





Volume I
Kuttanimatam
of
Dāmodaragupta



EASTERN LOVE

VOLUMES I & II



THE LESSONS OF A BAWD
AND
HARLOT'S BREVIARY



ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE
KUTTANIMATAM OF DAMODARAGUPTA
AND SAMAYAMATRIKA OF KSEMENDRA BY
E. POWYS MATHERS



VOLUME I
*
THE LESSONS OF A BAWD
OF
DAMODARAGUPTA



JOHN RODKER
FOR SUBSCRIBERS
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Introductory Note.

Indian literature abounds in didactic poems, and there are a great many which teach effectively, as far as it can be taught, the art of love. The two which are here presented to English readers for the first time propose to teach that art as a trade.

It is not an easy trade : the woman must be loved and not love ; yet she must feign love, and consequently feign an indifference to money. With this indifference enters the bawd, the mother, the figure of admiring fun, the female Ulysses of Oriental literature—upon whose heart, if she were allowed one, would be engraven : “ Pay at the Desk.”

Neither Dāmodaragupta nor Kshemendra take sides, it will be noticed ; and indeed, before sides are taken, it is well to remember that the girl is faced by an alternative : she must either fool or be fooled ; she must be either hard and perfidious, or tender, foolish, and devoted to ruin.

“ The Lessons of a Bawd ” was written by Dāmodaragupta in the Eighth Century A.D., that is to say during the time of the uncritical renaissance in Sanskrit letters. Nothing seems to be known of the author ; his diction is obscure, his text imperfectly transmitted ; his work, as it is available to-day, is a fragment, and the last hundred stanzas or so mean nothing. The late Louis de Langle, from whose French translation I

have translated, struggles on into a second short story, "The Lamentable Loves of a Young Libertine"; but he cannot make even his beginning coherent, and I have thought it better to break off before this point, leaving the poem as a straightforward and terrible piece of instruction.

Of Kshemendra, who wrote his "Harlot's Breviary" some three hundred years later, much more is known, but nothing of anecdotal interest. He lived in Kashmir and was an indefatigable literary worker; he was a dramatist and lexicographer, an abbreviator and moderniser of story and epic, a didactic, moral, and satiric poet, and, more than all else, he was a compiler. He seems to have been a large-minded, religiously most tolerant writer, able to throw any thought into verses for the pleasure of other people. It seems to be generally held by scholars that the "Breviary" is Kshemendra's greatest work. In it the laconic narrative power of the abbreviator struggles with the over-elaborate tendency of the poet, and the result is not an unhappy one; in it Kshemendra shows himself possessed of a very clear observation, a graceful and witty realism, and a gift of emotional irony. Whenever, in common with the writers of his time, he did not, as a poet, "know where to stop," but worked his images to death, turning and turning an idea until he had shown even the worthless facets of it; whenever, in fact, you could not see the girl for the jewels, Louis de Langle has abridged the lengthy text; but he has

done this very gently, and it is difficult to believe that a more tolerable presentation of either poem, unexpurgated and yet not tedious, could have been prepared.

Contrasts between the two tales will be obvious enough, and probably some readers will think, with the English translator, that in the first there is no literary subtlety and a great deal of sympathy, while in the second, where the subtlety is past question, true sympathy hardly appears. The unknown Dāmodaragupta makes us want to know more about him—something to reconcile his naked mechanism, his single tender short story, and his savage bitterness. Kshemendra we are apt to take for what he shows himself, a polished holder of balances.

For, as has been said, neither author takes sides, neither poem is purely didactic or purely a satire. Each might be regarded as the elementary manual of a game, in which the rules are equally disclosed to black and white, to the rich youth and to the courtesan, and in which the better player is exhorted to win.

I have prepared my versions of both these works from the French of Louis de Langle, who had real genius as a translator; and I have had the additional good fortune to secure the generous help of two Sanskrit scholars, both of whose friendly offices were very necessary. The first, M. Charles Tournier, went through de Langle's unrevised and uncorrected text with me, smoothing out many difficulties before I

began my work; and the second, who is English and remains anonymous, has strictly revised my own text before publication. To both I am deeply grateful. The position of courtesans in India during the period which embraces the authorship of these two poems can be outlined in a few sentences.

They were objects of sympathetic admiration, and were considered as the glory and ornament of their city. They were in evidence at all public festivities, in religious processions, at race meetings, at the cock-fighting, quail-fighting, and ram-fighting, and were the stars of each theatrical audience. Kings showered favours upon them, and took counsel with them; they come down to us as the heroines of plays and romances.

In the "Jataka" we read of them as receiving a thousand gold pieces for a night, and in the "Taranga" of Katha one of them demands five hundred elephants for a single hour. In the latter work, too, a prostitute is so rich that she can buy an army to restore a fallen king.

The reason for the truth which underlies these extravagances is not far to seek. The division, shared with so many other communities, of women into two classes—those bound and fecund for service of the hearth and race, those free and vowed to barrenness as a condition of their beauty—grew much deeper in Hind under Brahman authority and the caste system. Long before "The Lessons of a Bawd" was written

the condition and influence of the wife had become negligible. She had no education and never knew an independent thought, passing, as she did, at a far too early age, from the authority of her mother to that of her mother-in-law. She shared her husband with others, and had no intellectual intimacy with him; she could be cast aside at caprice, and was despised if she remained childless. If she became a widow she was expected not to survive her widowing.

From this status of the wife the condition of the courtesan benefited, of course, very greatly. Her liberty was protected by law, and she could give or refuse herself. She had to be conquered, if only by money, and was thus the sole being still to be advantaged by the sexual rivalry of males. Part of her adornment was a really complete education, and this education not only attracted, but also protected.

Thus, as the wife became more and more the slave, the courtesan became more and more the ideal, the thing for which to commit immortal follies. It was fashionable to ruin oneself for her; and the genuinely subtle, intelligent, educated male, though knowing all that was to be known about her, would yet immolate himself.

“Being at once sensual and a mystic,” says Louis de Langle, “the Hindu has always asked too much of his courtesans. He has not only required a beauty framed in every luxurious circumstance, an agitation of passion and its swooning pacification, but he also has

expected sincerity and love. His too intense desire overleaps its object, and then reason proclaims that object to be illusion."

Finally, a word of warning may be in order lest some readers should be shocked at points in both these volumes through sheer misunderstanding. In each mention is made of biting and scratching during the course of love, with details which seem, if they seem brutal at all, unnecessarily brutal. A long book might be written, and parts of many long books have been written, about this ritual. It is as elaborate as it is innocent, and any European reader who interpreted it obscenely, and above all sadistically, would be sinning through ignorance. At most it is a small religion founded on "the lover's pinch that hurts and is desired." How, when, and where to kiss, to mark with the teeth and nails, to stroke the hair, and to strike with the hollowed palm, as also exactly what sounds of groaning and hissing to make in answer: these—the interpretation of their symbol and their place in "the play function of sex" are a part of serious education. Vātsyāyana, writing probably about 300 B.C., reduced such acts to an exact science, systematising what had been written about them by still older authors.

Those interested in the subject may be referred to his *Kāma Sutra*,
or *Sexual Aphorisms*.

I. *Mālatī at the house of Viṅarālā.*

HERE IS A CITY CALLED BENARES, and it is the chief decoration of the world. It has each advantage which prosperity may give, and its people aspire to deliverance. Also men who are afflicted with a body and seek for heart's joy may find a sweet destruction there upon the breast of Shiva, for its daughters of desire have become as the body of this god. The air of that city shines as if it were sown with flowery panicles, because of the flags which float in the wind there. Its earth has the beauty of the lotus and is adorned, as seems the moon in the dark half of the month, with splendid habitations. Above it the flocks of the stars swim in the higher air, in the sun's vigorous region, and not upon the level of the earth as in other cities. No orgy takes place in the house of a Brahman there; the talk of women and the verse of poets is smooth there. It is made agreeable by thickets, divinities abide within it, and it is visited by a sacred wave, even by Ganges.

Mālatī lived in Benares, who was comparable in figure to the prince of the birds, for she sowed

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distress in the heart of lovers. In that she drew the hearts of the rich like a lodestone, she resembled the daughter of the great king of the snow mountain; and her beauty made men dream of the peak Mandara, for the loving could not take their eyes away. She recalled the great stature of Asura Andhaka because she was raised high above all harlots. She was a public woman in whom the strength of the God of Love was made flesh; and she was a jewel among the courtesans.

She was the habitation of delicate discourse, the dwelling of games and laughter, the tender residence of love; the home of ingenious double meanings, the elected ground of gracious trifling.

One day when this girl was on the terrace above her white house, she heard someone singing:

*Venal girlhood should not grow
Drunken with her beauty's glow,
But should consecrate each hour
To the study of her power
And acquisition of those arts
Which sage experience imparts
For snaring and for keeping hearts.*

Now when Mālatī, that girl with the large region, heard these words, she reflected for a long time in her heart, and then cried: 'He is only too right, this giver of friendly counsel;

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and therefore I will rise up and go to Vikarālā. All existence is her meditation, and her door is besieged by a packed wave of attentive lovers, both night and day.'

When she had thus spoken, she descended from the high terrace in haste, and went, surrounded by her domesticity, to the shining house of the abominable Vikarālā.

She beheld the old woman sitting upon a stool of straw. Her thin-sown teeth rose up within her mouth, and her chin had fallen away; her pug nose was flattened broadly, and her belly with its soft and bloated flesh was hidden beneath her mass of ruinous breasts; her sunken eyes, under their fallen lids, were bleary and red, and the lobes of her ears hung down unjewelled; her rare white hairs dropped on to too long a neck, ploughed with a knot of veins. She wore a robe of glittering white, her collar bore an amulet, and she carried a ring on her finger portraying a slim girl. A legion of courtesans surrounded her and glanced down upon gifts brought in by an amorous people.

As soon as Mālatī came within far view of Vikarālā, she reverently prostrated herself and asked how the old woman did; then she accepted a seat which was offered to her; presently, seizing her chance, she joined her hands together, rose, and cried with every sign of respect:

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‘ Those innumerable lovers who dwell in rags, O Vikarālā, and eat with the very poor in the hospitals after you have stripped them of their riches, have told me of your mind’s superb fertility.

‘ You must know that, in my life so far, men of low family and inferior birth, disadvantageous men who are feeble and ugly, have had the same proof of my amorous skill and have exacted the same service as the rich and handsome.

‘ What can be done when the Holy Creator of the World becomes spiteful so that, even when we offer our belly as if it were merchandise, we gain no solid thing ?

‘ Give me a sign of your favour, my mother ; show me what lovers I must choose, and also what means, among my fellow girls, I ought to employ to attract them.’

When Mālatī had finished, Vikarālā caressed her entrancing back for a moment, and then answered thus superbly :

Vikarālā speaks from now on.

Already the burden of your hair, a whirlwind of the smoke of love, turns each admirer to a slave. Already your fine gaze, embellished by a smile and underscored in a gracious game by the languid movement of your brows, already your gaze, slim-waisted woman, pulls down the strong hearts of men.

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Already the pleasantness of your eyes, filling the width of your face, fatally engenders deep passion in the hearts of men.

Already the dazzling line of your teeth, like a suave garland of light, spreads out love suffering in the hearts of men.

Already your babble, O graciousness, lispings from your mouth with an enchantment, draws all the love hunters like butterflies.

Already the double pride of your breast, the dwellings of Kāma, assures supreme good fortune. And, when that is said, what more is to be gained by speaking ?

Already the pair of your smooth and lovely arms, slight girl, like the stems of the new lotus tenderly rounded, bright with gold rings, are such that none may see them and not love them.

Already your waist, predestined and at the orders of the God, carries the heaviest of men, for all its frailness, to the tenth stadium of love, where death is.

Already each of the line of hairs raying your belly and shining like the cord of Kāma's bow, is shooting incurable arrows.

Already your large and beautiful region, ravishing like a meadow of gold and silver, enchants men with a sorcery, O girlhood, and agonises the cold heart of holiness.

