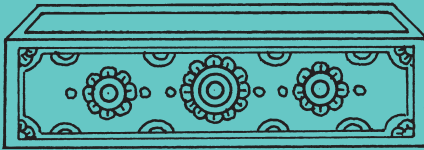


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The Little Clay Cart

by Shúdraka



Translated by

DIWAKAR ACHARYA

With a Foreword by Partha Chatterjee

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THE LITTLE CLAY CART

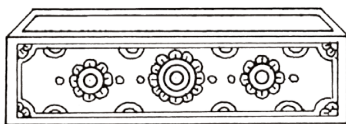
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CONTENTS

CSL Conventions	vii
Foreword	xv
Introduction	xix
Dramatis Personæ	xl

THE LITTLE CLAY CART

Prologue	The Suitable Husband	3
Act One	The Deposition of Ornaments	19
Act Two	The Gambling Masseur	81
Act Three	Cutting a Hole	129
Act Four	Mádanika and Shárvilaka	167
Act Five	A Rainy Day	221
Act Six	Mix-up of Carriages	273
Act Seven	The Escape of Áryaka	313
Act Eight	Vasánta·sena Strangled	327
Act Nine	The Trial	395
Act Ten	The Conclusion	455
<i>Chāyā</i>		531
Notes		617

ACT EIGHT
VASÁNTA·SENA STRANGLLED

8.1 (*tataḥ praviśaty ārdra|cīvara|hasto* BHIKṢUḤ.)

BHIKṢUḤ: 「ajjā, kaledha dhamma|śaṃcaam,」

「śaṃjammadha ṇa|poṭaṃ,
ṇiccaṃ jaggedha jhāṇa|paḍaheṇa.

viśamā india|colā

halanti cila|śaṃcidaṃ dhammam,」 [1]

「avi a, a|ṇiccadāe pekkhia ṇavalaṃ dāva dhammāṇaṃ śalaṇa
mhi.*」

8.5 「pañca|jaṇa jeṇa mālīdā, itthia mālīa gāma lakkhide,
a|bale a caṇḍāla mālīde, avaśaṃ śe ṇala śagga gāhadi,」 [2]

「śīla muṇḍīde, tuṇḍa muṇḍīde,
citta ṇa muṇḍīde, kīśa muṇḍīde?

jāha uṇa a citta muṇḍīde,

śāhu śuṭṭhu śīla tāha muṇḍīde,」 [3]

「gihida|kaśā'|odae eśe cīvale jāva eḍaṃ laśṭīa|śālakāha ke-
lake ujjāṇe paviśīa pokkhaliṇīe pakkhālia lahuṃ lahuṃ
avakkamiśśam,」 (*parikramyā tathā karoti.*)

nepathye ŚAKĀRAḤ: 「ciśṭa, le duṣṭa|śamaṇakā, ciśṭa,」

BHIKṢUḤ (*dṛṣṭvā sa|bhayam*): 「hī avida māṇahe! eśe śe lāa|
śāla|Śaṃṭhāṇe āade. ekkeṇa bhikkhuṇā avalāhe kide
aṇṇaṃ pi jaḥiṃ jaḥiṃ bhikkhuṃ pekkhadi taḥiṃ taḥiṃ
goṇaṃ vva ṇāsaṃ vindhia ovāhedi. tā kaḥiṃ a|śalaṇe
gamiśśam? adha vā bhaṭṭālake jjeva Buddhē me śalaṇe,」

(Enter a MONK with a wet robe in his hand.)

8.1

MONK: You ignorant people, accumulate merit!

Keep your belly under control, stay ever awake with
the drum of meditation!

The hostile senses are thieves who rob merit
accumulated over time.

Well then, upon realizing the fleeting nature of the world,
I sought refuge in virtuous deeds.

He who has slain the five men, protected the town by 8.5
slaying the woman,
And has also slain the feeble pariah—that man
will surely attain heaven.*

Your head is shaved, your face is shaved, but your soul
is not shaved; why do you shave at all?
Again, if one's soul is shaved, one's head is truly shaved.

I'll go in this garden of the king's brother-in-law and wash
this wet red-dyed gown in the lotus pond, and then
quickly be off. (*He goes around and sets to work.*)

VOICE (*offstage*): Stop, you wretched monk, stop!

