entered*)

This bower of sandal vines, even with a moonstone bench, is not pleasant to me 2.55
Bereft as it is of her moon-like face, like the gloaming without the face of the moon.

MAIDSERVANT: (*seeing the hero*) Miss, you are in luck! It's him, your favorite.

HEROINE: (*looking with delight and anxiety*) Maid, I can't stay here watching him, it's too close. It's possible he might see me. Come on, let's go somewhere else. (*She takes a couple of steps with her thigh shaking.**)

MAIDSERVANT: (*laughing aloud*) You're so timid! Who'll see you right here? Have you forgotten the red *ashóka* tree between us? So, let's stay right where we are.

tathā kurutaḥ.

2.60 VIDUṢAKAḤ: (*nirūpya*) ॠbho vaassa, eṣā sā canda|maṇi|silā|
NĀYAKAḤ *sa|bāṣpaṃ niśvasiti.*

CEṬĪ: ॠbhaṭṭi|dārie, «eṣā s” êtti» ālāvo suṇiadi. tā avahidā
suṇamha,

ubhe ākarṇayataḥ.

VIDUṢAKAḤ: (*hastena cālayan*) ॠbho vaassa, ṇaṃ bhaṇāmi
eṣā sā canda|maṇi|sila tti,

2.65 NĀYAKAḤ: vayasya, samyag upalakṣitam. (*hastena nirdiśan*)

śāsi|maṇi|śilā s” êyaṃ, yasyāṃ
vipāṇḍuram ānanaṃ
kara|kisalaye kṛtvā vāme
ghana|śvasit’|ôḍgamā,
cirayati mayi vyakt’|ākūtā
manāk|sphuritair bhruvor
niyamita|mano|manyur dṛṣṭā
mayā rudatī priyā. [6]

tad asyām eva candra|kānta|maṇi|śilāyām upaviśāvaḥ.

NĀYIKĀ: (*vicintya*) ॠkā uṇa «eṣā» bhavissadi?

CEṬĪ: ॠbhaṭṭi|dārie, jaha amme ovārida|sarīrāo eḍaṃ pek-
khamha, taha tuvaṃ pi eḍeṇa diṭṭhā bhave,

2.70 NĀYIKĀ: ॠjujjaï eḍaṃ. kiṃ puṇa paṇaa|kuvidaṃ pial|jaṇaṃ
hiae karia mantedi?

They do so.

COMPANION: (*noticing*) Here she is, old chap, that moonstone bench! 2.60

The HERO sighs, in tears.

MAIDSERVANT: Miss, I heard someone say, "Here she is." So we must pay attention and listen.

They both listen.

COMPANION: (*shaking him with his hand*) I say, old chap! I said, "Here she is ... the moonstone bench!"

HERO: Well spotted, my friend. (*pointing with his hand*) 2.65

Here is the moonstone bench whereon I saw her
weeping, my beloved,
Holding her wan face in the left of her tender hands,
heaving deep sighs.
When I was late her emotions were clear on her brow.
It trembled a little, as she suppressed the anger
in her mind.

Let's sit together then, right here on the moonstone bench.

HEROINE: (*thoughtfully*) Who can "she" be?

MAIDSERVANT: Just as we've seen him while we've been hiding, maybe he's seen you as well, Miss.

HEROINE: That's possible. But then why's he fallen in love 2.70
with her and why's he talking about her as a lover who's
love-lorn?



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Two plays from two of the great Sanskrit traditions, the Buddhist sacrifice by substitution of *HOW THE NAGAS WERE PLEASED* and the *MAHA-BHÁRATA* villain transfigured in *THE SHATTERED THIGHS*. Both combine the classical pleasures of Indian literature with the most serious, and conventionally literarily taboo, issues of living and dying.

क्रे

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