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Your thighs are like the trunks of elephants, my beautiful. Already they are comparable to twin stems of the pisang, and enchant each heart. Who would not press forward to quench his love there ?

Is there a man upon earth who would not desire those round legs like gold lianas ? Who would not covet this tree, predestined for the fruit of a boy's love ?

What heart would not be caught by those little feet, paling the pomegranate with their red and, by their discreet charm, dimming the scent of the lotus in the shade ?

That balanced way of walking, O lightness, shames the prince of the elephants, mocks at the swan, transporting the heart of youth into an ecstasy.

And yet, in spite of all these things, you must harken well, O woman whose belly gracefully diminishes, if you would come to the crown of your desire ; you must harken well, and follow the lessons of my wise experience.

2. *The choice of a lover.*

FORCE YOURSELF WITH EXTREME care to find this lover, the son of one of the Bhattas who serve the King, for by so doing you will attain to riches.

The young man I have in mind is the master of a village quite near here ; his father is with the army. It is the son who shall be your sovereign talisman.

Girl of delighting smiles, mark well how he is dressed, and the gestures he makes, and how vulnerable he is to the clouds of arrows that love shoots in Spring.

His thick hair falls in a great cluster at least five fingers long ; a jewelled chain stretches across his cheek from ear to teeth ; he carries rings upon his fingers and a little gold cord about his neck. His belly is reddened by the saffron he carefully rubs upon his limbs, and he is bright with the gilded wave of flowers falling from his neck. He is shod in fine Turkish boots rubbed bright with wax, and the ribbon which keeps his hair in order waves like the sea. He is dressed in a fair saffron-coloured robe embroidered in gold.

An attendant betel-carrier walks behind him,

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wearing a necklet of glass pearls ; the nails of this servant are tinted red, he has a ring of shells about his wrist, and is even quicker for the pleasures of love than is his master.

The son of the Bhatta is such as the keeper of the brothel leads forward and seats upon a bench, at those times when burgesses, merchants, wooers and dicers strut in a loud procession.

He is escorted by five or six devoted men bearing their swords across their breasts ; they can talk only nonsense, they have hungry mouths and a very great effrontery.

A swarm of exquisitely-trained servants prostrate themselves before his face ; he talks and talks and talks, having nothing to say ; with a grave lift of the eyebrows he regurgitates the banal things which he has heard.

He wags his head when he is astonished. With lustful enjoyment he harries those who are beneath his sway. ‘ There’s a smart fellow for you ! O bravo ! ’ he cries, to show he understands all epigram.

‘ When he was angry, my father said such-and-such secretly to the King, and the King said such-and-such to my father. Thus he publishes the fact that his father is loved by the King, and has his confidence, and enjoys great credit with him.

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He talks about everything, of love and literature, of the art of the theatre and the science of war, and he knows nothing, understands nothing.

The heroism of this son of the Bhatta would put a lion to shame, if the lion were showing its valour against a gazelle.

‘When I go to hunt, the victory is mine, for my infallible arrows strike the moving goal.’
The son of Bhatta, son of Bhatta, is always speaking so: at first to win the admiration of a pack of footmen; but in the end he believes himself.

He gives betel to the actresses at the theatre,
he unfastens the crown about his
neck and throws it to them,
he applauds in the
wrong place.

3. *The messenger of love.*

I WILL NOW TELL YOU WHAT YOU must do to make him fall into your nets.

You must find an adroit messenger, equipped with excellent self-assurance and gifted with masterful knowledge of the human heart. She must be fortified with a selection of words having many meanings, and must employ all prudent insistence on your behalf.

She must wait for a suitable occasion, and then first offer your lover flowers and betel. When she has done this, O all beautiful, she may speak these words to him, bright with the fire of love.

‘I have accumulated a mountain of merit in my thousand lives, and to-day they magnificently bear me fruit, for I am allowed to lift up my eyes to your magnificence.

‘A venal beauty, you must know, good sir, speaks ordinarily with the art of an actress on the stage; she is prodigal in flattery and reverence, in speeches warmed by love and loathing, and in cries of passion and of grief.

‘Also, most courtesans and the very holy have

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this in common: they view the old man bent by years and the young man in his flower of youth, the man of humble beginnings and the man of birth, the sick man and the man who breathes of strength and well-being, all with an equal eye.

‘Most courtesans cast envious glances, too, even on the cloak of the lover who has left them; they would strip him of it and leave him naked, even when they have received more money than they hoped.

‘Therefore you can understand, master, that common beauties, who think in this way, have to keep themselves from talking in front of any man of the ravages of Kāma’s bow. But it is otherwise with the unhappy woman whose lightness leads her to a disdain of facts, and who, renouncing the glory of adamant, speaks only of the pains of love, and can but lament. And this, alas, is her condition, of whom I come to speak to you.

‘As soon as she saw you, Mālatī’s heart went down before the shooting of that god who hides his bow and arrow under flowers. And it was all your fault, O executioner of ladies.

‘In an instant all the hairs of her body reared themselves, and she was invaded by a burning grief; a great trembling passed over her, and her skin broke out in sweat.

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‘ For a long time now we have seen her pining and heard her ceaselessly weeping ; her life is out of joint and disordered, for at one moment she breaks into too loud a song or rejoices extravagantly, and the next she loses her consciousness, or sits in a stupor.

‘ She drops back exhausted upon her couch, or falls into the arms of her maidens ; she casts herself upon the ground, or she throws herself in water.

‘ So at one hour, like the female buffalo, she is covered with mud, and the next, like the female of the swan, with threads of lotus : and at the next, perhaps, O very excellent gentleman, she is as the peahen, the foe of the love hunters.

‘ We have tried upon her pisang, champaka, sandal, lotus, pearl necklaces, water, camphor, and moonstone, with every other known cure for the ill of love, and all in vain ; for nothing may calm the fire which is eating her night and day.

‘ *Take away this camphor ! Remove that pearl necklace ! What should I do with lotus ? Hide those filaments of lotus, dear friend, oh, hide them !* These are the despairing words we hear her say.

‘ When, in the desirous dreams of her imagination, she thinks you are by her, her heart breaks and she greedily clasps you to her, then falls

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into great grief when she finds she has wandered, and been pressing emptiness.

‘ Manifestations of the power of love, the wind heavy with flowers, the jargoning of the green-billed cuckoo, and the murmur of the caravan of bees, these work together against her, wretched girl !

‘ Have pity on a feeble woman to whom Kāma has been un pitying. Come to her and save her ! Gentlemen of birth were surely created to cure the ills of weak and imploring beauty !

‘ Although the words of a suppliant mouth reach rarely to the ear they would attain, yet deign to listen while I show a tenth of the merits of Mālatī, briefly and boldly.

‘ The Creator of all things took a grain of pollen, which the God of Love had dropped in tressing his flowery bow, when he would make the exquisite members of this girl.

‘ As if it were the obscure shadow of Rāhu upon the half of the moon, she bears a crisp black curling line upon her brow, most like a swarm of bees.

‘ The beauty of the flower of the lotus is more transitory ; the disk of the moon has a less gracious movement ; there is nothing, O breaker of hearts, that may dare to be compared with the naked face of Mālatī.

‘ The bee murmurs in front of her eyes before

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he plunges into the dark lotus at her ear, for nought but the perfume could show him the difference.

‘It is but jest to her so to stain her lips that the red flower of the noon, whose life is a day, grows pale because of them.

‘The slimness of her form, circled by the three folds of beauty, is even a miracle; no power can take it away.

‘But I will leave her effect upon mere men, and say: her haunches, which are the strong castle of love, would plunge a caravan of spirits into soft languor.

‘If he perceived the pair of your heavy thighs, O Mālatī, each like the trunk of a hundred-year-old tree, the God of Love would fall on his own arrow.

‘The God of War, the bamboo-born, keeps his virginity. He has not looked upon that languorous walking or the splendour of that region, O tumbler of hearts.

‘The Creator made this woman different and eclipsing, and then, of a sudden, recognised his masterpiece.

‘Even the thousand eyes of Indra, of the Lord, are useless to him, for he has never allowed them to stray upon Mālatī.

‘Kāma would slack his bow and return his arrows to their quiver, if beauty’s star, Mālatī, lingered on earth.

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‘ Mālatī does not cast herself upon the breast of the first libertine, opening her robe to slip down the line of her haunches, and casting reserve away ; and yet her heart is sore with desire for love.

‘ No man without a plenitude of merit and virtue will ever hear those inarticulate sounds from her, such as a woman makes in her abandonment.’

And now, O magnificent centre, if he remain indifferent after he has been taught in this wise, then must the messenger, the love lighter, grow angry with him, and rate him :

‘ Is your male pride so wonderful, your extravagant foppishness so wonderful, your complexion apt for the very exploits of youth so wonderful that you can despise Mālatī ? Mālatī, when she falls into your arms ?

‘ Wearied by the love she bears you, she now has nothing but contempt for riches and learning and high birth ! Plague on a passion centred so unworthily !

‘ Do not be vexed because I speak to you so, O shining sir, for the harsh words of the friend of a woman who loves him are jewels upon a young man’s pride.

‘ Ah, let her but be joined to you, as the moon to the light of the moon, and she shall be more so, who was glorious already.

‘ Come, bear away the palm from the other youths ! Come now, where union awaits you ! ’

4. *Preludes.*

IF LOVE BLOSSOMS IN THE HEIR OF the Bhatta at this discourse, then, O beauty, you must treat him, when he comes to your house, in this way. As soon as he is near enough to see you, you must rise and bow down before him ; you must give him your own chair, and bend to wipe his feet with the fringe of your garment. Next, when you have allowed him a brief unconscious sight of the crook of your armpit, and of your belly, of your shoulders and of your nipples, you must run from his presence so that he sees you no more.

Your mother must receive him in a room with a restful bed, lighted by bright lamps, and sumptuously filled with perfumes, flowers, and incense ; she must lead him up to a couch with a fair canopy.

‘ To-day my prayers are accomplished, for our God of Love has been pleased to deck our dwelling, and that with the finest ornament which it has seen.

‘ To-day, O miracle of men, shall behold the union of two hearts well made to hear each other.

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‘ To-day this lovely child may raise the standard of the wife, and set her foot upon the other courtesans.

‘ Daughters alone are valuable ! Fie on the birth of a son, though all the world rejoices ! What need have we of sons, when we may join our daughters to such as you ?

‘ Mālatī loves you, and therefore I give her into your hands. So deal with her now that she may not dwell in the house of sorrow.’

While your mother is thus speaking, you must change into garments of soft and perfumed linen, and put on tasteful jewelry. Then you must come towards your man with demonstrations of love and shame, of apprehension and desire ; you must show him a trifle of your body, and whisper tender remarks but wittily made gay ; you must stay quite near him.

When your mother and the servants have retired and your lover approaches, you must play the prude a little.

When he begins to scorch you with his flaming glances and to lose his head, then you must defend yourself softly against him, repulse his caresses, and seem to refuse your belly.

But, when he begins upon the work of love, you also must show yourself moved by a rising passion and must abandon all your body without constraint.

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You should violently refuse whatever part he wishes to strike or to look at or to rub, but at the same time yield it readily.

You should let short burning sighs of languor escape you, the hairs of your body should stand erect, and your sweat come freely; you should utter a plaintive moaning under his bite the further to increase his love for you, and inarticulate guttural cries when his lips are working; breathed sounds when his nails are marking, and violent groans when he delights to strike you.

And at the moment of pleasure you should make the charming noise of the green-billed cuckoo, and of the quail, and of the swan, and of the dove, and of the horse also, mingling them with your natural sounds, O woman of harmonious utterance.

‘Do not press so much, so much! Unpitied monster, leave me a moment’s rest! I can no more!’ Thus, stammering and indistinctly, you must speak to your lover.

And while the union proceeds you must exhibit tenderness, or complacence, or prudery, or boldness, or weakness, according to the taste you have discovered in him.

You must use impolite and indiscreet and incomprehensible gestures, as soon as the savage excitement of the pleasure reaches its

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height, and permit yourself manifestations of disorder.

