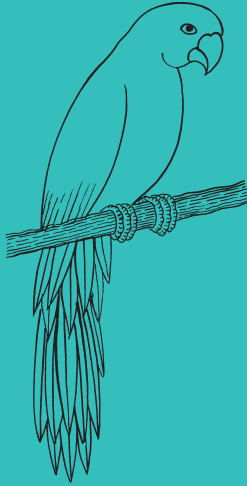


CLAY SANSKRIT LIBRARY

Princess Kadámbari

by Bana



Edited and Translated by
DAVID SMITH

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS & JJC FOUNDATION

THE CLAY SANSKRIT LIBRARY
FOUNDED BY JOHN & JENNIFER CLAY

GENERAL EDITOR
SHELDON POLLOCK

EDITED BY
ISABELLE ONIANS



WWW.CLAYSANSKRITLIBRARY.ORG
WWW.NYUPRESS.ORG

Artwork by Robert Beer.
Typeset in Adobe Garamond Pro at 10.25 : 12.3+pt.
Editorial input from Dániel Balogh, Csaba Dezső,
Ridi Faruque, Chris Gibbons,
Tomoyuki Kono, Guy Leavitt & Eszter Somogyi.
Printed and Bound in Great Britain by
TJ International, Cornwall on acid free paper

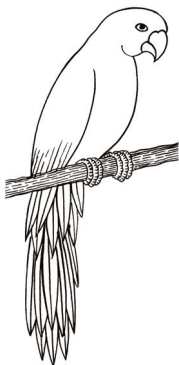
PRINCESS
KĀDAMBARĪ

VOLUME ONE

by BĀṆA

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY

David Smith



NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS

JJC FOUNDATION

2009

Copyright © 2009 by the JJC Foundation
All rights reserved.

First Edition 2009

The Clay Sanskrit Library is co-published by
New York University Press
and the JJC Foundation.

Further information about this volume
and the rest of the Clay Sanskrit Library
is available at the end of this book and
on the following websites:

www.claysanskritlibrary.org
www.nyupress.org

ISBN 978-0-8147-4080-4

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Bāṇa.

[Kādambarī. English & Sanskrit]

Princess Kadāmbārī / by Bana ;

translated by David Smith -- 1st ed.

p. cm.

In English and Sanskrit (romanized) on facing pages.

Includes bibliographical references.

ISBN 978-0-8147-4080-4

1. Bana--Translations into English.

2. Aryasura--Translations into English.

I. Smith, David (David James), 1944-

II. Title.

PK3791.B188K33 2009

891.2'3--dc22

2009019754

CONTENTS

CSL Conventions	vii
Introduction	xv
PRINCESS KADÁMBARI – I	
Notes	513

daivatāny api hi muni|śāpa|vaśād
 ujjhita|nija|śarīrakāṇi
 śāpa|vacan' |ōpanītāni śarīr' |āntarāṇy adhyāsata eva.
 śrūyate hi.

purā kila Sthūlaśirā nāma mahā|tapā munir
 akhila|bhuvana|lalāma|bhūtām apsarasaṃ
 Rambh" |ābhidhānāṃ śāsāpa.
 sā sura|lokam apahāy' āśva|hṛdaye niveśy' ātmānam
 Aśva|hṛday" ēti vikhyātā vaḍavā Mṛttikāvatyāṃ
 Śatadhanvānaṃ nāma rājānam upasevamānā
 martya|loke mahāntaṃ kālam uvāsa.

anye ca mahātmāno
 muni|jana|śāpa|paripīta|prabhāvā
 nān" |ākārā bhūtvā babhramur imaṃ lokam.
 a|saṃśayam anen' āpi mah" |ātmanā ken' āpi
 śāpa|bhājā bhavitavyam.