MONK (*looking up with fear*): Heavens! Sansthánaka is coming—the king's brother-in-law! Once a monk offended him, and now, whenever he sees one, he pierces his nose as though he were a cow and chases him off. So where can I take refuge, helpless fellow that I am? But the Lord Buddha alone is my refuge.

8.10 (*praviśya sa|khaḍgena viṭena saha*)

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠ ciṣṭa, le duṣṭa|śamaṇakā, ciṣṭa! āvāṇaa|majjha|
paviṣṭaśśa via latta|mūlaaśśa śīsaṃ de moḍaiśśam. (iti
tādayati.)

VIṬAḤ: kāṇelī|mātaḥ, na yuktaṃ nirveda|dhr̥ta|kāṣāyaṃ
bhikṣuṃ tādayitum. tat kim anena? idaṃ tāvat sukh'|
ôpāgamyam udyānaṃ paśyatu bhavān.

a|śaraṇa|śaraṇa|pramoda|bhūtair
vana|tarubhiḥ kriyamāṇa|cāru|karma,
hṛdayam iva dur|ātmanām a|guptaṃ
navam iva rājyam a|nirjit'|ôpabhogyam. [4]

BHIKṢUḤ: ॠ sāadam! paśīdadu uvāśake.

8.15 ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠ bhāve, pekkha pekkha! ākkośadi mam!

VIṬAḤ: kim bravīti?

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠ uvāśake tti maṃ bhaṇādi. kim hagge ṇāvide?

VIṬAḤ: Buddh'|ôpāsaka iti bhavantaṃ stauti.

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠ thuṇu, śamaṇakā, thuṇu!

8.20 BHIKṢUḤ: ॠ tumam dhaṇṇe! tumam puṇṇe!

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠ bhāve, «dhaṇṇe, puṇṇe» tti maṃ bhaṇādi! kim
hagge śalāvake koṣṭake kombha|kāle vā?

(Enter SHAKÁRA accompanied by the LIBERTINE bearing a sword.) 8.10

SHAKÁRA: Stop, you wretched monk, stop! I'll smash your head like a radish at a drinking party! (*He beats him.*)

LIBERTINE: Bastard, it's not proper to beat a monk who's renounced everything and taken the ochre robe. Why bother with him? Look, sir, this garden is worthy of visiting.

The trees are performing the happy task of pleasing and protecting the unprotected.

The garden is exposed like the heart of evil men;

Like a new kingdom, its pleasures have yet to be enjoyed.

MONK: Welcome! Be appeased, servant.

SHAKÁRA: Look, Sir, look! He's insulting me! 8.15

LIBERTINE: What's he saying?

SHAKÁRA: He's calling me a servant. Am I a barber?

LIBERTINE: He's praising you by calling you the Buddha's servant.

SHAKÁRA: Praise me, monk, praise me more!

MONK: You are blessed! You are righteous! 8.20

SHAKÁRA: Sir, he's calling me "corny" and "stuffed!" Am I a bin, a pot or a potter?*

VITĀḤ: kāṇelī|mātaḥ, nanu dhanyas tvam puṇyas tvam iti
bhavantam stauti.

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ʿbhāve, tā kīśa eśe idha āgade?

BHIKṢUḤ: ʿidaṃ cīvalam pakkhālidum.

8.25 ŚAKĀRAḤ: ʿale duṣṭa|śamaṇakā, eśe mama bahiṇī|vadiṇā
śavv'|ujjāṇāṇam pavale Puppakalaṇḍ'|ujjāṇe diṇṇe ja-
hiṃ dāva śuṇahakā śīlā pāṇiam panti. hagge vi pabala|
puliśe maṇuśśake ṇa ṇhāāmi. tahiṃ tumam pukkhalīṇe
pulāṇa|kuluttha|jūśa|śavaṇṇāim duśśa|gandhiāim cīva-
lāim pakkhāleśi. tā tumam ekka|pahāliam kalemi!

VITĀḤ: kāṇelī|mātaḥ, tathā tarkayāmi yath" ānen' ā|cira|
pravrajitena bhavitavyam.

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ʿkadham bhāve jāṇādi?