When your lover comes to the end, you should lie there fearless of nail marks, with your eyes half shut, at the end of your strength, and broken in all your members.

But you must come suddenly out of this stupor and hide your haunches ; you must bear yourself as if in a deep exhaustion, you must smile and seem confused, you must send him tired and lazy glances from under your lids.

You should go and rinse your mouth in a place apart, and wash your hands and feet ; you should seat yourself for a moment and arrange your hair. Then, when you have taken a dentifrice, you may imprint the couch again and, in a tender effusion, speak to your lover. You may cast your arms impetuously about his neck, and say :

‘ Surely your wife shall be adored by you, O son of the Bhatta ; surely, as long as your heart inclines to her, all other embraces will bring you no relief.

‘ Felicities will have fallen upon her by the hundred because she has become your wife. She shall be the dwelling of all perfection, and have most fortunate descendants.

‘ This beauty of magnificent haunches to whom your heart is faithful, oh, may she live ever in

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virtue, and be an ornament to the two races which gave her day !

‘ Even those women upon whom you cast but curious eyes, ah, each like a blue lotus ! feel lifted with joy, and find the limits of their body over-narrow and are outside themselves.

‘ Even a feeble love for a master spins foolish heads about, and that is why I make a prayer to you, and think of my own advantage.

‘ Now that you have shown me a little love— and that was the only way to save my life. . . . now that you have shown me a little love, whether because my age is violent, or for a fleeting fancy, or a fleeting curiosity or pity, or through the favour of my fortunate star, or thanks to the cunning of my messenger, or simply because it pleased you, you should not, in this little love, do me great harm, by being ignorant of the ways of harlots.

‘ For love and hatred, guile and elegance and tomboy humours and reserve, make up the woof of the existence of such women.

‘ Therefore a courtesan’s life is but a straw of wretchedness if her heart be subdued by a lofty and powerful love, and she cannot bear to think of separation.

‘ Listen, and I will tell you an extraordinary story, a thing which really happened.

4. *The loves of Hārālata and Sundarasena.*
(*told by Vikarālā to Mālatī, that she may tell
it to the son of the Bhatta.*)

HERE IS A GREAT CITY NAMED
T Pataliputra; it is the gem which
decks the forehead of the world.
Sarasvatī, Goddess of Wisdom and
Learning, dwells there; high over the
residences of Indra towers that city.

Above it the moon stretches down her rays like white hands, to steal the charm of its women to adorn her lotus; it is as if she felt shame for the stains upon her face and desired to hide them.

In Pātaliputra men grow slack to their wives because of the steel-tipped arrows of the moving eyes of the girls with rounded buttocks.

The noble ladies of that place are famed for the delicacy of their discourse, and of their hands and feet; for the purity of their hearts and the instability of their regard; for the firmness of their breasts, for their exceptional regions, and for the great heaviness of their hair; for their natural inclination to their lords and masters, and for the supple graciousness of their waists; for the depth of their sensibility, and of their navels, which are the quivers of love; for the

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ample expansion of their hinder parts, and for their ardent veneration of all such men as are worthy of respect.

It was there that Purandara dwelt, who, in his time, was held to be the very home of wisdom. He came of a lofty family and was estimable in all things.

Although he was avid to follow the straight way, although he turned from all human frailty and avoided the wives of others, yet he could not prevent his heart from dreaming a little of women.

Therefore he had a son called Sundarasena, whom the Creator had formed to be a second God of Love. The noble women found it difficult to remain in the paths of virtue when once their glances had fallen upon his beauty. 'Is it the sun himself, that such charm should flow thence? Was he made from shining fragments of the moon, that he brings us so much sorrow?' It was with such thoughts that the caravan of local ladies looked upon him, and could come to no decision.

He borrowed a very joyous look from the rays of the moon, and from the mountain its solidity; its haughty movement from the cloud, his depth from the sea.

He was the dwelling of irreproachable conduct, the home of intelligence; the fortress of perse-

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verance, the palace of discourse, and the throne of upright dealing.

He was the adoration of women, the touchstone of perfection, a benevolent tree upon the arid road of life.

The conversation of upright men delighted him ; his criticism of fine tales was in exquisite taste ; he was the thicket of desires to all who loved him.

He had a friend as frank and noble as gold, whose name was Gunapālita ; they were bound together as ocean and the moon, and shared both pain and pleasure.

As these two were walking in a solitary place, they heard a voice saying these words :

‘ Those who have not travelled, and are ignorant of the manners, customs, and character of alien peoples, and have thus not learned to pay respect to the respectable, such are as bulls without horns.’

When Sundarasena heard these words, he said to his good friend : ‘ O Gunapālita, the thoughts of that unknown but upright man are excellent.

‘ It is only by passing over the earth, girt like a fortress with her moat of seas, that we can learn those things which make up knowledge : the conduct of the brave, the wiles of the wicked, the innumerable characteristics which

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distinguish men, the pleasant conversation of the cultivated, the wanton discourse of shameless women, the conduct of priests, the practice of sharpers, and the life of harlots.

‘Therefore, my friend, put your heart to my heart, for we have exhausted the little pleasure of these places. Let us embark upon a journey together which shall complete our learning and ripen our intelligence.’

But when Sundarasena had spoken so with his whole soul, his friend made answer thus reservedly :

‘It gives me as much shame as pain to set an obstacle on the path of another’s prayer ; but listen, and I will tell you something of a traveller’s suffering.

‘At the fall of day the voyager drags himself to some village, his body covered with rags, his strength exhausted by the unforeseen length of the day’s march, all grey with a layer of dust, and asks for shelter.

‘O mother, O sister, be pitiful, and do not harden your heart against us ! Doubtless your sons and brothers are also travelling on business into far lands, and are exiled from the hearth as we are.

‘Would we destroy your house before we leave tomorrow ? Nay, for when a stranger finds comfortable shelter in the home of excellent persons, he treats that dwelling as his own.

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' We would pass the night, in any way at all, upon this spot, O mother. See, the sun has already fallen ! Whither could we journey further at this hour ?

' Such are the sad words which the poor traveller must repeat from door to door, while the suspicious housewives answer him with arrogance :

' The master is not at home ! You croak for nothing ! Go to the temple ! . . . It does not matter what one says to these people, they will not depart ! The importunate impudence of some folk !

' And when, after making great difficulty and before the ever increasing vehemence of their prayers, the master of another house has pointed to the corner of a hut, and said disdainfully : Lie there ! they listen all night to the poor man being tortured by his tender wife : Why have you given lodging to men we do not know ? and hear him eternally answering : They seemed unfortunate and quite respectable. What else was I to do ?

' Also a crowd of women will run in from the neighbourhood on the pretence of borrowing a pot or some other thing, but really to find out what is going forward, and to take their sister's part. You will have to keep an eye on the house, they say. Many thieves have been seen passing upon the road.

' And, when he has thus visited a hundred houses and has suffered the tortures of privation,

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the unfortunate traveller will soon come down to begging by the roadside: a meagre handful of rice or beans, of peas or lentils.

‘A wanderer’s food depends upon the caprice of others: the earth is his bed, the temple is his home, and Destiny has prepared a broken brick to be his pillow.’

He fell silent and waited for Sundarasena to speak; but just at that moment someone chanced to sing these most appropriate verses:

*To him who journeys with a goal worth proving
What matter the conditions of his roving
The temple floor shall be a palace to him,
The stony hearth a feather bed to woo him,
And leathery scraps which stay-at-homes abhor
Shall be to him a banquet and much more.*

And when he had heard this singing, the son of Purandara turned with joy to his friend, and cried: ‘That unknown man has expressed my heart for me. Come! Let us set forth together!’

It was thus that Sundarasena resolved to go down into a sea of suffering, and take his friend for a companion there. He told his father nothing of his project, but left the flowery city of Pātaliputra on that same day.

With his faithful friend he wandered over the whole earth; and in each new country that



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they found they eagerly collected the discourse of the learned, and exercised themselves in various weapons. They digested the contents of wise books, and were witness of many prodigies. They perfected themselves in painting and sculpture, music and dancing. They became expert in the tortuous ways of knavery, and listened with attention to the gallant speech of courtesans and their lovers.

When they had plumbed to the depth of every science, and had studied each manner of life among many peoples, they turned their feet homewards, and thus came on a certain day to the mount Arbuda.

When Gunāpalita saw that his friend wished to pause upon this vantage point of earth, and to look down from it upon the smiling country unfolded beneath his feet, he said to him :
' Let us now look upon this queen of mountains!

' This daughter of the height is rich in running waters. They are cool and clear. Surely they were cast down in pity upon the desert by the glaciers of Himālaya.

' She has the brightness of Shiva ; her brow has the grace of the cold rays of the moon. A few solitary penitents live upon her flanks, and the pure air feeds them.

' Hither innocent and fair young girls come in

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a troop as if to pluck the stars, astonished to see the stars like buds of fire.

‘ And by a miracle the seven points of the Great Bear dwell very close to her. Who would not be moved by the sublimity of this enormous rock ?

‘ She leans above the path of the air. Surely she was created that the weary feet of the horses of the sun might find a resting place.

‘ The grasses, by growing here, have entered into communion with the moon. Might we not follow their example and, after due precaution, find out a sweet affinity with God ?

‘ There is no true friendship save in common labour, therefore this mountain pours down the refreshing drops of her cascade about the cosmic elephants, to refresh them at their task of holding our earth in air.

‘ The men who abide in this loneliness bend all their zealous energies towards the conquest of another life. But though they have stifled inclination in their hearts, they will not wound any creature, even a serpent. Although they feed upon fruits, they are not monkeys ; and although they follow their holy pleasure in all things, they find no pleasure in a savage deed. Although they are filled with love and compassion and pity for all who seek refuge among them, yet they rejoice in an utter peace of the spirit.

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‘ Also the land which spreads at the feet of this mountain shines with all pleasant things : it is filled with as ardent light as the path of the Sun God ; it is adorned with trees of every kind ; it is peopled by monkeys and gazelles and bears and elephants.’

While his companion was thus assisting Sundarasena to admire the beauties of the mountain, and while he himself, in joyful curiosity, banqueted his eyes upon her, he heard some person singing :

*Who has not seen Arbuda's flanks
Has but his journey's pain for thanks.*

‘ That man has sung very sensibly,’ said Sundarasena. ‘ Come, my friend, let us climb to the highest of these amiable peaks, that we may enjoy the beauty of their prospect in full.’

Soon they reached the summit of Arbuda, and contemplated the dwellings of the wise hermits in delight ; their green gardens, their pools and fishponds and small streams. But while they walked thus upon the back of the world, decked out with abundant thickets and with meadows of new flowers, Sundarasena beheld a girl who was strolling and playing games with her companion. She had the swift beauty of the sun, yet the softness of moonlight. She was the Creator's perfect work ; she was the crown, the achieved model of all life, the

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weapon of Kāma, a steel to cleave the shield of holiness.

As Sundarasena stood regarding her his heart became disturbed, and he said to himself in admiration and surprise :

‘ Whence came a Creator of such exquisite cunning that he could unite these contradictory perfections into one girl ?

‘ She is friendly in her aspect, she is a star and without blemish. She has a face of impeccable lotus, and surpasses the lute.

‘ The shapes and junctions of her body are beyond cavil, and she has high breasts. She borrows her colour from the autumn moon.

‘ She has haughty attitudes, fine walking, and a mighty region. She takes pride in the noble posture of her feet.’

And even as he felt an invincible inclination towards her, she also fell beneath the hand of Kāma.

She leaned forgetful against the root of a tree, and felt the true pain of love flowering upon her body’s stem.

The scented magnificence of the garden became accomplice to increase her trouble, for gardens also feel Kāma.

Her members, with their veins and joints, were softened, and gave birth to pearls.

She has fallen into the nets of the god, the slight

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one ! Her harmonious body shakes in agony ! Her fixed regard is lost in emptiness ! She is like a silver fish flapping in a wicker snare ! She stiffens and trembles and the small hairs of her body stand on end ! Her sighs now put her sweat into condition ; for the god with the uneven number of darts has so commanded it. With so exceptional a beauty, ah, well he knows his game.