āvedayat' īva mad|antaḥ|karaṇam asya divyatām.»
 iti vicintayann ev' āruruḥṣur āsanād udatiṣṭhat.
 manasā ca taṃ turaṃgamam an|upasṛtya
 «mah" |ātmann arvan, yo 'si so 'si namo 'stu te.
 sarvathā marṣaṇīyo 'yam ārohaṇ' |ātikramo 'smākam.
 a|parigatāni daivatāny apy
 an|ucita|paribhava|bhāñji bhavant' » īty
 āmantrayāṃ babhūva.

It happens that even divine beings through a sage's curses
 give up their own bodies
 and inhabit other bodies assigned to them by the curse.
 The story goes that once upon a time
 a sage of great ascetic power, Sthula-shiras,
 Hard-head by name,
 cursed an *ápsaras* called Rambha,
 who was the ornament of the whole world.
 She, leaving heaven and entering the heart of a horse,
 as a mare became famous under the name of Horse-heart,
 and served a king named Shata-dhanvan
 in the city of Mrittikávati.¹⁰¹
 She lived a very long time in the word of mortals.
 And other great souls, their power sucked away
 by the curses of sages
 have taken on various forms
 and wandered through this world.
 There can be no doubt that this too
 must be some great soul undergoing a curse.
 My heart seems to tell me that his nature is divine.”
 Even as he thought these thoughts he rose from his seat
 desiring to mount the horse.
 And without going up to the horse
 he mentally addressed him.
 “O great-souled horse, whoever you may be, hail to you.
 May our transgression in mounting you
 be entirely forgiven!
 Even deities when they are not recognized
 undergo undeserved indignity.”

vidit' |ābhiprāya iva sa tam Indrāyudhas
 caṭula|śīraḥ|kesara|saṭ" |āhaty|ākūṇit' |ākekara|tārakeṇa
 tiryak|cakṣuṣā vilokya
 muhur muhus tāḍayatā kṣiti|talam utkhāta|
 dhūli|dhūsarita|kroḍa|roma|rājinā dakṣiṇa|khureṇ'
 ārohaṇāy' āhvayann iva
 sphurita|ghrāṇa|vivara|gharghara|dhvani|miśraṃ
 madhuram a|paruṣa|humkāra|paraṃpar" |ānubaddham
 atimanoharam heṣā|ravam akarot.
 ath' ānena madhura|heṣitena
 datt' |ārohaṇ' |ābhyanujña iv'
 Êndrāyudham āruroha Candrāpīḍaḥ.
 samāruhya taṃ prādeśa|mātram iva
 trailokyam akhilaṃ manyamāno nirgatya
 pralaya|jala|dhara|vimukt' |ōpal' |āsāra|paruṣeṇa
 jarjarayat" ēva rasā|talam,
 atiniṣṭhureṇa khura|puṭānām raveṇa
 khura|rajo|niruddha|ghrāṇa|ghoṣeṇa ca heṣitena
 badhiri|kṛta|sakala|bhuvana|vivaram,
 a|śīśira|kīraṇa|dīdhiti|parāmarśa|sphurita|
 vimala|phalaken' ōrdhvī|kṛtena kunta|latā|vanen'
 ōnnāla|nīl' |ōtpala|kalikā|vana|gahanam sara iva
 gagana|talam alaṃ|kurvāṇam,

Seeming to understand what he was thinking,
 Indráyudha looked at him obliquely,
 his eye slightly squinting,
 partly closed by the lashing of his tossing mane,
 again and again striking the ground with his right hoof,
 making the line of hair on his chest
 gray with the dust he dug up,
 seeming to invite him to mount,
 he gave a most charming neigh sweetly mingled
 with a snorting sound from his quivering nostrils,
 and followed by a mild series of grunts.
 Then, as if by this sweet whinnying
 he'd been given permission to mount,
 Chandrapída mounted Indráyudha.
 When he'd mounted him he felt
 as if the three worlds of the universe
 were just a span across, and rode out.
 Like a harsh shower of hail stones
 released from doomsday's rain clouds,
 pulverizing the subterranean world,
 the exceedingly harsh sound of hollow hooves
 and the neighing distorted from noses blocked
 by the dust from the hooves
 deafened all the spaces in the world;
 decorating the sky with a forest of creeper-like lances
 held pointing upwards, their bright blades
 flashing at the touch of the sun's rays,
 like a lake half hidden by groves of blue water-lily buds
 upraised on their stalks;

