Andrew Skilton is Senior Lecturer Emeritus in Indian Religions, University of Cardiff. He has also translated the Bodhicaryāvatāra: A Guide to the Buddhist Path of Awakening (with Kate Crosby), and is the author of A Concise History of Buddhism.

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How the Nagas Were Pleased
by Harsha

&

The Shattered Thighs
by Bhasa

Translated by
ANDREW SKILTON

How the Nagas Were Pleased
by Harsha,

&

The Shattered Thighs
by Bhasa

Here is a new Clay Sanskrit Library translation of How the Nagas Were Pleased by Harsha, and Bhasa’s The Shattered Thighs.

Two plays that break the rules: both show the hero dying on stage, an inauspicious scenario forbidden in Sanskrit dramaturgy. From widely different ideological and social backgrounds, each evokes intense emotion in an exploration of love and heroism, conflict and peace, idealism and pragmatic reconciliation. Each portrays the reconciliation of hate and retaliation in love and mercy.

King Harsha’s play, composed in the seventh century, re-examines the Buddhist tale of a magician prince who makes the ultimate sacrifice to save a hostage snake (naga).

Attributed to Bhasa, the illustrious predecessor to Kālidāsa, The Shattered Thighs transforms a crucial episode of the Mahābhārata war. As he dies from a foul blow to the legs delivered in his duel with Bhima, Duryodhana’s infamous character is here inverted, where he is depicted as a noble and gracious exemplar amidst the wreckage of the fearsome battle scene. An ignoble man dies a hero’s death.
“HOW THE NĀGAS WERE PLEASED”
by HARṢA
&
“THE SHATTERED THIGHS”
by BHĀSA

TRANSLATED BY
Andrew Skilton

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS
JJ C FOUNDATION
2009
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CSL Conventions
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ACT TWO
2.10 *tataḥ praviṣati s’ōtkanṭhā* MALAYAVATĪ CEṬĪ *ca.*

NĀYIKĀ: *(niḥśvasy’, ātma|gatam)* [hiaa! taha ṇama tadā tassim jaṇe lajjāe maṇi param|muhī|karia dāṇim appaṇā tahiṃ evva gaṇḥ si tti aho de appambharittaṇaṃ, (prakāśam) ḫaṇje, ādeshei me bhaavadie āadaṇassa maggam,]

CEṬĪ: ṇaṃ candaṇḍa|ladā|gharaṃ bhaṭṭi|dāriā patḥiḍā!

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

CEṬĪ: *edu edu bhaṭṭi|dāriā (agrato gacchati.)*

2.15 NĀYIK” āpy anyato gacchati.

CEṬĪ: *(prṣṭhato dṛṣṭvā, ātma|gatam s’ōdvegam)* [aho se suṇṇa- hiaattaṇaṃ! kaham, taṃ evva devie bhavaṇaṃ patthiā, (prakāśam) bhaṭṭi|dārie, ṇaṃ ido candaṇḍa|ladā|gharaṃ. tā ido ehi,

NĀYIKā sa|vilakṣaṇaḥ sa|lajjam ca tathā karoti.

CEṬĪ: bhaṭṭi|dārie, edaṃ candaṇḍa|ladā|gharaṇaṃ. tā pavisia canda|maṇi|silā|dale uvavisadu bhaṭṭi|dāriā,

ubhe upaviṣataḥ.