Her very pain dowers her with sweetest attractions ; for her deep sighs move her breasts enticingly. Her sincere passion adds the enchantment of tenderness to her glances ; her hidden inclination gives her face new brightness ; the charm of trembling words and uncertain walking comes from her trouble.

But although her beloved was near her side, and although the sharp arrows of Kāma rained about her like hail, she dared not speak of the new thing which grasped her heart, for fear of killing it.

Then her friend led her away, for she recognised that lover was looking upon lover, heart burning to heart. Therefore she led her away, saying :

‘ Alas, alas, Hāralatā ! Beware of these movements ; a true and candid inclination of the heart augurs no good to a daughter of joy, for the reality of love is forbidden her, who lives by her body.

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‘ Despise the man who brings no money, honour the man who has a solid fortune ; our beauty is but nature’s tool for building riches, O fair innocent.

‘ If you amuse yourself by love with a handsome boy, and take no regard for profit, then you will be mocked, O beautiful, by all the troops of thoughtful prostitutes.

‘ Men who stand in glorious youth and are protected by their star, whose good works bear fruit, who carry the desire of joy . . . such men will seek you of themselves, infallibly wounded. Bees are not sought for by the flowering branches.’

But when her friend had thus spoken, Hāralatā, whose every limb was torn by the arrows of desire, let indistinct syllables painfully fall from her, in a voice which lacked assurance :

‘ Dear friend, lend me your cares for the cure of my exceeding trouble, for those who are bound by such are not accessible to reason.

‘ A lover not yet yoked, a breath of wind, and the soft month of Spring—all these devote our heart to death.’

So Shashiprabhā, when she saw the body of her friend thus poisoned by the venom of the snake of love and understood that great misfortune reigned in her heart, went out to find the son of Purandara and, having made him a reverence, spoke to him :

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‘ Although the embarrassment which suits my trade would force a courtesan to silence, yet it is most necessary that this affair be adjusted, and in misfortune, very dear friend, decorum may be discarded.

‘ Hāralatā saw you for a moment, and lo ! she has fallen already ; the god has stricken her.

‘ He lives within our hearts ; his arrows, piercing her shield of stiffened hairs, have found her labouring body.

‘ What shall the poor child do ? Where may she grieve ? To whom shall she have recourse, being tortured by the wind which comes from the South ?

‘ The green-billed cuckoos have already broken their vows of silence to make her suffer ; they rack her with their jargoning.

‘ The walk of the tenderly-membered girl now wavers and is uncertain. The swans, unheeding of weariness, rejoice to come and go upon the water.

‘ Though the honey-fly stifles under the hot sighs of the flower who faints for him, he will not grant her a moment of repose. Love’s pain cannot forswear love’s happiness.

‘ *Do not repulse me.* Thus the bee makes murmur in his love communion. The flower he woos is at a girl’s ear, and pensively, feeling

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her body weaker, the fair one dreamily hears him: *Do not repulse me.*

‘ If the gold circlet has fallen from her arm, it is because she has let her hand droop by her side.

‘ Behold a miracle ! The belt of her waist has become undone in her walking, and hangs upon her haunches ; but to rest thus on a heavy buttock leads fatally to falling.

‘ Her collar of evil pearls has entered into intelligence with Kāma, although she has often caressed them ; they have lighted a sudden fire in the breast of my friend ! How can truth come of what is false within !

‘ The crystal drops of her sweat mingle with the waves of her weeping upon her breasts ; they roll through that shadowed valley and feign, because her tears are stained with her eyes’ collyrium, the radiant waters of the Ganges mingling with black Yamunā.

‘ She is surrounded by these : the singing of the green-billed cuckoo, flowers, sweet winds of Spring, love, and the bees ; she knows the ascetic martyrdom of five fires.

‘ Come with me, very dear, and save the child ere the tenth state of love, for that is death. The duty of a noble heart, surely, is to those who call upon it.’

Now Gunapālita, as soon as he saw what

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lively interest his friend accorded to these words, understood that a great love was seeding in his heart, and therefore, because he feared the danger of the sentences he had heard spoken, said to him :

‘ Although the torrent of love is hard to stem in the cataract of youth, yet these young women pass every man in turn between their hands, and a person of understanding should well consider what end there may be to such relations.

‘ With public women we meet coquetry at first, then passion and then love, then jealousy, then heartache ; they follow the fluctuations of our purses.

‘ How can a youth of race permit himself attachment with such a woman ? She loves the man she has but seen for a moment, and swears he is indeed the first and last !

‘ A Pradyumna (incarnation of Kāma) is ever a Pradyumna to these courtesans, as well you know ; an ugly man is ever ugly, a loving boy is ever loving, a fool is ever a fool.

‘ They hide their regions to augment desire and certainly not through modesty ; they wonderfully dress themselves to attract their lovers, not to safeguard the manners of the time.

‘ They drink meat soup to sustain the efforts of men, and never because they like it. Their

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skill in painting and each other art serves to set off their wit ; it is not their distraction.

‘ The red of passion is upon their lips, not in their hearts, for those are darker ; there is a straightness in their encompassing arms, not in their nature ; they are lifted by the pride of heavy breasts, not of their conduct ; and it is by conduct that the just discriminate.

‘ They pay profound attention to their region, round like a mountain, but none to the nobly born whom they have robbed ; they are careless in walking, not in their plans to make all men ridiculous ; they pay great care to the exclusiveness of their dressing, with its fine colours, but their bodies are common to all men ; the drunkenness of love is upon their lips, not tender affection for the meritorious.

‘ They are full of ardour even for boys ; they urge themselves to explosions of passion for old men ; even for those who have lost all virile force they have kind looks ; even for those of chronic illness they reserve desire.

‘ Love covers them with drops of sweat, but to his sweetness they are strangers still ; they tremble like leaves because of passion, but their hearts are hard as diamond.

‘ Surely they are like the metre *Jaghanachapala* that gracelessly jigs along ; they pass their lives in an irregular agitation of their region ;

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they have not the noble and harmonious grace of the metre *Arya*. They are nourished by others, but the signs of passion in their eyes are feigned; they are learned in giving their limbs to the first comer, but know not how to give their hearts.

‘They are un pitying as the ichneumon for the snake, yet smile and smile; although they are lamps of love, in the sweetness of the oil they nothing participate.

‘They have this in common with virtue, and this alone: they take exception in their lust to no one; they find their joy through Krishna, yet love Hiranyakashipu, his enemy, gold and delicate dishes, I mean, and the vests of luxury.

‘They practise the expediency of princes, they studiously avoid, that is to say, relation with the penniless; they are like man-eating birds.

‘They spy upon all men from their doors, and have varied means of action; they seize upon riches; you shall not conquer them.

‘Women and bees first coax their victims open, then leech them to the dregs.

‘What things have power of attraction and a hard exterior? Women and lodestones.

‘Harlots and elephants have this in common: they are ridden by men, and loved for their lying devotion; they are well beaten about the hinder parts, and go from one owner to another.

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‘ A public girl may care for the perfect lover, but is like a merchant’s scale in this : if you cast the least packet of gold into the balance it swings in your direction.

‘ Daughters of joy are like rattles with gilded handles, charming without, and hard throughout, and well-nigh hollow.

‘ Therefore, if a man be so blinded by passion, or lacking in intelligence, or cursed by Destiny, as to join himself with one of these who pass from hand to hand, he is diving with arms held high and head bent forward, into a pit. . . .’

But while he was lavishing such counsels upon his friend, who stood tormented by the love which grew within him, a man sang three appropriate couplets in their neighbourhood :

*Only a fool's afraid when Kama leads to him
The captive flowery bodies Kama kneads. To him
Alone the single profit of the life of man
Comes not, the gracious quick-thighed strife of man
And woman. Also, know a girl's insistence is
The meed of virtue in our past existences.*

So, when he heard these words, the son of Purandara answered his companion, saying : ‘ The song of that excellent man expresses the very feelings of my heart.

‘ Therefore, O Gunapālita, let us hasten to console this Hāralatā ; she is torn by the points of the bodiless one ; surely her unquiet

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eyes are wandering hither and thither. What useful purpose can be served by hesitation ? ’

And, while these things were happening, there was a courtesan down in the house of love who ruthlessly condemned her lover to the door. She said that he was jealous, but really she had taken all from him !

Another sulked despairingly because she had worked for nothing ; the garment which her lover had given her proved of the cheapest.

Another bullied a client who had left without paying the night before ; she had seen him passing in the road ; now red with anger she bitterly reclaimed her due from him.

An old bawd said to a plucked youth, daring to show himself at the door of the house where his rival triumphed : *Begone, O threadbare dung, O useless body !*

A girl, fulfilled with joy and gold, showed her new scratches and bites proudly ; her struggle had been with a king’s son, and she was uplifted to display such marks of rare good fortune.

Another girl had seen her night’s salary rise up beyond belief, because of a quarrel between rich and generous lovers, who each desired to possess her : now she displayed her coins conceitedly ; but poor in all else, her friends were rich in ribaldry.

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Two lovers had drawn their steel for the eyes of her whom each had chosen for that night ; but an ancient procuress zealously came between them.

‘ Now that I have saved much gold from many lovers, I need some nice young man to share my fortune.’ Thus did a bride of all chain down a senile admirer’s heart.

A lover, who had lost all for love, now curried favour ; he recruited wealthy enthusiasts for those who had maimed him.

‘ In my running riot for you I have left my hearth, and now you play the stranger !’ Thus wailed an unfortunate whose woman would not know him.

A lecher, whose mistress had lain with another, won his case before a tribunal of old rakes ; now he was bearing back the double of what he had given her for the night.

‘ Four days ago I bought her splendid clothes,’ complained a lover, ‘ and now she has nothing but vile words for me. Tell me what I must do, O Madanaka !’

A little further off another said : ‘ Keli loves me and is tenderly attentive, O Kalahamsaka ; but it would take me a hundred years to tame that camel her mother.’

‘ Make ready flowers !’ a woman was crying.
‘ Make ready the saffron robe ! Of what are



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you thinking? To-day you go to see him dance, Kinjalka.'

A bawd was thus disillusioning a lover: 'She shows you five days' rapture because you have shown her five days' gold; but she is not stifled with love for you, Kandarpaka; you need not be so proud.'

'Sister, this son of a patchwork king now never leaves the house: he prevents the others from coming. The rim of the sacred bath is all taken up by this one naked man; he has no purse and puts an obstacle in the way of trade.'

Sundarasena listened to such discourse of girls and bawds and customers as he went along; when he came at last to the chamber of his love, he had already learned the organisation of a brothel.

Impatiently he entered, and was bathed, as it were, in the tenderness of her welcoming glances.

He lavished almost excessive tokens of respect and honour upon Hāralatā, until her friend seized an occasion to say to him, with all formality:

'What avails a well-turned and flattering conversation, O delightful boy? Here is love lack! Here Hāralatā, her life between your hands!

'I pray that your youth may be fortunate

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together and lively in playing, sweet with affection and abandonment, bold against obstacles !

‘ I pray that the union of your hearts may last indissoluble, that it may be griefless, full of eternally unslaked desire, careless of shame and free of every veil and fetter, rich in the treasure of a hoarded passion ! ’

The servants associated themselves with this prayer, and then retired in silence. The flames of confident love ran through the limbs of Sundarasena and Hāralatā, waiting upon promised lust.

And for these two union began as was most fitting ; for it was such as stands at equal height with the power of passion and marches with the inclination of the heart, such as prepares the joy of youth, and is life’s fruit. It finds its ornament even in impudicity, its honour in gestures which are not separately beautiful, perfection in an outrage of reserve ; it shows respect by carelessness, and proves its well-wishing by seizing the hair ; blows are the sign of its affection, and biting a joy ; scratches are good fortune, and a crushing of the body, even to murder, consideration’s seal ; it spreads in greedy kisses, where body presses to body, and gives birth to a soul’s desire of utter penetration ; it seems to spring from far

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more than a single love, it is so wildly strong ; it seems to burn far more than with a single passion, it seems to flower from more than one desire ; the absence of effrontery is a vice and discretion a crime ; reflection is an outrage, and reserve a weakness.