uddaṇḍa|māyūr'|ātapatra|sahasr'|āndhakārit'|
 âṣṭa|diñ|mukhatayā
 sphurita|śata|manyu|cāpa|kalāpa|
 kalmāṣam iva jala|dhara|vṛndam,
 udvamat|phena|puñja|dhavalita|mukhatay"
 ānavarata|valgana|caṭulatayā ca
 pralaya|sāgara|jala|kallola|saṃghātam iva
 samudgatam, a|dr̥ṣṭa|paryantam aśva|sainyam apaśyat.
 tac ca sāgara|jalam iva candr'|ôdayena
 Candrāpīḍa|nirgamena
 sakalam eva saṃcacāl' āśvīyam.
 aham|ahamikayā ca praṇāma||lālasāḥ
 sarabhas'|âpanīt'|ātapatra|śūnya|śirasah
 paraspar'|ôtpīḍana|kupita|
 turaṃgama|nivāraṇ'|āyastā
 rāja|putrās taṃ paryavārayanta.
 ek'|âikaśaś ca pratināma|grahaṇam
 āvedyamānā Balāhakena
 vipracalita|mukuta|padma|rāga|kiraṇ'|
 ôdgama|cchalen' ânurāgam iv' ôdvamadbhiḥ
 saṃghaṭita|sev"|âñjali|mukulatayā
 yauva|rājy'|âbhiṣeka|kalas'|
 āvarjita|salila|lagna|kamalair iva
 dūr'|âvanataiḥ śirobhiḥ praṇemuḥ.

because darkening the eight points of the directions
 with thousands of parasols of peacock feathers
 on poles held high
 like a bank of clouds speckled
 with masses of gleaming rainbows;
 because its horses' mouths were white
 with the mass of foam they were emitting,
 and because of the restlessness of their ceaseless prancing
 like the mass of waves of doomsday's ocean
 risen up before him, no end to it in sight—
 such was the cavalry force he beheld.

And like the water of the ocean at the rise of the moon,
 when Chandrapída came out
 the whole body of horse stirred.

Each saying "me first, me first,"
 zealous to make their obeisances,
 parasols violently discarded and their heads uncovered,
 struggling to check their horses angered
 by being pressed against each other,
 the princes crowded round him.

And announced by name one at a time by Baláhaka,
 they bowed to him with their heads bent very low,
 as if they were pouring out their devotion to him
 under the guise of the flashing forth of the red rays
 from the rubies on their shaking crowns,
 and since their hands folded in reverence formed buds,
 their heads seemed to have lotuses clinging to them
 from the water poured on to them
 from the coronation pitchers
 when they were crowned as heirs apparent.

Candrāpīḍas tu
 tān sarvān mānayatvā yath”|ôcitam
 anantaram̐ turam̐gam’|âdhirūḍhen’ ânugamyamāno
 Vaiśampāyanena,
 rājya|lakṣmī|nivāsa|puṇḍarīk’|ākṛtinā
 sakala|rājanya|kula|kumuda|khaṇḍa|
 candra|maṇḍalen’ êva
 turam̐gama|senā|sravanti|pulināyamānena
 kṣīr’|ôḍa|phena|dhavalita|
 Vāsuki|phaṇā|maṇḍala|cchavinā
 sthūla|muktā|kalāpa|jālak’|āvṛten’ ôpari cihnī|kṛtaṃ
 kesariṇam̐ udvahat” âtimahatā kârtasvara|daṇḍena
 dhriyamāṇen’ âtapatreṇa nivārit’|âtapa,
 ubhayataḥ samuddhūyamāna|cāmara|kalāpa|pavana|
 nartita|karṇa|pallavaḥ,
 puraḥ|pradhāvatā taruṇa|vīra|puruṣa|prāyeṇ’
 âneka|sahasra|saṃkhyena padāti|parijanena
 «jaya jīv’» êti ca madhura|vacasā
 maṅgala|prāyam an|avaratam
 uccaiḥ paṭhatā bandi|janena stūyamāno
 nagar’|âbhimukhaḥ pratasthe.