2.20 NĀYIKĀ: *(niḥśvasy’, ātma|gatam)* bhaavaṃ kusum’āuha, jeṇa tuvaṃ rūva|sohāe nijjido si, tassiṃ ṇa kiṇ ci tue kidan. maṇi puṇa anāvaṛaddhaṃ abala tti karia paharanto kaham ṇa lajjasi, (ātmānaṃ nirdīśya, madan’āvasthāṇ
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,
nāṭayanti, prakāśam) haṅje, kīsa uṇa edam ghaṇa|palla-
va|niruddha|sūra|kiraṇāṃ tādisaṃ eva candaṇa|lada| gharaaṃ ṇa me ajja sandāva|dukkhaṃ avaṇedi?

ceṭī: (sa|smitam) jāṇāmi ahaṃ ettha kāraṇaṃ! kin tu a| sambhāvaṇīaṃ ti bhaṭṭi|dāriā ṇa taṃ paḍivajjadi

nāyikā: (ātma|gatam) ālakkhida mhi imāe! taha vi pucchi-
ssaṃ dāva, (prakāśam) haṅje, kiṃ tava edinā? kahehi dāva, kiṃ taṃ kāraṇaṃ?

ceṭī: eso de hia|acchido varo

nāyikā: (sa|harṣam sa|sambhramaṃ c’ōtthāy’ āgrato dvi|trāṇi
padāṇi gatvā) kahiṃ, kahiṃ so?

2.25 ceṭī: (utthāya sa|smitam) bhaṭṭi|dārie, ko «so?»

nāyikā sa|lajjam upaviṣy’ ādho|mukhi tiṣṭhati.

ceṭī: bhaṭṭi|dārie, ṇaṃ edamhi vattu|kāmā, eso de hia’| acchido varo devē diṅṇa tti siviṅae patthāvide jo tak| khaṇaṃ eva vimutta|kusuma|cāvo via bhaavaṃ maara| ddhao bhaṭṭi|dāriā diṭṭho. so de imassa sandāvassa kāraṇaṃ. jeṇa evaṃ sahāva|sīdalaṃ pi candaṇa|lada| gharaaṃ ṇa de ajja sandāva|dukkhaṃ avaṇedi.
ACT TWO

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.

*
NAVIKA: (Caturikāya alakāni sajjantī) 『haṇje, Cauria khu tuvaṃ. kim de avaraṃ pacchādīadi. tā kahaissām.』

CETTI: 『bhaṭṭi|dārie, naṃ dāṇiṃ eva kahidaṃ imiṇa var’|ālāva|mattal|janideṇa sambhamena. tā mā santappa. jaï ahaṃ Caurīa, tado so vi bhaṭṭi|dāriam a|pekkhanto na mūhūttasaṃ pi aṇṇahim ahiramissadī tti, edam pi mae ālakhidaṃ eva.』

2.30 NAVIKA: (s’āsram) 『haṇje, kudo me ettiṇi bhāa|dheāni?』

CETTI: 『bhaṭṭi|dārie, mā evam bhaṇa. kim Mahu|mahanō vaccha|thalaṇa Lacchim an|uvvahanto niivudo ho?』

NAVIKA: 『kiṃ vā su|aṇo piaṃ vajjia aṇṇam bhaṇidum ānaṇti? sahi, ado vi sandāvo ahiadaraṃ maṃ bāhei, jaṃ so mah’|āṇubhāvo vā|mettaeṇa vi a|kida|paṭivattim a|dakkhiṇa tti maṃ sambhāvaissidī.』(iti roditi)

CETTI: 『bhaṭṭi|dārie, mā roda.』(utthāya candana|pallavam grhitvā nispidya hrdaye dadāti.) 『nam bhaṇāmi mā roda tti. aam khu thaṇa|pattta|dipno candaṇa|pallava|rasso imehi avirala|paḍantehi assu|bindūhi uṇhī|kido na de hiaa|sandava|dukkhaṃavanedi.』(kadali|patram ādāya vijati.)
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?

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.)
NAYIKĀ: (hastena nivārayanti) "sahi, mā vijehi. uṇho khu eso kadalī|dala|māruo,

2.35 CEṬI: "bhaṭṭi|dārie, mā imassa dosaṁ karehi,

[kuṇasi ghanā|candaṇa|laā]  
pallava|samsagga|śidalam pi imaṁ  
ṇīsāsehi tumaṁ cia  
kadalī|dala|māruaṁ uṇhaṁ  [1]

NAYIKĀ: "sahi, atthi ko vi imassa dukkhassa uvasam'|ōvāo?
CEṬI: "bhaṭṭi|dārie, atthi, jadi so iha āacche,

tataḥ praviśati NĀYAKO VIDŪŠAKAŚ ca.