That passion took on the proportions of a splendid fire, even as its first spark was blown ; who therefore could describe the perfect detail of it when grown so great ?

A simple lust is the seal of imbecility. Thus these two decided their erotic problem ; therefore they penetrated to the inner mysteries in their gracious study and learned the varieties of love.

When the collision had begun, nought else remained for them ; nothing to say or think or hide at all.

Their words of caress in the act were broken and impetuously torn.

They were bound to the whirling wheel. Who could tell over the gestures which the Master taught them ? Who could envisage that pyre of authentic passion ?

When a vigorous man hastily besieges her graceful body, it is not suffering only that a young girl feels : she conceives joy of it also. Mighty is love !

Whether it be the soul of the lover which hides

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in the soul of the loved one, or the soul of the loved one which hides in the soul of the lover, we may not know. The feeling of their own existence is not clear to them.

She had shut her eyes and her body remained motionless ; she manifested the sign of accomplishment within her, high coronation of the act of love.

Covered with sweat and filled with confusion, she lay there glowing, changed in the radiant disorder of her hair.

And while the two thus abandoned themselves without motion, bathing their bodies in a calm beatitude, night passed and did not weary.

At last Hāralatā slowly left the marriage-chamber ; she was broken in the fight, and yawned and wavered ; her eyes were rosy and hollow and still half-asleep.

Outside the girls were chattering :

‘ I have been at my little lover’s house. We passed the night together in eating, drinking and talking, and, at the very last of the last, we loved each other.’

‘ A very young and ingenuous Brahman, who is quite stupid and full of sap, and who does not often succeed in obtaining a woman, fell on me like sudden death last night, in the cast off clothes of a lover.’

‘ Desire does not sleep though strength decays ;

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that wicked old man tormented me with his whims all night ; they lead to no end, except when I deceive.'

'When my client fell dead drunk, I leapt into bed ; I was able to sleep by myself all night.'

'My lover came to me, thrall'd by my beauty ; he is very smooth in love making, tender in discourse, and rich in pleasant double meanings ; O my dear, he is the most seductive creature in the world.'

'An unfortunate fool of a peasant passed the night with me ; he stretched his limbs straight in the bed, and turned his face from me ; I had made him slack by my prayers, and he hardly dared to sigh ; he ran with sweat, and, though he had been satisfied, he could not sleep ; he waited for the morning with impatience.'

'Avoid Harisena, O Vilāsaka,' another bawd gave counsel. 'Avoid her as far as you can see her coming, blind young man ! A magistrate's son, a most dangerous enthusiast, has got his hooks on her.'

'I would kill Kaumāraka in the arms of Mata-nasenā,' a jealous girl was crying, 'but her mother mounts guard too well ; I shall never catch them.'

'Why have you left Kuvalayamālā's hearth, O Lilotaya ?' 'Because there is nothing more for me to do there, brother. No gold, no love !'

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‘The young man, Manjiraka, whose fortune was stolen from him, now goes to that girl’s house for the whole night, and gives her nothing.’

‘Bālikā is still a child,’ proclaimed an expert, ‘and yet she eclipses grown women. Her maturity is precocious; it has a proud splendour.’

‘Hara, O little hunchback girl,’ another was crying, ‘tell your pitiless dancing master that the body is a tender thing; ask him why he so labours to strain it out of shape.’

‘It is a waste of time to teach that lesson to your parakeet, O Sutaradevī; your lover is outside, listening.’

‘Take all this gold, my friend,’ said a woman in wonderful dresses to a much too handsome youth. ‘Since this tender inclination was born, you have been the master of the life and purse of Kusumadevī.’

‘Trust me to get you little Chandralekhā,’ whispered a procuress. ‘Afterwards you may give me whatever trifle you decide.’

‘The son of Vasudevabhata, O my mother, not only gives me nothing, but he is shameless; though I have repulsed him, he uses violence; he takes all the garments of your Suratasenā and turns them into gold. He never gave me so much as a cotton rag; the wretched goat eats every robe I have.’

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‘Listen, my friend: a sort of country bumpkin did the most prodigious things last night; but when I shut my eyes under the spell, he was torn with terror, and cried: *Unhappy that I am! I have killed her!*’

‘I bungled my merchandise last night, for I had a king’s son who did not know what sort of a place he had strayed into; his soul, moreover, was false and wicked.’

‘Would you believe it, dearest, the governor of the city had me haled before him by force as a receiver of stolen goods; everybody saw this; but they found nothing at my house for all their searching.’

‘We see you drag your region, Kereli. It is all torn with nail marks. We are sure that you lay last night with a man of the Deccan.’

‘Indeed, Kereli, the *drop* is upon your lip, the *diamond crown* upon your neck, and the *hare’s-leap* upon your breast. Your man was learned in the science of the flowers of love.’

It was to such accompaniment of courtesans’ babble, in their freedom from their nightly business, that Sundarasena also went forth from the chamber.

* * *

While Sundarasena lived with his mistress in a mirage of youth and passion, fulfilled with that immense attraction which quells the heart, a year and a half passed over him.

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One day, as he walked in the park chatting familiarly with his companion, he saw a runner approaching them in rags. This man carried a fan, a gourd, and a leather band upon a stick; his shoes were pierced and his body covered with dust.

The son of Purandara recognised the runner, and murmured meaningly to his friend: 'Dear friend, it is Hanuman.'

The messenger bowed to the earth and placed a letter at Sundarasena's feet. The young man lifted it in haste, and saw that it ran as follows:

Purandara, from the august city of flowers, addresses his wishes to Sundarasena, but the words are steeped, even to indistinctness, in the dyes of grief and anger.

You have forgotten your stainless race, O one disowned; you have had no thought of what you owed to your elders; you have fallen into the ways of evil, and have not considered the unfavourable reflections which will be passed upon your conduct.

How could a pursuer of girls be born into a race where each has always walked most straightly, and where each has displayed such impeccable conduct that no half-thought could be levelled against it, where each has taken pleasure to do wrong to no man?

You were guaranteed against all evil by the ritual ceremonies of religion, how could you touch the ananthic lips of a barlot?

D ā m o d a r a g u p t a

How should these things accord : a face wet with tears because of the smoke of the three sacred fires, and a sea of weeping at the reproaches of a whore ?

How should these things accord : the sacred formula that is murmured during the sacrifice, and the voluptuous whispering, the inarticulate cry of a woman who belongs to all ?

How should these things accord : the respectful trembling which seized you when your master beat you with his switch, and resignation under the petulant kicks of an angry girl ?

How should these things accord : the antelope vestment of one who gives all his life to pious endeavour, and a garment stained by contact with a public woman ?

You split wood for the sacrifices in your childhood ; whence came this art to you of tearing mistress' lips ?

You practised unwavering obedience to the priest ; whence have you learnt this conquering manner over loose women ?

Your perfect pronunciation in reciting the syllables of the sacred text became a by-word ; whence have you such virtuosity in speech with raging girls ?

I have recalled your family to you, now I go pray.
Sundarasena took note of the contents of this letter, and then fell into a hesitation as to what he should do. Then it was that someone sang these most appropriate lines in the metre *Arya* :

*For him whose eyes are drowned in lust
Until they miss the way, you must*

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*Compound a salve of syllables
The pious mouth of a priest tells.*

*Harsb duty and that bitter root
Self-knowledge should be added to it;
For then the unguent shall sear
And cleanse, and both the eyes see clear.*

As soon as Sundarasena's friend, Gunapālita, heard these words, he seized the occasion to say to his companion: 'An upright man is never disparaged because he pays attention to the salutary discourse of dear mouths.

'You have not listened to the counsels of your comrade; your body is plunged into the great deep of evil passions; your surest hope of salvation is in words of an angry father.

'Your father, the light of his race, who wears his irreproachable conduct as a garment, your father, a man of high-placed heart, is now brought low, Sundara, by the trespass of an evil son.

'Never to have had a son is better than to give the light to evil.

'Virtue cannot hold the hand of happiness. The son by whose transgression a mother is led to cry: *Would that I had not borne him!* is an evil son.

'If violent feeling lead us but once from the road, a knowledge of the arts shall stay without fruit, and years passed in the house of a master all be barren.

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‘ He at whom people point the finger from afar off, looking upon him and making mouths, is dead in life.

‘ This thing is true, that sensuality cannot be killed. A man of perfect understanding will avoid occasion even of unjust reproach.

‘ He who cannot waver on that path which the righteous follow, who is the jewel of his family, alone finds happiness. His perfections go out from him into all the world ; the upright accord him high consideration ; he is sought by the people ; he is the throne of good.

‘ That man who perpetually satisfies his ear with the instructive discourse of his ancestors, the same shall become a treasury of education, knowing the suitable from the unsuitable.

‘ When a youth attaches himself to vile women, it is the ripening of the fruit of evil works in a past existence. A noble wife is an abiding joy.

‘ When he is vexed, she is vexed also ; when he is joyful, she rejoices ; when he is uneasy, she betrays uneasiness ; she is his mirror. But when he is angry, she is afraid, and is careful not to become angry also.

‘ She allows him as much as he wishes of the amorous gymnastic ; she does not forbid his pleasures upon her ; she is adroit to slip into his thoughts ; she is the inheritance of a

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treasure of merits in a former existence.'

* * *

It was after this that Sundarasena resolved to make his father's house at one again by breaking with his mistress ; therefore he said to her, by way of beginning :

' O child of beautiful teeth, you must think no more upon any wounding words which I may have spoken, either in amorous anger or ill-considered pleasantry, or through misunderstanding.

' My heart is laid in yours, as it were a pledge ; and to keep a pledge is a very serious matter. Bend all your cares that my pledge shall not lessen in value because of the place of its deposit.'

When her lover had finished speaking, Hāralatā answered with difficulty, in a hesitant voice, mingling a wave of tears into her words :

' How should these things accord : a woman born of an impure race, who gains her food by giving up her body, whose conduct is deceit, who sells her beauty, and you whose life is one perfection ?

' Desire urged you to see the land of lust, and you have stayed here many days. This was because I acquired merit in some other life

' All those sweet pleasantries, those fine double meanings, those hours consumed in loving



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conversation . . . you must not keep silence about them in your heart if you would live at peace. . . .

‘I beg you to pardon me all the harm I have done you, either by negligence or through excess of love, and also all annoyance.

‘The roads are hard to go over; you will sleep far from here to-night; no heart is steady. Gunapālita, as he travels beside you, must not be light-hearted.

‘When two young folk, whose hearts have at any time been one, know separation, that is the opportunity of a third party to carry them comfort.

‘The man who is bound by a tender inclination, a discreet rapture, can abide parting through death or the judgment of the wise alone.’

Sundarasena had listened to her conversation with manifest coldness, and now he said: ‘I must depart, my dear.’

With that he turned his head and went away.

But Hāralatā stayed where she was, leaning against the branch of a banyan, her lips withering under a hot sigh. With fixed eyes she watched her lover go, and then fell heavily to the earth, like a dead stem, straining the fingers of her hand over her broken heart. O end of gracious jesting! She was stricken to death in the

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innermost of her body, her soul was as empty as sand. 'O spirits of my life,' she murmured, 'do not depart straightway! Remain until he has passed into the trees!' But as she spoke, life left her.

A little later the son of Purandara questioned a traveller who overtook him on the way, saying: 'Have you encountered a grief-stricken woman?'

'Under a banyan tree,' answered the man, 'there lies one, but her beautiful limbs are quiet in death. I have not seen another.'

Wounded in the full of the heart by the shock of these words, Sundarasena fell, and to his friend who lifted him, he showed the ulceration of his heart:

'Be satisfied, O father, and, you, very dear friend. . . . Let joy be manifest! Two things abandoned Hāralatā at the same moment, this wretch who is I, and her dear life.