VITĀḤ: kim atra jñeyam? paśya!

ady' āpy asya tath" āiva keśa|virahād
gaurī lalāṭa|cchaviḥ

kālasya' ālpatayā ca cīvara|kṛtaḥ
skandhe na jātaḥ kiṇaḥ,

n' ābhystā ca kaśāya|vastra|racanā
dūram nigūḍh'|āntaro

vastr'|āntaś ca paṭ'|ōcchrayāt praśīthilaḥ
skandhe na saṃtiṣṭhate. [5]

8.30 BHIKṢUḤ: ʿuvāśake, evvam. a|cila|pavvajide hagge.

LIBERTINE: Bastard, he is praising you and saying you are blessed and you are righteous.

SHAKÁRA: Sir, why's this man come here?

MONK: To wash this robe.

SHAKÁRA: Oh, you wretched monk! My brother-in-law has 8.25
 given me this Pushpa-karándaka garden, the best of all
 gardens, where dogs and jackals drink water; I don't
 bathe here, eminent and manly though I am. But you're
 washing your horrible smelling robes, the color of stale
 black bean soup, in this pool! Why, I'll kill you with one
 blow!

LIBERTINE: Bastard, I guess that this man must have quite
 recently renounced.

SHAKÁRA: How, sir, do you know?

LIBERTINE: What's there to know? Look!

Even now the glow of his forehead is the same old pale
 color, though no hair shades it.

There's no callus on his shoulder, for his robe has been
 worn for a very short period.

Nor is he practiced in wearing red robes, for his loins
 are wide open to view.

And the robe's edge is much too loose: the cloth
 inches up, and does not clasp his shoulder.

MONK: It's true, servant! I've quite recently renounced. 8.30

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠ tā kīśa tumaṃ jāta|mettaka jjeva ṇa pavvajide? (iti
tādayati.)

BHIKṢUḤ: ॠ ṇamo Buddhaśśa!

VITĀḤ: kim anena tāḍitena tapasvinā? mucyatām, gacchatu!

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠ ale, ciśṭa dāva jāva śaṃpadhālemi.

8.35 VITĀḤ: kena sārdham?

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠ attaṇo haḍakkeṇa.

VITĀḤ: hanta, na gataḥ!

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠ puttakā haḍakkā, bhaśṭake puttake! eśe śamaṇake
avi ṇāma kiṃ gacchadu kiṃ ciśṭadu? (sva|gatam) ॠ ṇ' āvi
gacchadu ṇ' āvi ciśṭadu. (prakāśam) ॠ bhāve, śaṃpadhā-
lidaṃ mae haḍakkeṇa śaha. eśe maha haḍakke bhaṇādi.

VITĀḤ: kiṃ bravīti?

8.40 ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠ mā vi gacchadu mā vi ciśṭadu, mā vi ūśāśadu
māvi ṇīśāśadu. idha jjeva jhatti paḍia maledu.

BHIKṢUḤ: ॠ ṇamo Buddhaśśa! śalaṇ'|āgade mhi!

VITĀḤ: gacchatu!

SHAKÁRA: Well, why didn't you renounce the moment you were born? (*He beats him.*)

MONK: Homage to the Buddha!

LIBERTINE: What will you gain by beating this poor chap?
Release him and let him go his way!

SHAKÁRA: Well, just wait a moment! I'll do some consulting!

LIBERTINE: With whom?

8.35

SHAKÁRA: With my own heart!

LIBERTINE: Ah, he's still here!

SHAKÁRA: Oh laddie, my heart, my little master! Tell me, should this monk go or stay? (*to himself*) He should neither go nor stay. (*aloud*) Sir! I've consulted my heart. My heart says that...

LIBERTINE: What does it say?

SHAKÁRA: He should neither go nor stay, breathe neither in 8.40
nor out, but fall down here and die on the spot.

MONK: Homage to the Buddha! I take refuge in you!

LIBERTINE: Let him go!

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠ nam śamaṇa,

VITĀḤ: kīdrśaḥ samayaḥ?

8.45 ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠ tadhā kaddamaṃ pheladu jadhā pāṇiam paṅk'
āilaṃ ṇa hodi. adha vā pāṇiam puñjī|kadua kaddamaṃ
pheladu,

VITĀḤ: aho mūrkhata!

viparyasta|manaś|ceṣṭaiḥ
śilā|śakala|varṣmabhiḥ
māmsa|vṛkṣair iyaṃ mūrkhair
bhār'|ākrāntā vasuṃ|dharā. [6]

(BHIKṢUR *nātyen' ākrośati.*)

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠ kiṃ bhaṇādi?