Chandrapáda, for his part—
 when he had fittingly honored them all,
 followed by Vaishampáyana
 likewise mounted on a horse;
 shielded from the heat of the sun by the parasol
 which was held over him on a very long gold pole,
 having the shape of the *pundarika* lotus
 where royal fortune dwells,
 like the disc of the moon
 to the beds of *kúmuda* night lotuses
 that were the families of all those princes,
 which was a sandbank amid the river of cavalry,
 which had the hue of the circle of Vásuki's hoods
 made all the whiter by the foam from the ocean of milk,
 which had a lion painted on top of it,
 and was fringed with festoons of fat pearls;
 on either side of him bunches of chowries
 being shaken, and the wind from them
 shaking the sprouts that adorned his ears;
 and being praised by the foot soldiers
 who were his attendants for the moment,
 for the most part virile young men,
 many thousands of them, running ahead of him,
 singing his praises along with the bards
 who cried out in sweet tones without stopping
 such auspicious things as "Victory to you,"
 "Long life to you"
 —set out in the direction of the capital.

krameṇa ca taṃ samāsādita|vigraham
 Anaṅgam iv' âvatīrṇaṃ
 nagara|mārgam anuprāptam
 avalokya sarva eva parityakta|sakala|vyāpāro
 rajani|kar'|ôdaya|paribudhyamāna|
 kumuda|van'|ânukāri
 janaḥ samajani.

«saty asmin samprati
 mukha|kumuda|kadambaka|vikṛt'|ākṛtiḥ
 Kārtikeyo viḍambayati kumāra|śabdā.»

«aho vayam atipuṇya|bhājah.»

«yad imām a|mānuṣīm asy' ākṛtim
 antaḥ|samārūḍha|prīti|rasa|nisyanda|vistāritena
 kutūhal'|ôttānitena

locana|yugalen' â|nivāritāḥ paśyāmaḥ,
 saphalā no 'dya jātā janmavattā.»

«sarvathā namo 'smāi rūp'|ântara|dhāriṇe bhagavate

Candrāpīḍa|cchadmane Puṇḍarīkekṣaṇāya.»

iti vadann āracita|praṇām'|âñjalir nagara|lokaḥ praṇanāma.

sarvataś ca samupāvṛta|kapāṭa|puṭa|prakāṣa|
 vātāyana|sahasratayā

Candrāpīḍa|darśana|kutūhalān nagaram api
 samunmīlita|locana|nivaham iv' ābhavat.

And it came to pass, in due course, seeing him
 arrived on the road to the city
 like bodiless Love come down to earth
 with his body restored,
 they all abandoned everything they were doing
 and became like a bed of *kúmudas*, lilies of the night,
 awaking at the rise of the moon, maker of the night.
 “Now he is here, we can see that Karttikéya is deformed
 by having a multiplicity of lotus-like faces
 and that he makes the word *kumára*, ‘prince,’
 as applied to himself, ridiculous.”
 “Ah, we’re enjoying the fruit
 of very great merit in previous lives.”
 “Since we’re getting an uninterrupted view
 of his more than human form,
 our eyes dilated with the flow of the emotion
 of happiness that wells up within us,
 and open wide with curiosity,
 today our having been born has borne fruit.”
 “All hail, all hail to this divine being
 who’s assumed a new form,
 to lotus-eyed Vishnu in the guise in Chandrapída.”
 Speaking thus, hands folded in reverence,
 the citizens bowed before him.
 And because thousands of windows were open
 with their panels flung wide back
 the city seemed to have opened innumerable eyes
 in its curiosity to see Chandrapída.