'Love delight, the model of constancy, is beaten down. Love's gentle game is over. You spread a light upon me; where is it now?'

'O folly of love, depart into the woods, a penitent! The dumb signs have left her. You had sweet shame before your lover's tenderness, you had a noble indifference under his caresses. You concealed so tender, so sweetly foolish a passion. Alas, have you fainted for ever?'

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‘ I will return, I will see her again who has perished of our separation ; I owe her the last office, I will give her body to the fire.’

He went back to the place where she was dead, and rolled upon the earth ; and, while his friend strove to bear him up, he cried :

‘ See, we have come back. Now let your anger fall. Spare me one word, O sulky one. Rise up, my dear ! Why do you stay in bed so long, for the bed is dust ?’

‘ Why do you not answer me, why do your eyes stay shut ? We are lost, and it was through my fault, because you did not wish me to go.’

‘ Now you have climbed into the sky, now you eclipse all women in the city of the King, now Kāma is disarmed for all his arrows.’

‘ All over the world it is said : *False as a barlot*. But, with your death, my beloved, the proverb dies.’

‘ Only the son of Shiva, Mahāsenā, is worthy of our praise at all, for he is eternally chaste, his heart is intangible by love and the eyes of women.’

‘ O porter of the world, why have you opened the gates to my mistress ? Did you not know that she was the ornament of the earth, and that her departing has left it empty ?’

‘ Do not burn the earth’s high jewel, O god of fire ; it cost the Creator too much pain. Do

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not steal away the quintessence of the sweet sea !’

Without paying further attention to the lamentations of his friend, Gunapālita now raised a pyre and burnt the body of the courtesan.

In his despair the lover would have thrown himself among the flames, but at that moment a man felt these most appropriate lines rising within his soul, and so gave voice to them :

*Only a madman follows into death
The girl who seemed more dear to him than
breath,*

*Whose passing puts his soul into confusion ;
Since, though in women such an end is meet,
Man has the fortitude to clear his feet
Of every grief, for grieving is illusion.*

These words drew Sundarasena from his prostration, and he said to his friend : ‘ My spirit is enlightened by this wise man, for he has shown me what is fitting.

‘ What man of sense would fall into any passion because of this circle of existences? He is bond within it to the pain of losing ; he is bond to birth, to age, to sickness and to death !

‘ Let us go now towards Kusumapura, for I vow to find my refuge in the last stage of life which is asceticism, so that freedom from ignorance may be my portion.’

To this his noble young friend made answer :

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‘Since earliest childhood you have not left me. What need is there, even for one who dreams of complete renunciation, to abandon a friend? I have not one desire which points towards the world of sense.’

‘It is well!’ cried Sundarasena, and led his friend in the direction of the forest of penitents, of resolution and abiding vows. . . .

6. *Protestations.*

WHEN YOU HAVE TOLD THIS TALE TO your new lover, you should also say, O fairest: 'Such are the daughters of desire: preoccupied with matters for their own use solely, and free from every honest inclination. How

many lost delights does this not mean for you? 'No single care for truth moves in the soul of these unhappy market brides, expert to bend to the least of the whims of a lover, and over-skilled in the four-and-sixty arts.

'Does not a horse win the heart of its rider, yet feel no love itself? Nor does this matter, for it is enough if he be clever in all ways of turning and leaping, of going and halting, and obeys his master's orders.

'What trace of love is to be found in the green-billed cuckoos or pigeons? Yet, by their bright colours, they rouse a lively love in our children's hearts.

'It is enough that the tragic actor should know how to put exterior means into operation, to rouse up passion and to delight the spectator by the fine truth of his playing; nor does it concern us that he stays a stranger to the states of soul and body which he is called to play.

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‘ As to those fools who feel, in the very embraces of a joyful girl, nought but the hurt to their purses, ask them if a lawful wife costs nothing to feed and clothe.

‘ It is not true that money is the one spring of masculine action ; and women also have senses and a soul to satisfy, nor were the ancient philosophers ignorant of this.

‘ What payment did that most unhappy of women receive from Sundarasena, that she should have given her life in the moment of separation ?

‘ Who has ever checked that love which is the magnificent fruit of youth, which betrays its inclination by a sudden pricking of the hairs, whose object cannot be mistaken since the effect of its simple presence is so swift and evident ?

‘ The exaltation in the heart of a light woman can be surely guessed by the one who makes it, in spite of the reserve imposed by slaves and respectable persons. It is read in contracted brows and in looks escaping from the side of the eyes.

‘ Some women leave the wedded hearth, with no thought of the stain they leave upon its honour ; because their hearts are red with infatuation, they fly even to the ends of the earth to possess their lovers.

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‘ They are despised by their husbands, and the reprobations of upright people and of their circle make them reckless, so that they love elsewhere with greater passion.

‘ Those women, also, who walk in the straight way and do not falter, who love their husbands only, remain ever free from the violence of emotion ; yet it is but through habit.

‘ What man may discern the variable causes for which a beautiful woman will give herself in love ? It is passion which opens the heart to you, whether of wife or of bought woman, or of her who belongs to another.’

When you have won the heart of your client by inconsistent conclusions of this kind, and by tender words, you must very cleverly let him know how wearied you are, by seeming to rise from his side still heavy with sleep ; you must yawn and open your eyes very widely, and embrace him, saying :

‘ Why has the coward night already fled ?
Ah, evil night !

‘ How may weak woman support the joyful union with so strong a man, except that love has been born in her heart, and gives her strength ?

‘ Surely a perfumed and enticing flower at prime, which never honey-fly has ravished, feels not the pain of a bloom already lost in the amorous contact of the bee ?

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‘Therefore I pray you, joining my hands before my forehead and bowing in front of you, that you admit me, through compassion, into the number of your servants.’

And next, when you have thus gained still more of his confidence by varied and tender means, you should say to him :

‘Yesterday I saw you through the window, O terrible man ; you were telling I know not what into the ear of the nurse of Shankarasnā. You spoke to the maid, my friend, and that did not disturb me, for I thought : *It is something for me !* But that you should have looked at her so long, that set me grieving.

‘She did not come to see you, nor run after you, but she met you by chance and took profit of the occasion and made some prayer. Tell me, why did you call this Kamaladevī back to you, why did you constrain her to taste your betel ?

‘Why was your glance so lively upon the shoulders and breasts and flanks of Kuntamālā ? They were naked because she had pulled aside her clothing.

‘Also, when you had seized her by the skirt of her garment as a jest, why did Rāmā flee so quickly ? And why, oh, why, when she was checked because her fringe remained in your hand, did she turn to regard you ?

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‘ You praise Kusumalatā because of her knowledge ; you open great eyes to watch Mrigadevī dancing.

‘ I do not see why you should leave the road and make a detour by the house of Mādhava-senā.’

And when, O slender-waisted one, you have engendered a great passion in the man by such discourse, then you must hide your belly from him, child of great eyes, and, leaving him, let him overhear a feigned quarrel between yourself and your mother.

Your mother shall say : ‘ That son of Bhat-tānanda, who has as much money as he wishes and need take no thought for it, who has bowed down humbly before you in love, whose generosity is limitless, who has been the treasure of our house . . . O my little one, you always do the thing which you ought not, you have shown him the door !

‘ The judgment of Kasavaśwāmin is troubled by the blindness of his passion, his pleasure is in giving, he detests his wife ; but you have been blind in your own turn and heedless of my counsel, you have driven him off with harsh words !

‘ The controller in chief of taverns would feel no scruple if he caused a great abyss in the King’s treasury, he has charge of an inexhaustible

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revenue, and is naturally great-handed . . . but you are mad, and your little hand has dismissed him.

‘Prabhurātu is the only son of a rich father, who has attained the extreme limit of old age and is also ailing . . . yet you have sent the young man about his business through sheer caprice.

‘You have avoided all good fortune (yet what can I say, when you call me old and evil?) Vasuveda is sewn with gold and you have disdainfully destroyed him !

‘And what of that other man, who grew desperate because you would have naught to do with him, who grew angry because he had to suffer the rivalry of so many others, and therefore removed the light of his possessions from us ?

‘Sarva is a master painter, and one extraordinary in the art of love ; he has the very nature of a bull ; and yet, in spite of all his complacence towards us, you have succeeded in driving him into the ranks of our enemies.

‘You think of nothing but the satisfaction of your passions, yet do you not blush for shame when you see the Sandaravati wear that fine ornament the son of Madhusūdana gave her because you refused it ?

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‘ Now that Manmathasenā has received all the rents of Simharāga, because of your quarrel with that man, is it astonishing that she disparages your beauty ?

‘ Also, passing over many another profit which you have whistled off, Bhattādhipa, the son of Nandisena, is now making ardent, constant love to the Sivadevi.

‘ And look at that house of astonishing whiteness, the chief decoration of the whole city : Anangadevī received it from Bhāvasuddha !

‘ How can the king now store one single quarter of the tax on merchandise, since Narmadā dips her hand in it, by favour of Rāmasena, who was your Rāmasena, the inspector of markets ?

‘ You stupid child, you make mock of Prabhusvāmin, though, being neither man nor woman, he has no desire but to show forth his potency. . . .

‘ Ravideva has no care save for the retention of his force, he is notorious for his favour with the king, and he burned to become your slave : yet how did you receive his offers ?

‘ Is that man, in the room there, of the race of Kāma, does he know magic, does he control the charms of sorcery, that your whole soul should be so bound in with him ?

‘ When a harlot is a child she is good for

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nothing, when she is old she is good even for less, and the while between is very short: if in addition she be the slave of her passions, in the time of her useful youth, she will end on straw.'

And you shall answer: 'That is very well! But now you must bring me the special robe to deck my body, for I need to go on pilgrimage to the sacred rivers to assure the fortune of our coming together.

'Women who despise the men that they should cultivate, who destroy themselves by the manifestation of their choice, at least have this advantage: no barrier can rise to make their union with the man they love impossible.

'To acquire money is not acquisition, the sole acquisition is to be joined to our lover. To receive money is thorns in our flesh, it does not ensure us peace at all, or joy.

'There is no care for money in the heart that has been wounded with violent passion, in the heart which Amrita bathes in youthful lust, in the heart of a woman who has a heart.

'My greatest profit, the sole profit of my satisfaction, is that he takes me in his arms, and with his own hands sets betel in my lips.

'If he wipes the sweat, which has sprung under the vehemence of his love, from off my limbs with his own garment, holding my head upon

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his breast, then I know a joy which all the gold in the world could not have bought me.

‘ If his soul hangs on my lips, if I make it that his wife can but send his sense to sleep, if his sole concern is to be concerned with me, his, his, whose beauty is beyond Nala, then I eclipse the glory of all courtesans.

‘ When a woman by some fatality has tasted such love, then though she has before been as a bee knowing the saps of all flowers, yet, coming upon such royalty, she feels she has reached her journey’s end.

‘ Alas, my mother, alas, poor honest soul, your wise and beautiful teaching stays but at the doors of my ears, now that I go to lie upon his heart.

‘ If I am with him I care not whether joy or misery be my portion, whether I dwell in my own house or in the terror of the desert, whether I rise into heaven or go down to hell !

‘ Take away this special garment, O evil mother ! What is its use to me ? What use are my jewels ? For if I am near that treasure of perfection, I am adorned sufficiently ! ’

Then you must impetuously tear off the various jewels from your body, and, casting them at your mother’s feet, run swiftly away.

7. *The lover's folly.*

IF HE HAS HEARD YOUR WORDS WITH passion in his heart, he will, in general, say to himself; 'It is not natural, after all, that women with their senses in the thrall of love can accomplish nothing?

'These handsome creatures attach themselves to some fine man, and then regard their mother, their native land, their family, and their life itself, no more than straws.

'When Vajra fell dead at the hottest of the battle, slain by a stone from the machine, whistling and like a shaft of light, his beloved left life also. She made sacrifice of herself, and would not wait for the ceremony of the Mantras.

'Manikantha entered again into the five elements, through a stroke of Destiny; and, as soon as he was dead, the daughter of joy whom love had bound to him hastened to rejoin the same five elements.