8.50 VITĀḤ: stauti bhavantam.

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠ thuṇu thuṇu! puṇo vi thuṇu!

(*tathā kṛtvā niṣkrānto* BHIKṢUḤ.)

VITĀḤ: kāṇeli|mātaḥ! paśy' ôdyānasya śobhām!

amī hi vṛkṣāḥ phala|puṣpa|śobhitāḥ
kaṭhōra|niṣpanda|lat'^ṇ|ôpaveṣṭitāḥ,
nṛp'^ṇ|ājñayā rakṣi|janena pālītā
narāḥ sa|dārā iva yānti nirvṛtim. [7]

SHAKÁRA: All right, but on one condition!

LIBERTINE: What condition?

SHAKÁRA: That he throw away mud in such a way that its 8.45
water is not soiled. Or else that he heap up the water
and throw away the dirt.

LIBERTINE: What stupidity!

The earth is groaning under a load of fools:
Trees of flesh, absurd in mind and deed, and with stones
for bodies.

(The MONK abuses SHAKÁRA with gestures.)

SHAKÁRA: What does he say?

LIBERTINE: He's praising you. 8.50

SHAKÁRA: Praise me! Praise me! Praise me again!

(The MONK, continuing his antics, exits.)

LIBERTINE: Bastard, look at this garden's splendor!

These trees, glorious with their fruits and flowers,
Embraced by vines tight and breathless,
And protected by guards under royal decree,
Attain delight, like men with their wives.

8.55 ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠśuṣṭu bhāve bhaṇādi.॑

ॠbahu|kuśuma|vicittidā a bhūmī,
kuśuma|bhaṇaṇa viṇāmidā a rukkhā,
duma|śihala|lad''ālamāmāṇā
paṇaśa|phalā via vāṇalā lalanti.॑ [8]

VITĀḤ: kāṇeli|mātaḥ, idaṃ śilā|talam adhyāsyatām!

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠése mhi āside.॑ (*iti VITĒNA sab' ōpaviśati.*) ॠbhāve,
ajja vi taṃ Vaśantaśeṇiaṃ śumalāmi. dujjaṇa|vaṇaṇaṃ via
haḍakkādo ṇa ośaladi.॑

VITĀḤ (*sva|gatam*): tathā nirasto 'pi smarati tām. atha vā,

8.60 strībhir vimānitānāṃ
kā|puruṣāṇāṃ vivardhate madanaḥ,
sat|puruṣasya sa eva tu
bhavati mṛdur n' āiva vā bhavati. [9]

ŚAKĀRAḤ: ॠbhāve, kā vi velā Thāvalaka|ceḍaśśa bhaṇidaśśa
pavahaṇaṃ geṇhia lahuṃ lahuṃ āacch' ētti. ajja vi ṇa
āacchadi tti cilam mhi bubhukkhide. majjhaṇhe ṇa śak-
kīadi pādehiṃ gantum. tā pekkha pekkha!॑

ॠṇaha|majjha|gade sūle
duppekkhe kuvida|vāṇala|śalicche,
bhūmī daḍha|śaṃtattā
hada|putta|śade vva Gandhālī.॑ [10]

VITĀḤ: evam etat.

¹The wife of Dhrita-rashtra and the mother of Duryódhana and his brothers

SHAKÁRA: Well put, sir!

8.55

The ground is colored with many flowers,
 And the trees bow under their weight of blossoms.
 Hanging from vines at the top of trees,
 The monkeys dangle like jackfruits.

LIBERTINE: Please sit down on this flat rock!

SHAKÁRA: I'm seated. (*He sits with the LIBERTINE.*) Good sir,
 I still remember Vasánta-sena. She fills my mind like the
 words of a knave.

LIBERTINE (*to himself*): He still dreams of her, though re-
 fused in such a way. Or is it that,

A base man's passion increases if women despise him, 8.60
 while a good man's passion reduces or vanishes.

SHAKÁRA: Sir, it's been quite a long time since I asked Sthá-
 varaka to come here with the carriage as fast as possible,
 but he hasn't come. I started feeling hungry long ago.
 And I can't walk at noon. Look! Look!

The sun in the midst of the sky is, like an enraged ape,
 hard to gaze upon.
 The earth is sorely inflamed, like Gandhári¹ when
 her hundred sons were killed.

LIBERTINE: So it is!



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