NĀYAKAḤ:

2.40 vyāvṛty' āiva sit'|āsit'|ēkṣaṇa|rucā  
tān āśrme śākhinaḥ  
kurvatyā viṭap'|āvasakta|vilasat|  
krṣṇ'|ājin'|āughān iva  
yad drṣṭo 'smi tayā muner api puras,  
ten' āiva mayy āhate,  
puṣp'|ēso, bhavatā mudh” āiva kim iti  
kṣipyanta ete śarāḥ?  [2]

VIDŪŠAKAḤ: "bho vaassa, kahiṃ khu gaam de dhīrattaṇaṁ?
NĀYAKAḤ: vayasya, nanu dhīra ev' āsmi! kutah,
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.

   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,
   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 kim na niśāḥ śaśāṅka|ruçayo?
n’ āghrātam indīvaraṃ?
kim n’ ōṁmīlita|mālata|surabhayaḥ
soḍhāḥ pradoṣ’|ā-nilāḥ?
jhaṅkāraḥ kamal’|ākare madhulihāṃ
kim vā mayā na śruto?
nirvvyājaṃ vidhureṣv a|dhīra iti māṃ
ken’ ābhidhatte bhavān? [3]

atha vā, na samyag ahaṃ bravīmi! vayasy’ Ātreyā,

2.45
strīḥṛdayena na soḍhāḥ
kṣiptāḥ kusum’|ēṣavo ’py Ānaṅgena
yen’ ādy’ āiva puras tava,
vadāmi dhīra iti sa katham aham? [4]

VIDŪṢAKAḥ: (ātma|gatam) “evaṃ ahīrattaṇaṃ paḍivaṇjan-
tena ācakkhido ṇeṇa hiaassa mahanto āveo. tā evaṃ ācakkhāmi, (prakāsam) “bho vaassa, kīsa tuvaṃ ajja lahu
eva guruljaṇaṃ sussūśia iha āado?”

NĀYAKAḥ: vayasya! sthāne khalv eṣa praśnaḥ. kasya v’” ān-
yasy’ āitat kathanīyam? adya khalu svapne jānāmi s’” āiva priyatamā (āṅgulīyā nirdiśan) atra candana|latā|grhe
candrakānta|manī|śilāyām upaviṣṭā praṇaya|kuptā kim
api māṃ upālabhamān” ēva rudatī mayā dṛṣṭā. tad ic-
chāmi svapṇ’|ānubhūta|dayitā|samāgama|ramye ’sminn
eva pradeśe divasam ativāhayitum. tad ehi, gacchāvāḥ.

66
ACT TWO

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?

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 be-
lieve 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.

CEṭī: (kaṇāṁ dattvā sa/sambhramam) ṛbhaṭṭi|dārie, pada|saddo via suṇḍadi]

2.50 NĀYIKĀ: (sa/sambhramam ātmānām paśyanti) ṛhaṅje, mā īdi-

saṁ āaraṁ pekkhia ko vi hiaṁ me tuliadu. tà uṭṭhehi.

imīṅa ratt’|āsoa|pādaveṇa ovāridāo pekkhamha ko eso

tathā kurutaḥ.

VIDŪŚAKĀH: ṛbho vaassa, edaṁ candaṇa|ladā|gharaṁ. tà

pavisamha]

nātyena praviśataḥ.