'When Bhāskaravaman made his entry into the gods, the jocund girl he loved could not abide that separation; she cast herself upon the fire, in spite of the order of the king himself.

'When the poet Narasimha yielded to the

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embraces of the flames, opening great arms to him, the harlot who lived with him put on despair and gave herself also to those fires.

‘ His girl, who had come from a strange country, whom he alone had looked upon with favour, would not leave hold of the two feet of Vāmadeva when he perished in combat.

‘ When the son of Bhattakadamba visited the Master of Death, then Ranadevī, the first public woman of that time, threw away her body to follow him.

‘ In this very city a courtesan lent Nīlakantha whom she loved, the son of Misra, all the money she had accumulated in the course of her lifetime.

‘ Whither then has this girl gone, who has fixed her desires on me ? She was maddened by the discourse of her mother, and threw away all her jewels in a rising anger, and fled away.

‘ Henceforward I will put all my possessions at the service of this child with gazelle-like eyes ; she threw away her jewels for love of me, abandoned her mother, and left the circle of her servants.

‘ What matter my home ! What matter the rest : my parents, wife, and slaves ! Mālatī alone can be my guide into the joyful circle of Illusion.

‘ Nature has given her shining limbs like moon-

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rays ; she carries my soul, holding it strongly between her arms, into an identity with Brahma, whose essence is joy.

‘ He whom she embraces now is surely of all most fortunate, for the impetuous torrent of love has lighted day in her, sweeping away the barriers ; now she is no longer mistress of the beating of her heart ; the veil falls from her breasts.

‘ Her *Alas ! Alas !* mingling with the love sounds torn from her lips, is made to be heard of him alone who, by his merit, has raised himself rights in this supreme delight.

‘ In our ardour she hides the torrent of existences under a wave of flowering branches ; these are the movements of her heart.

‘ The body of the beloved falls into swooning ; but when we have left her in peace for a moment, her lips breathe forth the scale of happy sighs.

‘ There are many other courtesans expert in gestures which give man felicity ; but she alone heightens our pleasure by her inversions of natural position in the act of love.

‘ When love is unchained in her like a chorus she shows a master’s virtuosity, her conduct of the orchestra of joy calls forth windy desirous sighs and a trembling of pleasure which resembles pain.

‘ When Kāma regards the movements and

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yawning and gesture, the smiling and the shivering of this Mālatī, he forgets his satisfaction in the gracious ways of Rati, his well-beloved.

‘ Her wit is not of the village, she casts no glance that is not refined to perfection ; she never loses the fugitive moment of delight through excess of zeal.

‘ It is not in gold that her eyes take greatest joy ; for she lacks nothing of subtlety, and can read in the heart of another ; her chosen language is pleased to recognise the quality of her neighbours, when it has cause to do so.

‘ She has no taste for any other man beside her lover ; she never neglects that mien which is suited to time and place ; she is the native land of excellent sense ; her walking is indolent because of the weight of her region.

‘ The amplexion of the ruddy goose, the swan’s accolade, mongoose embrace, and the interlacing of pigeons she has all these gracious gestures at command.

‘ To the man who has understood the fine equivocation of her speech, who has let himself be seduced by her shining coquetries, even his own wife, however charming, seems nought but a heavy package.

‘ Love which dwells in the breast of the beloved is betrayed to the lover by the threat of

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separation ; she warns him when her brothers look angrily upon their union ; she divines the difficulties which her lover may encounter in his family ; she takes delight in such qualities of perfection as have come down to her lover from his father ; she puts him on guard when her mother has been bribed into the interests of a rival ; if her lover is courting a married woman she seduces the husband out of the way, so that he may enjoy his conquest ; she leaves her lover the most spacious liberty.'

8. *Means to excite love.*

UT IF THE HERO OF YOUR HEART STAY cold in spite of this manœuvring, then one of your friends must seek him out and say that you have been robbed in the open street. She should address him thus :

‘ Surely the affairs of your house absorb you, or else you are setting about the conquest of the heart and hand of some respectable lady ; otherwise you would have come to her when the whole circle of the world was darkened by those heavy clouds of rain. As she lay along her couch, with her neck out-stretched, consumed by love for you, questing you with anxious eyes upon the road, she heard a man singing :

*If life be dear to you now run
To the dwelling of the loved,
For love's bolt, though it be soft
As a green banana tuft,
Hurtles as the thunder one.*

‘ And when she so heard, she said to me :
*O my friend, girls with hard hearts have a rich
heritage, for they can support long separation from their
lovers !*

‘ *But I . . . When my well-beloved is absent from me
even for a day, upon some bout of amusement with his*

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friends, then Kāma fills my heart with his disquiet. The wind shaking the flowers of the vakula, merges my heart in melancholy, my strength abandons me when I see the matched plumage of the peacock.

‘ Only she who may feel herself sweetly clasped by her lover can have resolution to watch the black cloud ride up the sky, ringed with gold swords of lightning.

‘ I must put on the magnificence of my jewels, for the god of love possesses me, urges me forward ; a gem set in gold and silver is the more pleasing : thus is a woman set off by the man who loves her.

‘ Then her mother, seeing her intention, warned her, saying :

‘ You are blind with passion ; the night falls dark and all the world is hidden in a sombre cloud, yet you would risk this dangerous journey.

‘ You are as some new heroine of the old love adventures, you are careless of all save to follow a man whose heart is a well of duplicity, who is fond of his wife, or has some entanglement we know not of.

‘ The water has washed flat the plumage of your tilaka, the streams of it, falling, have unmade the curls of your hair ; they have wetted your body, and pierced your light garment, put on for the games of love. All the hairs of your form rise shivering under the teeth of the wind and rain ; you cannot see the roughness of the road because of the darkness, you waver and stumble ; you seize the hand of a chance friend and ask him, trembling, how much of your journey still remains.

K u t t a n i m a t a m

At last you come to the place and are received coldly by the servants for all your thousand pains and tribulations ; while your lover, occupied with other women, reflects thus unpleasantly upon your enterprise :

‘ Is her love really so great ? Is it not rather an extreme thirst for gold ? Was she not perhaps going somewhere else, and has only been driven trembling to my house by wind and rain ?

‘ In any case such a thing is hardly suitable when a man has his own wife at home with him. *It is thus that he receives and dismisses his mistress at his house, however much he cares for her elsewhere.*

All those she meets in her returning make a mock of her ; her garments are soaked with water ; the pride of her beauty has forsaken her ; she hangs her head in embarrassment, and is despised by all. She is eaten with remorse. The soles of her feet are torn with sharp thorns and rough grasses.

‘ But the lovely woman, Mālatī, disregarded these counsels of her mother and had set forth to come to you, when lo ! she was stripped of all she had by terrible robbers who put the night-watch to flight.’

But if this ruse prove also unsuccessful, some merchant, over whom one of your friends has influence, must come to you and say, in the presence of your lover :

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‘Sometime ago your servant came to me and received thirty kedaras on your behalf upon a collar of pearls which she put in pawn with me ; more recently she returned and took another thirty, saying they were for your expenses in the entertainment of your lover.

‘I have an exact account in my books of all the camphor, saffron, sandal and incense you have had from me. Listen very carefully, my dear, for I am going to present you with your account in detail.

‘It is a long time since you have spoken to me at all about your debts ; and now my shops are empty. That is why I come to recall this circumstance to you.’

On this you must lower your eyes in great shame and say to him in friendly fashion, but not without embarrassment :

‘The collar of pearls shall remain your property at whatever price an expert sets upon it. I will try to pay you the rest of my debt in the next few days.’

If by chance this spider’s web of lies should also fail of its fly, then you should say yourself to your lover : ‘All kind of vexations assail our timid hearts. When my sweet lord and master was unwell last week, I prayed to the very saintly Gaurī : *May the prince of my life be restored to good health, through holy graces. If this*

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should come about, I promise to honour your sacred house with an extensive sacrifice.

‘ But now I have not the means to keep my promise, and that is why I am troubled.’

Yet, if this means also misses its object, there is nothing left for you but to empty your house entirely, O beauty of indolent walking, and then to set it on fire, and to proclaim publicly that you have
lost your all.

9. *The art of rupture.*

WHEN YOU HAVE MADE CERTAIN, BY the following signs, that he has a tender inclination for you, that he eats with you, sleeps with you, dwells with you altogether, then you must exert all means to see that it does not get cool.

But when, O girl of splendid members, you learn that he has lost his fortune, or perceive that he no longer overwhelms you with pleasure and festival, or become assured, by a skilful questioning of his friends, that he is in the hands of usurers, then you must brutally make him understand that his hopes are vain. For ridding yourself of this parasite, the following means are to be recommended :

You must not let him sit by your side ; you must show yourself careless about rising for his entrance ; you must indulge in impudent and malevolent remarks ; you must attack him with mockery at all the points on which you know him to be most sensitive ; you must praise in his hearing that which he most abominates ; you must tell him that there is another man whom you love more, and who has more money ; when he opens his mouth to pay you a compliment,

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you must close it, declaring that he has acquired the bad habit of talking too much ; you must break in upon the very middle of his sentences ; you must show disgust at his manners ; as soon as he arrives you must leave the house, seizing the first pretext which comes to hand ; you must make him waste his time with innumerable deceits ; you must show him your back in bed ; you must go to sleep at once, pretending you are worn out ; whenever he glances at you, he must find your face tormented ; you must push away his hands from your region ; when he grows excited and asks you questions, you must retain exasperating calm ; when he wishes to kiss you, you must brusquely turn your head ; when he wishes to take you in his arms, you must curl your limbs ; you must show yourself incapable, in the act, of sustaining his nails and teeth ; you must manifest a profound disgust for the deed, whenever it is at all long and drawn out ; as soon as he desirously attacks you, you must have the words, *Sleep ! sleep !* upon your lips ; when he has no further strength for making love, you must at once press him to do so ; you must take every opportunity of laughing at him when his sagacity is at fault ; you must always seem to find the night too long, and continually ask the hour ; you must leave the bedchamber eagerly

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at the first spark of dawn, leaping from the bed in haste, and indiscreetly crying: *Excellent! Day at last! Another night is over!*

There is satisfaction in a love which is mighty and profound and pure, in which two souls are merged together; it is pleasing as the union of a jewel with gold.

But a passion that is not shared is a cause of mortification and of weakness, of sadness and of destruction, as was the adoration of Rāvana of the Ten Faces for Sītā.

Those smiling amiable looks which ravished the heart of a lover seem utterly different to him, though they are the same, when his passion has cooled in him.

Let him do all that he will and as he wills: I shall not for a moment abandon my reserve. None but cattle could take pleasure in a woman when she has adopted such a sentiment.

Where there is no movement of the heart, and the members yield themselves without inclination, where feeling exists not, the act is bestial and none but beasts could find their delight in it. If a man be at all conscious of his dignity, he will abandon the young woman of his choice as soon as he sees his love despised, and her toleration growing daily less.

The man who allows a woman to laugh at him, winking her eye the while and slapping the hand

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of a girl friend in mockery, deserves that the earth should open and devour him.

The man who allows a woman, under any pretext whatever, to proclaim the perfections of another and deny his own, and yet is not moved by such effrontery, the yoke of death itself will not avail to move.

The man who allows himself to become, through the disdain of his mistress, a by-word and a joy among the servants, is worth less than a handful of rushes.

He who cannot distinguish between the sincerity and insincerity of a girl's conduct is surely worthy to be decked with the half moon, as is Shiva, the Lord of Beasts.

Such a man, when he has been little by little deprived of the esteem which once was accorded him, until he is despised for the total platitude of his purse, is tossed, a wretched derelict, upon the flood of women Fools take all the lying declarations made to excite their passion as sterling money; and simple folk, O miracle among girls, seek for an eternal union with women; but women seek only gold, and nothing may stop their seeking; women think only of business, now and for ever.

Women consider two kinds of men as worthy to lie with them: those whose fortune leaps to the eyes, and those with influence; and all the

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authors who have published concerning the art of love are agreed upon this. Muni Vyāsa has sung of these two sorts of men, the lowest that may be found upon earth.

Yet there is no very high virtue in any kind of man who applies his thoughts too diligently to the art of love.

To him who is touched with love's evil, new love appears as a sudden branch, new-flowering to perfection, or as riches to the destitute; the desire of union with another springs from the advantage we may expect from that other, straining to a like end.

But he who labours not towards the fulfilment of *dharmā*, which is virtue, nor towards the conquering of *artha*, which is fortune, nor towards the acquisition of *kāma*, which is love pleasure, is of little use in this world where each man seeks the best.

A youth that is tormented by sexual desire, such as is made the laughing-stock of a vile populace, if it be also wedded to the evil of poverty can bring but one result: total destruction on all who have not also wisdom.

That celestial harlot, the bee, rubs against the burning lotus, where his chalice is broken and his sweets are wasted; but the earthly harlot does not do this thing.

How should courtesans be deceived by a man

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whom a single glance from a woman can lay low, when it is well known that they never lose sight of the main chance, even when they are glancing out of the corners of their eyes ?

Four theatrical strokes make up a harlot's life, inclination and the movement of the body, honour and esteem; and they are all directed to this double end: to attract the rich and leave the poor despairing.

This house in which we sit is such for the rich; for the poor it is a trackless desert. Last comes the hissing of the snake: *Mālāti was not made for a free sanctuary.*

When a man hears the servants making such remarks at your instigation, and commenting on his unsuccess in life, he should be stricken mortally.

But if, when he has been thus rebuked, he proves himself but animal and does not understand, then, my beautiful, your best resource will be such moderate words as these:

‘My heart finds all its joy in you, my dear; but I am dependent upon certain gentlemen who are very highly placed, and they insist that I follow my mother's counsel in everything.

‘For that reason it is imperative that you should go away from me for a few days. But afterwards, surely we shall again take pleasure together in the rapture of living.’

10. *The art of reconciliation.*

ONCE YOU HAVE GOT RID OF THIS MAN, a most certain way lies open to you. You may reconcile yourself with some other lover, whom you have previously put to the door and who has since found means to remake his fortune. This is how you shall do it:

You must contrive to picture for him the time you have passed with him erewhile, that shining and gracious time, made holy by the games of love, that time when you walked together. You should take occasion to find him in company with your friends, and to recall to him the intoxicating vows you made to each other in the pleasure garden, and the loves you had there. 'The pleasure garden is clad in Spring, for the king of my life once walked there with me,' you shall say, 'his hand about my neck.'

'My friends, it was here a swarm of bees affrighted me and I roughly pressed my lover to my heart, my breasts being crushed averse, with sighs.

'It was here in the dwellings of Atimukta all murmurous with bees, sweet with the calling of green-billed cuckoos, covered with sprays of flowers which bent in the wind, it was here

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that my lover knew his passion and caught me to his breast, yet did not come to satisfaction.

‘ Knowing that I was under love’s enchantment, he made me sit beneath this vault of young stems, and tore my flanks with trembling nails.

‘ Envidable is the ashoka, for it was touched by the difficult hand of him I love, by the hand which chose young leaves and blossoms to weave my crown.

‘ I lay upon his breast, for playing, under this mango tree, I looked upon the joyous behaviour of the people, and heard one say :

‘ *Raise the lover swiftly who has fallen at your feet ; you have not the strength to continue in your sulkiness.*

. . . Oh, raise him swiftly ! Love’s band, ah, foolish one, will end by breaking, if it be pulled too close !

‘ *I raised him, but he departed ; who would trouble to call back so rude a lover ? His lips can pronounce the words : I leave you, and never tremble.*

‘ *Youth is the quintessence of life ; Spring is the quintessence of the year ; but the quintessence of all things, O my entirely beautiful, is this, to taste the divine drink of immortality, the sap of the lust of love.*

‘ This thicket of petals is delightful ; bind my temples, O you whom I love, with a crown of the flowers of the ashoka ! Nay, leave them, leave them ! What would I do with that ! The fresh breast of the flower is very charming.

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‘ Leave, ah, leave them be ! Carry me rather sinduvāra flowers ! A faded cluster of mango blooms is no fit decoration for my ear.

‘ Fie upon youth without love ! Fie upon love without youth ! And fie upon both without lust ; she spreads her flowers in the ray of erotic science !

‘ In the hundred years which are given us, the best thing of all is the body, for it is the place of the first encounter ; the fair one advances her unquiet heart, and he ardently regards her coming.

‘ Did He make you to be a second Nala ? Is all the magnificence of Spring within you ? Are you Kandarpa walking again among men, with a quiver laced with flowers ?

‘ Miserable and unhappy, abandoned by Fate and undeserving of life itself . . . my beloved, you would be all these things if you were blind to the spell which petalled Spring puts on earth’s nature, if you heard not the song of the bees wed with the call of the green-billed cuckoo, if you took no share in the penetrating scent of flowers, if you rejoiced not in the fresh kiss of the South wind, if you merged not in utter union with woman, if the five objects of sense were not your masters.

‘ In this pool I am taken by my lover ; he plays with the water. I am taken, who, like a quick

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fish, have escaped from the nets of men ; I beat my beloved with a filament of lotus.

‘ He dived afresh and swam toward me between two waters ; I was not waiting for such a thing ; laughing he lifted me, and all those who looked upon us also laughed.

‘ He saw my region outlined by my wet garment, and desire was born in him.

‘ Passion increases slowly in two young hearts ; yet because of the favourable conjunction of time and place, enjoyment and occupation, and the pose of the bodies, it increases surely.

‘ Dear friends, I shall always remember his sudden embarrassment ; he abandoned his body to me in all haste ; he committed the indiscretion of giving me his word. Afterwards, and with constraint, he smiled.

‘ Because his glance fell between my two breasts, fresh torn by his nails, I also was taken, and veiled them with a leaf of lotus.

‘ You splashed me with water because my only garment was a lotus flower, already great with seeds ; a woman in her natural state would never have cried the cry that I cried.

‘ If I remind you that we felt each other still embraced, though we were far apart ; if I recall the delicious drawing out of our members to you, broken by loving weariness, and the unveiling of our mysteries ; the tickling of our

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fingers and our handsome smiles, and my half-opened, falling belt ; and the mass of my descending hair, and my lips so seized between your teeth ; and the little boy whom I most gravely embraced to enrage you ; and, more than all, the desire for lust which flashed from my trembling eyes, great with desire, whose looks were ever toward you . . . if I recall these things to you, my beloved, it is that I may ask : *How came it, friend, very dear friend, that the sound and memory of such sweet words at length were drowned in sorrow ?*

‘ But I can tell you how it came, alas !

‘ *Evil men and swans both have this power, of separating the inseparable : the swan knows how to free the milk from the water it is mixed with, and the evil man knows how to disentwine two hearts.*

‘ There was a false fellow who drove away my servants ; he played a comedy of great and restrained anger before their faces. Though he had a genius for creating grief, he borrowed the appearance of an honest man ; he wormed his way into my life with very tender manners, with careful words, with a great lightness of the hand. He took pains to make himself appreciated, but, all the while, as if he had been the poison *kālakū*, he was harming my heart.

‘ It is no crime for those who cannot distinguish between properties, who are at home, at what-

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ever risk, in any place, it is not a crime for such, with saffron at their disposition, to set a value on the colour indigo.

‘ We may be blind enough to set the terrestrial Rambhā, who dims the light of the moon by her body’s clear magnificence, and the lamentable Mitralatā, whose haunches were visited by men of the very lowest sort, on the same level. Yes, it is possible.

‘ But it is astonishing that you despise the rich and well-born woman who humbly bows herself before you. Alas, the man I have just painted for you, the man whose heart will for ever fall so short of yours, waits for her now !

‘ A man in whom love is born will use all the resources of his wit to satisfy that fancy ; but when he lies with a servant of his lady, he should at least take care that the girl does not boast of her conquest.

‘ Even my body was poisoned by the discourse of wicked men, and therefore the jealous anger, born in my heart by the wound which my long and steadfast love had suffered, grew great indeed.

‘ He who has the worst intentions is prodigal of soothing words ; he easily drives away those who are devoted ; a hound, wounded to death, will lick the wild boar if he can crawl to it.

‘ A man whose heart is corrupt rejoices in the

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date of his begetting ; and, though in all the following days he has been but a cause of grief, he attaches a great importance to his birthday.

‘ The traitor moves from place to place, with joyfully shining countenance and starry eyes ; he glories in frustrating man’s effort to do his neighbour good.

‘ The evil-minded, sure-shooting hunter will support the most violent and exhausting efforts to come, by a hundred secret ways, upon sweet antelopes.

‘ The malicious god with flowery arrows, the capricious god men may have deep-rooted affection for their excellent and agreeable wives, but he inclines their hearts towards persons utterly unworthy of being loved.

‘ When an intelligent woman perceives, as sometimes happens, that her lover is secretly casting desirous glances upon other beauties, then, as a player upon a stage, she acts in violation of her feelings.

‘ Listen, for this is a true thing : when love is grown great, the lightest trespass of a lover disquiets us ; but a woman of sense does not allow herself to be so troubled that she loses those weapons which contain her strength.

‘ The epicure of love is like a bee ; he vagabonds from wood to wood to taste all flowers ; but

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when he has known that they differ in perfection, he returns to his Mālatī, for whom all comparisons are advantageous.

‘ But the epicure of love knows not, as he should, all the perfections of Mālatī, for, wanting with other flowers, he has so long ceased to prove them.

‘ When love is wakened by the tender griefs of jealousy, he feels his flame fanned to the uttermost ; a bonfire burns more clearly when we move the brands.

‘ Yet if he allow himself to be carried too far by the violence of that excessive burning, he will end broken in a thousand pieces like a fragile crystal.

‘ We are the merchants of love, and for hire, in hope of gain, serve all men well ; but we find not one in a thousand to whom our hearts go out entire, in whom they know both happiness and peace.

‘ If women remember a fault when the loved one comes again, surely the arrows of Kāma will fall blunt from off them.

‘ It were better to live anyhow than embrace this devil’s trade ; the fine despise it. Our desire to possess the lover after whom we sigh must be crushed and stifled.

‘ Yet the camel, browsing upon hard shrubs and bitter thorny trees and flowers, sometimes

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by chance will find a honeycomb.

‘ What is a woman except in the power of him she loves ? What are all the games and festivals where love is lacking ? What is a virtue with no peace of heart ? Severed from caresses, how can there be joy ?

‘ The fruit of childhood is liberty, the fruit of youth is in magnificent lusts, the fruit of age is in a peace of soul ; the fruit of life is to have laboured.

‘ Come now, for you have heard your mistress admit this ; rejoice in your home, be shut away from her ; have children about you and prosperity, these things bring every other good.

‘ But she herself draws sterile breath, and lives on sighs ; her limbs are roasted in the midst of blinding flames.

‘ When I review the places where I conversed so easily with my lover, wavers my life.

‘ When I am constrained by the desire of another to make the necessary movements to adorn and robe and paint myself, it is as a wooden idol that I move.

‘ The bee enters into contact with all flowers, that he may fill his belly ; but the desire of his soul is in no way satisfied save by the intoxicating essence of the royal mango.

‘ If but the union of hearts may be consummated in love games, let the world wag. For

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love is master, but his mastery lies in passion. 'I fall silent. The future of my life is checked. I stay henceforward in your house, a simple slave.'

When you have wiled him into your power with this long rigmarole, when you have abolished all circumspection in him, so that all memory of your ancient disdain has passed away, when desire climbs in his heart and his glances ceaselessly seek your region, then you must suck him as a mango fruit, to the end, and cast him aside.

When you hold him in your two hands, you should first honour him duly and then devour him. You will find him with flesh upon his bones, but leave him as the rests of a fish, which are spines and skin. But what am I saying? Even when there is no flesh left, you shall by no means cast the bones aside till you have cracked them and sucked the marrow. He

must be left incapable of work, unable
even to stumble, with wandering
glances, emptied, broken,
finished. . . .