NĀYAKĀH: (praviśya)

2.55 candana|latā|grham idaṁ

śa|candra|maṇi|śilam api priyaṁ na mama

candr’|ānanayā rahitaṁ,

candrikayā mukham iva niśāyāḥ. [5]

CEṭī: (nāyakaṁ dṛṣṭvā) ṛbhaṭṭi|dārie, diṭṭhiā vaḍḍhasi! so

evva de hiaa|vallaḥo]

NĀYIKĀ: (dṛṣṭvā sa|harsaṁ sa/sādhvasaṁ ca) ṛhaṅje, iṃaṁ

pekkhia na sakkunomi iha accāsaṁṇe ṭhāduṁ. kadā i eso

maṁ pekkhe. tà ehi. aṇṇado gacchamha, (s)ürukampaṁ

pada|dvayaṁ dadāti.)

CEṭī: (viḥasya) ṛadikādare! iha ṭṭhidaṁ pi ko tumaṁ pek-

khadi? naṁ visumarido antare ratt’|āsoa|pādavo? tà iha

eva ciṭṭhamha]
ACT TWO

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.

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. 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 kurutah.

2.60 VIDUŚAKĀH: (nirūpya) ʻbho vaassa, esā sā candmaṇi|silā|
NAYAKĀH sa|bāspam niśvasiti.

ćeṭī: ʻbhaṭṭi|dārie, «esā s” ētti» ālavo suṇādi. tā avahidā
suṇāmha,

ubhe ākarnaṇayatah.

VIDUŚAKĀH: (hastena cālayan) ʻbho vaassa, ṇaṃ bhaṇāmi
esā sā candmaṇi|silā tti,

2.65 NAYAKĀH: vayasya, samyag upalakṣitam. (hastena nirdiśan)
śaśi|maṇi|silā s” ēyaṃ, yasyāṃ
vipañḍuram ānanaṃ
kara|kisalaye kṛtvā vāme
ghanā|śvasit’|ōdgamā,
cirayati mayi vyakt’ākūtā
manāk|sphuritair bhruvoro
niyamita|mano|manyura drṣṭā
mayā rudati priyā. [6]

tad asyāṃ eva candra|kānta|maṇi|silāyāṃ upaviśāvaḥ.

NAYIKĀ: (vicintya) ʻkā uṇa «esā» bhavissadi?

ćeṭī: ʻbhaṭṭi|dārie, jaha amme ovārīda|sarīrāo edaṃ pek-
khamha, taha tuvaṃ pi edeṇa diṭṭhā bhave,

2.70 NAYIKĀ: ʻjuttaī edaṃ. kim puṇa pāṇaa|kvidaṃ piajaṇaṃ
hiae karīa mantedi?
ACT TWO

They do so.

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

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)

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 with her and why’s he talking about her as a lover who’s love-lorn?
Andrew Skilton is Senior Lecturer Emeritus in Indian Religions, University of Cardiff. He has also translated the Buddhist Path of Awakening (with Kate Crosby), and is the author of A Concise History of Buddhism.

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Here is a new Clay Sanskrit Library translation of How the Nagas Were Pleased by Harsha, and Bhasa’s The Shattered Thighs.

Two plays that break the rules: both show the hero dying on stage, an inauspicious scenario forbidden in Sanskrit dramaturgy. From widely different ideological and social backgrounds, each evokes intense emotion in an exploration of love and heroism, conflict and peace, idealism and pragmatic reconciliation. Each portrays the reconciliation of hate and retaliation in love and mercy.

King Harsha’s play, composed in the seventh century, re-examines the Buddhist tale of a magician prince who makes the ultimate sacrifice to save a hostage snake (naga).

Attributed to Bhasa, the illustrious predecessor to Kali dasa, The Shattered Thighs transforms a crucial episode of the Maha·bhárata war. As he dies from a foul blow to the legs delivered in his duel with Bhima, Duryodhana’s infamous character is here inverted, where he is depicted as a noble and gracious exemplar amidst the wreckage of the fearsome battle scene. An ignoble man dies a hero’s death.

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